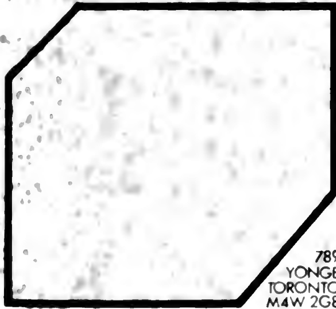
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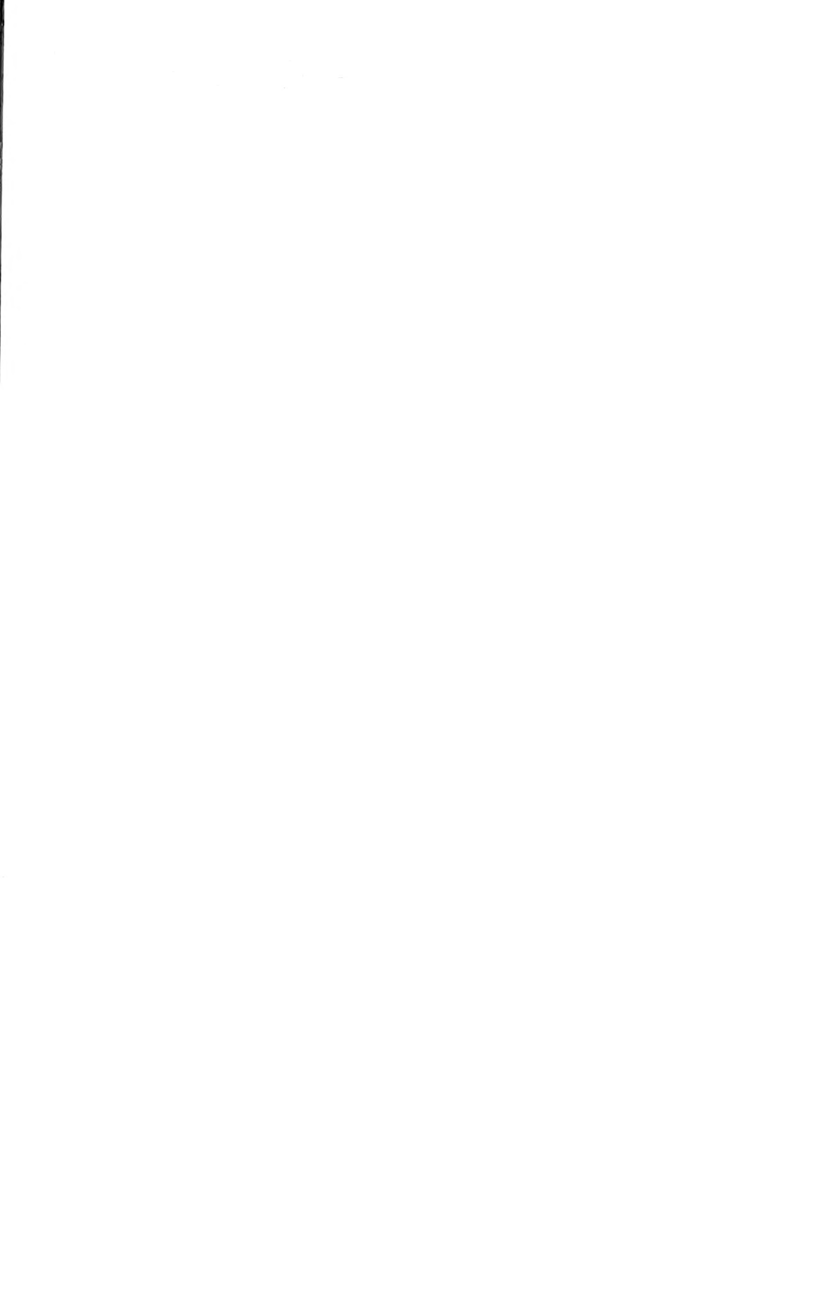

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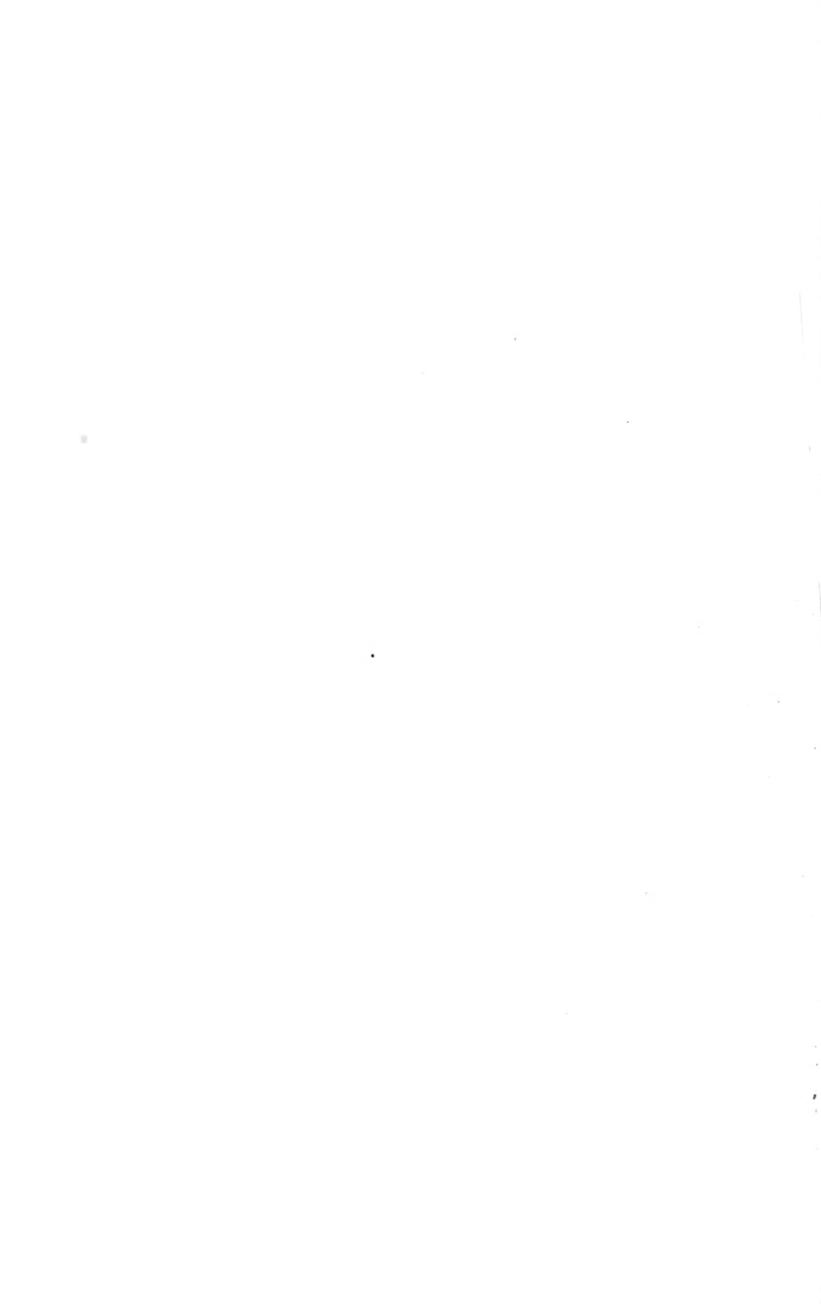

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1882.

THE TRUE IDEA OF CANADIAN LOYALTY.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

IN the November number of this Magazine a distinguished writer, eminently qualified for the task both by the nature of his studies and by his peculiar opportunities for observation, undertook to discuss the question whether Canadian loyalty was 'a Sentiment, or a Principle.' The discussion, as it seemed to me, opened somewhat abruptly, no attempt being made to define what was meant by 'Canadian Loyalty.' Yet, that such a definition was highly necessary is obvious enough, and has moreover been illustrated in a somewhat singular way. In glancing over the index to the Magazine for the half year just closed, I find the article to which reference is made quoted under the title of 'Is *Loyalty to Canada* a Sentiment or a Principle?' Here is a transformation of the most significant kind. 'Loyalty to Canada' is a much more definite thing than 'Canadian Loyalty,' which, if capable of being interpreted in the same sense is also capable of being interpreted in one widely different, namely, the Loyalty of Canada to the Parent State. This in fact is the sense in which the term is used throughout the article, nothing whatever being said about the duty of loyalty to Canada. Understanding then Canadian loyalty in this sense, and not in the sense so oddly suggested by the index, Mr. Todd proceeds to enquire whether it is 'a Sentiment or a Principle,' and concludes that it is the latter, not the former. The aim of the following pages will be to show that Canadian loyalty, if understood in the sense of loyalty to Canada, is—whether sentiment or principle or both—the one thing which it is of the greatest importance to the future of this country to strengthen and promote; but that, if understood in the sense adopted by Mr. Todd, it repre-

sents a virtue which the march of events has, for years past, been more and more rendering obsolete.

A word, however, before we proceed on this question of sentiment or principle. We may be sure of one thing, and that is that whatever Canadian loyalty in either of its forms is [illegible], it is a sentiment. Loyalty, the world over, is a sentiment; any virtue that it possesses arises from that fact; for loyalty which is simply a perception upon which side one's bread is buttered is not deserving of the name. Mr Todd himself speaks of Canadian loyalty as a 'feeling,' and maintains that, as such, 'it possesses both depth and reality.' Yet the object of the article seems to be to show that it is not a sentiment or feeling but a 'principle.' The truth is that it is both a sentiment and a principle, and that there is no contradiction between the two. It is a sentiment in its essential nature, and a principle as being a source and rule of action.

The important question, however, is whether Mr. Todd has placed before the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY a true idea of Canadian loyalty. According to him it consists in a strong desire and determination to preserve the present colonial *status* of Canada. To be loyal as a Canadian is to wish to maintain Canada's present relation to Great Britain and to the British Empire as a whole. To be disloyal, therefore, would be to wish to disturb that relation, either by making Canada entirely independent or by attaching her to some other political system. Loyalty is a duty and a virtue; it is something which no one can reputably disown; therefore it is the duty of every Canadian to strive to maintain the existing connection between Canada and the Mother Country. Only those who either are indifferent to duty, or who have very mistaken ideas of duty, can countenance any effort or scheme to disturb the *status quo*.

Now these, I respectfully submit, are not self-evident propositions; and yet, strange to say, the able writer whose name has been mentioned makes no effort to prove them. He thinks it sufficient to try and give an historical explanation of what he takes to be the dominant, and all but universal, feeling of Canadians towards the political system under which they are living. He assumes an abounding loyalty of the type above described—a loyalty to Great Britain—and then sets to work to show how the feeling was developed. His illustrations unhappily hardly serve even the purpose for which they are intended, far as that falls short of the proper scope of any general discussion of Canadian loyalty. The chief point made is that Canada was settled in part by U. E. Loyalists, men who failed to sympathize with the resistance made by their fellow-colonists of America to the tyranny of King George the Third, and who, either voluntarily or upon compulsion, forsook their homes and sought refuge under the British flag. The force, however, of this argument is greatly weakened when we are expressly told that the great majority of these would willingly have remained in the United States, sacrificing their allegiance to Great Britain, if the odium into which they had fallen with their neighbours had not made life there unendurable. A thousand citizens of Boston, we are assured, though opposed to the Revolution, declared that they 'would never have stirred if they thought *the most abject submission* would procure them peace.' One can read this over several times without being profoundly impressed by the 'loyalty' of these thousand citizens. That being compelled, in spite of their readiness for abject submission, to seek homes in another country they should have carried thither a strong aversion to the land that had cast them out, is quite conceivable; the difficult thing is to suppose that they should furnish to their adopted country any very admirable type of loyalty, unless by

loyalty we mean the mere habit of submission to arbitrary authority. If these were conspicuous 'loyalists' then perhaps their successors of to-day would be equally prepared for 'the most abject submission,' if a majority of the people of Canada were to decide in favour of independence. I do not say that they would; it is Mr. Todd who somewhat infelicitously forces upon us the suggestion that they might.

When, therefore, Mr. Todd speaks of 'our forefathers' having 'deliberately preferred the loss of property and the perils incident to their flight into the wilderness rather than forego the blessings of British supremacy and of monarchical rule,' we are compelled to remind him that, according to his own express statement, this was not the case. They were prepared to let British supremacy and monarchical rule go by the board, if only their fellow-citizens would have pardoned them their lukewarmness in the great struggle. 'Their only safety,' we are told, 'was in flight.' 'They sought refuge in Canada and Nova Scotia from the hardships to which they were exposed in the old colonies because of their fidelity to the British Crown.' We may therefore infer that had the colonists in general been a little more magnanimous or forbearing to the non-sympathizing minority, the latter would never have trodden the wilds of Canada, or furnished an argument for Canadian loyalty as understood by Mr. Todd.

When the foundation of an argument is defective the superstructure is apt to be a little shaky; and so we find it in the present case. As the loyalists did not carry into Canada so consuming a zeal for 'British supremacy and monarchical rule' as a sentence above quoted would lead us to believe, so neither did they bring into Canada or transmit to their descendants, so lively a perception as the writer of the article imagines, of the benefit of a connection between Church and State. In the Province of Ontario, which perhaps owes most to their influence, the tendency for a long time past has been steadily away from every form of church establishment. The secularization of the Clergy Reserves—not referred to by Mr. Todd—was one signal example of this; and the withdrawal of government grants from all denominational colleges was another. The general feeling throughout the Province of Ontario is that religion needs no kind of state patronage, and that it is quite as safe—not to say safer—under the American system which Mr. Todd so much deplores as under the British or any other which gives it official recognition. As a political indication, the fact that Ontario took the lead in dispensing with a second chamber in her local legislature is not without significance.

The word loyalty calls up many ideas, but the more we examine it the more clearly we see that the largest element in it is the element of fidelity upon the part of an inferior to a superior, or of a lesser to a greater power. We do not talk of the loyalty of Great Britain to Canada. If in any relations between the two we were to speak of Great Britain having followed a 'loyal' course of conduct, the loyalty in that case would be towards some high standard of national duty conceived as equally binding upon great states and small. We speak of the 'loyal' observance of a treaty, and there again the loyalty is towards an abstract conception of right and equity, that conception ranking in our moral estimation far above the mere expediencies of the hour. Canada or any other country could thus loyally fulfil an obligation, whether contracted towards an equal, a superior or an inferior power. But when loyalty to England is spoken of the idea that comes to our mind is not the loyal fulfilling of engagements, but fidelity as of a person to a person, and, it must be added, of a dependent

to a patron or protector. And, just as in personal relations, this feeling is only justified where services are rendered by the stronger to the weaker which the latter is unable to render to himself; so, between countries, an occasion for loyalty only arises when the stronger community does that for the weaker which the weaker is unable to do for itself. In such a case the stronger country has a right to expect that the weaker will show a due appreciation of the benefits it derives from the connection, and will brave perils rather than forsake its protector in an hour of trial. We must, however, assume that the services rendered by the stronger power are rendered disinterestedly. If a state plants a colony in some distant land, and there seeks to control its commerce in its own interest, without regard to the interests of the new settlement, I fail to see that it can justly claim the loyalty of the latter. I do not think that any loyalty was due from Ireland to England in the days when England was oppressing, in every possible way, Irish trade and industry. The loyalty of the American colonies survived, as it seems to me, by many years any equitable claim of the Mother Country to such a feeling on their part. There are those, no doubt, who admire a loyalty that no injustice can quench; but there are others again who see in loyalty carried to such a length only a servile lack of self-respect, and who would rather have in their veins the blood of 'some village Hampden' than that of a 'loyalist' who offered in vain 'the most abject submission' as the price of remaining in a country that, *without his aid*, had vindicated its liberty.

If, therefore, Canada is now 'loyal' to England what are the circumstances, what are the facts, that give significance, that give *raison d'être*, to its loyalty? Is it that Canada is dependent upon England, and being dependent ought to be at once humble and faithful? This cannot be admitted, for not only is the idea of Canada's dependence upon England disowned by very many here in Canada, but it has been distinctly disowned by representative Englishmen, and by none more distinctly or emphatically than by the present Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone. In proof of this I would refer to the discussion that took place in the British House of Commons on the 28th March, 1867, upon the application of the Canadian Government for a guarantee of a loan of £3,000,000 stg. for the building of the Intercolonial Railway. Upon that occasion we find the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Adderley, who moved the resolution proposing the guarantee, making an almost abject apology for doing so. Here I must be permitted to quote (Hansard, Vol. 186, page 736):—'Mr. Adderley said that, in moving the Resolution of which he had given notice, not one word would fall from him approving in the abstract of guarantees of Colonial Loans. He had always thought that they were a feature of the worst possible relations between this country and the Colonies, bad enough for this country, but still worse for the Colonies. He sincerely hoped that this Colonial guarantee would be the last proposed to Parliament, or, if proposed the last that Parliament would be disposed to grant. * * * The only way (page 739) of making the new Confederation independent of the United States was to construct this important railway (the Intercolonial) which would enable Canada to develop itself, and *rely entirely upon her own resources.* * * * The Confederation (page 743) would take away the *languor of dependence upon England* which had hitherto paralysed the divided governments.'

Mr. Adderley spoke as member of a Conservative Government; but he was followed by Mr. Aytoun, the Liberal member for a Scotch borough, who moved the rejection of the guarantee as unsound in principle and

unfair to British taxpayers. Mr. Thos. Cave, member for Barnstaple, denounced the whole thing as 'a colossal job,' and, with reference to Mr. Adderley's remark that the proposed Railway would render Canada entirely independent of the United States (not a very acute remark, it must be confessed) said that he did not see what interest England could have 'in so entirely severing the Canadians from the United States. He thought the safety of that country consisted in friendly communication with the United States.' Be this as it might, 'It would be better to have the whole onus of its defence thrown upon Canada itself. If, instead of giving £3,000,000 with a view of separating it from the United States, we were to give £10,000,000 to join and unite them it would be more patriotic.' Did these sentiments provoke a perfect storm of indignation in the House of Commons? By no means; nobody was moved to indignation at all, and Mr. Gladstone who followed did not think it necessary to do more than repel the insinuation of jobbery that Mr. Cave had (of course most unjustly) thrown out. As regards the significance to be attached to the proposed guarantee, he said (page 752) that, 'far from considering it as an expression of the will and readiness of any government of this country or of Parliament to undertake additional responsibility with respect to the ordinary work of the defence of the Province of Canada, he placed on it *an exactly opposite construction*, and, but for that opposite construction, he should find it impossible to justify the proposal now made. He looked on this guarantee as auxiliary to the great work of Confederation, the purpose of which was the development of the resources of the colonies, and, along with that, the gradual and speedy development of their self-reliance.' England had long occupied, he went on to say, a false position in regard to colonial defence, shouldering our burdens and doing our thinking for us just as if these colonies 'were not inhabited by an intelligent and free population.' The way to escape from this false position was 'to give a higher civil and political position to these communities themselves.' The only officer in the colonies appointed by the Colonial Secretary was the Governor; and Mr. Gladstone believed that 'if it were the well-ascertained desire of the colonies to have the appointment of their own governor, the Imperial Parliament would at once make over to them that power.' The British North America Act had been passed 'with a promptitude which, *if it had been a measure affecting ourselves*, would have been precipitancy.' This was, however, 'an acknowledgment of the title of these colonies to deal practically with their own affairs,' and it was hoped that the result would be 'the development along that great extent of territory of *a stronger sense of political existence*, more self-reliance and more self-reliant habits.' England had herself in the past weakened the self-reliance of the colonies by too visibly taking them under her protection; and the way to remedy that was now 'to raise their political position to the very highest point, in order that with that elevated position their sense of responsibility may also grow. The system of vicarious defence—the system of having the burden of its frontier defence borne by another—enervates and depresses the tone of the country in which it prevails; and its withdrawal is necessary in order to bring the country to the full possession and enjoyment of freedom.'

Then followed Mr. Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, who objected (page 760) to the guarantee precisely because it was represented as being 'auxiliary to Confederation.' The British North America Act had been passed with the expedition commented on by Mr. Gladstone, just because Parliament felt it was a matter with which it had

only the most formal concern; and that being the case, Mr. Lowe wholly failed to see why that measure should be followed by a pecuniary guarantee which was a matter, not of formal, but of real concern to the British people. Such a guarantee, moreover, was calculated to teach Canadian colonists the very false lesson that England took 'a peculiar interest in the manner in which they chose to regulate their internal affairs and their relations with the United States. Now that we have given them self-government, let them manage their affairs their own way, and do not let us make ourselves responsible for the manner in which they regulate their internal or foreign relations. The management of our own affairs is quite sufficent for us, without mixing ourselves up in matters with which we have no concern, and over which we do not for a moment profess to exercise the slightest control.'

Now, what is my object in making these quotations? Simply to show how wide of the mark it is to pretend that there is anything in the relations subsisting between Canada and England to call for or justify the kind of 'loyalty' which Mr. Todd assumes to be burning in Canadian bosoms. The men who speak with the most authority in the British Parliament disclaim wholly the idea of any dependence of Canada upon Great Britain, and equally disclaim the idea that Great Britain is prepared to recognize such a relation of dependence on the part of this country. Mr. Gladstone touched the quick of the matter when, after saying that the Imperial Parliament would willingly allow the colonies to name their own Governors if they wished, he went on to observe that even more than this had already been granted in the liberty accorded to the colonies of taxing British goods. 'If there is one thing,' I quote the eminent statesman's own words, 'which we are entitled to insist upon as a limit to colonial self-government, it is that British merchandise should enter these provinces on certain terms; but, instead of that, the assent of the Queen has been given to acts imposing duties of 10, 15, 20, and 25 per cent. upon products of English industry entering Canada.' This gives us the key of the whole situation. Colonies are planted for purposes of trade, and so long as they can be made subsidiary to the trade of the parent state, so long does the latter prize and value them. On the other hand, just as they begin to have separate interests of their own, and practically to consult those interests, does the interest which the parent state take in them dwindle, until it gets down to the point indicated in the debate of which the above are some of the most significant portions. For Canada to choose her own Governor—or, I suppose, for that matter, President—would be a small thing in the eyes of the present British premier, compared with taxing British goods, even as they were taxed in the year 1867. It should be remarked, too, that Hansard gives us no intimations of dissent upon the part of the House at large from any of the sentiments advanced, even from Mr. Thos. Cave's suggestion that it would be a good thing for England to pay us $50,000,000 to go and join the United States. The only statement that called forth cries of 'No!' 'No'! was one that fell from Mr. Lowe, to the effect that, in creating the Confederation, England would be credited with trying to set up on this Continent a rival power to the United States. Upon this point honorable members were very anxious to clear themselves; but when Mr. Lowe asked what England had to do either with the internal affairs of Canada *or with her foreign relations*, there was no movement, no sensation, no interpellation, no expression of surprise. Let it be remembered, too, that this debate probably took place in the presence of the Canadian delegates who had been

sent to London to arrange the details of Confederation, and who had for months been doing their best to interest members of the government in the affairs of Canada. To what extent they had succeeded let the facts declare.

Will it be said that a change has since come over the feeling of the British public in regard to the colonies? If so, I should like to see some distinct evidence of it. The British public and British representative men would have to push want of interest and sympathy almost to the point of brutality if, in spite of the effusive character of Canadian loyalty, as officially and conventionally expressed, they absolutely refused us, on their part, any answering expressions. But where, I ask, are the signs that Great Britain desires any closer union with, or larger responsibility for, Canada now than she did at the time of that debate? Must we not conclude that as the causes which brought about the feeling then manifested have been in steady and progressive operation ever since, the indisposition of England to assume any responsibility for Canada of a nature to call forth loyalty on our part as its fitting return is greater to-day than at any previous period?

Is any one to blame for this? As well ask whether any one is to blame for the fact that the chicken that has learnt to take care of itself in the barn-yard ceases to cause solicitude to the old hen. As well ask who is to blame for the fact that the grown-up son founds a family of his own, and rules that family according to his own will and judgment. As well ask who is to blame because the ripe pear drops from the tree. Had things come to such a pass between Canada and England as they did between the thirteen American colonies and England, we might well ask who was to blame; for things could not get so far wrong without somebody being seriously to blame. But at present let us be thankful nobody is to blame. The course of events, the healthy development of this country, has brought us where we are to-day; and let us be thankful that we are where we are, and that the sufficiency of Canada for the burdens and responsibilities of complete self-government have been recognized in so high a quarter as the Parliament at Westminster. For this, and nothing less than this, was the meaning of that debate: this, and nothing less than this, has been the thought expressed, tentatively and even furtively I grant, in so many articles in the London press, but particularly in *The Times*, during the last fifteen years,—those articles which every one here assured us were so far from reflecting the sentiments of the British people, but which some of us none the less took to heart as precious indications of the duty that Canada had to face. I have said that nobody is to blame. Alas! I must retract that so far as to say that Canada has herself been a little to blame in being so slow to read the signs of the times, or to draw the lessons which practical men in England were drawing from the political and commercial development of these North-American colonies. What Mr. Gladstone said was quite true: 'England had been our nursing mother too long.' What Mr. Adderley said was quite true: 'There had been on our part a certain "langour of dependence" upon the Mother Country.' What Mr. Lowe said was quite true: 'England has nothing to do with controlling, or even representing, to the world a country the political system of which is so fully developed as that of Canada.' 'She is of age; let her speak for herself,' was the sentiment, if not the precise expression, of the acute member for Calne. We have been to blame in allowing the organ of a purely conventional opinion to persuade us that what meant everything meant nothing, and that what meant nothing—namely, the expressions of interest extorted from British politicians by our persistent and al-

most pathetic 'loyalty'—meant everything.

However, there is not much harm done. To have moved too slowly in such a matter is better than to have moved too fast. There exist no impediments at the present moment to the most amicable and cordial relations between Canada and the Mother Country; only, what the latter desires, and is quite right in desiring, is that Canada shall offer, not her loyalty—that is too much—but her friendship as an independent state. To have on this Continent a nation bound to her by the strongest ties of sympathy and good will, a nation whose institutions would, in the main, be hers, and that would be disposed to throw whatever influence it could exert on the side of any reasonable claims she might make, would be a real and, one would judge, important advantage to Great Britain; while the knowledge that she could not be attacked on Canadian territory would take an immense burden and responsibility off her shoulders. Those who look favourably upon Canadian independence are sometimes asked what grievance they have against the Mother Country. We have no grievance; far from it, we feel that we have every reason to cherish the warmest feelings towards that country, and we do cherish such feelings. We hold (if I may venture to speak for many who I know share the views expressed in this article) that the public policy of England to-day is governed by higher moral standards than that of any other nation of the world. We consider our country fortunate in having learnt in the British school; and our hope is that when the people of Canada shall have relieved the Parent State of all responsibility on their behalf, they will show the world that their education has been a good one, and that if they have not got on in all respects as fast as certain more highly stimulated communities, they have at least learnt a few important things well. Grievances! the idea is preposterous. Would England ask us what we had to complain of if we were respectfully to suggest that the time had come for us to start upon an independent career of our own? Imagine such a question being asked by the House of Commons that listened either approvingly, or else with indifference, to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, to say nothing of Mr. Cave.

Then if England does not want our loyalty, if, as Mr. Lowe said, Englishmen have enough to do to mind their own affairs; if, as Matthew Arnold puts it, England, like the fabled Atlas, is already staggering under

'The too vast orb of her fate,'

to whom, to what, is our loyalty due, —on what altar can we profitably lay it? Ask the index to the last volume of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, and it will tell you that what Mr. Todd might have discoursed upon, but did not, was 'Loyalty to Canada.' Here, where we have our home, here in this land whose resources it is ours to develop, and which it may be ours to raise from weakness to strength, from obscurity to honour in the eyes of the nations, here we may find ample scope and exercise for all the loyalty of which our natures are capable. Let us then, as we considered some time ago what loyalty to England on the part of Canada meant and implied, consider now what the loyalty of Canadians to Canada means and implies. It means that we desire the separate national existence of our country. It means that we value our institutions, and would grieve to see them replaced by others of a different order and growth. It means that the distinctive life of Canada and the distinctive character of her people are dear to us. It means that this is our home and that as such we cherish it. It means that we see in our country the elements of future greatness, and that

we have confidence in the ability of Canadians to deal wisely with the splendid trust committed to their hands. It means, in a word, that we feel there is a place in the family of nations for Canada, and that our ambition is that she should fill it.

Considering the matter further we find that whereas there is little or nothing we can do by way of giving a practical turn to our loyalty to England, there is everything to do when we once make up our minds that what is needed is loyalty to Canada. Not a day passes over our heads without bringing us opportunities of doing something directly or indirectly for the good of our common country. The true patriot is not he who swaggers over what his nation can do, or who waxes eloquent over its vast extent of territory, its boundless resources and its unimaginable future; but he who labours practically, in however humble a sphere, to advance its interests. Every honest vote cast is a service to the commonwealth. To pay honest dues to the Government, to do honest work for it at an honest price, is a better proof of loyalty than to make loyal speeches or to drink loyal toasts. If the practical good sense and good feeling of our people had not taught them better there would by this time have been in their minds an almost complete divorce between the ideas of loyalty and the general idea of good citizenship; seeing that loyalty, as presented to them, was almost wholly a thing of phrases and vague sentiment. As it is, there is no doubt that Canada has suffered much from the weakening of the idea of loyalty consequent upon the uncertainty existing as to its proper direction or object. The effort to sit on two stools generally results in sitting on neither. The loyalty heretofore preached was loyalty to Great Britain; the loyalty demanded by circumstances, but never preached, was loyalty to Canada, as a country destined to enter sooner or later on an independent career. The result has been a lack in Canada of that public spirit which depends for its development upon a 'strong sense of political existence,'—to recall an expression used by Mr. Gladstone. This lack nearly all thoughtful Canadians feel: it constitutes one of the leading differences between Canada and the neighbouring republic, where public spirit has been developed in an eminent degree. To take but one illustration. We have two cities in Canada of considerable population and wealth. In many respects we feel that we can be proud of them; but in neither does there exist such a thing as a public library accessible to all classes. Yet, in either city, a very small percentage subtracted from the superfluous wealth expended upon private residences would have provided such a library, and done away with what has often been felt as a reproach. Upon this point, however, it is needless to insist. It is vain to look for a healthy growth of public spirit so long as the position of Canada is as indeterminate as it is to-day. If there have been any recent grounds for encouragement in this respect, it is because something in the air tells us to prepare for the better destinies awaiting us in the future.

I am not forgetful that the foremost statesman of Canada has recently denounced all our aspirations towards a change of political status for Canada as 'veiled treason,' and has avowed his preference for anexation to the United States, if independence were the only alternative. That opinion will carry great weight; but the question is one which interests too intimately every Canadian, whatever his position in society, for any weight of authority to be wholly conclusive. We must all think this matter out for ourselves, and shape our conclusions under the gravest sense of responsibility. Canada must belong, we are told, either to the British system or to the American system. Strictly speaking, however, there is no 'British

system' for Canada to belong to. There is a kingdom of Great Britain which Canada can continue to make responsible for her foreign policy, or rather whose foreign policy—without having any voice in the matter—Canada may bind herself to follow and accept the consequences of: but there is no such organization of the British empire as a whole as there is of the different states of the American Union, and consequently there is no British 'system' in which Canada can claim to have a place. Mr. Blake's suggestion of an Imperial Federation aims at creating such a system; but the idea is characterized by Sir John A. Macdonald as wholly impracticable. We are told that as a separate country we should be obliged to raise 'the phantom of an army and navy;' but it was no phantom of an army at least that British statesmen plainly intimated to us in the debate referred to, we should have to raise if we wished Great Britain to assume any responsibility for our defence. What did Mr. Gladstone mean when he said (*u. s.*, page 752). 'If Canada is to be defended, the main element and power in the defence must always be the energy of a free people fighting for their own liberties. That is the centre around which alone the elements of defence can be gathered; and *the real responsility for the defence must lie with the people themselves.*' Would a phantom army meet this requirement? I hardly think Mr. Gladstone would say so. The lesson drawn by Mr. Gladstone from the Fenian invasion was that Canada should 'take on herself, as circumstances shall open themselves, the management and control of her own frontier,' not only as 'a means of raising her position in the world by the fulfilment of her duties of freedom,' but 'as an escape from actual peril.' He did not mean to say 'that in the event of the occurrence of danger, the arm of England would be shortened, or its disposition to use its resources freely and largely in aid of the colonies would be in the slightest degree impaired;' only he wished the colonies to understand distinctly that henceforth they were to bear their full share of peril, responsibility and expense.

That is just how the matter stands. Instead of our connection with Great Britain freeing us from responsibility, and enabling us to dispense with phantom armies, it would rather seem that to meet what the present Premier of England has laid down as a most just and reasonable condition of that connection, we should have to raise a very real army, or at least have a very real and effective military organization, in order to be prepared to furnish 'the main element and power' in our own defence.

It is unfortunately the opinion of many that the experiment of complete self-government in Canada would not be worth trying; and not a few, probably, will be found to echo the sentiment that annexation would be preferable. To my mind, this seems to argue a low estimate of the value of the institutions we now enjoy. If there is no special virtue in them, and if our civilization has no characteristics worth preserving, then, no doubt, annexation *might* be preferable. The opinion, however, seems a reasonable one, that, considering how different our political education has been from that of the people of the United States, and considering that, if our connection with Great Britain is severed, it will be with the heartiest good will on both sides, and on our side with not a little of the regret that arises in the heart when the vessel's prow is turned from the land we love, it would be in every way advantageous that we should abide in our lot and manfully try to work out our own destinies in our own way. The people of the United States have abundance of territory, and have all the political problems on their hands they can satisfactorily grapple with. What their system needs is consolidation and com-

pression, not extension with added strain. Here we are, indeed, but four millions and a half to day; but it does not yet appear what we shall be. To ask for annexation would imply that we do not hold ourselves competent to manage our vast heritage of fertile soil and noble rivers, of forests and mines and harbours. Is it so? Let the youth of Canada answer. And, as they answer, let them tell us also how they understand 'Canadian loyalty,'—whether in the antiquated sense of continued dependence upon an overburdened Parent State, or in the new sense of earnest devotion to the land that has borne us, of respect for its institutions and faith in its future.

AN ADVENT HYMN.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

HE comes!—as comes the light of day
O'er purple hill-tops far away!
No sudden flash of new-born light
Darts through the darkness of the night;
But even while our waiting eyes
Are looking for the glad surprise,
We find that,—ere we know—the day
Clear on the hills and valleys lay!

He comes!—but not to outward sight
With herald angels. robed in light,
And choirs celestial, ringing clear,—
Yet comes He still, in Christmas cheer,
In loving thought, in kindly deed,
In blessings shared with other's need,
In gentle dews of peace and love
That drop in blessings from above.

Nor only where the minster towers
Bear high their fretted marble flowers,
And vaulted aisles, with echoes long,
The chants of ages past prolong,—
But 'neath the humblest pine roof reared
'Mid stumps of virgin forest, cleared,
The Babe, who in the manger lay,
Is near to bless the Christmas Day.

He comes! a monarch, now as then,
To reign within the hearts of men,
In humble thoughts of penitence,
In comfort known to inward sense,
In consciousness of sin forgiven,
In love, the earnest here of heaven,
In all things pure and just and true
The Christ to-day is born anew.

And though in human form no more
We see Him as He walked of yore,
At even on the hill-side grey,
Or in the city's crowded way,
Still may we see Him, dim or clear,
In every heart that holds Him dear,—
In every life that owns His sway,
The Life Eternal lives to-day.

Yet still His waiting Church below
Looks onward to the brighter glow,
When all the faint and scattered rays
United in one lambent blaze
Shall crown the holy brow that bore
The crown of thorns and anguish sore,
And His own ransomed earth shall ring
With anthems to her conquering King!

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

BY "PAUL."

CHAPTER I.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BANKING hours are over in the city, and the clerks are all going home. Every one turns up his trowsers and coat collar, and shakes out an umbrella, if he has one, on the step, for it is raining heavily. Those who have no umbrella stand on the door-step for a quarter of an hour, looking at the dripping telegraph wires overhead, as though to get used

to the wet look of everything, and at last run for an omnibus. The rain and dust and smoke on the large plate-glass panes of the bank windows form a sort of black mixture, not quite mud, and not quite water, that drips from the great marble window sills on to the stone flags of the pavement below. At last the old caretaker comes to the door, and is preparing to shut up for the night, when the manager passes out. He, too, turns up his coat collar and trowsers, and puts up a silk umbrella. He turns to the caretaker with the words 'I hope that we are not going to have a wet night, Tim.' Old Tim 'hopes not, indeed, sir,' and the bank manager walks briskly down the street. He does not go far before he hails a cabman, and desires to be driven to the railway station.

Mr. Stocton is a man of about fifty-odd years of age. He is a sharp featured man, though with a kind expression on his face, and his mouth indicates great firmness and decision of character. He has been a close man of business, has worked hard all his days, and now, while only in his prime, he has gained the reward which many others never obtain till the sands of life are nearly run.

He seats himself in one of the rear carriages of one of the trains that stand ready to start, in the great depôt. The train on the next track further over starts out with great puffing and ringing of bells, and waving of signals, and saying of good-byes, and noise and bustle, and the last belated traveller rushes wildly for the last coach, and is trundled in, and his valise thrown on anyway after him, by the porters — and the train is gone. The departure of this train gives Mr. Stocton more light to read the newspaper, as he waits patiently for his own to start. At last, when all the dripping passengers have come in with their dripping umbrellas, and have taken their seats, and piled their valises away, and rendered the air in the carriage hot and moist, the train moves out. It goes with the same puffing and bell ringing and good-byes, and bustle and hurry and porters which were incident to the departure of the former one. As the train draws out of the station, the rain beats against the windows and almost obscures the view. The drops rapidly chase each other down the window pane, each one following the one before it like the railway trains, running behind each other, catching up, passing, running on side lines, switches, cross-over tracks, hurrying, making new lines, blotting out old ones, but all trickling down to the same termination.

Now the train passes through a short tunnel, and then under a dark bridge, which renders the tail lamp of the train visible. Then out through the busy streets, crossing a small bridge over a low street choked with carts and heavy drays, past a high stone wall that seems to slap the beholder in the face— it is built so close up to the track. By-and-by it passes with increasing speed close to the back of a row of high red-brick houses, where some children were playing on the high steps. Then some more high stone walls and wooden fences, a bridge or so more, some cross streets, and the view begins to get a little clear. A church can be seen at a short distance, and occasionally a garden in front of some isolated house. People out in the suburbs turn and look at the train as it passes with more interest than do those in the city. Fewer houses and more green fields fly past, for the train is fully under way now. Mr. Stocton tries to get a sight of the paper before the next tunnel, for it has been impossible to read with any comfort since the train started. They fly past a station which looks to the bewildered passenger like a confused mass of chimneys, and gables, and railway signals, and people and horses and carriages. After half-an-hour's run the train stops at the village of Hawthorne, where Mr. Stocton gets out. He is met by a phaeton,

but there is nobody in it except the coachman, for it is still raining. Mr. Stocton gets in and is driven off, while the train flies on, leaving nothing behind but a fading cloud of smoke, which seems to be beaten down and rolled along the ground by the pelting rain.

At last the phaeton pulls up at the gate of a fine old country house–a good, comfortable, substantial building, but with no architectural beauty about it. The coachman gets down to open the gate while Mr. Stocton holds the lines. As the carriage comes in through the gate, a little girl runs out on the steps and is ready to welcome her father as he alights.

'Well, Gracie, you weren't down at the station to meet me to day,' he said, as he kissed her.

'No, papa dear,' she said with a laugh, 'why, it was raining; it's been raining all day, and I couldn't even go out to play.'

'Oh, well, you'll have lots of fine days yet, dear, we must have rain sometimes, you know.'

'Yes, but I like it all to come on Sundays,' she called after him as he went into the house.

Gracie was Mr. Stocton's only child: her mother dying while she was young, she had been confided to the care of the housekeeper, who had lived the best part of her life in the family. That evening at tea Mr. Stocton said,

'Gracie, I've been making arrangements for you to go to school in town, what do you think of that?'

'Oh, I like it very much,' said the child, eagerly. 'Will I be a boarder and take my own blankets and pillows, and all that?'

'Well, we'll see about getting you some in town, so you won't exactly have to take any,' said her father. 'But tell me, never mind what things you will have to take, how do you like the prospect of going away from home?'

'Mrs. Jackson won't have any more trouble about my lessons,' she said, with a sly glance at the housekeeper.

'That will be a very great relief, of course,' laughed Mr. Stocton, 'but come, Gracie, you are evading the question, how will you like to leave me?'

'Oh, well, I'll see you often, papa, dear, and you can come and visit me when you are in town.'

'Perhaps you are more sorry to leave Harry Northwood than to leave me, aren't you?'

'Oh, Harry will be going up to school, too, pretty soon, and I'll go to all the cricket matches and wear his colours, and, oh, it'll be just splendid.'

'Well,' said Mr. Stocton, 'I'm glad you are so pleased to go ——.'

'But where am I going to?' interrupted Gracie.

'To "Waverley House," I think, my dear, I like it the best.'

'Oh, that'll be splendid, I like "Waverley House," I've heard such lots about it,' and Gracie fairly clasped her hands for joy.

'I hope two weeks will be long enough for you to get Gracie ready, Mrs. Jackson,' said Mr. Stocton, rising, I think the school re-opens in two weeks.'

'Only two weeks more,' cried Gracie, 'and then "Waverley House,"—oh, I wish it would stop raining, I want to tell Harry so much.

Next morning after breakfast Mr. Stockton took the early train to the city, and was quietly sitting reading the paper in his office by half-past ten. Gracie was reading by herself in the library at home when some one outside whistled a sort of call; without looking up, she whistled a reply, and putting away her book ran to the window.

'Aren't you ready yet?' called out Harry Northwood, when he saw her at the window.

'Yes, I've only got to put on my hat; have you got the boat?'

Harry nodded an affirmative, showing the bow of a toy yacht under

his arm. The two children were soon on their way to the beach, Gracie with the yacht, and Harry with a spade over his shoulder, and a garden trowel stuck in his belt after the fashion of an Italian brigand's dagger.

'I couldn't come over yesterday it rained so,' Harry said as they went along.

'No, I didn't expect you, I couldn't go out either. Oh Harry, I'm going to school in two weeks.'

'Going to school,' Harry repeated slowly. 'Who said so?'

'Papa did; it's all settled, I'm going to be a boarder, and take my own things, and have a trunk all my own, and I'll get my name painted on my trunk. Which ought I to get, "Grace" or "Gracie," put on it.'

'Oh "Gracie" is the best, I think,' said Harry, 'or G. Stocton, that sounds well.'

'It sounds so like a man,' said Gracie, 'that's the only thing.'

'Yes, it might be your father, you know,' he assented; 'but are you really going in two weeks?'

'Yes, in two weeks, but that's a long time yet; it will be awfully dull for you when I'm gone,' she added with the characteristic outspokenness of childhood. Harry admitted that it was no fun sailing a boat alone, because when you blew the boat over to one place, it wasn't pleasant if you had to run round and blow it back again.

The tide had just turned, and the water was beginning gradually its creep up the long flat beach, when the children came to the shore.

'See there, Gracie, look at that long hollow in the sand there, if we dig a canal and let the water in, we can sail the boat better!'

'Yes, we can both work at it too, as you have the trowel.'

'Old Williams would be awfully mad if he knew I had the trowel,' said Harry. 'I took it out of the conservatory, without asking him, this morning.'

'Well I'm glad you brought it anyway, or I'd have nothing to dig with,' said his companion.

Both children set to work with a will, and soon a canal was dug which allowed the water to fill up the hollow, and the yacht '*Tiger*' was successfully launched.

'Williams says "*Tiger*" is the best name for a yacht,' Harry explained.

After some time they got tired of sailing the '*Tiger*,' and went home for dinner. In the afternoon the children went to the rocks, as Harry wanted to put a new mainmast in his yacht. They worked busily away all afternoon, until Gracie said it was time to go to the station, for they would meet the carriage there, when papa came home, and all go up together. The children clambered over the rocks, playing a sort of hide-and-go-seek as they went in shore over the long low-lying bed of rocks that stretched away out to sea, and terminated in a steep cliff, that was never wholly covered, even when the tide was in.

At last just as they had nearly got off the rocks, they came to a large fissure between two great flat stones, where the water was only a foot deep between them, and indeed the rocks were hardly a yard apart. Harry with a bound gained the other side, and called to Gracie to follow him.

'I can't jump, Harry,' she said.

'Why not?' he asked, 'it's not too far.'

'No, but I've only got shoes on.'

'Well, what matter?' said Harry, 'shoes are just are good.'

'Yes, but it will hurt my feet,' she said timidly.

Harry looked round for a piece of plank, but could not find any. 'You had better try and jump, Gracie,' he said at last, 'I can't find anything.' The water had only become a little deeper, but each wave as it rolled in, splashed on the loose stones, and made jumping appear a very formidable undertaking. 'Come Gracie, we can't stay here all night, I'll stand on this spot and catch you by the hand.' After a moment or

two of hesitation, Gracie stepped back and made a sort of running jump, and got over, leaving her shoe stuck in the sand, between the rocks, at the same time getting her foot quite wet, and her frock splashed :

'Oh, Harry! I've lost my shoe,' she cried despairingly ; 'what will I do?'

'I don't know; mind you don't take cold,' Harry said, by way of consolation.

'Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.'

'Wait a moment and I'll see where it is.'

Harry stooped down on his hands and knees, and tried to reach the shoe, which was stuck fast in the sand that had gathered in the break between the rocks. It was too far down for him, and he was compelled to take off his own boots and stockings and go into the water to get it, one or two of the waves rolling up over his clothes and wetting him as he did so.

'Oh, Harry, thank you so much! But you are quite wet.'

'That does not matter much,' he said, bravely. 'I can stand it better than you.'

'But what shall I do, Harry, I can't put on my wet shoe?'

'Put on my boots and stockings; they're dry,' he said, 'and then you'll be all right.'

The change was soon made, and off they set towards home, Gracie with Harry's boots and stockings on, and he walking beside her with bare feet, her dry shoe and stocking stuffed in his pocket, and the wet one hanging over his shoulder.

'I won't have any fun on the seashore when I'm at school,' she said, after a pause.

'No, that's a pity, but you'll get used to doing without it; everybody can get used to a thing after a time.'

They walked on some time in silence, then Harry said rather suddenly :

'Of course you'll marry me?'

'Oh, yes?' she said, in a matter-of-fact way, 'when I finish school.'

'Well, I've got to go to school myself some day, and I'm going to ask to be allowed to go when you do.'

They reached the station; and, in a few minutes, Mr. Stocton arrived by the train, and the whole party drove off together. He was very much surprised to see the odd plight the children were in, but patted Harry on the head and called him a brave little fellow. When they got home, Mr. Stocton sent his phaeton on to 'Hartgrave Manor' with Harry, which was about a quarter of a mile further on, although the boy protested that he could run home in two minutes.

Harry teased to be sent to school, and Sir Gannett Northwood, who had been thinking the matter over for some time past, and who had previously decided it, was apparently easily won over. Harry could hardly sleep the night he was told he was to go, and was up and over to tell Gracie all about it long before breakfast. Harry was in his turn quite undecided as to what name he would have on his trunk, for he was certain to get one of his own now. 'I don't like Henry, it sounds as though I was naughty. Nobody ever calls me Henry, except when I'm in a scrape,' he said.

At length the day for departure drew on. Sir Gannett had made arrangements long ago for his son, so he had no trouble in entering him at school now.

Harry was allowed to have Gracie over to take tea with him the evening before their school life was to begin. Years afterwards they could both remember this evening. Tea was served in what was still called the nursery, and the children had tea by themselves. Harry thought Gracie looked particularly pretty that night, and he told her so. She had a white dress with a little white apron tied with pale pink ribbons, and her hair was fastened with a bow of the same colour. She wore also two pink rosebuds, and the

similarity of colour quite took Harry by storm, though he would probably have been unable to say exactly why he liked Gracie so much that night. After tea Harry showed her his own trunk with his name painted on it in large letters, and all the things he had to take with him. They were allowed to come down to see Sir Gannett at dessert. He had dinner alone that evening in the library as his wife had not been feeling well, and had not come down. A fire had been lighted in the old open fireplace, for the day had been cold and rainy. Sir Gannett talked to them a little while and then giving them each a final bunch of raisins, let them play hide-and-go-seek under the table and round the old suits of armour, and behind the thick, dark curtains. The baronet, as he sipped his wine watched them playing in that old room, with its quaint furniture, watched them dancing in and out among the high dark chairs, saw them, like laughing sprites mocking the flickering fire-light with their gambols, as they played with the antique curiosities. He smiled quietly to himself to see little Gracie, almost weighed down beneath a battered and war-scarred helmet, whose iron casing had never before protected such golden locks, or through whose rusty vizier no such bright blue eyes had ever looked till then. A pretty picture—little Gracie using a long sword-scabbard as a spear, and Harry looking down over the high back of a huge arm-chair, with face of mock alarm at the daring warrior below. The father smiled as he heard her call upon his boy to surrender his castle and his life, and musing to himself of days long gone by, wondered if the changes and chances of this changing world would ever make their play a reality. Would he ever surrender to her his castle and his life? Would he *ever*,—for things change; but the dancing shadows mimic the children at their play.

CHAPTER II.

NEW SCENES.

THE Northwoods and the Stoctons were not intimate. They had lived in the quiet little village of Hawthorne for many years; in fact, their estates joined. Each entertained for the other a very great respect, yet they were never what would be called intimate. Mr. Stocton was hard-working and devoted to his business, and had few pursuits or pleasures apart from it; while his neighbour, though of a retiring disposition, had been compelled, when younger, to mix more with the gay world, on account of his wife, who was decidedly a woman of fashion. It was perhaps well for him that she forced him to come out into the world a little, for had he been left to himself it is more than probable that a few years would have found him a confirmed recluse.

School life for Harry and Gracie was very different from what they had both looked forward to, though they were quite happy in their new employments, after the first few weeks had dragged over. Harry was at school at Harrow, while Gracie was at 'Waverley House,' a boarding-school of high repute, situated in one of the suburbs of London. The children, therefore, saw nothing of each other except during the holidays, and Gracie often spent the best part, if not the whole vacation, with some one or other of her school friends. Mr. Stocton was glad of this, for as she grew older he felt that home, without a mother or any society of his daughter's age, must often make it very lonely for her.

We need hardly follow the children through the various experiences of school life; suffice it to say that Harry had entered on his university career about the time that Gracie had finished her education and had come home for good. Mr. Stocton had determined

to give his daughter the advantages of foreign travel after she had finished school. With this end in view, he had made arrangements with a lady who was going to take charge of a small party of young ladies on the Continent. She was going to travel with them, and study with them when abroad, and as the party was to be gone for several years it was very probable that the young ladies under her charge would receive a species of education perhaps more serviceable in after-life than that afforded by Girton College or Newnham Hall. Grace was delighted at the prospect, for she was passionately fond of travel; and as it was quite impossible for her father to have gone with her, or spare the time requisite for an extended continental tour, she was quite satisfied with the arrangement.

Grace and Harry had met seldom since they left Hawthorne at the beginning of their school-days, but the same firm friendship had been kept up. A friendship, though at present decidedly Platonic, had yet enough of old association about it to quite frighten Lady Northwood when she saw them walking home from church, a day or two before Grace left with her party for the Continent. There was, however, little cause for alarm, had any one been able to overhear their conversation, which consisted entirely of school and college experiences.

It was during the Christmas vacation just before Harry had completed his course at the University, when he was staying with a friend of his in London, that an incident occurred which made a great impression on him. He and his friend had been invited to a very quiet dinner one evening, and only one or two had dropped in after to enjoy the music.

'For goodness' sake, Helsingfors,' Harry said to his friend, as they joined the ladies after dinner, 'who was that girl you took down to dinner. I've been envying you all the evening. See, there she is at the piano.'

'Oh! that is Miss De Grey. She is just splendid, and awfully pretty, as you can see.'

'Yes, indeed, she is! I'll get introduced to her at once.'

'Yes, do,' said Helsingfors. 'She knows a girl in that party with whom your friend Miss Stocton is travelling, and will be able to tell you all about her.'

Harry lost no time in seeking the hostess, and in being presented to his *enamorata*, as Helsingfors afterwards called her. Harry, who was usually very self-possessed, found himself positively awkward as he sat down beside her at the piano.

'I like that valse of Chopin's you were playing very much,' he jerked out. 'Chopin is my favourite——'

She interrupted him with a pleasant laugh.

'Why, Mr. Northwood, you don't mean to say you can't tell the difference between Beethoven and Chopin?'

Harry felt more hopelessly muddled than ever, and floundered through some kind of an explanation, which was not particularly clear. Miss De Grey soon put him at his ease by entering upon a topic of which Harry was never tired talking.

'Your friend is such a clever fellow,' she said.

'Yes, indeed,' Harry eagerly assented; and, finding his tongue a little more under control, he launched out in praise of the young viscount.

'You stand about as high in his estimation as he seems to stand in yours,' she said, as Harry finished an account of the way in which the last boat-race had been won for their college by his chum.

'Why, you don't mean to say that Helsingfors has so little to talk about as to say anything about me,' he replied.

'It was not because he had so little to say, certainly; and after what he told me, you may know I was sur-

prised to find that Mr. Northwood should make a mistake in anything concerning music.'

'Oh, well, I sometimes lose the composer in the performer—Helsingfors could not have told you that?'

Harry felt that he was blushing just a little as he said this, and was half glad and half sorry when it was out, though it was nothing very much to say, he thought.

'Well,' she said, with mock demureness, 'I must certainly thank you for that; if I interpret myself rather than the composer, my playing needs a good deal of attention yet; I will be more careful another time if you are listening.'

Harry thought it was all, somehow or other, very cleverly turned against him, though he could hardly tell how. He begged for one sonata before they went home, which was, however, played by some one else, Miss De Grey declaring that Mr. Northwood did not appreciate her playing in the least.

Harry talked all the way home about his new acquaintance. He told Helsingfors, in confidence, how wretchedly awkward he had been, when first introduced, and asked whether she had noticed it.

'Oh well,' says Helsingfors, 'I said something for you at dinner, so even if she did, it won't hurt you.'

'Why, what made you do that? I talked away about you, I must have tired her to death.'

'Yes, most likely you did.'

'Oh, but my dear fellow,' said Harry, 'it was because I could think of nothing else, I mean, but how did you come to——.'

'Why I saw the way you were looking at her across the table, nothing very marked, of course, but still I knew you would likely want to be introduced, so I cleared the way for you, that's all, but you ought to have rewarded me better than by making her actually hate my name,' his friend said, with a laugh.

'Well, you are the queerest fellow I ever met, Helsingfors, you have a good deal of insight into human nature.'

Harry did not go straight to bed that night when he went to his room, but sat with his feet on the fender looking at the fire, and thinking of Helen De Grey. He went over the events of the night, felt his shyness come over him again, as in imagination he again encountered the first glance she gave him. He thought seriously over that speech he made to her about the music, and wondered over and over again what she thought, and whether he ought not to have said it. On the whole he felt pleased he had said it, but if he had to do it all over again he did not think he would have gone so far. When he had finished, he remembered lots of places where he could have said much better things than had come into his head at the time. It seemed to him that he had let so many chances for saying clever and witty thing slip by unimproved, that he wondered very much if she had not thought him a downright fool. It was very strange, he reflected, that so many things came to him when he had no use for them, and so few when he had. He went on after this to imagine scenes and circumstances in which he and Helen De Grey were the chief figures. He made up conversations between them in his mind. He imagined her as saying ever so many different things, and he imagined himself as answering them with the wisdom of a Solon. Indeed, so engrossing did his reverie become, that he was startled, on looking at his watch, to find it was a quarter past two, and he had come up to his bedroom at midnight.

The afternoon following, Helsingfors and Harry Northwood strolled into one of the city clubs, where, through the kindness of his friend, Harry's name had been put up as a visitor. They went up-stairs to one of the smaller smoking rooms. The only oc-

cupant of this room was a young man, apparently a few years Harry's senior. He had a handsome face, with keen, dark eyes; a black moustache hardly concealed a mouth which indicated great decision of character. He was one of those individuals who was accustomed to think and act on the moment—two things seldom combined. Endowed with a woman's intuition, he had a clear judgment, which seldom led him astray. Yet he had withal a pleasing manner, and a frankness which made for him friends among both sexes.

Helsingfors nodded pleasantly to him, and at once introduced Harry.

'St. Cloud, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Northwood.' Harry shook hands with St. Cloud, whose off-hand manner had already quite won him. Cigars were speedily produced and lighted, St. Cloud insisting that his were superior to any in England, and therefore deserving of a fair trial by Helsingfors and Mr. Northwood. The three were soon chatting pleasantly, and St. Cloud proposed that if the others had nothing particular to do that evening, they had better stay and take dinner with him at the club, and then wind up by going to the theatre. The proposition was readily agreed to, as Helingfors said there was nothing on earth to do at home that night.

The arrangement was, therefore, carried out, Harry returning home very much pleased with his new acquaintance.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING ON.

THE spring was pretty well advanced, and the world was preparing to exchange the heat of the city for the cool of the sea-side, to lay aside the routine of daily life at home, for the routine of daily life abroad, perhaps the more irksome of the two. Harry had come up to town on business for the day, when, as he turned the corner on the way from his hotel, he met Helsingfors.

'Well, old fellow,' exclaimed the latter, as he caught sight of Harry, 'where did you spring from? Staying in London and you didn't look me up, that's too bad.'

Harry explained that he was only up for the day, and would be going back in the evening.

'Where are you all going for the summer?' asked Harry.

'Oh, I don't know, somewhere or other on the Continent, I suppose. Where are *you* off to?'

'Oh, I think I may go to the seaside for a short time, but I'm not by any means sure.'

'Now, my dear fellow,' said Helsingfors, with a quiet smile, 'you are quite sure, and you know you are. Why your *enamorata* is going to the sea-side this year, with the whole family, so you will have a chance of getting to know them all.'

Harry moved uneasily while his friend was speaking, but managed to stammer out, 'Oh, well, now that you tell me, perhaps I'll go."

Helsingfors continued to chaff him about his not being sure whether he was going or not, until Harry was fain to acknowledge that he had heard in a kind of an indefinite way where Helen was going.

The De Greys had only gone out of town a few days when Harry Northwood packed up his things and set out in the same direction. The morning after he arrived at the watering-place where they were staying, he felt considerably relieved at catching sight of Helen's figure among one of the groups on the beach. When he went back to his hotel he stumbled on St. Cloud, who seemed very glad to see him, but wondered why he had taken this place above all others to spend the summer. Harry manufactured some reason or other on the spur of the moment, and asked St. Cloud the same question.

St Cloud in his turn made some evasive answer, and by mutual consent the subject dropped.

In the afternoon Harry went out for a stroll on the beach. He passed the crowd of bathing machines drawn up along the shore, and turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of the owners to enjoy a dip. He walked on for some length of time, absorbed in thought, and did not notice that he had got some distance from the more frequented part of the beach, till, stumbling over a piece of stone, he partly turned round, and at a little distance saw Helen De Grey. She was sitting with her back to him, leaning against a couple of rocks which, making an angle, formed a very comfortable support. She had been reading, but had laid down her book and was looking out to sea, with that kind of quiet enjoyment which often steals over one in the contemplation of sky and water. She looked round as Harry approached with a pleasant smile of recognition. He shook hands, and his surprise at meeting her at this watering-place, of all places in the world, seemed quite natural. He seated himself beside the rocks against which she was leaning.

'I came out here,' she said, 'with the avowed purpose of reading, but my eyes are so continually wandering from my book to the sea and the sky, that at last I stopped reading altogether.'

'Yes, one would rather enjoy nature alone,' said Harry; 'I do all my reading indoors.'

'Are you a lover of nature, then?'

'Yes, very much indeed,' he said, 'though I do not go in for sketching or painting, or anything of that sort.'

'Don't you, indeed? Why I should have thought you were the very one who would be a most enthusiastic painter.'

'Oh,' said Harry, laughing, 'I haven't got long hair or sunken eyes, have I?'

'No,' she said; 'if they are the requisites for a good artist, I have them, I think, to perfection.' After a pause she said, somewhat suddenly:

'Oh, dear, where is Ion gone?'

'Is Ion your dog?'

'Yes; he is my greatest friend; I have had him since he was a pup, and I am really quite attached to him, and I think he is to me.'

Harry had no doubt of that in the world. He whistled once or twice, and soon came a rapid pattering of feet, and a moment later a splendid greyhound bounded out of the wood and came up and licked his mistress's hand. Harry could not help admiring the splendid animal. It was full grown and in perfect condition. The beautifully formed limbs told of a matchless speed, and the intelligent look in the soft eyes spoke of a sagacity little inferior to that of a human being. He patted Ion kindly on the head, for he had already taken quite a fancy to the dog.

'I suppose that Ion is your constant companion!' he enquired, as they strolled back towards the hotel.

'Yes, indeed,' said Helen. 'I am quite glad of his company, for I often go to visit an old woman who lives in a cottage about a mile further on, whose little daughter I met wandering alone on the beach. The old woman is a widow, and her son is a stoker or fireman, or something, on the railway that passes through the place, and they live near the bridge, close to the track.'

'Yes, that is some distance from the hotel,' said Harry.

'It is about a mile and a half, I think, and sometimes, if I am a little late in getting away, it gets quite dark on the way home; but I am not afraid of anything here, you know; papa wanted to send some one for me, but I would not let him, while I have Ion.'

Harry frequently looked out for Helen when she visited the poor old woman, or when she went for a quiet read on the rocks, and waylaid her on the road home. The first few times he did so as if by accident, and ap-

peared quite surprised at meeting her, but after a while he made no secret of the fact that he was on the look out for her. As she made no objection to his doing so, it was not to be wondered at that he never missed a day when she was out, but would wait most patiently for her, till the time for coming home. Once or twice he met her as she was going out, and walked with her as far as the old woman's cottage. On these occasions he walked on to the bridge, which was about a hundred yards further on, and waited there till he saw her come out of the cottage. Ion, who had become quite friendly with him, would lie at his feet while Helen was in the cottage reading for the old woman. Once or twice St. Cloud had joined her in the walks home, before Harry met her, but it had only occasioned a momentary disappointment, and he did not think of it again.

There was dancing once a week at the hotel where they were staying, but it was a very harmless amusement, as the orchestra stopped playing at half-past eleven punctually. One evening during one of these weekly dances, St. Cloud and himself had danced several times with Helen. It was nearly half-past eleven when Harry led her out on the verandah, and brought chairs near an open window, so that they not only could enjoy the moonlight on the water before them but see the dancers inside. It was one of those glorious nights when the moon, high in a clear dark-blue sky, traced a silver path, leading out over the waters of the quiet ocean to the unknown world beyond. Harry thought as the moonlight fell on Helen's face, that he had never seen anything more beautiful. There was a sort of sadness of expression that peculiarly delighted him, and he felt a quiet pleasure in her presence. Helen was gazing out over the sea, as was her wont, and silently enjoying the scene. Harry did not feel disposed to say anything to disturb her, and observing this, she laughingly told him that she hoped he was not becoming melancholy. Harry was assuring her that his feelings were quite of a contrary nature, when St. Cloud came suddenly upon them. He begged their pardon, but asked Helen for one more turn. Helen made some excuse at first, but St. Cloud persisted, insisting that she had promised, so she at length reluctantly complied. As she turned to lay aside her shawl, St. Cloud said to Harry in a low voice, and with a smile—

'Northwood, we seem to be rivals to-night.'

Harry said, 'Yes it seems so,' as pleasantly as he could, but yet it seemed as though there was a little too much truth in it, and St Cloud's manner, while certainly frank and pleasant, did not altogether please him, he could not tell why. He did not exactly know what he did feel, but a sort of indefinable desire rose up within him, as he saw Helen and St. Cloud pass into the dancing-room together—a desire some way or other to stop St. Cloud, and bring her back. Harry walked up and down the gallery once or twice while the dance was going on, dissatisfied with himself for giving way to a feeling of anger when St. Cloud took her off. He said to himself that he had no right to control her, and that she ought to be able to dance with whom she liked, and when she liked. Yet it pleased him to think that she had not wanted to go, whether she was tired of dancing or wished to enjoy the moonlight or perhaps, it was just possible—no it could not be of course, yet the thought would come whether or no,—that she might like him a little, and if she was tired it was very unfortunate that St. Cloud had disturbed her. That brought him back to St. Cloud again. He thought St. Cloud ought to have had perception enough to have seen that she did not want to go. But then, in all fairness, he ought to have put himself in St. Cloud's place, and as Helsingfors had often said, he ought

to allow a little for human nature. St. Cloud liked her as much as he did, perhaps more, and had he not just as good a right to dance with her? Yet no matter how he looked at it, he did not altogether like what St. Cloud had said, or the way he said it, or something about it—'Northwood, we seem to be rivals to-night.'

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON.

THE 'Season' had now fully opened in London. Helsingfors' family had returned, and were living in one of the fashionable suburbs. The De Greys were not far off, while Harry and his mother were living in a remote neighbourhood, yet still sufficiently near to be in what may be called the fashionable district. Sir Gannett, however, could not be persuaded to come to Town this season, but preferred the retirement of 'Hartgrave Manor' to the gaiety of London life. His wife had decided to stay in London, for a short time, without her lord and master, but, considering that too long an absence from him would probably provoke remark, she had reluctantly agreed to go home after the first four weeks, consoling herself, however, with the thought that by so going she might be better able to persuade him to come back with her, or that her return without him, towards the close of the season, would not be noticed.

Mr. Stocton had taken a house in Town, and was anxious to let Grace go out into society.

Grace was well connected on her mother's side, and therefore found no difficulty in gaining admission to the charmed circle of pleasure-seekers which is termed Society. Under the chaperonage of her mother's sister, she appeared at her first ball. Mr. Stocton did not design Grace to grow up a woman of fashion, but had nevertheless taken a common-sense view of the case. He had given her the best education, together with several years of foreign travel, under the guidance of a controlling mind, which had moulded her character and developed the resources of intellectual enjoyment by the study of nature and art in their highest and noblest forms. Upon these stays Mr. Stocton relied to keep his daughter from becoming frivolous or devoted only to the butterfly life of fashion. He had, however, taken means to bring her out into society, for he believed that the only hope of salvation from what he dreaded was not to be found in a life of seclusion and retirement, under which his daughter would, in all probability, have chafed and fretted, causing her to go to greater lengths when the restraining influence was removed, as it would be some day, in the ordinary course of events.

It must not be imagined from what has been said respecting Grace's school life and subsequent course of practical instruction, that she had returned to England a *blue stocking*, or that she looked down on home customs and manners with an air of condescending endurance so often produced by foreign travel. She had returned only to prize England more, and to value it on account of her long absence. She had grown quite tall when abroad, and now that she had returned, her handsome face, free from the slightest affectation, seemed to win all hearts.

It was at one of a series of brilliant entertainments with which the season opened, that Grace was standing in the hall waiting for her chaperone to appear, when Harry came out of one of the dressing-rooms. He came to where Grace was standing, and quietly edging his way close to her, asked her to keep him a couple of valses. Grace promised, of course.

'Oh, Harry!' she said, 'if your friend, Miss De Grey, is here to-night do point her out to me, for you know

I have not seen her yet, though I have often heard of her from Maggie Morton, and since I have come back to England her praises have been in everybody's mouth.'

Helen De Grey was undoubtedly the reigning belle this season. Her tall and commanding figure, her jet black hair and eyes, her deep rich complexion, and above all her graceful manner, would attract attention, and command respect from all ranks.

Dancing had just begun and Harry was about to lead Grace to the ballroom, when Helen entered the room where they were.

'There she is,' said Harry. 'That's Helen De Grey, don't you think she is handsome?'

Grace was quite charmed with Helen's appearance, and said that she liked her face exceedingly. She laughingly told Harry that she did not wonder that he should have fallen in love with such a girl. Harry protested that he had not done anything so foolish, and changed the subject.

At last the ball was over, and one by one the guests began to depart. The music ceased, and the players were busy packing up their instruments and collecting their music. The dance was over with all its happiness and unhappiness, with all its brightness for some and all its dulness for others, with all its coldness and stiffness, with all its well-bred rudeness, with all its truth and falsehood, all its hopes and fears, all its love and longing, all its thousand temptations to wrong, all its hard struggles for the right. Like the great world without, it has its inner life, below the tinsel and show and sham, that must not be laid bare. Below the gaudy exterior there beats the same heart, with the same feelings, overlaid, perhaps, with a veneer of polished manners, but the same for all that.

The following morning as Harry and his mother were sitting at breakfast, talking over the events of last night, a letter was brought in. It bore the Hawthorne postmark, and was addressed in his father's hand to Lady Northwood. Harry handed it to his mother. The letter ran as follows:—

'My dearest Mary—I need hardly tell you what you know was impending. My speculations have turned out as we have for some time past had reason to fear they would. I have therefore mortgaged the "Hartgrave estate," with all the furniture, as it stands, for its full amount. As you know, we have yet enough to live on very comfortably, these reverses need not make any difference in your enjoyment, only we will have to give up the Manor, which has been in the family for the last century, for I see no other way of discharging the liability. There will not be any immediate necessity for change, so you need not tell Harry about it till I have seen you. I shall look for you at the end of your allotted time. As I am anxious to talk matters over with you, if you come home any sooner than originally proposed, I shall be glad, as I am a little dull here now without you. With affectionate remembrances to Harry, I am, my dear Mary,

'Your ever devoted husband,
'Gannett Northwood.'

She folded the letter up and returned it to the envelope again without giving it to Harry to read.

'I will go home sooner than I expected,' she said. 'Your father writes me that he is lonely, and wishes that the time for going home were come, so, although I have only been here for two weeks, and although I will miss everything by going, yet if your father is so lonely, I think I ought to go.'

Harry said nothing, but thought that probably his father was getting a little fidgety in his old age, and ought to have some one to look after him.

The following day therefore he saw his mother off by the train for Hawthorne, and promised to take a run

down in a couple of weeks and cheer his father up a little. Lady Northwood was anxious to know the state of affairs more exactly than her husband's letter had informed her. Fortunately, it turned out that there was no immediate cause for alarm. Sir Gannett's income remained intact, and was secured to him, though the liabilities he had incurred, owing to some ill-advised speculations, were more than he could meet out of his income, without drawing on the invested principal. This Sir Gannett did not wish to do, but had borrowed the money from Mr. Stocton on a mortgage of his property in the village of Hawthorne. The interest was only nominal, for Mr. Stocton, knowing that the property would become his after the expiration of the term of years, had no desire to press heavily on his more unfortunate neighbour.

CHAPTER V.

A CASUS BELLI.

It was a dreary night towards the close of February, snow and rain were falling together, and freezing as they fell. One side of every post in the street seemed coated with a sort of varnish which gave them the appearance, not of common weather-stained wood, but of polished mahogany. The shop windows were covered with a thick coating of frozen sleet, whose corrugated surface diffused the light, and rendered it less dazzlingly brilliant to the eye. Far away from the gaudy shop windows, one of the mansions in the fashionable west end was brilliantly lighted this stormy night. The blinds were drawn down, and a soft radiance fell on the cheerless scene without. Ever and anon the wheels of some carriage ploughed through the slush, making little canals and rivers in the snow and mud, as it rolled up to the hall door. Umbrellas were quickly put up by footmen, and dainty feet hurried up the steps into the warm light of the door, that was flung wide open as each new comer arrived.

Up stairs there was a hum of voices; glad greetings were exchanged and cold and formal recognitions stiffly given. The crowd laughing and talking going down stairs on its way to the drawing-room, had its contrast in the stream of shrouded and over-coated beings unrecognizable in cloaks and clouds and wraps, that hurried up stairs, stopping nowhere, but following one another in quick succession to the various dressing-rooms.

The musicians were just beginning to scrape their instruments into tune for the night's work when Harry Northwood arrived. He was announced by a stentorian-voiced footman as Mr. Nurthword, but his name was sufficiently familiar to the lady of the house and to most of those present to render the mistake harmless. After he had spoken to the hostess he elbowed his way to the centre of the knot which surrounded Helen, and entered his name on her programme. He then made his way to Grace; flitting from group to group, he edged his way to the centre of each, making engagements for the evening.

One of his first dances was with Helen, the room was not unpleasantly filled, for a good many had not began to dance yet. The orchestra had just begun one of those enchanting valses of Waldteufel; airs, so insuperably connected in the mind with happy evenings, bright faces, the flitting of graceful figures, thronged stairway and galleries, quiet retired nooks, soft looks and softer words, and the thousand and one shining ripples on the silver sea of beauty and pleasure. Harry felt his heart almost bound within him as the music began. He pressed his way through the circle near the door, and led Helen to the centre of the room and began to dance. They

seemed to start as if by magic, for both were thoroughly practiced in the art. It seemed to Harry as he guided his fair companion in and out, in the mazes of the dance, avoiding a flowing train here, missing a pair of broad, black shoulders there, deftly gliding past all obstructions, ever mingling, yet ever alone—it seemed to him, as she followed him everywhere, responding almost to his very thoughts, to be a mimic picture of the future he longed for A future in which, while they mingled in the world around them, they were ever alone. A future in which she followed, trusting the guiding to him, moved with him, thought with him, lived for him. How he wished that it might be realized some day. At the close of the dance Harry led his partner back to Mrs. De Grey, and surrendered her to Helsingfors for the next dance. Harry could not help envying his friend just a little, as she glided off; but he was glad that it was not with St. Cloud.

'Oh, Harry,' said Grace, as he came up to claim his dance, 'let us not dance, I'm quite tired after the last.' Harry consenting, they passed into the conservatory. They sat down under the spreading branches of some rare exotic, while a fountain opposite diffused a delicious coolness about. 'I am so glad that this was your dance, Harry,' said Grace, when they were comfortably seated opposite the fountain, 'because I did not want to dance, and I knew you would not mind.'

'Certainly not,' replied Harry, 'Do you know, Grace,' he said, after a pause, 'I've often thought it is just delightful to have one or two people you know pretty well at one of these large dances, so that a fellow is not on the strain all night with people he does not know very well, and perhaps doesn't care about.'

'Yes, said Grace, 'and after all, out of the great number one meets, how very few we really like.'

'That is true,' Harry replied; 'but, Grace, when we consider it, we are not called upon to give them anything but a little formal politeness, you know: no real friendship is necessary.'

'As it is, we waste too much friendship on people unworthy of it,' Grace rejoined.

Harry thought there was no reason to waste it, if it had been properly bestowed on the right people in the beginning. But Grace did not agree with him altogether in that, for she thought that persons ought not deliberately to set themselves to force a friendship; it should come naturally, and if true, it would outlast everything. Harry smiled as she finished laying down her premises, with all the incontrovertibility that attaches to a woman's logic, when she is simply stating what she believes herself.

'You must believe in platonic friendships then!' he said.

'No,' I do not,' she answered, decidedly. 'A platonic friendship cannot last, it will either degenerate into coldness, or deepen into something more than mere friendship.

Harry was on the point of saying, 'well, our friendship has not degenerated, nor has it deepened into anything else;' but there was something in the way Grace had spoken that checked him. A thought flashed through his mind, was it possible that on her side, at least, the friendship might deepen into something more? What little things words are, and yet what a difference even the lightest of them can make. Already Grace was in a different position to him. He wished that she had not said that, at least so earnestly; yet he could not let the matter remain just where it was. He must have the doubt her words had raised in his mind satisfied. Could it be possible that she cared for him? He said to himself that he was very foolish to think of it again, but he could not let the matter rest.

Harry knew that he would only find it out by implication. He knew,

also, that he could not force from her anything she did not choose to tell. Moreover, he was sure that if he found it out it would only be by some little trifle, nothing in itself, but with, perhaps, a hidden meaning. She might only be trying him, while concealing her own purpose. Harry felt as if he were doing wrong, but the thought of Helen seemed to force him on. He contrived to keep the conversation in the channel into which it had so thoughtlessly fallen, weighing everything, that he might know what he longed for, yet dreaded to hear. At last, the dance was over. Grace had not said anything further to lead him to suppose that he had been right, and he was tempted to think that he had been too hasty in his suppositions, when, as they turned to go, Grace pulled a small pink rose from one of the bushes which grew in the conservatory, and, handing it to him, said, 'Harry, we have talked pretty freely about friendship; this is to show you that our friendship has, at least, not degenerated into ——.' Harry felt the blood rush to his face as he took the flower.

The music had begun again, as Harry hurried back to the conservatory alone. The rose was in his hand as he came to the place where she had picked it. Harry knew now for certain what he had wanted to know. The remark she had made had been one that might have been made to any one. Nay, he had himself often said things much more serious than that, with no more apparent meaning attached to them; but there had been something quite different in this case. No, her words were, in themselves, nothing. But words are often only intelligible when read with their accompanying context of manner. Her words were nothing; yet there had been something in Grace's manner that told Harry he had not guessed amiss. He had not responded to her in any way yet. How could he, in all honour? Was he giving up the substance for the shadow? He had not spoken to Helen yet. Why had he been so determined to find it out? He had found out, but the truth had made him miserable. It seemed strange; Grace whom he had known so long and liked so much, that she should now appear before him in this new light, only to vanish and leave him to his regrets. He held up the flower, a litle pink rose-bud that she had given him as a token that their friendship had not at least degenerated into coldness. But what did that mean? The perfume seemed only to remind him of the chance of happiness he had cast out of his hands. Perhaps the devotion of a life wasted! Lost! The thought almost maddened him; he must know his fate with Helen this very night.

He looked at his card, he was engaged to Helen for this dance, but how could he meet her as he was. He seemed to grow dizzy, as he held his hand to his aching brow. He opened the door of the conservatory and stood on the step outside for a moment to compose himself before going in. The night was dark, and the rain and snow were still falling. He stood there fully five minutes before he felt calm enough to return to the ball-room. At last, summoning up courage, he hurried through the crowded rooms. The dance was half over when he met Helen standing with her mother near one of the doors. Harry apologized for being late, but told her that it was impossible for him to come earlier. It seemed a good omen to him, that she had waited for him, for he knew that she could easily have gone off with some one else, as he had not been there when the dance began. Harry begged Helen to come into one of the rooms up stairs; he was tired of dancing, he said. Helen complied, and he led her into an alcove, curtained off from a small ante-room. It was lighted by a rich Chinese lantern, suspended from the ceiling, though a ray of light came in between the cur-

tains from the room without. 'What a lovely little room,' said Helen, as he drew back the curtains to let her pass in.

'Yes,' he said, 'a sort of Holy of Holies, since you are here.'

'Are you not afraid to follow me then?' she asked, looking back at him with a smile.

She seemed so beautiful to Harry as she stood between the curtains, as if to prevent him from entering. 'No, I would follow you anywhere,' he said earnestly. Helen smiled again as he took a seat opposite her.

'What makes Mr. Northwood so very complimentary to-night?'

'Ah, Miss De Grey, believe me, I am not complimentary, I always mean what I say, at least in speaking to you.'

'Then there are people to whom you say things that you do not mean?' she asked.

Harry stumbled through some answer to the question, bit his lip, pulled back the curtain, and seemed for the moment to be thinking of something else.

'Why, Mr. Northwood, what has happened to you? You don't seem yourself to-night.'

Harry looked up suddenly, and said, 'Why, what have I been doing that is different from my ordinary behaviour?'

'Well,' said Helen, 'to begin with, you were very late, and you came to me rather hurriedly, and looked as if something had gone wrong with you, and then you did not want to dance, so we came up here, and you say such extraordinary things so unlike yourself,—and further,' she added, as she noticed his serious expression, 'if I may extend the indictment a little more, I would say, you are now destroying that very pretty little rosebud in your hand.'

'At the mention of the rosebud, Harry started involuntarily, he felt the colour mount to his cheeks. 'You are right, I am not myself to-night,' he said, 'I feel as though I had left something undone, unless I speak to you, even though you know it already, for my whole life has long ago told you what I have now to say. But I must tell you now. Helen, I love you devotedly. I love you madly. I cannot live without you.'

'Is that what he told her?' Helen said in a clear, cold voice that startled Harry, at the same time spreading a large fan across her face, concealing everything but her sparkling eyes. She shot a quick glance at him, and turning round Harry found himself face to face with—St. Cloud.

Harry started back in dismay, but instantly recovered his composure on seeing Helen leaning back in her chair, and fanning herself with an air of the utmost unconcern. 'Not a bad story Mr. Northwood, and you must finish it for me some other time,' she said quietly as if nothing had happened. Harry felt grateful to her from the bottom of his heart. St. Cloud did not know what to make of it all, at first. He had come in search of Helen, for the next dance had already begun, and had arrived on the scene just in time to hear Harry declare his love. Cleverly as it had been done, St. Cloud's penetration told him that it was not a story to which Helen had been listening, and a feeling of gratification came over him that he had at least prevented her from giving a reply which might have sealed his own fate before he had a chance to speak for himself. While St. Cloud undoubtedly admired Helen for the coolness and cleverness she had shown, still the whole occurrence disquieted him, for it seemed as if he himself had somehow had a narrow escape.

Helen returned to the ball-room on Harry's arm, where St. Cloud claimed his dance, and they went off. Poor Harry was even in a worse state of mind than ever. He felt that he had spoken plainly and to the point with Helen, but she had been unable to

give him any answer. He was tortured with the thought that St. Cloud might, perhaps, have seen through the *ruse* and have understood all that he had said. He did not know how much of the conversation had been overheard, for St. Cloud's approach had been unperceived. But it was likely, Harry thought, that he had not stood behind the curtain listening or he would not have appeared at the time he did. Be that as it may, and Harry had his misgivings as to which way it was; certain it is that his restlessness did not abate, but rather increased. He felt as if intoxicated as he went out again to the conservatory, and, opening the door, stood on the step in the very spot where he had been only a short time before. The night was as dark and rainy as ever, but Harry did not heed the night, so absorbed was he in his own wild, restless thoughts. After a few minutes the intense excitement passed off, and reasoning the matter over quietly to himself, he felt that he must lose no time in looking out for an opportunity of getting Helen's answer, without which he felt he could not rest.

St. Cloud, not a little fluttered by the discovery he had made, led Helen to the refreshment room, as much for the purpose of collecting his thoughts and of forming his opinion as to the exact state of the case, as of anything else. He occupied a little more time than was actually necessary in getting her an ice, but excused himself on his return for his tardiness. As he handed it to her she dropped her card. St. Cloud picked it up, but glanced over it as he did so. He noticed that Northwood's name was not on it for any of the dances yet to come, while his own he knew was on again three or four dances lower down. He instantly resolved what course to adopt.

When the dance was over and Helen had returned to her chaperone, St. Cloud had time to decide upon the best means of carrying out the resolve he had made. He stood where he could see her till she was taken off again; fearing that Northwood would make his appearance and speak to her in the interval. 'An awkward thing,' he said to himself, 'if I have to act the detective and keep an eye on her for the rest of the night.' St. Cloud felt that although he was terribly in love with Helen himself, yet he dare not speak to her of it at present. He was a man of strong passions, and with a determined will, thoroughly unscrupulous, he would let no obstacle prevent him from attaining his end. He was roused at what seemed to him the eminent danger he was in of losing what had now become to him the object of his life, and he determined at all costs to prevent Helen from accepting Harry Northwood. He was in possession of all the facts, and there was yet time.

Knowing that his rival was a great friend of Miss Stocton he determined to make use of that fact, to the furtherance of his own designs. But how? It would not do to tell Helen that there was anything more between them than a strong friendship, and have his story treated as an absurdity. He must have something sure to go upon. It was a game of life and death, he felt, and he must not hazard his chances of success by any false step. He had long suspected what Harry had only found out that evening; Grace's regard for her old playmate; for he had watched them closely when together, and moreover he had not failed to discern the decided uneasiness manifested by Harry's mother on such occasions.

St. Cloud was thinking of this when Helen, leaning on Helsingfords' arm, passed out of the room. He saw Harry at the end of the hall, eyeing the couple intently. An impulse seized Harry that he would briefly explain to his friend the position of affairs, and ask him to allow him a few minutes. This he felt sure Helsingfors would do. He took a few steps forward and was on the point of speaking, when

the thought flashed through his mind that if he precipitated matters, all might not turn out as he hoped it would. He stood still, irresolute, for a moment, and then it was too late. St. Cloud understood the meaning of the few steps forward, and it nerved him to immediate action. He hurried off in search of Grace Stocton. After some little search he found her. A long, tall, dry-looking fellow with a prominent nose, and an eye-glass had just made his excuses for having to go home early, and without the pleasure of his dance. St. Cloud begged to be allowed to take the tall, dry-looking gentleman's place, and after a turn or so in the ball-room he led her to the very room where he had so unceremoniously disturbed Harry and Miss De Grey. 'It is the only way of finding out—the only way,' he said to himself, as they went up-stairs, 'and if she happens to say *Yes*, I need only keep it up for a month or so, and after all it won't be such bad fun.'

The dance was over, and St. Cloud was bringing Grace down stairs again. 'It is because there is someone else more fortunate than I, that this great happiness is denied me?' he said sadly. 'Mr. St. Cloud,' Grace answered, blushing crimson, 'I am deeply sensible of the honour you have done me, but oh, believe me, it can never be as you have asked; you have guessed the truth, but do not speak to me further. I have told you my secret, believing, that at least for the sake of the love you say you have for me, that you will respect my confidence.

A momentary feeling of shame crept over St. Cloud's face as he parted from her. She looked so unhappy at the prospect of the sorrow he had said she was bringing upon him. She had tried so hard to tell him gently and without paining him, that the dream of his life (his own words) could never be realized. He inwardly despised himself, but he had gone too far to retract now. Yes, St. Cloud felt a momentary pang of regret at the perjury of which he had been guilty. In vain did he try to quiet his conscience, by repeating to himself 'Love is like madness, all things are forgiven it.' He had wilfully trampled upon that innate sense of right and wrong that we all possess—all, even the worst of us, for we are all alike, in that we were made by the same Almighty hand, though all different, for we were not each formed in the same mould.

But St. Cloud had as yet only accomplished half of his design. It was not hard to guess of whom Grace had spoken. He gloried in his power, and the terrible use he could make of it against his rival; it would help him to gain the prize he had set before him, but what a price he had paid for it! He felt almost certain of success, but he had lost honor and self-respect.

As the time drew near, St. Cloud almost dreaded to meet Helen, for he felt almost ashamed to meet her. But he was not to be beaten now. A little bit of scandal; a sly innuendo; a lie; and the burning cheek and flashing-eye of the haughty girl beside him, told he had succeeded. Helen remembered Harry's agitated manner, so different from his usually calm and quiet bearing. With this evidence before her, she could not doubt what she had been told.

Northwood had been on the look out to see Helen, but no opportunity had presented itself. He felt miserable and wretched, but determined not to let the night go over without knowing his fate. By and by the guests began to go, first by twos and threes, then more followed quickly, till the whole of the gay scene seemed to be rapidly dissolving, leaving the brilliant rooms empty and bare. St. Cloud waited in the hall below to see Helen as she passed out, and to make sure that even at the eleventh hour his rival would not be able to outwit him. Harry was standing on the

opposite side of the hall from St. Cloud, whose presence there made him feel uneasy. Helen and her mother came down stairs together. Mr. De Grey, who had been waiting for them below, offered his arm to his wife, and they went out followed by Helen. Almost at the same moment Harry and St. Cloud approached her from different sides.

'May I have the pleasure of seeing you to your carriage?' asked St. Cloud. Helen gave him a gracious smile.

'Helen,' said Harry, almost in a whisper, 'have you nothing to say to me?'

She finished saying something to St. Cloud before she turned round and said aloud, 'No, Mr. Northwood, I have not.'

Poor Harry was staggered for the moment. 'Oh, Helen, you must have something to say, let me know one way or other—.' Helen turned again towards St. Cloud. 'For God's sake, Helen, give me some answer, yes or no,' said Harry, in utter despair.

Helen turned upon him an angry look, as she replied in a low voice, 'I will give you an answer since you desire it,—No!'

'Oh, Helen, what—what does this mean—why—' stammered Harry.

'Mr. St. Cloud has kindly offered to see me out,' she replied coldly, and passed on to the carriage.

Harry was utterly bewildered for a moment; he seemed quite stunned. St. Cloud said an elaborate good-night to Helen, as the carriage drove off. He came up to the steps and was crossing the verandah, when Harry strode out to meet him. Stung by Helen's cold manner, rendered utterly beside himself by her inexplicable and point blank refusal, with the bitter memory of Grace and the rosebud she had given him, he was in no mood to meet this man.

St. Cloud smiled blandly as he saw Harry stand trembling and excited before him. 'So,' exclaimed Harry, 'you not only have the meanness to play spy and eavesdropper, but you have the audacity to interrupt me when I choose to speak to Miss De Grey.'

'Take care, Northwood, you are excited about something; you are not yourself,' he said, again smiling, this time a little maliciously.

'I know what I am saying, St. Cloud,' Harry replied, angrily; for the cool look and manner of the other exasperated him.

'Indeed?' rejoined St. Cloud, with aggravating coolness.

'St. Cloud, you are no gentleman, or you would not act as you have done,' cried Harry, giving way to his passion.

'What damnable impertinence, Northwood,' exclaimed St. Cloud, his eyes flashing as he spoke; 'I will make you repent this.'

Blind with rage and disappointment, Harry stepped quickly forward, and struck St. Cloud a violent blow on the forehead that sent him reeling against one of the pillars of the verandah. St. Cloud recovered himself, and was in the act of springing forward to return the blow, when the door opened to allow some other visitors to depart. It was Grace and her aunt. Harry shrunk into the darkness, and stood behind one of the pillars of the porch. St. Cloud, who was standing directly opposite the open door, turned round, and, tossing his hair slightly, as though blown by the wind, he contrived to press one of his dark locks down on his forehead to hide the mark of his adversary's knuckles. He bowed pleasantly to Grace and aunt as he passed in. As he passed Harry, he muttered, 'I will be revenged on you yet, Northwood, if it takes a thousand years.'

Harry paced up and down in the darkness some time before he could show himself in the light. He did not see St. Cloud again in the dressing-room when he went in, so he concluded he had gone. He hurriedly put on his

wraps and went down stairs. As he gained the street some bachelor friends of his asked him to come round to their rooms and smoke a pipe with them, but Harry declined, and, dismissing the carriage that waited for him, walked off slowly in the rain and sleet through the dark and cheerless streets of the great city.

CHAPTER VI.

TRYING TO FORGET.

HARRY NORTHWOOD did not go straight home that night, but wandered through the streets, sometimes walking with a feverish energy, anon dragging along with a slow uncertain step, till the gradual approach of the gray dawn warned him to be getting home. Thoroughly wet and uncomfortable, he crept up-stairs, and, changing his suit, he packed up a valise, and sat down to the table to write. He wrote to his father, saying he was going over to Wales for a few days, as he was not very well, excusing himself from going home, and saying that he would probably return to London in a few weeks. He enclosed his address, and sealed the letter up. He then wrote a long letter to Helsingfors, telling him the whole story of how he had been refused by Helen, and telling him the way in which she had done so. He omitted saying anything about his encounter with St. Cloud ; he enclosed his address, asking him to write, but not to mention the occurrence to any one, just yet. Having completed these letters, he threw himself on his bed and tried to rest a little, till breakfast time, but he could not sleep.

When breakfast was over he left word that he would probably be away for some weeks, and directed where letters were to be forwarded. He had decided upon going to Wales, because he wished to get somewhere away from London. He had not chosen Paris, for he wished to be quiet; but had picked out a retired little village somewhere on the coast of Caernarvonshire, almost at random, for he desired to be alone for the present till the wretchedness he felt should have, in a measure, worn off.

He was out all day, as he had to see about several things before leaving. It was quite dark when he arrived at a small town on the west coast of Caernarvonshire, and took a room at the quaint old inn for the night. Want of sleep on the previous night, together with the troubled state of mind he was in, made Harry forget his sorrow in a sound sleep, which lasted till late the following morning. When he woke he was a little confused to find himself in a small room with nothing but a couple of chairs, a washstand, a bureau and the bed upon which he was lying. He remembered the occurrence of the night before, but it seemed like a year ago. He felt much older, and could hardly rid himself of the feeling that some dear friend had died. When he had at length roused himself to dress and had come down stairs, he found that he was just in time for dinner. In the afternoon he strolled out, and began looking for lodgings. This occupied him all the afternoon, as it was not easy to find quarters exactly to suit him. Harry was surprised when night came on, but remembered that his hours had been somewhat irregular the last couple of days.

Next morning he dropped back into the ordinary routine of daily life. He breakfasted at the usual hour, took a walk along the sea-shore now so cold and bleak, and returned to dinner with the same feeling of loneliness which had so completely taken possession of him. In the afternoon he went in the opposite direction. Walking along the road he came across the railroad track, by which he had come to the village the evening before. The wind was humming discordantly in the telegraph wires over head,

humming the monotonous story of work and toil and sorrow, on that great Æolian harp of commerce.

He walked on still further, absorbed in his meditations, till he came opposite an old church. It was nearly all covered with the branches of some creeping plant, which in summer would have thrown a mantle of living green over the old gray stones. But now the branches hung shivering against the cold wall, in the chill February breeze. The door of the church seemed to be unlocked, so Harry turned out of the road and passed up between the long row of sentinel tombstones that seemed to guard the consecrated ground on either hand. The door was open, as he had thought, for the sexton's wife was sweeping out the gallery, and a fire had been lighted for her, so that the church was not cold. Harry explained to the woman that he desired to look at the church, as he was a stranger. The old woman in the gallery replied that he was very welcome indeed to look at anything that might interest him in the church, which was dingy, she admitted, although her old man and herself did their best to make it look clean for Sundays.

The church was a pretty little structure, Gothic, of the early perpendicular style, built probably about the close of the reign of Edward III. The gallery which the old woman was engaged in sweeping out was a comparatively modern innovation in the church, and had been put up part of the way along the two sides, to match the cramped old organ loft which was of perhaps a little greater antiquity. Harry amused himself looking at the numerous tablets which adorned the walls, covered with uncouth inscriptions, many of them in the now almost unintelligible Gothic letters which require such unlimited patience and hard study to make out. He could not help wondering as he read the inscriptions on tablets to the memory of men who had died hundreds of years ago, whether they had ever experienced sorrows and trials such as he was called upon to endure now. He thought that some day it would be all over with him, as it was with them. He thought how a busy, active life, full of anxiety, care, trouble, a little pleasure, full of longings and strivings and hopes and fears would one day be represented by two dates cut on a marble slab in some quiet church. The emptiness of life seemed to come upon him with a new force as he looked on the tablets around him. How vain those records! Death striving for a memory among the dying. A life with all its nobility and meanness, all its love and hatred, marked only by the dates of birth and death—a record left by earth's ephemera.

Harry was much interested with the details of the church itself. The large, high windows were filled with handsome stained glass panes. Whatever may be said against the perpendicular style of architecture, the square divisions of the windows undoubtedly favour, to a certain extent, pictorial representations on the glass. He noticed the great number and variety of the canopies and canopied niches ; some occupied by statues of saints, some left vacant, as though their occupants had become tired of standing for ever with their backs against the sloping sides of their niches, and had spread their wings and flown.

The following day, at about the same hour, Harry set off again for the old church. It had pleased him with its quietness ; and the lonely look of the deserted building seemed to suit his state of mind. As he approached it this afternoon, fearing that he would be unable to get in, he thought he heard the sound of music. He stopped to listen. Somebody was playing the organ in the church. Harry went softly up to the porch, and tried the door. It was not locked, he opened it and crept quietly in, that he might not disturb the musician. He went into a large, straight-

backed, square pew, surrounded with high, red curtains. Drawing the curtains a little aside he looked curiously towards the organ-loft. The figure of a young girl could be seen on the high old-fashioned organ-stool. She had her back to him, and seemed to be absorbed in what she was playing. She had laid her hat on the seat beside her, disclosing a mass of raven black hair. She was playing Bach's well-known composition, 'My Heart Ever Faithful,' and as Harry listened he seemed to grow calm and quiet. That feeling of restlessness, as at the loss of some dear friend, passed off, and he listened in silent rapture. The organ was old, but many of the stops were good, several being of recent date, were well suited both in tone and power, to the church. Harry could not help remarking that she played with great ease, and displayed a very cultivated taste in the selection of the stops.

When the music was finished she called out to some one behind the organ, 'That will do to-day, thank you,' and immediately afterwards a little boy, who had been engaged in blowing the bellows, clattered down stairs and was off. Harry thought he would slip out unobserved and return when the young lady was gone. He stepped towards the door of the pew with the utmost caution. He stumbled over a hassock as he went out and upset several large prayer-books.

'Is that you, George?' called out the young lady from the gallery.

Harry came out in some confusion from behind the curtains and said, 'I beg your pardon, I am sure, for this intrusion, but as I was passing outside I was attracted by the music, and came in to listen. My presence would probably have been unnoticed had I not knocked dows these books in getting out.'

The young lady was a little taken aback at the sudden appearance of the stranger, though she was pleased with his courteous bearing. She hoped he had not been very much disappointed with the playing he had heard.

Harry assured her that the last piece she played had charmed him exceedingly, as he knew it well, and had always liked it. She tied up her music and came down stairs.

As she was passing out, Harry enquired if there would be service in the church on Sunday.

She told him, 'on Sunday afternoon, only; the morning and evening services are conducted in the church in the village, but as use always preserves a building in better repair the Rector had services here on Sunday afternoons,'

Harry expressed his desire to attend one of these afternoon services, and asked who was the clergyman in charge.

'My father, Mr. Morton, is the Rector of this parish,' answered the girl.

'Indeed, then I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Morton?' Harry asked in some surprise.

'Yes,' she said with a smile.

'Miss Maggie Morton?' he asked.

'That is my name,' was the reply.

'I know you very well by name, Miss Morton,' he said, 'though you will not very likely know me. I have often heard a great friend of mine speak of you—Miss Grace Stocton, of Hawthorne. I am Mr. Northwood, and am also from Hawthorne.'

'Oh, indeed, your name is familiar to me too; Miss Stocton has often spoken of you; she and I were on the Continent together you know.'

A little more was said in the way of mutual recognition, and Harry asked permission to accompany her to the village, as it was growing dusk. He offered to carry her music, and very soon they were chatting pleasantly of the places and persons they both knew. They parted at the Rectory, Harry being quite delighted with his new friend, whose acquaintance he had made that afternoon by chance, and in a somewhat romantic manner.

Maggie was the eldest of a family of five, though the others were all much younger than herself. She was not what would be called pretty, but she had a good face, all her features were regular and well formed. Her expression was that of gentleness and amiability, while her large, thoughtful eyes had a depth of truth in them that made the beholder look more than once at her face. Her wavy hair was drawn off her brows, disclosing a high, intellectual forehead, evidently inherited from her father.

While Harry remained at Thorndale he saw a good deal of the Mortons. Being very fond of music, he begged to be allowed to go to the church on Maggie's practice days. The first few times he went, he sat down stairs listening to what she played, but as time went on she permitted him to accompany her to the organ-loft, and even at times to manage the stops for her. This Harry soon became very proficient in, for although unable to play the organ himself, he soon learned the nature and quality of the stops. One very sweet combination of stops of which he soon became fond, he playfully termed his *vox humana*, and made her use it, for some pieces when ever she played. Harry found not only solace, but occupation in this pursuit, and sometimes he would even forget his unhappiness while listening to the rich tones of the organ.

He liked the somewhat matter-of-fact way in which Maggie dealt with everything, and admired the practical good sense with which she was endowed. He enjoyed the winter evenings at the rector's fireside, all was so cheerful and comfortable. The old drawing-room, with its large warm fire and circle of bright faces, could not fail to attract him, while the open hospitality and genuine kindness shown him was very agreeable to him. The whole family had taken quite a fancy to the quiet, grave, young gentleman who had suddenly made his appearance among them. The rector liked to talk over church matters with him, and was pleased to find that he was of the same school of thought as himself. But all this kindness could not all at once restore Harry to his former cheerfulness. He had not spoken to anyone of the cause of his visit to Thorndale, or how he had chosen the village at random in looking over the railway time-table the night before leaving London. He felt as if his life had been blighted, and time alone could restore him to what he had been before.

When he returned to his lodgings, one afternoon, he found a telegram from his father awaiting him. It stated that Mr. Stocton had died suddenly at Hawthorne, and telling him to come home for the funeral at once. Harry went over to the Rectory with the news, and to say good-bye to the family, though he promised to be back again in the course of a few days. The next day he left the village of Thorndale, and went up to Holyhead, where he caught the fast train commonly known as the 'Wild Irishman,' and was whirled away to London. Having a few hours in the metropolis, he called to see Helsingfors. Catching the afternoon train, he was soon at Hawthorne, driving along the well-known road towards his father's mansion.

The funeral of the wealthy banker was attended by the whole neighbourhood, and many came down from London to pay their last respects to his memory. Harry did not see Grace at all, for she would not see any one, although Lady Northwood had called twice. Harry was not sorry that he did not see her, though he sympathized fully with her in her terrible bereavement. He seemed to be able to feel for others much more of late, and he was touched by what, a short time ago, he would have passed over with indifference.

Sir Gannett Northwood, whose income, although ample for his small family, was not able to buy back his magnificent inheritance without

trenching too seriously on the principal, told Harry the difficulty he had been in, explaining that he had used the only means in his power to extricate himself. He blamed himself for the speculations in which he had invested his money, and implored his son to forgive him for having thus robbed him of what ought rightfully to have belonged to him. Harry was of course very much surprised at the news, and also that it had been kept from him until now, but his father's distress at having taken from him the old estate quite overcame him, for though he was sorry for the loss of the beautiful property which he had always expected to possess, yet he could not bear to see his father blame himself for the ill luck of his ventures.

The three sat up late in the old library talking over their plans for the future. Neither Harry nor his father would hear of taking up their residence in London, so it was at length decided that they should take a cottage somewhere in the south of France, and thus enjoy the seclusion that Sir Gannett so much desired. He made it a *sine qua non* that his son should accompany him, so Harry at last consented.

A week after the funeral of Mr. Stocton the Norwoods left Hawthorne, and delivered into the hands of strangers the old homestead that had sheltered their ancestors for generations back. Harry wrote to Thorndale, telling the Mortons of his unexpected departure for France.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

ABOUT a year and a half had flown over since the events narrated in the preceding chapter took place. Sir Gannett had become quite at home in his pretty little cottage in the south of France, and even his wife had become partially reconciled to her exile, though she sometimes indulged in some gentle regrets at being so completely 'out of the world.'

The first signs of spring had begun to appear when Harry one day rather startled his father and mother by saying that he purposed going back to England. This determination awakened all his mother's desire to go too, but she was at length persuaded not to go, by the promise that her husband would take her to Paris for a visit. She was the more easily reconciled to this arrangement, for she felt confident that when they were safely in Paris it would not be so hard to tease Sir Gannett into coming over to England for a few weeks at least.

Harry called to see Helsingfors as he passed through London on his way to Thorndale, but could only be persuaded to stay a couple of days. He heard from his friend that Helen was still unmarried, and also that rumour said it was not St. Cloud's fault that she was so. Harry could not help feeling gratified that St. Cloud had not been the fortunate one, though he was surprised that she had not been married before this. He did not go down to Hawthorne, though he knew the family to whom the house had been rented, as he felt he would not care to see strange faces in the old familiar place.

He found things very little changed at Thorndale, though he had been away more than a year and a half, when he came there. It seemed as if he had only left it yesterday. The Mortons were all very much surprised and delighted to see him, for he had not written to say he was coming. The Rector was as glad to see him as ever, and hoped that he would make something of a visit now, and not run off as unceremoniously as he had done before. The only difference that Harry could notice in the family was that Maggie's younger sister, Fanny, seemed to have quite grown into a young lady. Fanny was undoubtedly

the prettiest of the family. Her good nature and handsome face had won for her many devoted admirers in the village. Maggie still continued her organ practices at the old church, and it seemed as if no time at all had intervened when Harry found himself again listening to 'My Heart Ever Faithful,' and managing the stops for her while she played.

It was at one of these practices, and some weeks after Harry had returned to Thorndale, that he said to Maggie as he was beside her at the organ, 'What a beautiful ring that is, you wear on your left hand.'

'Yes,' she said, 'it was one my mother gave me when I was going away off on that trip on the continent, you know. Is not pretty?' she took the ring off, as she spoke, and handed it to him. It was a very handsome Turquoise ring.

'My mother told me that by an old superstition Turquoise was supposed to preserve the wearer from all bodily harm, so that is why she gave it to me when I was going away,' she continued. 'Father said if there was any truth in the old superstition he hoped it would shield me from "all dangers ghostly and bodily," as our church service says.'

'And so it has,' said Harry, 'I feel more like believing such old superstitions when I see one of them verified.'

'You may keep the ring till I am finished playing, and see if it will preserve you from all danger, till then,' she said laughingly.

'There is one danger which it has no charm to ward off,' he said as he slipped the ring on his little finger.

'And what is that, pray?' she asked.'

'One that I do not dread, yet one from which there is no escape,' he answered. Maggie turned away her head and began playing.

When the practice was over, and the little bellows-blower had clattered down stairs and was gone, and Maggie had just settled up her music, Harry took the ring off his finger and said, 'Will you let me wish the ring on for you?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'but how long before your wish can be realized?

'That depends,' he said, 'I could not tell you that, unless I told you the wish itself.'

'Oh, if you once tell your wish you cannot get it,' Maggie said.

'I cannot get it unless I do tell you the wish,' he replied, looking at her, full in the face.

'You had better not tell me,' she said, looking down and blushing slightly.

'Well, give me your hand till I wish it on.'

She held out her hand without looking up. As Harry slipped the ring slowly on her finger, he said, 'I only wish to be like your Turquoise ring, and ever through the changes and chances and dangers of this world be your guard and shield.' There was a pause for several minutes; but she she did not withdraw her hand from him, when he had finished speaking.

It seemed as if the old church looked brighter to them, and the old tablets on the wall less gloomy than before, as they stood together in the light of the setting sun as it streamed in through the rich stained glass window, tracing its fairy colours on the wall.

London was as full of busy life and gaiety as ever, though the return of spring had brought round the bustle and excitement of preparation for going to the country. Helen had gone out to dinner once more, before turning her back on London, and feeling thoroughly tired she sat down by herself behind a large Japanese screen, with a sigh of relief, dreading the advent of the gentlemen, who were still down stairs. She had not enjoyed herself at dinner, and was consoling herself with the thought that she would have a little quietness, while tea and coffee were being handed round.

Presently two old dowagers came and sat on a sofa, on the other side of the screen. Helen could hear what they were saying, though she was concealed from view. She felt too tired to move and not at all desirous of losing her comfortable and retired position. So she fanned herself, and tried not to hear what was being said. The two old ladies were evidently continuing a conversation which had been begun elsewhere. One of them said, 'So that was the reason that young Northwood left London so suddenly nearly two years ago. And you are quite sure that he had not paid Miss Stocton any particular attention after all?'

'Oh quite sure,' replied the first speaker, 'I had it from the very best authority, a very great friend of his.'

But Mr. St. Cloud told me himself that Mr. Northwood had really proposed to Miss Stocton the very same night that he did to Miss De Grey, but that she heard of it in time and would have nothing to do with him.'

'All a great mistake, my dear,' replied the other, 'Mr. St. Cloud may have reasons for saying what he did of young Northwood, for his own attentions to Miss De Grey stopped rather suddenly, not so very long ago.'

'Is Miss Stocton married yet?' inquired the first speaker again.

'No, not yet, and it is very extraordinary too, for her father left her a good deal I am told.'

Helen had scarcely breathed during this conversation, and she was glad that she was behind the screen. It was all clear to her now; the great mistake she had made. All that Harry had said to her had been honest and true, but she had been blinded; blinded till that moment by the base insinuations of another. She had given him no chance to deny what slanderous tongues had said, but had cruelly decided the case against him, without even hearing him. St. Cloud's treachery was clear, and she was heartily glad that she was so well rid of him. But that did not make matters right; it did not right the wrong done to Harry. The more she thought of it, the more she wondered at herself. All the old feelings of strong friendship and regard, so long repressed, came back again with renewed force. His manner, so misconstrued that night, his look, his words to her, came back again as she sat behind the Japanese screen. She remembered everything that had happened on that night when she had, woman like, listened to the voice of the deceiver, and had answered him so proudly and disdainfully. A conscientious and high-spirited girl, she determined at once, cost what it would, to see him and explain all. If he felt now as he had then, she might hope that he would still be to her what he had been then. If not, she must only endure the consequences of her own rash conduct. Helen's strong sense of justice told her that this was no time for half-measures. She had grievously wronged one who had given her the purest love; and, hard and mortifying as it no doubt would be, it was her duty to make some reparation. When the gentlemen appeared Helen lost no time in learning the whereabouts of Mr. Northwood from Helsingfors, who was not a little surprised at the newly-awakened interest which Helen showed for her old lover.

The following day, therefore, saw Helen at Thorndale. She had enquired for Harry at his lodgings, but he was not in. She was, however, directed to the old church where Harry had left word he was going. As Helen came towards the old church she felt sure that she saw Harry on ahead of her, though she could not be certain, for she had not seen him for so long. He reached the gate, and without looking round, walked up the path to the church door. Helen was on the point of calling out to him, but contented herself by hurrying after him. When she reached the church

door she opened it slightly and looked in. All was still; she pushed the door open and glided inside. She caught sight of a girl's figure in the organ-loft opposite, and heard footsteps on the gallery stairs. Without knowing why she did so, she slipped noiselessly into the very pew in which Harry had been concealed on his first meeting with Maggie, and drew the curtains across.

Looking up at the gallery, in a moment more she saw Harry come forward and affectionately greet the girl who was standing by the organ. Helen could not see who it was, for her back was turned. 'I've got the ring,' he said, 'and you won't mind my wishing this one on, will you?' He took from his pocket a little case, and opening it disclosed a beautiful sapphire ring.

'Oh, what a beauty,' she cried, turning round to the light to examine it. Helen saw that it was her old friend and school mate, Maggie Morton, and a strange feeling crept over her, as she watched the pair in the gallery. Helen would not have believed that she could have felt so agitated, had anybody told her what she would witness in that old church. She seemed condemned, against her will, to be an eavesdropper, yet there was no escape without making her presence known, and this she dare not do now.

After Maggie had examined the ring, Harry offered to put it on her finger. Maggie held out her hand, and Harry, placing the ring on the third finger of the left hand, said, 'Will you let me say to you what King James I. said to the Earl of Salisbury when presenting him with a diamond ring?'

Maggie nodded, and Harry continued, 'The love and affection with which I give you this, is, and ever shall be, as the form and matter of the ring, endless, pure and perfect.'

'How pretty,' said Maggie, 'I will ever look on it in that light, Harry, but it is more to me than any King's or Emperor's ring ever could be.'

'Well,' said Harry, 'I have given you the saying of a king, let me say from myself, that like the ring, my life holds one gem only, shining by its light alone, and counted as nothing worth without it.' Was his love less true to Maggie, even if a thought of Helen crossed his mind, as he gave the ring?

Helen could hardly credit the evidence of her senses. She had learned that he had truly loved her, only to see that love given to one more worthy. She drew the curtains close and held her breath as they passed down the aisle. Helen felt it was all over now, for ever. Harry was telling Maggie that he had to hurry up to the station to meet the train, as he was expecting some important papers to be brought down to him from London. Maggie laughingly told him that she had promised her father to drive a short distance into the country to see some poor parishioners, but that she had made him promise to call for her at the church, as she did not want to miss this appointment in the old church. Maggie pulled out her watch and said her father ought to call for her in a few minutes, so they walked down to the gate together.

Helen crept softly out of her place of concealment and looked after them as they stood at the gate together in the bright sunshine. Scarcely had she reached the middle of the aisle, when she was aware of some one standing behind her. She turned round, and there stood St. Cloud. Helen was completely staggered at the presence of this man, here and at such a time. St. Cloud smiled blandly at her astonishment, and remarked playfully, and not without a touch of derision in his tone, 'an interesting spectacle we have witnessed this morning, Miss De Gray.' Helen bit her lip to keep back the mortification and anger she felt. 'Interesting all the more,' continued St. Cloud, 'since we have nothing to do with him now.' The last words were emphasized, and

Helen felt her heart sink within her, as she realized that he read the motive for her strange visit to Thorndale.

'You have followed me here,' she said, in a low voice.

'I have,' answered St. Cloud, coolly. 'I would follow you the world over, that you know.'

'If you do not leave me instantly, I will call Mr. Northwood to my assistance,' said Helen with raised voice and flashing eyes.

'Northwood is otherwise engaged,' he said mockingly.

Helen looked at him; his coolness quite throwing her off her guard for the moment. St. Cloud saw his opportunity. 'Oh, Miss De Grey, you must know my real motive for following you here; what I said in jest is only too true. I cannot be happy without you; you have said No, but let me entreat you to listen to me. I see you know all now, oh forgive me, but I could not lose you, I cannot give you up. Oh if you only knew how I love you, how I worship you, you might give me some little hope: Helen, I entreat you, I implore you, do not drive me utterly to despair.' Helen was not prepared for an appeal like this. Before her stood the haughty St. Cloud, apparently quite crushed and humble. She could not doubt the sincerity of his words, and she felt pity for him. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the unhappiness she had caused him, but what could she do? It was a hard struggle, but by a herculean effort she mastered her weakness.

'Mr. St. Cloud,' she said, as she drew herself up proudly, 'I have already given you my answer on this subject, and I will never alter that decision.'

CHAPTER IX.

SHADOWS.

OFF for the continent again; a short visit to his father and mother in the south of France; then on, farther than ever from England, Harry Northwood reaches Rome, a broken-hearted man. When the cup of happiness had been raised to his lips, it had been dashed from his hand, by the arch-destroyer. Maggie Morton was dead. Driving from the church, her heart beating high with happiness, ever gazing fondly at the sapphire ring, which had just been placed on her finger, she had been taken away. Crossing the railway track—the maddening shriek of the approaching train—the plunging of the terrified horse, that the groom could not manage—a headlong rush and plunge—and all was over for ever, and sadness and sorrow had settled on the little village of Thorndale.

They had laid her quietly to rest beside the old church which she had always loved. A newer marble gleamed white on the old wall inside. A newer one cut with a clearer stroke than those of by-gone days, but telling the same tale of unutterable sorrow that had cut deep into the marble heart of this poor world in all ages—a sorrow that cannot be healed.

They had left her his sapphire ring. Harry loved to think of it on her hand still. As he wandered alone under the dome of deep, dark, blue in the peerless Italian nights, he used to look up at the silent stars, shining on him out of the infinite depths. Over and over again he counted the six bright stars of Virgo, and thought as he looked at the beautiful star Spica, glittering forever like a dazzling brilliant on the Virgin's hand, as she holds the sheaf of wheat, how the gem he had given, was now, like it, on his lost one's hand forever, and she, too, was in heaven.

The days passed slowly and wearily for Harry, for nothing could comfort him, time alone could heal the wound. He had received letters full of sympathy and comfort from Helsingfors and Grace, and Helen. He had not expected that Helen would have written to him, but she had done so, and he prized the letter for its kindness and genuine sympathy.

The days passed slowly and wearily, but the ceaseless flow of time kept steadily on, it was now nearly two years since the melancholy accident which had driven Harry from his native shore had happened. He had spent much of his time among the art treasures of the Eternal City, and though he was himself no artist, he would spend hours together, gazing at the paintings by some great master, or stand before the marble figure of some great giant-god of old. One day when he was in one of these galleries, he strolled from room to room, half forgetting where he was till his attention was attracted by two figures at the end of the long corridor from him. He moved slowly towards them, but without any special interest. They were evidently, from their dress and manners, English; and had in all probability been lately married. Harry looked at them some moments, when suddenly a well-known gesture from the lady sent a thrill through his whole frame. He could not be mistaken—no, he would have known that movement anywhere. It was Helen! Harry did not know whether to speak to her or pass on. He moved on, still irresolute, when the sound of his footsteps caused them to turn round.

Instantly Helsingsfors came forward and warmly greeted his old friend, and turning round presented him to his wife. Neither Harry nor Helen had ever met since that memorable night in London. He had not even seen her since then. She was very little changed, at least so Harry thought as he looked at her there. This meeting could not fail to bring forcibly to their minds the time when they had last parted. Though Harry knew that her manner to him that night had suddenly changed, and though he felt certain that her refusal of him had been brought about by some hidden cause which he had never been able to unravel; he, nevertheless, had given her up from that night. He thought that she could not have cared for him very much, and had schooled himself to believe it. There may have been a tinge of sadness in his greeting as the memory of the past came over him, but he would not suffer himself to dwell on it now. It was past forever.

Helen hardly knew how to meet Harry at first, for she was married now. She had seen him once in the old church at Thorndale, but he did not know of it. She had learned his true character then, only to find he had forgotten her, in the possession of a truer love. She was free then, but he was not; now their positions were reversed. Conquering whatever feelings his sudden appearance before her, under these altered circumstances, had called forth, she frankly extended her hand. Harry took it, but only as a friend, for it could never be his now.

Helsingfors and his wife were making some little stay in Rome. There were a good many other English families there at the time, and besides they were enjoying themselves thoroughly. Helen had always been fond of travel, though she had not had much opportunity for gratifying her taste in this direction. They were going to a special service to be held in St. Peter's that same evening, and Helsingfors hoped that Harry would be able to go with them. It seemed so like old times as the three walked through the streets to the church. It seemed to Harry as if at least the long repressed wish of his life had been fulfilled as he knelt beside Helen under the dome of that grand old church. It almost seemed

to be true; but that she leaned on another's arm as they came out.

Harry told them that he was contemplating going out to America, for he was tired of Italy, and he hated France. England, he said, was out of the question. Helsingfors at first tried to rally him, thinking that he was perhaps a little in the blues, but Harry was not to be persuaded out of his determination. He intended to visit his father and mother, and sail, if possible, direct from France, without going over to England.

At last the time of his departure arrived; Helen and her husband were there to see him off. He was not sorry when it was all over, and he was off again. His unexpected meeting with Helen had perhaps been good for him, but yet he felt as if he would rather it had not happened. He had sometimes indulged the hope that some day he might have found out the cause of Helen's strange treatment of him. He had some way or other associated Helsingfors with aiding in the discovery, but he knew now that it could never be. It was as well for him that he did not know, for it would have only added to his unhappiness, without doing him any good. Do what he would he could not help dwelling on the past with all its gloomy reminiscences. He remembered so well the first time he had met Helen. How he had sat up half the night thinking of her. How he used to watch for her on the street, and how he felt fully repaid by only a bow and a smile. He remembered it all, and how he was leaving her for ever, and setting out for another world.

Sir Gannett and Lady Northwood were very much astonished to hear of Harry's determination of going to America, and tried hard to dissuade him from it, but nothing could make Harry change his mind. Time flew on and the day for him to embark had almost arrived, when a letter came from his father's lawyers in London informing them that the tenants who were now living at 'Hartgrave Manor' were leaving, and had consequently given up their option of retaining possession. Harry was somewhat put out at the news, and earnestly intreated his father to go over and take possession of the old homestead. But Sir Gannett had settled down where he was, and could not be moved. His wife would have liked to have returned, as it would have been a great step towards beginning again the life of gaiety and fashion which she had been so reluctant to give up. After much fruitless arguments and a few tears on the part of Lady Northwood, Harry was compelled to telegraph that he would be in London in a few days. He had, therefore, much against his will, to give up his passage to America in the French steamer, and start immediately for England.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

UP through France; across the Channel with all its tediousness and rough weather, and sea-sickness; whirled away up to London, through rain, into drizzling fog, it is not to be wondered at that Harry was a little depressed in spirit when he reached the great metropolis. He had been wondering whether he would have time to go and see Grace while in England. Early the following day he appeared at the lawyers' offices.

After business had been concluded, Harry left the office, saying that he didn't know but he hardly thought he would go down to Hawthorne in the afternoon. He had really no time for that.

He walked along the street absorbed in thought. He would like to see 'Hartgrave Manor' again, before he left England; but then he could not spare the time, he thought. He went into the office of the Cunard Steamship Company and secured a passage

to New York for as early a date as possible. He then decided to spend the remaining few days at his disposal in visiting Thorndale again. As he strolled on, a poor girl suddenly came up to him, and asked him to buy some flowers. He would have passed on without noticing her, but she held up the flowers before him, a small bouquet, with a pink rose bud in the centre. Harry was startled, and looked down. The pale face of the girl attracted him, and he bought the flowers from her. He looked at them as he walked on, a pink rosebud in the centre; it reminded him of Grace Stocton. He had not seen her for so long, and she had written him such a letter, full of sympathy and kindness in the hour of his heaviest trial. He would run down to Hawthorne that afternoon, and see that everything was right, and perhaps, if he had time, he would walk over to see Grace. He suddenly felt uneasy lest Grace might not be living there now. He turned back and went hurriedly to his lawyer's office. He learned that Grace was living in her old home with her aunt. Reassured, he went out, and, hailing a cab, desired to be driven to the railway station.

Out through the dark, dingy old city, crowded and choked with poverty, and darkness and filth, glides the train. Past the stone walls, behind the high red-brick houses, away from the crowded streets, through the black tunnels, the train glides on—out into the pure free country air. The dark clouds seem to have cleared away, and all is sunshine and beauty, as the train flies on in its tireless race. Harry steps out on the familiar station platform at Hawthorne once more. Everything looks the same as it used to, except that a new porter asks him if he has any baggage. A new porter—old Shackels must be dead, then, Harry thinks, as he walks up the road.

Harry remembers almost every stone in the old road as he walks along; all his childhood comes back to him again. He catches sight of the high chimneys of the Stocton's house through the trees as he goes on. At last he passes the house. No little Gracie runs down the carriage-drive now, and there is no one on the verandah, though Mr. Stocton's old rocking-chair, with the wide arms that he and Grace used to play on, is standing there. Harry passes on, debating in his mind whether or not he has time to call in and inquire for Grace, after he has seen what he has to see at his old home. He could not tell what his time would be taken up with, for he has nothing to do there, or why he has not time to call and see Grace now, if he wants to, only he says several times to himself as he goes along, that he has not time to go in just now, so he goes on down the road away from her house.

'Hartgrave Manor' at last. The old lodge-keeper, the same one that was there when he was a boy, greeted him as he came in, for all the servants had stayed at the place, even after it had passed away from the Northwoods. The old man was so glad to see Master Harry again, that Harry felt quite repaid for having made time to come down to Hawthorne. He went into the old house and took a hurried look into the library and dining-room. The old butler, too, was quite pleased to see Master Harry after so many years, and Mary Anne could hardly believe her eyes seeing Master Harry back there again in the old house. Harry was quite pleased to find that they were so very glad to see him. He complimented Mary Anne on the very tasteful arrangement of a magnificent bunch of flowers that stood on the table.

'So very good of you,' said Harry, 'to get those for me.'

'We didn't expect you home till tomorrow, Master Harry,' said Mary Anne; 'and, besides, it was Miss Grace put them there; she has been over to see if everything was right against you came back,' she added, with a smile.

Harry thought that now he must really make time to go over and see Grace before he went away, but said nothing.

He strolled out into the garden alone. Everything was in order, and looking as if he had been expected. As he walked down the path leading round beside the house, he thought he saw a figure coming towards him, but it was getting dusk, and Harry was not sure about it. He turned to retrace his steps, and walked very slowly, but the figure did not overtake him. He became curious to know who it was, so turned and went forward. In a moment he came opposite her: it was Grace Stocton.

After the surprise of the meeting was over, Grace explained that she had not expected him back till next day, for his lawyer had telegraphed to Hawthorne, and had therefore come over to see that the servants were getting things to rights for him. Harry asked Grace to come into the house for a few minutes, for as it was getting dark he would walk back with her to her house. They wandered through one or two of the rooms, and then into the old library.

'Well, Grace,' said Harry playfully, as they stood by the window, 'so you take enough interest in a fellow to see that they have things all right for him when he comes home?'

'Yes,' answered Grace, 'but you were not expected back till to-morrow, or you would not have known.'

'That does not make it any the less kind in you,' he said. 'Oh, Grace, you take too much trouble for a fellow like me, I don't deserve it.'

'I have not taken any trouble,' she said, 'and I must think you deserve it, or I would not do it.'

'Do you remember what you once said to me about friendship?'

'Yes,' she answered, drawing back into the shadow that he might not see her face.

'Grace, if you go on as you have, you will make my friendship change in one of the ways you spoke of then.' She did not answer, but drew back a little further. 'It will deepen into something stronger.' Still she did not answer.

'Grace,' he said, speaking more quickly and looking at her straight in the face, 'you know me pretty well by this time. Your sympathy for me in my great sorrow, and your great kindness are the only things that have cheered me these last sad years. You know my life and what I have gone through; oh let me ask you, let me say to you, that if it is possible that any of the old friendship you used to have for me remains, can I dare to ask if you would trust your future happiness to one whose life of devotion and love is but a poor tribute to, and will ill-repay the true hearted kindness you have always shown to him; though all unworthy?' He hands her the rose-bud,that he had brought from London; the rose that had brought her so close to him.

There in that old library, with its quaint old furniture, and its curious old men in armour, he surrenders to her his castle and his life, as he gives her the rose. Her blue eyes were moist with tears, as she takes it from him. They sit together, in the shadow of the curtain, speaking of happy days of old. Harry reminded her of how he had got her shoe out of the water for her, one day on the beach, and Grace tells him how brave she thought he was then. Harry speaks of the promises they made each other, long ago, as they were coming home. and how they were now to be fulfilled. Harry asked her if she had ever thought of them afterwards, and Grace says, 'yes.'

Harry wonders if Grace had ever felt the same for him, through the long and changeful years that have intervened, as she did then, and Grace falters:

'Always.' Yes, she had always loved him, with a steady, unchanging

love, and that thought sinks deep, deep into his very soul.

He draws her to the window, the stars are out. Harry points to his own bright star looking down from heaven, as they stand together in its light. 'Ah, Grace,' said Harry, 'what changes and chances this world has had for us, since we played in this room together, so many years ago.'

'No, Harry,' she said softly, 'with an over-ruling Providence, guiding the affairs of this world, there may have been, and there yet may be, many and great changes, but there are no chances.'

THE KINGFISHER.

BY CHARLES LEE BARNES, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

WHEN the summer's bright and tender sunbeams fill the land with splendor,
In his robes of blue and purple, and his crown of burnished green,
Lone the kingfisher sits dreaming, with his dark eyes brightly gleaming,
While he peers for chub and minnows in the water's limpid sheen.

And he haunts the river's edges, oozy flats, and rustling sedges,
Till he sees his prey beneath him in the waters clear and cool;
Then he quickly dashes nearer, and he breaks the polished mirror
That was floating on the surface of the creek or hidden pool.

Where the nodding reeds are growing, and the yellow lilies blowing,
In our little boat we slowly glide along the placid stream;
And we know he's coming after, by the music of his laughter,
And the flashing of his vesture in the sun's effulgent beam.

Well he knows the alder bushes, and the slender, slimy rushes,
And the swamp, and pond, and lakelet, and the ice-cold crystal spring;
And the brooklet oft he follows through the meadows and the hollows,
Far within the shadowy woodland, where the thrush and robin sing.

Oh, he well can flutter proudly, and he well can laugh so loudly,
For he lives within a castle where he never knows a care!
And his realm is on the water, and his wife a monarch's daughter,
And his title undisputed is on earth, or sea, or air!

THE TRUE BASIS OF LEGISLATIVE PROHIBITION.*

BY GEORGE W. HODGSON.

AN article which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for November, on the 'Taboo of Strong Drink,' has ably presented the case against prohibition. But the reasons for the other side are so many and so strong, that a weaker advocate may venture to hold a brief in its favour. The question is certainly one which will more and more occupy public attention. It is a question that ought, in the interests of all parties, soon to be decided in one way or the other. If the liquor traffic is one that the country should and will permit to continue, then those who are engaged in it have a right to demand that they may know where they are and what they may do, and that they shall not be embarrassed by the feeling that their business may at any day be declared illegal. On the other hand the friends of prohibition must feel that the 'Scott Act' is only tentative and temporary. It is excellent as giving a vantage ground from which, when public opinion is ripe, to move on to a better position, for a good general may seize a position which he does not expect to hold very long, because he knows that from it the very citadel of the enemy can be successfully attacked. It is undeniable that a law is inconsistent and illogical, which allows breweries and distilleries to be in full blast, and to pay full taxes, and yet will not permit them to sell their manufactures within, it may be, a hundred miles from where they stand. Local option is well enough, when applied within certain limits, but such a matter as the liquor trade of perhaps a whole province is too important an affair to be arranged or disarranged piecemeal by a series of local plebiscites; and sooner or later Parliament must decide the question as a whole. But the law is excellent as a temporary measure. It allows experiments to be made on a small scale and under favourable circumstances. If they succeed they are strong arguments for a general, consistent, logical, prohibitory law; while if prohibition would work all the mischief its opponents imagine, better that it should prove its own injuriousness within limited areas.

But while experience is solving the question in a practical way, it will not be useless to discuss it theoretically: this paper is offered as a contribution to such discussion. I am quite prepared to agree with a great deal, I might say with most, of what is contained in Mr. Crofton's paper; though in some important instances it appears to me that his analogies do not hold good. But his arguments, however sound in themselves, seem to me quite to fail of their effect, for they are not directed against the valid reason for prohibition.

* [In Mr. Crofton's article on "The Taboo of Strong Drink," to which this paper is a reply, a misprint occurs, which creates a false sense, and may, therefore, expose the writer to the imputation of flippancy or presumptuousness. "Is it comprehensible, is it *credible*," Mr. Crofton wrote (p. 495) "that Jesus should not by one explanatory word have prevented," etc. For the italicised word the compositor substituted "creditable," and we regret that the error should have been overlooked. The correction may not be out of place here.—ED. *C. M.*]

Is prohibition a question either of morals or religion? Except in so far as morals and religion indirectly enter into the decision of all questions, I think it is not. Let it be granted then that for the law to forbid personal vices, which affect only him who commits them,—that to 'protect a man against himself'—is 'meddling legislation,' and therefore inexpedient and hurtful. Let it be granted that 'it is generally wiser in legislation to leave out the consideration of the endless and complex indirect claims of society.' It is also true enough that no moral improvement has been effected in an intemperate man who does not get drunk only because it has been made impossible for him to do so.

Still further, the Christian religion enjoins upon all its members temperance in all things, and therefore, of necessity, temperance in the use of intoxicating liquors. It may be remarked in passing, that temperance in drink is something more than not getting drunk, and that many a man who has never been drunk in his life may yet hereafter be condemned as intemperate. But let this go. As for total abstinence, speaking with all deference to many earnest temperance workers, I cannot see that it is anywhere commanded; but I believe that every Christian is at perfect liberty to make it the rule of his own life, and would act wisely in so doing if he can. But it is a voluntary act, and he who chooses this way should not condemn one who does not choose it. On the other hand some persons talk very absurdly about the total abstainer 'giving up his Christian liberty.' He does nothing of the kind. He exercises his Christian liberty by choosing to practise a particular act of self-denial either for his own good or for the good of others. He has a perfect right to do this, and while he should not try to make his acts or his conscience a law to others, he certainly may resent the sneer about the loss of liberty coming from one who has used his liberty to choose the easier and more pleasant way.

This admission makes it unnecessary to discuss the biblical meaning of the word 'wine.' One would imagine that 'be not drunk with wine' settles that, as far as the New Testament is concerned, even if any could bring themselves to suppose that Timothy's 'often infirmities' would be much helped by unfermented grape-juice.

If, then, prohibition is based upon neither moral nor religious grounds, upon what does it rest? Is it not purely a question of political expediency? What is a more legitimate consideration for a statesman than whether any particular industry, any particular trade, is on the whole more injurious than beneficial to the country; and if he decide that its ill effects outweigh any possible good effects, why should he not prohibit it? If he sees the resources of the country wasted, its available man-power (if one may coin a term) enormously diminished, pauperism and crime greatly increased by a certain traffic, what possible reason is there why he should not forbid it? If the ill effects were at all confined to those who do wrong, they might be left to enjoy their sorry liberty and have their claim allowed that they must not be 'protected against themselves.' If the ills resulting to others from the intemperate man's conduct, were in any sense indirect, the statesman might decline to meddle with the endless complexities of indirect results. But when he sees immediate consequences injurious to 'person and property' and hurtful to the whole common weal directly resulting from a traffic which has never been free from these consequences, why should he hesitate about putting a stop to it?

Now it may be said this is the usual style of the temperance fanatic. You are asking that, because a minority abuse their liberty, the liberty of all should be curtailed. Let it be granted

that only a minority abuse their liberty. But if it be a fact, that the evil directly resulting to the *whole community*, from the conduct of this minority, outweighs any possible advantage that the community can gain from unrestricted liberty in this particular, would it not be a wise act—would it not evidently be a general gain—that this liberty should be surrendered by all? It appears to me that the question narrows itself down to this particular issue, or, at least, that this is the first and main issue. If it can be shewn that the facts are as above stated, then prohibition becomes an act of enlightened policy; but if this cannot be proved, then the statesman is perfectly right to relegate the matter back to the teachers of morals and religion with a sharp reprimand to them for having tried to persuade him to do their work.

But, now, how can a proof of this be reached? Chiefly by observation and, to some extent, by induction.

What then do we see? It is unnecessary to dwell upon the terrible evils in the train of drink: it would be hard to exaggerate them. The blighted hopes, the wasted, ruined lives of the victims; the keen agony, or the dull heart-broken despair of mothers, fathers, wives, children; the heartless neglect or the brutal cruelty of the drunkard—these, too common as they are, need no rhetoric to describe their horrors. And it is not the intensity alone of these evils that startles us. How wide-spread they are? What town, what village, what country-side is free from them? How hard, throughout the length and breadth of the land, to find a family to which shame and sorrow have not been brought by the drunkenness of, at least, one of its members.

Now, make the most liberal allowance that any reasonable man can ask, for whatever of comfort and pleasure the moderate use of intoxicating drinks can give to the temperate. Place in one balance all the good that can be claimed for strong drink; in the other, all its terrible, well-known evils. We may leave the decision, as to which is the heavier, as safely to a non-prohibitionist as to a prohibitionist.

Or put the case in another way. Suppose that prohibition could be fully and completely enforced throughout the whole country. Its opponents will say that this is impossible; but grant it for the sake of argument, and suppose that word were to go out to-morrow that a prohibitory law, certain of enforcement, would at once go into operation. Would not that announcement cause more joy and happiness from one end of the land to the other than almost any other conceivable news? It is difficult—nay, impossible,—to imagine the result. The intense relief the country would experience would be such as one feels who awakes to the consciousness of safety after a horrible nightmare.

Why then should not a statesman give the country this relief? What law of political economy forbids him to banish a trade whose evils so far outweigh all its possible good?

It has been admitted that this is not directly a question of religion. But here the statesman might well appeal to the force of Christian precept. He might, pointing to the mass of evil which he is striving to destroy, ask every Christian man—not to give up his liberty—but to use that liberty for the noble purpose of willingly sacrificing a pleasure (innocent it may be) of his own, for the sake of conferring so great a benefit upon so many others.

But, supposing a prohibitory law expedient, can it be enforced? This is, certainly, an important question. But we are not going to be caught by Mr. Crofton's dilemma. It is necessary to distinguish between two kinds of law. A cursory glance at the statute-book will shew that some things are forbidden because they are wrong, others are wrong only because they are forbidden. Blackstone clearly points out this distinction shortly after he has

given the definition quoted by Mr. Crofton; he says, speaking of things in themselves indifferent: 'These become either right or wrong, just or unjust, duties or misdemeanors, according as a municipal legislature sees proper, for promoting the welfare of society and more effectually carrying on the purposes of civil life.' As he afterwards says, there are *mala in se* and *mala prohibita.* Now it is an exaggerated use of language to speak of *positive* laws as always 'constituting crimes.' Murder, arson, and theft are forbidden and punished because they are crimes. But to catch fish out of season, to light fires in the woods at certain times of the year, to allow one's cattle to roam at large, such matters as these, some of greater, some of less importance, are offences against law, yet it would be strained language to speak of any punished for one of them as 'convicted of a crime.' The more highly organized society becomes, the larger becomes the number of 'indifferent' actions which are regulated or forbidden for the public convenience. A good citizen would obey the law about these for conscience' sake, even though he may not see their necessity and may be striving for their repeal; they are not matters of criminal law.

It concerns our subject to observe another great difference between natural and positive laws. Difficulty of enforcement can never be an objection to the former; it may be to the latter. If society is to hold together it dare not repeal its laws against murder or theft, even though murderers and thieves should be often unconvicted. Quite otherwise is it with a positive law. If there is no probability of its enforcement, do not pass it; if when passed it proves powerless, repeal it. But it does not by any means follow, that were it passed and enforced, it would 'sap the sanctity and majesty of the law' because conviction under it would not involve the same consequences that a conviction for an undisputed crime involves. If this is to be a rule, many most useful laws with penalties annexed must be swept from the statute book.

But to return to the question, can prohibition be enforced. Well, it has never yet had a fair trial. No country as a whole has ever enacted prohibition; particular localities of a country have tried it with a greater or less measure of success. But then liquor was being legally imported into and manufactured in the greater part of that country. What could or could not be done by absolute prohibition (of course the necessary exceptions for medicinal and other purposes are assumed) has never yet been tested. Is not the possible gain worth the risk of the experiment? Prohibitionists believe that it is.

If a prohibitory law should be the genuine expression of the convictions of the great majority of the people, it could be enforced, otherwise it could not be, and would do more harm than good. There are not wanting symptoms that the tide of public opinion is setting strongly in the direction of prohibition. The tendency of the legislation of the past twenty years (I speak with reference chiefly to the eastern part of the Dominion) has been in the direction of making the license laws more and more stringent. It is not improbable that, in Quebec, the great influence of the hierarchy may be thrown in favour of prohibition. The large majorities obtained in many districts in favour of the Scott Act have their significance, though undoubtedly this significance is diminished by the fact of so many voters having in some districts kept away from the polls. But it is a very strong assumption (I think a very unlikely one) that the greater part of the 'inert majority' were anti-prohibitionists. Had they had any strong feeling about their liberty being taken away they would not have been inert. In some cases (I speak of this from personal knowledge) the very

absence of opposition made it difficult to awaken enough interest to induce voters to come forward. Many then canvassed replied in effect, 'I would go and vote for the Act if I thought my vote was wanted, but you are sure to carry it without me.' The strong presumption is that a considerable proportion of the 'inert majority' do not feel that a prohibitory law would in any way harrass or trouble them. They either are total abstainers or would have no objection to become so. With the liquor dealers as a class they have no sympathy. They will obey the law if passed, though they may not give themselves much trouble to put it in force, particularly when they are quite sure that it can be carried without their help.

It must not be forgotten that the struggle for the abolition of every abuse has been carried on in spite of many prophets who foretold the failure of the attempt. The slave trade and duelling (may bribery at elections be put in the list of past abuses!) were at one time thought necessary and good, afterwards objectionable but necessary still, always impossible to be abolished. They disappeared and left the *doctrinaires* busy demonstrating the impossibility of their disappearance. Time plays sad havoc with many well-balanced theories. In view of the fact of so many asserted impossibilities having proved quite possible, prohibitionists will not be wise if by prophecies of failure they allow themselves to be frightened from a bold attempt to overthrow a giant evil. The experiment of prohibition may fail, but the rewards of success are so many and so great as to make us willing to run the risk of what, at the worst, would be a noble failure.

Certain other objections need not detain us long. The fear that to remove this temptation from among us would make our morality limp and nervless is surely a very idle fear. Whatever it may once have been, this world is now no Garden of Eden with but one forbidden fruit. If the vice of drunkenness were made impossible to-morrow there would still be left an ample supply of wickedness to exercise all the virtue of the most vigorous moral athlete.

The asserted analogies between prohibition, sumptuary laws, and religious persecution, will hardly bear examination. Their superficial likeness suggests a misleading comparison.

Religious persecution when not directed against opinion alone, deals with conduct on account of the spiritual or eternal consequences supposed to result from it. These consequences being wholly outside of the range of the legislator's action, his interference is unjustifiable. Prohibition is an attempt to prevent temporal ills. To discuss whether it can or cannot prevent them is perfectly fair, but to rule it out of court by putting it in the list with religious persecution is manifestly unfair. Would anyone call the suppression of Thuggism or the Suttee or polygamy religious persecution? If they were interfered with *because* they sprang from false beliefs, the charge might be made. But when the legislator says these practices are to be stopped on account of the injury they do the country, they are to be forbidden to the Christian and the non-Christian alike, on grounds wholly unconnected with the religious belief of either, he frees himself from the charge of religious persecution. If, then, practices which spring from religious beliefs may yet without the odium of religious persecution be prohibited, providing such prohibition is on the ground of the temporal injury they cause, *a fortiori*, as the liquor traffic certainly does not spring from any religious belief, its prohibition on account of the injuries it causes to the community is as unlike religious persecution as anything can well be.

Sumptuary laws attempted to deal with one particular evil, extravagant expenditure. Enormous as is the waste of money caused by drink, this

is the least of its resulting evil; were it the only one, the prohibitionist had better cease his efforts. But, unfortunately, he knows too well that the vast amount of money wasted is as nothing in comparison with the waste of that which no money can buy. There is much temporal good and evil incommensurable with money.

Besides the general questions of the expediency and possibility of prohibition, Canadian legislators must consider what special elements are brought into the problem from any special circumstances of our own country, and they will not allow themselves to be misled by arguments drawn from the experience of countries quite differently circumstanced from our own. That there is little drunkenness in Southern countries may be true, but it by no means follows that this is so because wine is freely used; nor will it do to conclude that if you can get the inhabitants of a Northern country to drink wine or beer, it will ensure or promote their sobriety. I have not within reach the evidence taken before the House of Lords Committee on this subject, and it is some years since I have read extracts from it; but, unless my memory fails me, the evidence there given as to the effects of beer shops in English villages would dispel the illusion that some well-meaning people cherish, that where nothing but beer is drunk no harm can be done. It is with us as with all Northern nations, the most of our drinking is of distilled, not of fermented, liquors. Would it be too much to say that, leaving out a small wealthy class, of those of our people who drink anything intoxicating, eighty per cent. drink only spirits, and of the remainder, fifteen per cent. drink more spirits than fermented liquors? Is it not true that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the man who begins with anything like a free use of fermented liquors ends with the free, if not the exclusive, use of distilled spirits? If this is so, the question is for us very much simplified. The proportion of those confining themselves to fermented liquors is so small as scarcely to affect the question. It seems hardly worth while to try, as Senator Almon's amendment would attempt, to legislate such a class into existenee. Allusion has been made above to the habits of the wealthier classes; it is quite too much to assume that they occupy an exceptionally high position as regards sobriety. Mr. Crofton speaks of 'the proscription of intemperate drinkers among the upper classes,' it is fair to say that he adds 'and self-respecting people of all classes.' But even still, special prominence and credit are given to the upper classes. Now how far these may be their due in England few of us have an opportunity of judging. If society novels and society newspapers give (which may well be doubted) a fair picture of their habits, there is plenty of room for improvement among them. But looking at our own country, he certainly would not be a friend of the upper classes who would flatter them into a belief of their own sobriety; and if those below aim at no higher degree of temperance than what they see above them, their standard will be low enough. It is not merely that in every profession, in the highest ranks of society, men are to be seen whose intemperance is evident and extreme, and yet who are far from being therefore proscribed; but that form, that worst form, of intemperance which shews itself by habitual drinking and treating at all times and on all occasions is as common with high as with low. That the circumstances are somewhat more refined in one case than in the other does not affect the real question. Intemperance is as discreditable a vice, is as great a sin, in the men who drink Chateau Margaux at $5, as in those who have to be content with kill-sodger at 20 cents a bottle. If, which is very questionable, the members of the upper class, have, as a class, done anything for temperance, they have done and are

doing far more against it by encouraging the false opinion that intoxicating drinks are a necessary accompaniment of a high class social entertainment. All honour to the men, who in high position, having the courage of their opinions, brave the social discredit and endure the social inconvenience of refusing to countenance this false idea.

But these are side issues apart from the main one: let us come back to that. Grant that no man can be made moral by an Act of Parliament; that religion does not enjoin total-abstinence; that men are not to be protected by laws from the consequences of their own misconduct; that the abuse of anything by the few is not a sufficient reason for interdicting its use to all; that indirect consequences are not to be guarded against by special legislation; grant all these, and there still remains the question—*Does the evil directly resulting to the whole community from the liquor traffic outweigh any possible good coming from it?* If this question can be answered in the affirmative, it gives the true basis for prohibition, and the statesman may say that it is expedient and right that a prohibitory law should be passed, and the possibility of its enforcement be tested in the only satisfactory way—by experiment.

Meanwhile, the advocates of prohibition will take the Scott Act as an instalment of what is due to the country. They will put it in force where they can, and work it as effectively as they can. They expect that time will show that what good it may do is owing to the measure of prohibition it gives; that where it may fail, such failures will be due to the fact that the principle of prohibition is not logically carried out. They do not intend to remain always where they now are. But they will not, if they can help it, allow their position to be carried by assault, or undermined by Boultbee or Almon amendments. When they move it shall be at their own time in battle array, with colours flying, and it shall be to rush to the attack which will give them secure possession of the very citadel itself— Complete Prohibition.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY ESPERANCE, YORKVILLE.

I lay down in the orchard grass,
Where stranger footsteps could not pass,
Beneath the bending trees;
The laden apple-boughs o'erhead,
The grass of emerald for a bed
On which I lay at ease.

Lulled by the murmuring of the breeze
That swayed the unresisting trees
With gentle hand,
I lay and watched the western sky,
Where snow-capped clouds were drifting by
In ether-land,

Till o'er my slothful brain and eye
A drowsy sense of lethargy
Began to creep;

Down fell my eyelids o'er my eyes,
Shut out the smiling summer skies
And—did I sleep?

Some subtle sense of someone near—
Oh, who can make the mystery clear,
Or who explain?
Warred with my sleepiness until,
Against my comfort and my will,
I woke again.

The boughs were silent overhead,
The western sky was flushing red
With sunset light,
Between me and the blushing blue,
A stalwart form shut out the view
Of coming night.

No need to tell me *who!* The name
Immediate into utterance came,
And up I sprang;
Blushing that he had caught me so;
When through the silence, sweet and low,
His laughter rang.

Before his blue eyes smiling light
Vexation *had* to take its flight,
And I laughed too;
And then he paid me with a kiss
For all that he had done amiss,
With interest too.

The western sky had paled to gray,
The sunset flush had passed away,
As homeward bound,
Beneath the bending apple-trees,
Where he had found me stretched at ease,
Our way we wound.

The western sky had paled to gray,
And night had superseded day,
But what cared I!
The *dearest sunshine that I knew*
Shone still within his eyes of blue;
My brightest sky.

And, with his presence, all content,
I had not mourned the banishment
Of all beside!
His loss *alone* could move my tears;
My hope of hopes for future years:
To be his bride.

STRAY THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

BY J. E. COLLINS, TORONTO.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is now about three years ago since I was present at a meeting held by a dozen or more of those who 'loved literature for its own sweet sake,' which meeting resolved, there and then, to found a club, whose object would be to concentrate the leading thought of the community in which they lived and shed it back again on all who sought it. Correspondence was at once invited, and with a benevolence worthy of the Pickwick Club, we advertised in the newspapers that our club should consider it a favour to receive questions on literary subjects and answer the same without charge. We furnished the answers, the stamps and the paper. The arms of our club was a sprig of bay, gathered on the top of Mount Olympus; the motto was *Sapere aude.* I was secretary, and through my hands came all the letters addressed to the club. We held meetings twice in the week and discussed these questions, the chairman putting each to the club as I read it; a discussion following in such lines as to bring out the opinions or the information sought. When the discussion ended, the question was given to some member, or two members, of the club to answer and to forward to the inquirer. The knowledge we had, whatever its extent or its character, seemed like unto a secret that worries the possessor while he keeps it, and only gives pleasure as he tells it. So constituted was our club, that I believe, like Malebranche, had it all the knowledge of the world in its hand, it would elect to let it go for the pleasure and the longing of the chase. Next to the pleasure we had in gathering knowledge was that of spreading it abroad again. Questions came from every part of Canada, and upon every current topic in the world of thought and letters; and when I left the club the questions had reached many hundreds, of every one of which I had kept a copy. These questions now lie before me, and I have proposed to answer them according to my feeble light, to print the question and the answer, and, from several of such, to make a paper, and to furnish a series of these papers to the CANADIAN MONTHLY: for, imbued with the spirit of my *Sapere aude*, I wish to let the little I know *be* known, or, to borrow a phrase from Addison, to 'print myself out' before I cease. Therefore, without further ado, I shall commence my series under the title of

STRAY THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

WAS HAMLET MAD?

(a) *To Sapere aude Club:—Would you please state whether you think Hamlet was essentially mad, or mad only in craft?* (b) *What proof can you offer for either contention?* . . . . C. F., HALIFAX.

It is quite clear that Hamlet was not essentially mad, and that he is a mere actor in the play. It is likewise clear that there was a purpose for this madness. Hamlet's father had suddenly died, and strange rumours about his death were whispered among the people. Then, immediately

after the king's death, Hamlet's mother marries the new king, young Hamlet's uncle. A suspicion of foul play is now strong in the prince's mind, and he credits not the story about his father's death, that, sleeping in the orchard a serpent stung him. In the midst of his speculation he is informed by the guards that his father's spirit has left its tomb, and in the dead of night walks abroad through the castle. He watches for the hour the ghost appears, and sees it. From the ghost he hears the story of the murder; and it asks him to avenge his death. He, therefore, vows revenge, but the road to vengeance bristled with royal daggers. Thenceforth young Hamlet's ruling thought *seems* to be to avenge his father's 'most foul and unnatural' death; but does it not occur to him who has read between the lines that Hamlet was ambitious? and that he felt the crown his uncle wore belonged to him? And Hamlet knew that the rival of a crown is never safe near the poignards of the king. Yet the twofold incentive of revenge and right was strong, and Hamlet saw that the same stroke which would avenge his father's death would give him the crown. He therefore hid himself in the madman's guise, in his own words 'put an antic disposition on,' and brooded over his course of action.

These are, however, mere assertions of the facts, and may not gratify the sceptical who have no belief in any other than internal evidence. That is easily furnished, but before giving it let us look at Hamlet in the two aspects, the one—where it is imperative for his own sake, and the sake of the ends he seeks that he should be 'mad;' and the other where there is nothing to gain by this counterfeiting: and if we find him only and always in the former mad, and only and always in the latter sane, then is his sanity proven beyond a question. But we find him in the former case among the king's friends, who were his enemies, and he is mad, always mad; in the latter case we find him communing with himself or talking to his trusty friend Horatio, and he is not alone sane, but a sound philosopher, with a rare and accurate conception of things, an exquisite fancy, a warm and poetic imagination. Let us take his own words to his tried and true friend, Horatio, by whom he would not be misunderstood, for proof:

> 'Swear.'
> 'Here as before, never, so help your mercy.
> How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
> As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
> To put an antic disposition on—
> That you at such times seeing me never shall'
> etc., etc.

And lest the sceptical doubt even Hamlet's own asseverations of his sanity, let us take his converse where he is off his guard. Who has not treasured up, that has ever read those words of his to Horatio, when the latter, overpowered by his affection, exclaims for want of something else to say:—

> 'O, my dear Lord,'
> 'Nay, do not think I flatter;
> For what advancement may I hope from thee
> That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
> To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
> No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
> Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
> And could of men distinguish her election,
> She hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been, etc., etc.
> * * * * *
> And blessed are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please: give me that man
> That is not passion's slave and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts
> As I do thee.'

And who has not stood in reverence before the almost god-like conception of the very depths of human character, and human passions, with all its loves and weaknesses, that has read this soliloquy:—

'To be, or not to be, that is the question,—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,
No more: and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Then fly to others we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprise of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.'

If this indeed be madness, we should like to see the printed soliloquy of him who says so. We all know this passage, when his emotions and his thirst for revenge wrought themselves into a fantasy.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world. Now, could I drink hot blood, etc.'

But these are not all; read every line he utters in soliloquy, and before those he trusts, and you have the great griefs of a great mind, and the pungent truths of a deep thinker and a close observer. Before his foes, while his intentions lie beneath the surface, his talk is often incomprehensible, though one admits that if what he says is madness, there is 'method in it.' Once, indeed, he found it to his purpose to throw off his guise, and that before his mother. His appeal to her better nature is not more piteous than his own plea for sanity.

' Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music; it is not madness
That I have uttered; bring me to the test
And I the matter will reword, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not the flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks.'

The other portion of the question asked is this:

What are the main-springs of Shakespeare's genius, and what is the leading idea in the play of Hamlet?

Shakespeare was a close observer of the numerous phases of human nature, and hence in a fit of ecstasy a great admirer has applied to him the unmetaphysical term of 'the Myriad-minded.' Shakespeare dropt his plummet to the bottom of every passion, gauged every emotion and took the exact measure of the most insignificant foible. When he wrote of eclipses he dipt his pen in the gloom of the universe, and he caught and reproduced the speech of the elements. The babble of the brook was a language he understood, and the flower on the way-side and the trees of the forest were friends with whom he had a community of sentiment. When he wrote, myriad conceptions begotten of the realities of his observations came trooping up before him, and waited till he fettered them in his magic lines. His mastery of expression was absolute and illimitable; he seemed to know words by intuition, which appeared to fit into their places of their own accord; and above all he had a wealth of imagination, to one side of which was a faultless philosophy and to the other side a store of richest poesy and sentiment. As an observer Shakespeare differs from and excels any other poet that has ever been born; and taking one not so great as himself, yet hardly less, the immortal author of Childe Harold, we find the

distinction widely drawn. When Byron wished to paint a being full of woes, and on the abyss of despair, he sought out himself in his solitude and painted a Manfred on the brink of the Jungfrau. Byron found all his materials within himself; his own character was as a box of paints for his brush. He found the gloom of the misanthrope, the gaiety of the mountain boy, the philosophy of the sage, the dark passions of the Corsair, and the vices and virtues of a Don Juan. But while Shakespeare often drew from his own feelings, and though his 'matter nature be,' he went abroad and studied character in all its phases. His mind was as the glass in the artist's camera that seizes and reproduces to nature's perfection the image before it. Shakespeare's mind was a great store-house of ideas, begotten of nature, outside himself, and it was out of these ideas he wrought his immortal plays.

The person in his play is the mere dress of his idea; he clothes Political Cunning in a Cassius, Jealousy in an Othello, Avarice in a Shylock, Ambition and Remorse in a Lady Macbeth, and Hesitation in a Hamlet. This hesitation is the core of the play of Hamlet; a great dreamer, a deep thinker, but no actor; an unfinished character, always going to do, but never doing, and letting this tide pass, resolving to take the next. It is we who put off till to-morrow what we should do to-day, who are Hamlet; and to rebuke Procrastination the 'Royal Dane' twice 'burst' his cerements, and Shakespeare wrote the play of Hamlet.

INDIAN SUMMER.

To Sapere aude Club:—Could you explain to me what is meant by Indian Summer, when it comes, and the causes for it?—*Sylvanus, *Fredericton Suburbs.

It is just three years ago since a member of *Sapere Aude* and myself left our city abode for a few days' shooting. Late in the afternoon of the second day after setting out, foot-sore and weary, we came upon an Indian village situate in a small clearing a short way in from the edge of a forest, and near the bank of a beautiful river. The sky looked unpropitious. Huge banks of surly, leaden-coloured cloud gathered all over the sky, and a cold, gloomy wind began to pipe from the east. We pitched our tent on the edge of the forest, and in front of the door built a fire of huge pine logs. As we lay in our tent, after night had fallen, listening to the too hoo, too hoo, of the night owl and the peculiar storm-presaging song of the 'saw-whet,' and heard the sorrowful soughing of the wind in the pines, two dusky forms slid noiselessly into our camp. They belonged to the village, and were Milicite Indians. They asked us for tobacco, which we gave them, and with a grunt of satisfaction each filled his pipe and began to smoke in silence. My companion broke the stillness of the camp. 'This,' said he, 'is a dismal night in the wood; 'why do the owl and the saw-whet cry?'

'Storm come,' said the Indian; 'snow to-morrow, so much,' pointing to his ankle to indicate its depth.

'Bad weather to shoot, I suppose?' said I.

'Not much; to-morrow come Ingen Summer; four or five days very fine now.'

'What is Indian Summer?' I said, determined to get the Indian's own definition of it.

'First, *long* summer,' with much stress on the word in italics, 'then fall, then cold weather, then some snow, and then Ingen Summer,' said the Indian. 'Must be cold some days, snow one day before Ingen Summer,' he added by way of further explanation. And then, in the laconic form which Indian narrative always takes, one of them related that long ago, before the white man came and took their lands, the Indians speared fish through the summer months, and

when the cold and blustering days came on, when the wind piped and the snow fell, the Indian restrung his bow and repaired his arrows. On the morning after the snow-fall he sallied out for game of bird and beast. His 'Summer' then had come, and calling it in white-man's phrase, summer, long after the invader had come, the latter adopted the term and called the spell of fine weather in the late fall 'Indian Summer.' And before Samuel de Champlain landed on these shores it was customary among many Indian tribes to marry the dusky maiden only just as Indian Summer was ushered in, and to celebrate the marriage by a hunt through the forest, and by a feast on the first spoils of the chase. The Indian talked for how long, I know not, but both slid out of the camp after we had dropped asleep; and when I awoke our fire had gone out, the wind piped louder through the forest, and the ground and trees were white with snow. I gathered my blanket closer about me and slept again, and was only awakened by my companion when the sun was an hour in the heavens. As the Indian had foretold, snow had come, and Indian summer had followed it; the trees were dripping, and, as the Indian had also said, the snow-fall was about to the ankle. Three or four days of delicious weather followed, and when the heavens began to look surly again, we hastened home, and related, among other things, to the club what we had learnt about Indian summer. A little consideration of the subject explained the phenomenon readily. It is well known that as solids change into liquids, a quantity of heat is consumed which is not annihilated, but becomes latent in the liquid body, or is, in other words, the force which keeps the body in liquid form. Put a pot of snow upon the stove and you convert it into water, only after the expenditure of a certain quantity of heat. This heat is not lost, but becomes latent in the water. Now, if that water be changed back again to snow, it follows that the heat stored up in it is again released. Take another example: Throw water into unslaked lime, and intense heat is at once given forth, for the water uniting with the lime, and becoming a solid, gives off the heat stored within it. In the late autumn the air is saturated with water-vapour; but with the first snow-fall this water-vapour is changed into snow, and at once all the heat within it is released. If every ton of snow that falls sends as much free heat into the air as would be evolved from the consumption of an eighth of a ton of coal, fancy the quantity free in the air of a district in the autumn, in which there is a snow-fall of five inches. This, then, is why the air is usually so warm after an autumn snow-fall, and this accounts for 'Indian summer.' It may be added that, conversely, in the spring, we have 'raw and gusty' days when we look for more genial weather, because the ice and snow are changing into liquid and robbing the air of its heat.

LONGFELLOW OR TENNYSON? ETC.

To Sapere aude Club: Which is the greater poet, Longfellow or Tennyson? and wherein do they differ? . . . CLARA, ST. JOHN, N.B.

The first portion of this question is unfair, because it is unanswerable. There is no way of estimating which is the greater, because the one is as different from the other as sunshine is from darkness. It would be unfair to ask which is the more beautiful, the vale of Chamouni or some 'full-fed river winding slow by herds upon an endless plain?' Both are unlike, and there is no scale in which you could throw the two that would indicate which has the greater absolute beauty. You can only compare like with like; you cannot compare Tennyson with Longfellow any more than you could a balmy autumn evening with a black-winged thunder storm. One enjoys the one most, another enjoys the other. Comparison is out of the question, unless there be some standard indepen-

dent of both, to which both may be compared. Some like 'Maud' well, but others like 'Evangeline' better; but such whims of fancy are not even constant. Fancy is like the restless sea, now revelling in the storm and again lolling drowsily in the calm. Variety is the spice of life, and gloom brings sunshine, as sunshine brings gloom. What pleases us to-day will pall upon our senses to-morrow. We blow hot in one breath and cold in another. The same immortal writer, in two of the sweetest little rills of song in the English language, says:

> 'Hence loathed melancholy,'

and

> 'Hail divinest melancholy.'

We want *both* the poets, because we love them both. We want the sunshine now from the one, and then we want the 'dreary gleams about the moorland' from the other. We turn from book to book as we change from mood to mood. Take 'The Bridge' and read it, and then look back into the vanished pleasures, and even the cares which are golden fringed, of your own life, and say if it be in the power of song to write another 'Bridge.' The charm that is in its opening lines is without a name:

> 'I stood on the bridge at midnight,
> As the clocks were striking the hour,
> And the moon rose o'er the city,
> Behind the dark church tower.'

Read the 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' and, thinking of the mariner upon the stormy main 'in the midnight and in the snow,' tell us who has ever, or who can ever, put more nature into another shipwreck? Or, standing on the shore when the storm rages, tell who can excell these lines:

> 'She struck where the white and fleecy waves
> Looked soft as carded wool,
> But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
> Like the horns of an angry bull.'

And it is like coming in from the scene of the storm and the shipwreck, and finding a peaceful haven, to read the concluding lines:

> 'Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
> In the midnight and in the snow;
> Christ save us all from a death like this,
> On the Reef of Norman's Woe.'

We all have in our lives some rainy days, as we have those gloomy ones in autumn, when the moaning winds send a shiver through the house, and strip the trees of their foliage. But what hand that has ever touched the lyre has exceeded, upon this subject, these lines of Longfellow?

> The day is cold and dark and dreary,
> It rains and the wind is never weary,
> The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
> And at every gust the dead leaves fall.
> * * * * * * *
> Be still fond heart, and cease repining
> Beyond the clouds is the sun still shining.'

Who that has ever felt his bosom full to overbursting of an indefinable grief, and filled with a yearning for some nameless balm, does not see himself in this delicious gem?

> 'I see the lights of the village
> Gleam through the rain and the mist,
> And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
> That my soul cannot resist:
>
> A feeling of sadness and longing,
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain.
>
> Come read to me some poem,
> Some simple and heartfelt lay
> That shall soothe this restless feeling
> And banish the thoughts of day.
> * * * * * *
> Such songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care
> And come like benediction
> That follows after prayer.
> * * * * *
> And the night shall be filled with music
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
> And as quietly steal away.'

But a score of others might be cited at random, each peerless in its own realm; each song being like unto a little flower that is the perfection of its kind. No; in the departments where Longfellow labours, no poet from Homer down has excelled him. He that has written must be judged by what he has written, as he who does not write is to be judged by what he has not written. It does not belong to the answer which I am endea-

vouring to give to say how Longfellow would have fared in deeper waters. It is enough to know he has never been seen beyond his depth.

So, too, with Tennyson. In his own realm of song he is without a rival. His book is like a casket of gems, each gem priceless and without peer. To take examples we draw at random. Where has ever the hauteur and pride which has naught but birth to boast of been more effectively rebuked than in 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere?' It is the yeoman who tells the Lady—

'Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good!
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

Tennyson retires out of the world while he sings many songs, and he brings you to where the converse of the soul runs like a smooth stream; you hear sweet voices, and see spiritual creatures. If your mood be a 'dreamful drowse,' a happy expression for this state which I borrow from a little gem by the gifted young author of 'Orion,' list you to the songs of his 'Lotos Eaters' whom you do not see, but whose strains seem to come to you as distilled music from over the languid sea. Where is there more passionate, heart-felt repining than that of him who wanders around Locksley Hall in the 'early morn,' brooding over the past? And what in song has ever better shown the bootless woe of him who bemoans what fate has fixed and the long years have sealed, or who tries to quell the fever-flame of passion by philosophy? He is one moment a stoic, the next an abject. Now he will tear out the passion though his heart be at the root, and then he bursts out when a voice whispers comfort—

'Comfort! Scorned of devils; this is truth the poet sings
That a sorrows crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.'

Who has ever read the 'Talking Oak' and not come away smitten with its grace and beauty, no less than with its pathos? When was ever so beautiful a benediction invoked on man or tree, in Dryad-days or modern times, than that which Walter bestows on the oak after it has told him him tidings of his love?

'O, rock, upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!'

Had ever monk, even in the days when through the cloister groves angels were seen bearing the Holy Grail, such a conception of that 'blessed vision' as has our poet? What other pen could draw another such Sir Galahad or breathe such imagery as this?

'When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secre shrine I ride:
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.'

Or anything so mysteriously, indefinitely lovely as the ministrations to the wandering knight?

'Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

The poet stands in solitude in presence of the mighty sea, and a tide of emotional grief swells his bosom.

His story were long to tell, but here is the matchless, impersonal way he tells it :

'O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under their hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break.
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.'

But I must stop ; my answer is swelling out to a volume. From the quotations made, this is shown : that every subject each has touched, each has adorned ; but, as I have already stated, the roads of the two lie in different directions. The nearest answer to the question asked is, that, according to the weight of opinion, Tennyson has more power than Longfellow ; that his imagery is often more gorgeous ; his thought of greater depth, and his subjects more subtle. But nature is not the less nature when the zephyrs whisper than when the thunders roar, or less seen in

'The meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,'

than in the lofty oak. Many superficial critics of Longfellow flippantly talk of the weakness of his verse, as if they would have him, like Dr. Johnson, make his 'little fishes talk like whales,' or make a little brook thunder like Niagara. Longfellow has not often dealt with the stronger passions, but nature in her simple, charming attire he has wooed, and won too ; while some of his ballads on slavery are unmatched for their touching and beautiful sympathy. Many of Longfellow's songs are legends and translations, and many of them descriptive, while Tennyson's are often concerned with some complex or subtle phase of human character. It is true, next to Byron, and Pope, and Shakespeare, Tennyson's volumes furnish already more current and apt quotations than any other ; but this is because the poet, in uttering world-wide truths, is dealing with those phases of human action which the world every day recognises. Yet the circle that reads Tennyson is small indeed to that which reads Longfellow, though some will consider this a compliment rather than otherwise to the Laureate. Be all this as it may, the one wears the laurel with credit to this New World of ours, and the other maintains poesy at high-water mark in England.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

ONCE more our earth is white and clean,
Once more are hid the green and rose ;
The verdant fields, the flowers we loved,
Are underneath the winter's snows.

And hid are all unsightly things ;
The city's streets and lanes are fair ;
And pleasantly the sleigh-bells ring
Out on this icy Northern air.

The kindly snow hath covered up
The bare brown earth to keep her warm ;
While in her mighty breast asleep,
The seeds of life lie safe from harm.

Down in deep dells where violets hide
On little graves but newly made,
Where some dear lambs lie side by side,
The pure white snow is softly spread.

One vast white plain the prairie shines,
Almost too dazzling to behold,
Till sunset falls, then are its snows
Alight with crimson, blent with gold.

Now speed the skaters o'er the ice,
On shining steels they seem to fly,
Now here, now there, they glide and dart,
And so the happy hours go by.

While those who love the snow-shoe tramp,
In merry parties scour the plain,
The early moon her silver lamp
Hath lighted e'er they turn again.

But, hark ! what sweet far sounds are those ?
Which to the happy tired ones tell
The hour has come to seek repose—
St. Boniface's vesper bell.

Now home they hie, and, welcome sight,
The well-filled board and smoking urn,
The glowing fire and cheerful light,
All greet the loved ones' safe return.

O golden hours of sunny youth,
Too swift ye speed beyond recall ;
'Tis well, thou Hope, and Love, and Truth,
Remain a heritage for all,

To cheer our wintry age, and gild
With sunset gleams life's fading ray,
Till breaks the morn that knows no night,
Resplendent ever shining day.

RUNNING-WATER NOTES.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I DOUBT if it were a magic bird, as told in the legend, that sang Saint Felix out of the memory of his generation: it is quite as likely that, having traced some river or small stream to its head-waters, he lingered listening to the drop that wears away the stone, and so fell into a half-century reverie. Running water is the only true flowing philosopher,—the smoothest arguer of the perpetual flux and transition of all created things, saying:—

> 'All things are as they seem to all,
> And all things flow as a stream.'

It is itself a current paradox. It is now here at your feet, gossiping over sand and pebble: it is there, slipping softly around a rushy cape; and it is yonder, just blending with the crisp spray of the last wave on the beach of the lake. Its form and colour are but circumstances; the one due to marginal accident and the momentary caprice of the wind; the other, to the complexion of the sky or to overhanging umbrage. Who can say but that its beginning and its ending are one,—the water-drop in the bosom of the cloud?

We readily consent that the Muses had their birth and rearing in the neighbourhood of certain springs and streams. This was a wise provision for their subsequent musical education, since it was intended, no doubt, that they should gather the rudiments from such congenial sources. The Greeks left us no account (as they well might have done) of the technical drill pursued by the nine sisters. However, we may suppose that they wrote off their scores from the fluent dictation of their favourite cascades and streams, and that they scanned, or 'sang,' all such exercises by the laws of liquid quantity and accent. Perhaps at the same time, the better to measure the feet and mark the cæsural pauses, they danced, as they sang, over the rippled surface of the stream. Nor did the Muses alone love springs and running-water, but it would seem that the philharmonic societies of their descendants have had their haunts in like localities: or was it mere chance that Homer should have lived by the river Meles (hence Melesigenes): that Plato should have had his retirement

> 'where Ilissus rolls
> His whispering stream;'

or that Shakespeare, to all time, should be 'the Sweet Swan of Avon?'

Consider the vocality and vocabulary of the water: it has its open vowels, its mutes, labials, and sub-vocals, and, if one listen attentively, its little repretend of favourite syllables and alliterations. Like Demosthenes, it knows the use and advantage of pebbles, and has, by this simple experiment, so purified its utterance that nowhere else is Nature's idiom spoken so finely. What a list of onomatopoetic words we have caught from its talkative lips! *Babbling*, *purling*, *murmuring*, *gurgling*, or some of the adjectives borrowed from this vernacular; and some have even heard the 'chuckling brooks,'—an expres-

sion which well describes a certain confidential, *sotto voce* gayety and self-content I have often heard in the parley of the water.

From time to time, musical virtuosos and composers, fancying they had discovered the key-note of Niagara, have given us symphonious snatches of its eternal organ harmonies. Some time, it may be that all these scattered arias, with many more which have never been published, will be collected and edited as the complete opera of the great cataract! Less ambitious, I have often tried to unravel the melodious vagaries of a summer stream; to classify its sounds, and report their sequence and recurrence. I shall not forget how once, when I was thus occupied, a small bird flew far out on a branch overhanging the water, turned its arch eye on me, then on the dancing notes of my music lesson, and poured out a rippling similitude of song that was plainly meant as an æolian rendition of the theme, or motive, running through the water. I was under double obligation to the little musician, since, in addition to its sweet and clever charity, it put me in possession of the discovery that all of Nature's minstrels are under the same orchestra drill, and capable, at pleasure, of exchanging parts. There was once a naiad (own daughter of celestial Aquarius), who, as often as the rain fell and the eave-spouts frothed and overran, used to come and dance under a poet's roof. It was a part of her pretty jugglery to imitate the liquid warble of the wood-thrush, bobolink, and other pleasing wild-bird notes. No matter how far inland, any one who lives by the 'great deep' of a dense wood may hear the roar of the sea when the tide of the wind sweeps in on his coast. Shutting my eyes, I could always readily hear in the crackling of a brush fire in the garden, the quick and sharp accentuation of rain on the roof.

There are certain English and Old English appellatives of running water which one would fain transplant to local usage on this side the Atlantic. How suitable that a swift, boiling stream, surcharged with spring rain, should be called a *brawl*, or a fine sunlit thread of a rill embroidering green meadows a *floss*, or any other small, unconsidered stream a *beck!* In New England you shall hear only of the *brook*, and past an indeterminate meridian westward, only of the *creek* (colloquially deformed into 'crick'). Indian Creek is a sort of John Smith in the nomenclature of Western streams. Rocky Rivers and Rocky Runs are also frequent enough.

Where streams abound, there, for the most part, will be found sylvan amenity and kindly, cultivated soil. The Nile alone saves Egypt from being an extension of Sahara. Without some water-power at hand, cities may not be built, nor industries and arts be pushed forward: yet I should say no site is hopelessly inland if there runs past it a stream of sufficient current to carry a raft. There is maritime promise in the smallest rivulet: trust it; in time it will bear your wares and commodities to the sea and the highways of commerce. The course of a river, or of a river tributary, suggests a journey of pleasure. Notice how it selects the choicest neighbourhoods in its course, the richest fields, the suavest parts of the woods. If it winds about a country village, with picturesque white spire and houses hid to the roof in greenery, it seems to have made this deflection out of its own affable and social spirit. The dam and the mill-wheel it understands as a challenge of its speed and agility, and so leaps and caracoles nimbly over them. All bridges which it passes under, it takes as wickets set up in sport.

The motion of water, whether of the ocean billow or of the brook's ripple, is only an endless prolongation or reproduction of the line of beauty. There are no right angles in the profile of the sea-coast or river margin; no rectangular pebbles on the beach or in the bed

of a stream. The hollow chamber in which the oyster is lodged might have been formed by the union of two waves, magically hardened at the moment of contact; coloured without like the ooze of the earth, within like the deep sea pearl. The fish conforms in shape and symmetry to its living element, and is, in this respect, scarcely more than a wave, or combination of waves. It moves in curves and ripples, in little whirls and eddies, faithfully repeating all the inflections of the water. Even in the least detail it is homogeneous; else, why should the scale of the fish be scalloped rather than serrate? As to colour, has it not the vanishing tints of the rainbow; or might it not be thought the thinnest lamina pared away from a pearl, a transparent rose petal, the finger-nail of Venus?

It is not improbable that the fish furnished the first shipwright with some excellent suggestions about nautical architecture. This shipwright, who was both idealist and utilitarian, had observed the length and slenderness of the fish; its curved sides and tapering extremities, corresponding with the stern and prow of his subsequent invention; also, the fins, which he at first reproduced in rough-hewn paddles, prototypical of genuine oars. Then, perhaps, a paradoxical notion dawning upon his mind that aerial swimming and aquatic flying were much the same things, he added to his floating craft the wings of the bird as well as the fins of the fish; and soon thereafter began to take the winds into account, to venture out on the broad seas; and finally discovered

> 'India and the golden Chersonese,
> And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane.'

The scaly appearance of a sheet of water wrinkled by the wind has already been noticed by another. It needed only this slight suggestion to point out to me the glistening broadside of an old gray dragon sunning himself between the banks. Do Dolphins inhabit fresh water? Just under the surface, at the bend of the creek, I see a quivering opalescent or iridescent mass, which I take to be a specimen of this rare fish, unless, indeed, it should prove only a large flat stone, veined and mottled by sunbeams shot through the thin veil of hurrying waters. Equally suggestive are those luminous reflections of ripples cast on that smooth clay bank. Narrow shimmering lines in constant wavy motion, they seem the web which some spider is vainly trying to pin to the bank. They are, properly, 'netted sunbeams.' Water oozing from between two obstructing stones, and slowly spreading out into the current, has the appearance of a tress of some colourless water-grass floating under the surface. I was once pleased to see how a drift of soft brown sand gently sloping to the water's edge, with its reflection directly beneath, presented to the perfect figure of a tight-shut clam-shell,—a design peculiarly suited to the locality.

In cooler and deeper retirement, on languid summer afternoons, this flowing philosopher sometimes geometrizes. It is always of circles,—circles intersecting, tangent, or inclusive. A fish darting to the surface affords the central starting point of a circle whose radius and circumference are incalculable since the eye fails to detect where it fades into nothingness. Multiplied intersections there may be, but without one curve marring the smooth expansion of another. There are hints of infinity to be gathered from this transient water ring, as well as from the orb of the horizon at sea.

Sometimes I bait the fish, but without rod or hook, and merely to coax them together in small inquisitive schools, that I may study their behaviour and their medium of communication. In this way I enjoy the same opportunities for reverie and speculation as the angler, without indulging in his cruelty or forerelish of the table. I discover that the amusements of the minnows and those of the small birds are quite similar, with only this differ-

ence: that the former, in darting and girding at one another, make their retreat behind stones and under little sand bars, instead of hiding among the bushes and tilting over thistle tops. It would seem that fish are no less quick in the senses of hearing and seeing than the birds themselves. They start at your shadow thrown over the bank, at your voice, or at the slightest agitation of the water.

> 'If you but scantily hold out the hand,
> That very instant not one will remain;
> But turn your eye, and they are there again.'

When they first came up in the spring, I thought they looked unusually lean and shadowy, as though having struggled through a hungry hibernation. They were readily voracious of anything I might throw to them.

There were fish taken under my observation, though not by line or net. I did not fish, yet I felt warranted in sharing the triumphs of the sport when, for the space of ten minutes or more, I had maintained most cautious silence, while that accomplished angler, the kingfisher, perched on a sightly elm branch over the water, was patiently waiting the chance of an eligible haul. I had, meanwhile, a good opportunity for observing this to me wholly wild and unrelated adventurous bird. Its great head and mobile crest, like a helmet of feathers, its dark-blue glossy coat and white neckcloth, make it a sufficiently striking individual anywhere. No wonder the kingfisher is specially honoured by poetic legend. I must admit that whenever I chanced to see this bird about the stream it was faultless, halcyon weather. I occasionally saw a sandpiper (familiarly, 'walk-up-the-creek') hunting a solitary meal along the margin. I had good reason, also, to suspect that even the blackbird now and then helped himself to a *bonne bouche* from the water. Then, did I not see the fish, acting on the 'law of talons,' come to the surface, and take their prey from the life of the air? This was the fate in store for many a luxurious water-fly skimming about the sunshiny pools, like a drop or bead of animated quicksilver. The insect races born of the water, and leading a hovering existence above it, had always a curious interest for me. What, for instance, can be more piquing to a speculative eye than to watch the ceaseless shiftings or pourings of a swarm of gnats? Is there any rallying point or centre in this filmy system? Apparently there are no odds between the attraction and repulsion governing the movements of the midget nebula, and I could never be satisfied as to whether unanimity or dissent were implied. Nor could I quite justify by my ear the verse which says,

> 'Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
> Among the river sallows,'

since, although I could vouch for the vocal powers of a single gnat humming with unpleasant familiarity, I have never detected any proof of concerted musical sound among a swarm of these motes. Yet I doubt not the *poet* is right.

There is a larger species of mosquito (not the common pest), which I should think might some time have enjoyed religious honours, since, when it drinks, it falls upon its knees! A flight of these gauzy-winged creatures through a shaft of sunlight might conjure up for any fanciful eye the vision of 'pert fairies and dapper elves.' Of the dragon fly (which might be the inlaid phantasm of some insect that flourished summers ago), I know of no description so delicately apt as the following:—

> 'A wind-born blossom, blown about,
> Drops quiveringly down as though to die;
> Then lifts and wavers on, as if in doubt
> Whether to fan its wings or fly without.'

Where is the stream so hunted down by civilization that it cannot afford hospitality to at least one hermit muskrat? The only water animal extant of the wild fauna that was here in the red man's day, he will eventually have

to follow in the oblivious wake of the beaver and otter. It is no small satisfaction that I am occasionally favoured with a glimpse of this now rare 'oldest inhabitant.' Swimming leisurely with the current, and carrying in his mouth a ted of grass for thatching purposes, or a bunch of greens for dinner, he disappears under the bank. So unwieldy are his motions, and so lazily does the water draw after him, that I am half inclined to believe him a pygmean copy of some long extinct river mammoth. Oftener at night I hear him splashing about in the dark and cool stream, safe from discovery and molestation.

Hot, white days of drought there were in the middle of the summer, when, in places, the bed of the creek was as dry as the highway; vacant, except for a ghostly semblance of ripples running above its yellow clay and stones. The fountain of this stream was in the sun and heated air. Walking along the abandoned water-road, I speculated idly about the fate of the minnows and trout. Had they been able, in season, to take a short cut to the lake or to deeper streams, as is related, in a pretty but apocryphal story, of a species of fish in China, fitted by nature to take short overland journeys?

Much might justly be said in praise of the willow. Its graceful, undulating lines show that it has not in vain been associated with the stream. It practises and poses over its glass as though it hoped some time to become a water nymph. Summer heat cannot impair its fresh and vivid green,—only the sharp edge of the frost can do that; and even when the leaves have fallen away there remains a beautiful anatomy of stems and branches, whose warm brown affords a pleasing relief to November grayness.

At intervals I met the genius of decorative art (a fine, mincing lady) hunting about the weedy margin for botanical patterns suitable for reproduction in æsthetic fabrics and paper hangings. She chose willow catkins, cat-tail flag; the flowers and feathery afterbloom of the clematis, golden-rod, and aster, and showed great anxiety to procure some lily pads and buds that grew in a sluggish cove; but for some reason, unknown to me as well as to the *genii loci*, she slighted a host of plants as suggestive for ornate designs as any she accepted. She took no notice of the jewel weed (which the stream was not ashamed to reflect, in its velvet, leopard-like magnificence); nor had she any eyes for the roving intricacies of the green-brier and wild-balsam apple. She also left untouched whole families of curious beaked grasses and sedges, with spindles full of flax or silk unwinding to the breeze.

It is nothing strange that the earlier races of men should have believed in loreleis and undines, nixies and helpies. I cannot say that I have not, myself, had glimpses of all these water-sprites. But the watered green silk in which the lorelei and the undine were dressed was almost indistinguishable in colour and texture from the willow's reflection; and the nixie was so often hidden under a crumbling bank and net-work of black roots that I could not be sure whether I caught the gleam of his malicious eye, or whether it was only a fleck of sunshine I saw exploring the watery shade. About the kelpie I am more positive. When the creek was high and wrathful under the scourge of the 'lime storm,' it could have been nothing else than the kelpie's wild, shaggy mane that I saw; nothing else that I heard but his hoarse, ill-boding roar.

In this season of the year, I became aware that our stream, like the Nile, had its mysterious floating islands, luxuriant plots set with grass and fern and mint (instead of lotus and papyrus), and lodged upon pieces of drift washed down by the spring floods. All summer securely moored in the shallow water, they were now rent up by the roots, and swept out of all geographical account. Snow-like accu-

mulations of whipped-up foam gathered in lee-side nooks where the current ran less strong, remaining there for many hours together, like some fairy fleet riding at anchor. When the stream had fallen, I often found this accumulation deposited on the sand in a grayish-white drift, dry and volatile as ashes, dispersing at the slightest gust. It suggested that some strange, unwitnessed rite of incineration had been performed there.

When the winter had come in all power, and had driven nature down into her garrison of clods, and had laid siege thereto with frost-fire and sword, the philosopher of whom I have spoken could still, at times, be heard in the drear silence of snowy fields and snowy air. He had nothing to say that could not fitly have been said in the ear of summer. Moreover, there was nearly always one clear crystal window of his dwelling open sunward, looking through which I could see his bright and mobile countenance, unperplexed by weather changes. — *Atlantic Monthly.*

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

HARK ! is't thy step, New Year ?
With sure but stealthy pace thou aye dost come ;
And in thy train are gladdening gifts for some ;
O haste thee, glad New Year !

Too swift thy step, New Year !
The past had gathered friends from many lands,
And thou dost come to part their claspèd hands :
Alas, *so* near, New Year !

'O haste !' 'Delay !' New Year ;—
Two prayers together rising up to Heaven:
Trust in the answer ; is it not God-given ?
Meet bravely the New Year !

Welcome the new, New Year !
O clear-voiced Truth, lead in the coming morn ;
And gentle Charity, our lives adorn :
Hope lives in the New Year !

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH ART.

BY JULIA ALEYNE, BURLINGTON, VT.

PART II—HOGARTH.

IN the last paper we endeavoured to show what was the condition of the Art world of Great Britain at the beginning of the eighteenth century. But the closing years of the previous one produced a genius of such originality and power as to render, in succeeding ages, the name of British Art an epithet of most honourable import. For the first time an English painter had taken brush in hand to mark out a path of his own, instead of emulating the achievements of Verrio and Laguerre as his predecessors had done. For the first time an attempt was made to break through the conventions of traditions and imitations, and to establish a genuine and national style of art in England; when, following these connoisseurs of the beginning of the art, all at once 'from among these painters of ceilings and manufacturers of goddesses arose a prophet, with a commission to deliver—urgent, violent and terrible—to the dissolute, careless world, then rolling so fast on its downward way.'

To Hogarth therefore belongs the honour of having been the founder of English painting, as he was the first great original master, 'who,' we are told, 're-opened the obstructed path to nature for his cotemporaries and successors, and down this cleared path so long hidden by a growth of sham sentiment and honest incapacity, he was followed more or less intelligently by all the great English masters of the eighteenth century, who, however, instead of treading directly in his footsteps, turned from side to side, garnering new truths, and observing fresh beauties, which each recorded in his own peculiar language. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Although by some considered a mere caricaturist, we know that he was in reality a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and a commender of virtue and modesty.' Horace Walpole says, if catching the manners and follies of an age, as they rise, if general satire on vices, and ridicule familiarized by strokes of nature and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière. It was character, the passions, the soul that his genius was given him to copy; his strength lay in expression, not in colour and chiaro-oscuro. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim, 'ridiculum acri fortuis ac melius plurimumque secat res,' and he made ridicule of his vocation.

There was nothing harsh or misanthropic in it. 'It was the ridicule of Addison, kindly rebuking faults which it half excused.' He himself tells us, that he deliberately chose the path in art that lay between *the sublime and the grotesque*, and in this wide region he has certainly achieved an unparalleled success. 'Sometimes, indeed, he goes beyond his aim,' says Dr. Trusler, 'and in the earnestness of passion reaches the height of the sublime; but often on the other hand, he falls into cari-

cature, from the fact that he seems to have an especial attraction towards the grotesque forms of the human face.' A celebrated authoress has pertinently remarked, that Hogarth was born in an age which needed *moral teaching* above all other needs. The century was ill at ease; the epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses and theatres had just set in, after the stormy political struggles, by which English society had been convulsed during the beginning and middle of the seventeenth century. The Georges were sitting upon the English throne, blustering and storming, and losing no opportunity of asserting their independence, while Sir Robert Walpole stood steadily at the helm of state, really governing both the king and his kingdom.

But although Sir Robert Walpole was a most efficient statesman, and his general course liberal and enlightened, yet in character he was most unprincipled. There never was a period of greater political corruption than during the administration of this minister. Sycophancy, meanness, and hypocrisy were resorted to by the statesmen of the age, who generally sought their own interests rather than the welfare of the nation. Louis XIV. was dead, and the Regent and the Abbé Dubois were making history one long scandal in Paris, and freely squandering the people's money for their own purposes. The wits of Queen Anne's reign were as usual congregating at Bu ton's Coffee-house. Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Swift, Gay, Pope, and Congreve, were the leading spirits of the age. Addison was writing *The Spectator* and satirizing the fashionable follies and bad taste of the age, while the London world was on tiptoe of expectation about these remarkable papers. Bolingbroke, as usual, the great leader of the Tory party, was charming London society with his brilliant conversation and fascinating manners. Gay was making himself distinguished, writing his 'Fables' and his 'Beggar's Opera.' Swift was convulsing his circle of admirers by his wit and sarcasm. Colley Cibber was printing his works on royal paper. Pope was living in his beautiful villa at Twickenham, the friend and companion of Bolingbroke, occasionally dabbling a little in South Sea Stock, the explosion of which too soon put an end to his visionary schemes of wealth; while Prior was busy satirizing Dryden in his charming fable of 'A City Mouse and a Country Mouse.'

But, although one of the most brilliant epochs in English history *intellectually*, yet the state of corruption into which the English people had sunk *morally* was something fearful.

Wickedness had got to be rampant; vice and profligacy had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Roundheads. As we have said, the century was ill at ease, and what ailed it most was vice. The very thoughts of the virtuous were tinctured in spite of themselves by the phraseology and usages of pollution.* The age was depraved, and not only depraved—it was openly unclean, we are told. Even the innocent and virtuous used language and were cognizant of facts which the most depraved have nowadays the grace to hide from the world. Good women and innocent maidens discussed without any scruple of delicacy or attempt at secrecy the shocking adventures going on around them. Morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and never thought of being ashamed of it.

To stay this tide of corruption; to battle against the profligacy and degeneracy of the age,.was the work of this great master mind. This man, William Hogarth, on whom such a singular office devolved, 'the only prophet-painter ever produced,' we are told, 'was not a person whose character

* Mrs. Oliphant.

would have made such an office probable.' Born in London in 1697, of an honest but obscure family, this son of a Westmoreland schoolmaster, who had settled in the metropolis as a corrector of the press, and had lived chiefly by his wits, William Hogarth grew up—his biographer tells us—a gay, careless, good-natured sort of a fellow, without any great delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with eyes wide open, that could not help seeing the evil around him; with a strict sense of morality, and with remarkable powers of observation; and combined with these a faculty of faithfully rendering what he saw equal to the power. A man of such a character, with a mind strongly prepossessed in favour of a rigorous morality; quick-sighted, shrewd and practical; not so much shocked by the wickedness around him as practically convinced of the necessity of putting a stop to it, in the interest of humanity, might be supposed to find work readily to his hand. He saw what there was to be seen, and it was his work to scourge it, which he did so effectually that generations since have thanked him for the service he did to morality. He knew that the vice and folly of his day were very shameful vice and folly, and not caring whether he gave offence or forfeited favour, he never faltered, nor palliated guilt among the aristocracy, 'but came down with the blow of a sledge-hammer on the profligacy of the times.' The incident which first revealed the bent of his genius was quite amusing! One day, during his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, he went with two or three of his companions to Highgate on a little excursion. The weather was warm, and they went into a roadside ale-house and called for beer. Some persons who had previously entered were already growing quarrelsome over their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow upon the head from a quart cup that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his thumb nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which when handed around the room restored all parties to good humour. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth, who immediately sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account sufficiently indicate the line of art in which he was likely to succeed.

When still quite young, Hogarth was apprenticed to the silver-plate engraver, Ellis Gamble, and was principally employed in engraving arms and monograms. But this kind of life did not suit him by any means, for all this time his head was filled with the allegorical paintings of Thornhill and Laguerre, at Greenwich and at St. Paul's, and his utmost ambition was to become a 'historico-allegorico-scriptural painter, and make angels sprawl on covered ceilings and fawns blare their trumpets on grand staircases.' However, he remained with Ellis Gamble till he was about twenty one, when he renounced silver engraving for engraving on copper. With Gamble he learned to draw, and fired by the ambition of emulating Laguerre he acquired the use of the graver and pencil. While still an apprentice he amused himself and others by drawing caricatures. These sketches were probably oftener monstrosities than caricatures, but they were the stepping-stones to a facility and power which ranks his name with the greatest satirists of modern times.

About this time Sir James Thornhill opened an academy at St. Martin's Lane, for studying from life, and Hogarth became one of the earliest pupils of the King's sergeant-painter. His proficiency was not so great as to cause his fellow-students any pangs of jealousy; indeed it was below mediocrity at first; nor would he ever have attained to much eminence as a

painter, says Dr. Trusler, if he had not learned to penetrate through external form to character and manners. His progress was fair, however, although it did lack brilliancy. Domenichino is said to have been called by his companions 'the ox,' and yet he proved in the end that an ox even might have sufficient talent to eclipse every scholar in the school. Hogarth says, 'as soon as I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper,' and one of his biographers tells us that he supported himself at this early period of his life 'by engraving arms and shopbills.' For some time he worked for booksellers, and engraved plates and illustrations for books. An edition of Hudibras afforded him the first subject suited to his genius; his illustrations of that and of Don Quixote are still preserved, though both works are far inferior to those that were to come. In the meantime he had learned to use the brush as well as the pencil and graver, and he soon acquired considerable employment as a portrait painter. He possessed great facility in seizing a likeness; the only drawback was in the fidelity with which he painted.

An amusing anecdote is told of his painting the portrait of a nobleman remarkable for his ugly features and deformity. The picture was a triumph, and not only expressed the outward hideousness of the peer with remarkable fidelity, but also, probably, the groveling soul within. Disgusted with the picture the nobleman refused to pay for it. Hogarth insisted in vain, and after numerous unsuccessful applications had been made for payment, the painter resorted to an expedient which he knew must arouse the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was arouse for him, he is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to *Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man*, Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his Lordship's refusal.'

It is hardly necessary to add that the picture was immediately paid for, and committed to the flames.* To Hogarth his sitter was a character whose oddities or eccentricities he could not help seizing. 'I found by mortifying experience,' he says, 'that whoever would succeed in portrait-painting must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gray's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him.' The first print he published was one called 'the Taste of the Town' or 'Burlington Gate,' which is simply a satire upon the times, and shows the disgust of the artist at the fashionable follies and at the taste of the English people in running after Italian artists and singers.

But before proceeding to describe this print, we must say a few words about some of the connoisseurs of the age. In those days there flourished two now nearly forgotten celebrities, Kent, the architect, painter, decorator, upholsterer, landscape-gardener and friend of 'the aristocracy'; and Sir James Thornhill, art-referee in general. Sir James was a worthy, pompous, magnifico, who had wit enough to discern the young painter's capacity, and condescended to patronize him. Kent was considered quite a Don in the art world, and he became so remarkably popular, and acquired such a reputation for taste, that he was consulted on almost every topic, and was urged to furnish designs for the most incongruous objects. He was consulted about picture-frames, looking-glasses, barges, dining-room tables, garden chairs, cradles; and so imperious was fashion that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their *birthday-*

*Dr, Trusler.

gowns. One he dressed in a petticoat, decorated with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze in a copper-coloured satin with gold ornaments.

His celebrated monument of Shakespeare, in the Abbey at Richmond, is said to be preposterous. Lord Burlington became his patron, gave him apartments in his own house, and through his interest procured the artist employment in various works. Through the favour of Lord Burlington, and the patronage of the Queen, he was made master carpenter, architect, keeper of the pictures, and, after the death of Jervas, principal painter to the crown. Yet his paintings were mere daubs: his portraits bore little resemblance to the persons who sat for them, and the colouring was worse than that of the most errant journeyman to the profession. In most of his ceilings his drawing was as defective as the colouring of his portraits and equally void of merit. * He was at best best but a 'wretched sciolist'; but, as we have said, for a long time he directed the taste of the town. He had at last the presumption to paint an altar-piece for the church of St. Clement Danes.

The good parishioners—men of no taste at all—burst into a shout of derision and astonishment at this remarkable performance. Hogarth, happening to see the picture, forthwith saw a subject for his pencil, and proceeded to 'take off" the daub. He came out with an engraving of Kent's masterpiece, which was generally considered an unmerciful caricature, but which he himself declared to be a perfect copy of the picture.

It was Hogarth's first declaration of war against the connoisseurs. The caricature made a noise in the world; the parishioners grew more and more indignant at such a daub being imposed upon them, till at last the Bishop of London interfered and ordered the removal of the obnoxious picture. Kent's masterpiece descended into an ornament for a tavern. For many years it was to be seen at the 'Crown and Anchor' in the Strand: then it disappeared and faded away from the visible things extant.* In his prints for Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' also, Kent's faults are glaring. There are figures issuing from cottages not so high as their shoulders; castles, in which the towers could not contain an infant, and trees which are mostly young beeches, to which Kent, as a planter was accustomed, says Horace Walpole. To compensate for his bad paintings, however, he was a good architect, and the inventor of landscape gardening. Walpole says 'Mahomet imagined an elysium, but Kent created many.' The partiality of Lord Burlington, however,—who was considered a man of taste in painting and architecture—gained Kent many favours, which of course excited the jealousy and envy of his brother artists—especially of Sir James Thornhill. Sir James was also greatly the fashion; he was the successor of Verrio, and the rival of Laguerre in the decoration of the palaces and public buildings of England—for which mural decorations he was paid by the *square yard.* Sir James's greatest work is the ceiling of the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. In this great hall designed by Sir Christopher Wren, we can look on a cloudy Olympus extensively furnished with gods and goddesses crouching round William and Mary, Anne and Prince George. His demands for painting the hall, however, were contested, and although La Fosse received £3,000 for his work at Montague House, the old British Museum, Sir James, besides his dignity as member of Parliament for his native town of Weymouth, could obtain but the forty shillings a square yard for painting the cupola of St. Paul's. Thus he did not grow rich through the patronage afforded native

* Horace Walpole.

* Mr. Ireland.

talent. However he received a great price for painting the Hall at Blenheim, and, for the embellishment of Moor Park, he received £4,000. He was descended from an aristocratic family, and in time was enabled to buy back the family estate at Weymouth. He was knighted by George I., and stood in high favour for many years. Sir James and Kent were rivals, each considering himself a connoisseur in the art world; and 'if extent of surface is to be taken as a test of ability in painting, Thornhill certainly excelled both Kent and Sir Godfrey in his mural decorations.' This prosperous school of art has long been in hopeless decay. One sees the remains of it only in hair-dressers toilet saloons, and provincial music halls. Old Montague House is no more; Timon's villa has vanished; Doctor Misaubin's house in St. Martin's lane, the staircase of which was painted by Clermont, the Frenchman, who asked 500 guineas for his work, is not now in existence. 'Examples of this florid, truculent style are becoming rarer and rarer every day. Painted ceilings and staircases yet remain in some grand old half-deserted country mansions, and in a few once gorgeous merchants' houses, in Fenchurch and Leadenhall, now let out in flats as offices and chambers.' One can still feast one's eyes on the painted ceilings of Marlborough House and Hampton Court Palace staircase, and in Greenwich Hall, as we have before remarked; but stucco and stencilled paper-hangings have taken the place almost entirely of those allegorical decorations. Even the French, who are so fond of ornament, and who still occasionally paint the ceilings of their palaces, seem to have given up almost entirely such excessive decorations, and 'merely paint a picture,' we learn, 'in which the figures are attenuated vertically instead of sprawling down upon you isometrically upside down.'

But it was at this time—during the reign of George II.—that architecture revived in antique purity. Horace Walpole rates Kent highly as an architect, and calls him 'the restorer of the science.'

The Queen employed Kent, and sat to Zincke. The King, it is true, cared little for refined pleasures, but Queen Caroline was ever ready to reward merit, and wished to have her reign illustrated by monuments of genius. She enshrined Newton, Boyle and Locke. Pope *might* have had her favour, and Swift did have it till insolent, under the mask of independence, and not content without domineering over her politics, she abandoned him to his ill humour.*

Such was the state of the art world in 1727, when Hogarth came out with his celebrated satires; the first of which, 'The Taste of the Town,' or 'Burlington Gate,' we have alluded to above. This print appeared in 1723, and was the satirist's first essay in that branch of art—in which he afterwards achieved such success. On a show-cloth, on one side of the print, is the portrait of George II. and also that of the Earl of Peterborough, who offers Cuzzoni, the Italian singer, £8,000, and she spurns at him. Had Cuzzoni and the other performers been English instead of Italian, it is probable that they would not have called forth so strongly the painter's wrath, since it was more the fact of foreigners being preferred to Englishmen that seemed to annoy him.† A celebrated authoress has told us 'that these were the days of rampant nationality, when an Englishman thought himself equal to three Frenchmen, and when even so impartial a mind as that of Hume recognised with surprise and benevolent satisfaction that Germany was a *habitable* country.'

While crowds are pouring to masquerades and opera, in this print, a waste-paper dealer wheels across the foreground of the picture a wheelbarrow full of the neglected works of

* Horace Walpole. † Dr. Trusler.

English dramatists, in which Shakespeare ranks no higher than Congreve. The state of art is symbolized behind by a statue of *Kent*, who stands erect on the summit of Burlington Gate, supported by reclining figures of *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael !*

This print took the fancy of the public, and became so popular that it was pirated, and Hogarth lost the large sum he should have received. It was probably to conciliate the favour of Sir James Thornhill, whose academy he was attending at the time, and whose young daughter he was so much interested in, that Hogarth had so severely ridiculed his rival, Kent. He had pilloried 'the Corinthian petticoat man' in the parody of the wretched 'St. Clement Dane's altar-piece,' and thus had a fling at him besides in Burlington Gate, which was probably the most acceptable compliment he could pay a vain pompous man like Sir James Thornhill.*

It was while attending the academy of Sir James that he saw and fell in love with the pretty daughter of that artist. As the young lady returned his affection, the result was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the painter, and they were secretly married in the year 1730. Hogarth was a poor artist at this time, struggling on in comparative obscurity, working hard to get a living, and naturally Sir James was very angry at this imprudent step, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. Her mother, however, was their friend during this trying period, and by her advice Hogarth placed some of the pictures of his first great series—the 'Harlot's Progress'—where Sir James would see them. Sir James was much interested, but learning by whom they were painted remarked: 'The man who can produce such pictures as these can also maintain a wife without a portion.' The battle was nearly gained, however, for soon after he took the young couple to his heart and home, and lived happily with them until his death. Before Hogarth's marriage his conversation pieces had begun; he could not depend entirely upon book illustrating or uncertain portrait-painting, and while casting about for his fit work—with dim suggestions of it floating in his brain—the ambitious project crossed his mind of attempting historic painting. He tells us, 'without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I painted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history-painting. On the great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital I painted two scriptural stories, the "Pool of Bethesda" and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high.' The result of this attempt by no means fulfilled his expectations.

These vast compositions served to show that sacred art was not in Hogarth's line, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. He saw that some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path; he felt himself thrill with power and the capacity for doing something original, and in this state of doubt his attention was attracted by a novel idea. 'I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style,' he says, 'totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I, therefore, wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further, hope that they will be tried by the same tests and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not *often been* delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable.' The painter, we may suppose, saw a new opening for his power 'which men not

* Dr. Trusler says: That this satirical performance, Burlington Gate, was drawn at the instigation of Sir James Thornhill, out of jealousy, because Lord Burlington had given Kent the preference in painting Kensington Palace.

trained to the heights of the nymphs and goddesses' could appreciate, and therefore turned his attention to the novel idea of painting and engraving modern moral subjects, 'a field not broken up in any country or age,' he says. This resolution produced 'The Harlot's Progress,' 'The Rake's Progress,' and 'The Marriage a-la-Mode,' all of them very remarkable and original works.

It was soon after his marriage that Hogarth commenced his first great series, 'The Harlot's Progress,' which brought him before the public as a man of remarkable genius. When the prints appeared they were beheld with astonishment ; a subject so novel in the idea, so marked with genius in the execution, excited the most eager attention of the public. The third scene in these remarkable paintings proved a decided hit, and at a Board of Treasury held a day or two after its appearance, one of the Lords exhibited a copy of it, calling attention at the same time to a striking likeness of Sir James Gonson, a celebrated magistrate of that day, well known for his vigour in the suppression of brothels. * From the Treasury each Lord repaired to the print-shop for a copy of the picture, and Hogarth rose into high fame. Over 1200 subscribers entered their names for the plates immediately, according to Dr. Trusler. So popular was the series that a pantomime founded on them, was represented at one of the theatres, and imitations were copied on fans and other equally indispensable articles of coquetry and fashion. It was also represented in a ballad opera, entitled 'The Jew Decoyed.' At a time when England was very inattentive to everything relating to art, so anxious were all ranks of people to see how this little story was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original published by permission of the author for Thomas Bakewell. 'The Harlot's Progress' is a story in picture-writing of exceeding interest. It carries us step by step through the history of a fair young girl, from the time she is first tempted, gradually through the various scenes of her disgraceful and wicked career, to the time of her death. The story commences with her arrival in London, where she is introduced to Colonel Francis Chartres,* the debauchee in the first painting of the series already distinguished by Pope. He leads on by artful flattery and liberal promises, till becoming intoxicated with dreams of imaginary greatness, she falls an easy victim. A short time convinces her of how light a breath these promises were made; deserted by her lovers, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for debt, after being for a time protected by one of the tribe of Levi, she is reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets. Chilled by biting frost and midnight rain, the repentant tear trickling down her cheeks, she endeavours to drown reflection in draughts of intoxicating liquors. This, added to the contagion of low company, completely eradicates every seed of virtue.† Her death is simple tragedy, dreadful—not pathetic; we pity and are horrified, but cannot weep over her sad fate. The funeral is also full of interest, and in the white neck-clothed clergyman, Hogarth has satirized the profligacy of the clergy, with the intention of showing that 'though many go forth, few are sent.' Hogarth has been called the biographical dramatist of domestic

* Sir James Gonson is now forgotten, but in those days the stern Middlesex Justice was a man greatly feared by the dissipated rioters and debauchees of the times.

* That Chartres was a monster of avarice and a marvel of impudence ; that he was condemned to death for a dreadful crime, and only escaped the halter through the interest of friends ; that he was a cheat, a gambler, a usurer, and a profligate ; that he was accursed while living, and that the populace almost tore his body from his remote grave in Scotland, are facts too well known to be recapitulated.

† Dr. Trusler.

life, in all these scenes we see such a close regard paid to things as they *then were*, so that his prints became a sort of *historical record* of the manners of the age. Charles Lamb says, 'his pictures are not so much painted, as they are *written with the brush*, in strong plain characters, often conveying terrible meanings.' 'Other pictures,' he says, 'we look at; his prints we read.' 'The Harlot's Progress' was followed by another series, 'The Rake's Progress,' but this was not so popular as the first, although in many respects it was said to have been superior in interest and in artistic skill.

(*To be continued.*)

CONFESSIONS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS,

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

I.

YOUR hair is brown o'erlaid with gold, I know,
On the right side a wave, a droop divine,
Tempts my fond fingers rashly to entwine
Their longing in its warmth and bronze-hued glow.
I know, too, the quick toss with which you throw
That weight of wavy brownness back—the sign
That you are tired—and whiter far than mine
(Tho' I'm not dark), your forehead's mount of snow
Appears. O marks of wormwood and of gall!
I know them, too,—five furrows made by Care
And travail of high thought and all unrest;
(*You* were not happy on your mother's breast)
. this I know of you, and yet—I swear
I never looked at you to learn it all.

II.

I never looked that you could see—but yet
(You have forgotten) once you stooped to find
My thread and thimble—O, I have no mind
For sewing—have no patience—and forget
To keep the things upon my lap—*Please let*
Me help you—you should have a bag rose-lined
To hold such stuff—you knelt and tried to wind
The cotton you condemned; our shoulders met,
I flamed, and feasted with my eyes, for there,
One moment burnt into my consciousness,
I saw the weary beauty of your brow,
I saw the brown tints radiant, and now
I know I shall not rest until I press
My face against the glory of that hair.

III.

I shall not try to write about your eyes.
I have not thought about them. I have heard
That they are brown, and now my heart is stirred
To quicker beating—O, I must be wise,
I *cannot* think about them. But the prize
That most I long for, more than loving word,
(Though that I pray for, too, why he, your bird,
Lives on your daily petting, and the song dies
Within his little throat if you refuse
Your notice or caress), yea, more than bliss
Of loving word and more than hand-pressed hand,
Far more than clasped in arms of love to stand—
Is once to find you sleeping and to kiss
Your sleeping eyelids. This prize do I choose.

IV.

O for the magic of some Grecian girl!
Simantha-like to melt a waxen ball
And with wild words and whirling wheels to call
Upon my lover! O for length of curl,
For satin shoulders and for teeth of pearl,
For warm white breasts that softly rise and fall
Like her's—that Vivien's—who did creep with all
Her sweetness into Merlin' arms and furl
His beard around her beauty—I forget,
We are not lovers. What should magic do
For me who hardly dare to call you friend?
Nor will I be your Vivien, but defend
Myself from my rash self and sadly go
Through life as in the days before we met.

V.

And are you sorry to have known me? So
You spake one evening. I could not say *Yes.*
I could not tell whether to curse or bless
My life you came. I think I told you *No;*
Which did not mean that I was glad, although
You thought I meant some gladness to confess.
Not sorry is not *glad.* A sweet distress
Is in my heart; I am not happy. No,
And yet I were unhappier without
Your friendship. Better too I must have been
Since I have known you; we are told to crush,
Deny, and mortify ourselves—no blush
Of love must ever on my face be seen—
My portion, Love, in love to love, yet doubt.

THE MENTAL HOSPITALITY OF THE SCOT.

BY REV. ROBT. CAMPBELL, M.A., MONTREAL.

THE recent publication of Mr. Rattray's 'Scot in British North America' affords fresh evidence of the eminent adaptedness of the people of North Britain for colonial life. Surly Samuel Johnson—'Ursa Major'—thought he was hitting the Scot, for whom he had no very strong partiality, hard, when he said 'that the high road to London was the finest view a Scotchman ever saw.' Other ill-natured persons have sought to poke fun at 'the land of the mountain and the flood' and its inhabitants, by remarking that 'it is a fine country to leave.' Such innuendos are meant to reproach the Scot for the ease and readiness with which he is able to tear himself away from his native land. Yet it is not every man that makes a good emigrant: certain high qualities are demanded to fit one for becoming a citizen of any country in which his lot is cast. Mental hospitality is the first of these requisites, and it is found in an eminent degree in 'the Scot abroad.' My object in this paper is to endeavour to make this point clear.

A man's trying to lift himself by his own waistband is the stock illustration of futility. It may seem an equally impossible task for a Scot to attempt the diagnosis of the characteristics of the Scot. The undertaking would appear more proper to a representative of another nationality, from whose point of view the Scot would be entirely objective. I might, perhaps, plead that though descended in a double line from Diarmid O'Duine, I am so far qualified to perform the part of an outside observer, since I was born 'furth' of Scotland. Any one with a head on his shoulders who has been brought up in the clear atmosphere of Canada, where so many races are found side by side, and are, therefore, easily contrasted, ought to be able to discriminate between them and hit off the salient qualities of each.

It is not necessary, however, to concede that a Scot is disqualified for analyzing the peculiarities of his countrymen on account of his inability to get beyond himself. A man may be inspected from within as well as from without; and I have the warrant of Scottish Philosophy for claiming that consciousness may take note of what is purely mental. Buckle falls foul of this characteristic of the school of thought of Hutcheson and Reid. He charges it with being 'Deductive,' as if it was purely speculative, as opposed to the Baconian method of induction from observed facts. The champions of 'the Philosophy of Common Sense' are far from accepting the Englishman's description of it as correct. They claim that their system does rest on facts, but then these facts are gathered by consciousness—are to be discovered by inquiring after the internal operations of the mind itself,—rather than by forming conclusions from its external products. Backed up, then, by Scottish Philosophy, myself a Canadian Scot, and so qualified to look at the question half subjectively and half objectively, I proceed with my venture.

The first thing demanded by a severe logic would be, 'Who is the Scot?' And it must be confessed that when

we consult history and ethnology, we are very much at sea for an answer.

There was an admixture of peoples going on for centuries to produce the Scots of to-day. We have in them a blending of the Anglo-Saxon, the Norseman, the Gael, the Teuton, the Fleming, and the Welshman. Our countrymen have derived something from each of the elements which have gone to compose the nation as we know it. The Scottish people are composite, not homogeneous, and this fact accounts for many of their peculiarities. They unite the fervour of the Welshman with the sturdy independence of the Dane; the poetic sensibility of the Celt with the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon—the loyalty of the Highlander with the love of freedom that characterized the Briton. These component elements, hidden in the organization of the Scot, sometimes discover themselves in the most astonishing ways. Hence the singular phenomena of a ploughman poet, a shoemaker botanist, a stonemason geologist and journalist, and a weaver philosopher, and each of them among the first of his age. The several elements named were thrown into the caldron of time together, and the product has been the Scotsman who resembles no one of the parent stocks more than the others, but is a new type of man. The process was a fusing, not a forging one. The miscegenation has been complete. Different races cast into the mint of Scotland have come out of it with a stamp that is distinct from that of any other people. The typical Scotchman has not only physical features by which he is easily known, but he has also mental and moral qualities that mark him clearly out from other nations. He is a stalwart man in every sense of the word. Possessed of physical energy, he is equally active in mind and in body, joining to an intense love of freedom a high moral feeling.

Facts show that the Scottish race is, perhaps, the Jew alone excepted, the most cosmopolitan in the world. The Scot has a capacity for accommodating himself to his surroundings, that is shown in no other nationality. This may be in part traceable to the heterogeneous elements that have united in his production; he is kin to so many races that he is at home wherever he goes. But it is probably his mental constitution, chiefly, that qualifies him for becoming a citizen of the world, rather than his physical organization —if, indeed, the two things do not mutually imply each other, and, therefore, ought not to be separated. Mental hospitality is a distinguishing characteristic of the Scot. Any intellectual greatness which he has achieved has been owing to his receptiveness. He has been as ready to admit ideas from without, and impress upon them the mint of his own mind, as he has been to absorb the different stray representatives of the several races that have at various times taken up their residence in his neighbourhood. He has not refused entertainment to truth, come to him in what guise it might, or from whatever quarter. This is the mental quality which has made him a welcome citizen of all countries. He has intellectual as well as industrial thrift, gathering food for thought on all hands; and his mental digestion is good, so that he assimilates that which he takes into his understanding, and turns it out of his mind new-coined and stamped Scottish. His attitude, indeed, seems occasionally inconsistent with this mental hospitality which is claimed for him. He may be questioning and debating with those from whom he is gathering the raw material of his thought; but that is his method of getting at and testing the truth: while apparently resisting, he is absorbing all the time. Now, I believe, he has not got credit for this marked characteristic—susceptibility to all currents of thought that are moving in the atmosphere in which he dwells. To those who do not know him intimately, but come across him

only casually, the true inwardness of his nature does not appear. His air of rugged independence, his assertive self-respect, his want of gush, make him seem to the undiscerning a disagreeable fellow; and withal a narrow bigot, full of conceited prejudices, who is unwilling to be taught. It was some such estimate of him that was formed by Buckle, a man utterly incapable of understanding him—indeed, utterly destitute of insight into human character—and, therefore, the last man that should have attempted to deal with questions involving the exercise of the true historical faculty. Very different was the conception of the Scot which the late Dean Stanley held; a man as well qualified by those historical instincts which he possessed in so eminent a degree, and by sympathies which put him *en rapport* with his subject, as Buckle was ill-qualified. To him the Scot was an interesting study: those sermons and books and kirk-session proceedings, the reading of which the matter-of-fact Buckle avers was so distressing to him, afforded vast enter tainment to the more discerning and humorous Dean. The historian of 'Civilization,' whose pet aversion was the Scottish ecclesiastic, wished to convey the notion that the people of the north were a priest ridden and ignorant rabble, in the middle of the seventeenth century. There never was a greater mistake. At least, from the days of the Reformation onwards, the ecclesiastics of Scotland reflected the minds of the people, instead of ruling them with a rod of iron. Never was there a sermon preached that was not severely criticized. John Knox made the Scots a nation of readers and thinkers; and the prerogatives which a democratic church government gave them they made use of to the utmost. They asserted always their right to judge of the quality of the preaching which their ministers delivered. And no tougher reasoners could anywhere be found than among the peasantry of Scotland; so that they were the last people who were to be pitied on account of the oppression under which they laboured from the dominancy of the clergy. The clergy were of the people, did what the people demanded of them—in the matter of long prayers and sermons and severe discipline as in other things. That the Scottish people could handle skilfully, in private, the themes which they heard discussed from their pulpits even Mr. Buckle admits, when he says that after 1725, 'the spirit of trade became so rife that it began to encroach on the old theological spirit which had long reigned supreme. Hitherto the Scotch had cared for little except religious polemics. In every society these had been the subject of conversation.' They were and are a people of intense convictions. What they believe, they believe with their whole heart. They held the divine authority of the Scriptures, and certain prominent principles which lie on the surface of the Bible, and which the common people called 'fundamentals.' 'Gang o'er the fundamentals,' said the auld Scotch U. P. wife to the genial Norman MacLeod, before she would hold further parley with him. But they debated every inch of ground beyond those lines. Any superstructure reared on these 'fundamentals' had need to hang well together, or their inexorable logic would pull it to pieces. The sneer of Buckle is therefore quite out of place when he says: 'The bigotry of Scotland is ill-suited to Protestantism.' But in proportion as they were wide-awake against fallacies and follies, they welcomed truth, come whence it might, whenever they recognised it. Cousin somewhere charges British philosophy with being insular. This may be true of the southern portion of the Island, but it is certainly not true of Scotland. John Bull is apt to think that he has nothing to learn from other people. Buckle was the very impersonation of this feeling. He began his work by assuming that the standard of civilization was to be

found in England. 'In England,' he remarks, 'civilization has followed a course more orderly and less disturbed than in any other country;' and, again, 'our civilization has been preserved in a more natural and healthy state.' One reason of the difference in the temperament of the two nations is that the English had, for hundreds of years, little to do with the continental races, except when they went to war with them. But the Scots had a friendly intercourse with the European nations for centuries, and drew no small amount of inspiration, especially from France, which was long her ally. Learned Scotsmen were to be found wandering over the continent visiting all the celebrated schools of Europe from the earliest times. The language of Scotland bears many traces of the close friendship that subsisted between her and the nations of Europe. The music of our country still more clearly illustrates the readiness with which the Scottish people received influences from abroad, appropriating them, and stamping them with a national character. Scottish music is a style by itself; and yet experts in these matters tell us that every so-called ancient Scottish air has been borrowed from France or Italy. The Scottish school of philosophy has, perhaps, drawn less from outside sources than any feature of her national life and distinction, and yet Hutcheson, its founder, was an Irishman, and David Hume resided many years in France before formulating his system.

It is in the department of religion especially, however, that Scotland has shown the readiest disposition to receive aid and light from all quarters. The knowledge of the Gospel first came to her across the Channel from Ireland. Buckle has dwelt upon the earnest manner in which Scottish preachers impressed upon their countrymen lessons derived from the Old Testament Scriptures. And there can be no doubt of the immense influence which the course of Jewish history had upon both public and private affairs in Scotland. That very act of Andrew Melvill's which so appalled the Englishman to contemplate, the taking of James V. by the sleeve and calling him 'the Lord's silly vassal,' was, no doubt, inspired by the commendable courage displayed by Nathan when he brought home to King David's conscience the turpitude of his sin, by telling him, 'Thou art the man!' We have it on the testimony of another distinguished Englishman, Matthew Arnold, 'that the tendency of Old Testament teaching was on the whole to make for righteousness;' and there can be no question that the remarkable integrity of the Scot, his deep moral sense, has grown out of the close application to his conscience of the precepts of Moses. Here, again, the moral as well as mental sensitiveness of the Scot to the influences with which he is brought into contact is clearly seen. Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart, the pioneers of the Reformation in Scotland, caught the contagion on the continent, and carried it with them over into their native land. John Knox, too, who was a greater statesman than he was a divine, and who by planting a school as well as a church in every parish, contributed more than any king or queen that ever ruled the land to make Scotland what she is and has been, borrowed much of his system of church government from Geneva—a system which, though it guaranteed to the people their rights, and taught them the art of self-government, yet did not rest on their authority. The authority did not originate with themselves, but was from above, and they were, therefore, indoctrinated into the principle of respect for their rulers in both Church and State; and all along their history since, while asserting their freedom, they have been a law-abiding people, holding governments to be from God. It was only when their allegiance to the King of Kings came

into competition with what they believed they owed to their earthly sovereign, that they turned their backs upon the latter. They told Queen Mary that if she only allowed them a free gospel, she might count upon their fidelity to her throne and person.

And then, the ill-informed have very erroneous views as to the attitude of Scotland towards the rest of Protestant Christendom. Scotland's aim has been to realize catholicity, and to promote unity, on the basis of the fundamental principles of the reformed faith. It was to the pertinacity which the Scottish leaders displayed, in the middle of the 16th century, that we owe the only religious uniformity that has ever prevailed over the Protestantism of England, Ireland and Scotland—based upon the Westminster standards—as Dean Stanley so manfully and candidly pointed out in the last paper that he wrote. The English Parliament desired a political alliance between the two kingdoms, because they needed the help of the army of their northern neighbours; the Presbyterian leaders of Scotland said, Yes, we are willing to send you an army to help you to settle the affairs of your earthly kingdom, but at the same time we are still more concerned about the settlement of the affairs of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. And the Solemn League and Covenant was the immediate result—with the Confession of Faith, and the Directory for Worship, and the form of Church Government and the Catechisms, as the fuller result. It is alleged that these documents were dictated to the English divines by the representatives of Scotland who were present and assisting at the counsels in Westminster Abbey. No one who has given the subject any attention will repeat such an observation. It is true Scottish opinions were backed up by Scottish thews, and Baillie shrewdly observed that the military situation had a great influence in hastening or retarding certain portions of the Assembly's work. But that is a very different thing from saying that the Scots' army bought the judgment of that venerable and learned Synod, or that they committed themselves to views which their consciences did not approve. All through the negotiations for securing uniformity the Scottish Commissioners conducted themselves with becoming modesty, and always exhibited a generous and accommodating spirit. More than once Henderson, their chief, by his tact and wisdom, got the Westminster divines out of a tight place. He was the champion of toleration in small matters, provided an agreement could be arrived at on important points. When the Presbyterians and the Independents got arrayed against each other, Henderson it was who suggested the appointment of a Committee on accommodation. But the chief evidence that the Scots did not get everything their own way at the Westminster Assembly, is the fact that they found fault with not a few conclusions arrived at, and yet surrendered several points to which they attached importance. In this again they displayed their mental hospitality. In a paper from the Scottish Commissioners, which was laid before the English Parliament, as well as before the Westminster Assembly, regarding the acceptance of the Directory for Worship and the form of Church Government, they point out, 'That from their zeal to uniformity according to the Covenant, having parted with some lawful customs universally practiced in that Kirk ever since the first reformation of religion, they, by their several acts,' etc., etc. Baillie tells us that the Scots ministers were accustomed to bow in the pulpit and make use of the Gloria Patri at the end of their lessons. They also desired to keep the office of reader in the Church, they wished the Apostles' Creed to be included in the exposition of the Catechism, and they also would have liked a belief in baptism to be

inserted in the declaration of the principles of the Church. They were wont to have two prayers before the sermon in their religious services. Herle and Nye, on behalf of the English, objected to the reading of short sentences to communicants at the Lord's Table, while the Scots, and especially Rutherford pleaded, for the continuance of this custom. And we know that on the question of the independance and supremacy of the spiritual courts, which Scotland had always demanded, the English laymen in the Assembly, backed by the voice of Parliament, carried the day in opposition to the Scots. Baillie and his colleagues from the North thought the Shorter Catechism too long for children to master. Yet in spite of these objections taken by the Scots, and objections too, it will be seen, lying generally in the line of maintaining uniformity with all other Protestant churches—to their credit let it be noted—the standards approved of at Westminster were unanimously adopted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and ratified by the Scottish Parliament—facts that surely prove a generous desire to be in accord with the rest of Protestant Christendom. We know what the fate of the same Westminster documents was in England and Ireland; so that Prof. Masson, in his 'Life of Milton,' justly remarks :—'In God's providence it seemed as if the great Assembly, though called by an English Parliament, held on English ground, and composed of English divines, with a few Scotchmen among them, had existed and laboured after all mainly for Scotland.' Not that the people of the North needed the Englishmen's help in this business. The old Scottish Confession of the first reformation was a noble confession; at this hour some of its utterances are referred to by continental writers on symbolism as rarely noble. Yet the Scottish church of the second reformation set aside that grand old Scottish Confession in favour of the Westminster Confession of Faith, an evidence surely of mental hospitality. Equally powerful testimony of their willingness to accept anything better than what they had, come whence it might, was the fact that they laid aside their old Psalter at the same time as their own Confession, and adopted Rous's version of the Psalms which the Westminster Assembly had approved—that rugged collection so full of grand sentiment tersely expressed, which is yet so highly prized and dearly beloved by Presbyterians. It, too, was a gift from England to Scotland—the Scots preferring it to a collection prepared by one of their own ministers, Zachary Boyd, for the sake of keeping in line with the rest of Great Britain and Ireland. In short, they accepted and appropriated whatever commended itself to their judgment and conscience, without bigotry or prejudice. And I think I am justified, finally, in observing that the facility with which Scottish Presbyterians pass over into other Protestant communions, while the people of those other communions do not reciprocate—a fact of which Presbyterian clergymen might reasonably complain—leads up to the same conclusion, that their mental hospitality qualifies them for adapting themselves to their surroundings more easily than most people.

With this mental and moral outfit which we have derived from our fathers, we, representatives of the Scottish people in the Dominion of Canada, ought to strive to fill worthily the place which God's providence has assigned us in this new land, as Mr. Rattray has shown our compatriots have done in bygone days. By maintaining the same intellectual receptiveness that has characterized our race in the past, and above all that sensitiveness of conscience and moral earnestness which will lead us heartily to embrace truth wherever we find it, and to do the things which we know

to be right, we shall be still made welcome, as our fellow-countrymen have been, wherever they have shown themselves, on the burning sands of Africa, on the marts of India, or on the plains of America. Meantime, we shall do well to call up the memories of our country. It is, no doubt, well meant advice we get, when we are told that as soon as we set foot on the virgin soil of Canada, we ought to forget that we are Scotchmen. At the same time such advice could only come from one who has no past worth cherishing. There is a show of wisdom in it; but it is as shallow as it is specious. No man can blot the past from his memory or pluck it out of his heart, and he would be a fool if he would, even if he could. Life is prosaic enough at the best, especially in a new country like ours, and in a utilitarian age; but it would be still duller if we were forbidden to cherish recollections of the days of old. What would man be without sentiment? Yet sentiment must have materials to feed on. This new land, especially our own Province of Quebec, is not without stimulating memories of its own. We are proud of our Champlain, our Laval and Maisonneuve, our Montcalm and Wolfe. We would draw inspiration from their heroic zeal, and perseverance, and patience, and hopefulness. But the record is a comparatively short one, and the supply of materials for stirring thought and emotion which it furnishes is limited. Scotland, however, the land of our sires, teams with facts and fancies, and yields an inexhaustible fund of resources for imagination to dwell on, and for reflection to occupy itself with. We shall find it health-giving to allow thought to roam over the varied and far-extending region opened up to us by Scottish story. Of course, there are traditions and traditions; as well as uses and uses to which traditions may be put. Poets love to dwell on the glories of the feudal times, when at the call of a Roderick Dhu—

> 'Instant, through copse and heath, arose,
> Bonnets and spears, and bended bows,—
> And every tuft of broom gave life
> To plaided warrior armed for strife,'

It may be very pleasant to let imagination sport itself with such scenes, but no sane man would wish those times back again. They who would restore the days when clansmen counted themselves honoured in being permitted to follow the MacCailein Mor into scenes of strife and plunder, would probably be speedily disenchanted by a touch of the quality of the treatment which the chieftain of old dealt out to his vassals. It is the veriest moonshine to hanker after those times; and if fondly held traditions were to have the effect of setting us absurdly dreaming about bringing back the feudal age to Scotland, or even of seeking to separate her destinies from those of England, then the sooner we blotted them from our memories the better. And I am glad to believe that while Scotsmen love no other land so well as 'Caledonia stern and wild,' their attachment to it is held under the control of common sense. But while we would not have the scenes of Scottish history re-enacted, we are free to draw inspiration from them, at once for the liberalizing and adorning of our minds by sentiments of chivalry and patriotism, and for the shaping of our conduct in this new land, which has been given us to dwell in. Speaking of what our fathers achieved, Mr. Rattray, in his 'History of the Scot in B. N. A.,' has well said, 'The thorny path was trodden through blood and tears, that we might enter upon the heritage to till and enjoy it.' The past is ours, and we shall remain children all our days, unless we make use of its lessons. Mr. Rattray again remarks, 'The stimulus necessary in the initial stage of colonial progress must be drawn from older lands.' The cherishing of the

memories of the Mother Country is nowise inconsistent with the feelings we owe to 'this Canada of ours.' We are all at one in holding that our first duty is to 'the land we live in.' And it is worthy of our heartiest emotion. The past history of this country has been on the whole creditable; its institutions are almost everything that could be desired; and its future is full of promise. Let us, then, give ourselves up to promoting the welfare of the Dominion, as we are able. Love of the land of our fathers will rather help than hinder us in our endeavours to build up a new nationality in this western world. He who has recollections of an honourable and virtuous and cheerful home in his father's house is not less likely, on account of such a standard before him, to succeed in erecting an honourable and virtuous and cheerful home for himself, when he sets up house on his own account. I have remarked that we have not an extended past in Canada, the recollection of which might stimulate us to attempt great things; but that is a lack which every new year that passes over us will go to supply. 'Nationality is a growth and not a spasm or gush.' It is coming on fast with us, and God-speed it. We have only to look back upon the history of the land to which we owe our origin, to see what men will do and dare on behalf of their country. No nationality has produced a larger crop of patriots than the people of Scotland; and to love and labour for his country is one of the lessons, 'writ large,' which each of us ought to learn from our fathers. Modern thought, by its searching analysis, would reduce patriotism and every other virtue to forms of selfishness; but if love of country is selfishness, it is, at least, selfishness sublimated. Our lives are largely made up of associations—first those in which our childhood was spent; then the surroundings of our youth, and afterwards the places we carve out for ourselves in the world. Our universe is confined to our personal experience and surroundings, and it is a blessed feature of our nature that we get attached to them—we live in the past which they afford, and are wonderfully satisfied with them, as memory calls them up in after days. Love of home and love of country grow out of our experience; and if it is true that attachments are conditioned by experience, we cannot be cosmopolitan, caring for all lands and all persons alike, because our habitation on earth is bounded, and our personal knowledge of countries and institutions is limited. Until man becomes an angel, and is able to go where he wills, habit will make him care for his surroundings, and so he will cherish with fondness his own kindred and country.

A right reading of the history of Scotland ought to teach us to desire and promote the fusion of races already found in Canada, or that they may hereafter be attracted to our shores. The remarkable product of the commingling of peoples in Auld Scotia, to which attention has just been drawn, may well encourage us to look forward to the time when Englishmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Scotsmen shall be merged into a new Canadian race, a people combining in themselves the excellencies of these several nationalities, but from whom all their failings will be eliminated.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE REVISITED.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

ON city mart and garden
Night falls at last—
With frosts which fierce winds harden—
As pacing fast,
I seek the trysting-place
To which no tryst gives grace
For me to-night, who face,
Alone, the Past!

The Past—whose dream was Pleasure,
Whose waking, Pain—
Youth's haste—and Manhood's leisure
Of penance vain!
Such thoughts, wild-woven so
Were mine a week ago;
Such, pacing to and fro,
I weave again!

But thoughts no longer aimless
Nor painful now,
Since beamed on me that blameless
Benignant brow,
Since where faint lamps resist
The dreary winter mist
You came to keep your tryst,
Your troth avow.

You came, a pure hope hidden
From bygone years,
You came, a joy unchidden
By sordid fears!
So may your presence prove
A gift from God above:
Whom Passion learns to love,
Whom Love reveres.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT DUBLIN.*

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMY AND TRADE.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S ADDRESS.

THE two sides of the Atlantic are now no longer aliens to each other. Thanks to the conquests of practical science, and to the unquenchable hopefulness of Cyrus Field, the estranging sea, as Horace calls it, estranges Europe from America no more. Speed and facility of intercommunication, not only unifying the mind of the world, but bringing into far closer partnership than before the producers in all nations, form economically, as well as intellectually and socially, one of the most momentous of the changes with which this eventful age is rife. Would that the happiness of mankind, and the peace, good-will and sense of human brotherhood, which are its ordained conditions, were advancing with a step as rapid as the march of science! Of the various economical questions, that which naturally presents itself first to the mind of one speaking in Ireland is the land question. We can hardly be said to have had on the American continent anything deserving the name of an agrarian movement. With us the landlord and the tenant system, as a general rule, does not yet exist. The tiller is also the owner of the soil. The mass of the land, both in the United States and in Canada, is held in freehold farms, seldom exceeding in extent 160 acres, which is the measure of the original grants, and about as much as a farmer and his family can till. Hired labour is rare and expensive. There are farms and ranches of immense extent in the new States of the West and in California; but they are in the hands of the owners, who are cultivators on a colossal scale, not let out to tenants as they would be here. Local controversies and even disturbances we have had. There was what was called, with doubtful accuracy, the Anti-Rent Movement in the State of New York, which was a rising attended with some acts of violence against the payments to the Patroons, as they were styled—the semi-feudal lords of the great Van Renselaer and Schuyler estates created in the Dutch colonial times. In Prince Edward Island there was a popular resistance to the insufferable land monopoly of the 16 grantees, among whom the whole island had been parcelled out by a fantastic assumption of sovereignty over the realms of nature on the part of the British Crown, and in the end the grantees were compelled to accept a compromise. The feudal seigniories established by the Bourbon Monarchy in French Canada were also found to be oppressive, and were abolished, compensation being accorded to the seigniors. But no one of these cases can be said to have presented a real analogy in character, much less in extent, to the conflict between landlord and tenant in Ireland. Agrarianism in a speculative form has indeed found its way from Europe to the other side of the Atlantic, and the controversy has been stimulated by the Irish agitation. Theorists have advocated the abolition of private property in land, in which they fancy they have discovered the universal source of pauperism. Their reasonings appear to me to be little more than the old tirades against capital in a new dress, and with a specially irrational limitation to the case of capital invested in land. Facts constantly before our eyes tell us that pauperism springs from a number of causes with which no system of land-ownership has anything to do—from idleness, intemperance, disease, changes

* A Paper by Professor Goldwin Smith, President of the Economy and Trade Department, delivered at Dublin, Oct. 7, 1881.

in the course of trade, which often deprive thousands of their bread, as well as from sheer over-population, the frequent existence of which it is ridiculous to deny, and which, in the absence of popular self-restraint, cannot be prevented by any land system, or anything in the power of Government from producing its natural effects. There is plenty of pauperism in great commercial cities, such as Venice, or the old Free Cities of Germany, where land-ownership can barely be said to exist, much less to form a factor of importance in the economical condition of the people. There is comparatively little in rural districts of France, where private ownership of land is emphatically the basis of society, but where thrift, the offspring of proprietorship, reigns, and the increase of population is not great. The theorists of whom I speak propose that the State should heal the social disease by a sweeping confiscation of landed property, and, as they are careful to add, without compensation to the owners. To confiscate one kind of property is to destroy all. It is to destroy the working man's property in his earnings as well as the land-owner's property in his land. It is to break open the savings bank as well as the rich man's coffers. What security can there be for any kind of ownership, great or small, if the State itself turn robber? Supposing even that the system of private property in land were proved to be wrong, the error has been that of the community as a whole; all nations through their Legislatures have sanctioned the system and pledged their faith in every possible form to those who were laying out their labour and money in that way. If the steps of society are now to be retraced, if the rule is to be changed, common justice requires that this should be done at the expense of the community generally, not at the expense of one particular class. Legislative arbitration between conflicting interests whose differences cannot otherwise be settled and whose conflict shakes the State is a different thing from confiscation; it is in itself an evil, because it impairs respect for contracts, the life of commerce and the basis of all prosperity; but when necessary it is moral, and it takes from the nominal owner nothing that he can practically enjoy. Flagrant abuse of proprietary rights may also afford ground for interference, particularly in the case of land, which is the basis of national existence. Owners could not be allowed to indulge their fancies if their fancies were fatal to production; the institution of property was made for man, not man for the institution of property. But confiscation, in the true sense of the term, must always be an economical blunder, as well as a political crime. It will certainly discourage industry, and therefore it will certainly diminish production. Theorists on the other side of the Atlantic seemed to fancy that the Irish movement was communistic. I ventured to assure them that it was nothing of the kind, and that no one was in fact less of a communist than the Irish farmer; that he was fighting, not against private ownership of land, but to make himself the private owner. I ventured to say that if they approached him with the proposal that his farm should be thrown open to the community, or to humanity at large, they would run some risk of being answered with arguments which would penetrate the thickest skull. Private ownership the cause of pauperism! What else has sustained the industry which has made the land bring forth its fruits? Who would reclaim the wilderness, clear away the forest, pull up the pine stumps, or painfully guide the plough among them, and bear all the hardships of a settler's life, if the land after all was not to be his own? What was it that turned the sands of Belgium into a garden? What is it that has given birth to the inexhaustible wealth of France? That land system must be the best for the whole community which makes the land yield most food. Notoriously, nothing is so stimulating to productive industry as ownership. Agrarian communism would be famine, unless you were to put the whip of the slave-driver into the hands of the Government. Even so, you would never get the harvests which are raised by the French and Belgian landowners. These extreme theories, however, it is fair to their authors to say, are merely the thoroughgoing expression of tentative and somewhat misty doctrines promulgated by high authorities about the special claims of the State on those whose property happens to consist of land. One illustrious writer suggests that the State might appropriate, not the land itself, but what he terms the unearned increment— that is, everything which is added to the value of the land

otherwise than by the exertions of the owner. But the net of this theory will be found on examination to enclose such a multitude of fishes that it breaks. Unearned increment is not peculiar to land. I buy a pair of boots. Next day leather goes up—here we have unearned increment. Has the State a right to take toll of my boots? Every judicious investment rises in value, even an investment in literary culture, if the public taste happens to improve. Every kind of property is the subject of unearned increment, and also, be it observed, of unmerited decrement, which no one asks the State to make good. It is argued that in land there are natural elements and forces which no man ought to be allowed to appropriate to himself. There are natural elements and forces in everything—in one's coat or hat, which by this rule may be legislated off one's back or head. It is said that Providence has given the land. Providence gives everything, including the sinews and the brain of man. If the land is common, so must be all the products of the land, and we shall be entitled to repudiate our milk bills because the cow grazes on the field. The people, we are told, have a right to live on land. Undoubtedly they have; and that they may live and not starve the land ought to be made to bring forth as much food, and food of as good quality, as possible, which can be done only by giving to the industry of the husbandman the incentive of private ownership. Agrarians point to the common ownership of land which prevailed in ancient communities, and relics of which survive in the village communities of the Russians and Hindoos. This was the rule of barbarism, to which, when it has been discarded by experience, it would be strange to ask civilization to return. It does not appear that in regard to production, which is the essential part of the matter, the Russian Mir is a very bright example. But neither the Hindoo village nor the Russian Mir is a real instance of agrarian communism. They are merely instances of joint-stock property in land. Squat upon the land of a village community in the name of the nation or of humanity, and you will be turned off with as little compunction as if you had squatted on the land of an individual proprietor. There is generally supposed to be some mystery, and as agrarians think a mystery of iniquity, about rent. Rent is simply what is paid for the use of land. It is not always proportioned to the productiveness of land as certain definitions assume, but sometimes to other circumstances, such as situation. A piece of land which it would not pay at all to cultivate will bring a high rent if it is so situated that it is capable of being used as a place of recreation for the inhabitants of a great city. It happens that in English there are different names for the hire of land or houses and for the hire of a chattel; but in other languages—Greek, for instance—there is no such distinction. That land, by the investment of labour and capital on it, has become productive enough to yield a rent to an owner, besides supporting the cultivator, is apparently no loss to society, but a gain. Unfortunately it has happened, partly through the retention of feudal land laws, that rent has to a great extent been in idle hands. Idle wealth, no matter of what kind it may be, is always an evil both to the possessor and the community. Whether you are a landowner or a fundowner matters not; it is always miserable and ignoble to live in uselessness by the sweat of other men's brows. But the evil can be cured or lessened only by the growth of a higher morality. Agrarian legislation would pluck up the wheat with the tares, for, once more, an attack on any kind of property is an attack on all. It is true land has in some measure provoked these special attacks. It has used its political power for the purpose of keeping itself surrounded with *quasi*-feudal privileges, when the mediæval system, military, political, and judicial, had been long defunct. We are feeling the effects of a reaction against feudalism which runs into the extreme of agrarian communism. In time opinion will settle down to the commercial system, which is the best for production, and, therefore, the best for us all. Mention has been made of the large tracts of land which are in the hands of individual owners in the Western American Continent. Some think that the system is growing, and that it is likely to work, not only an economical, but a social change. If an economical change is produced, a social change will certainly follow; no general law is better known to the student of politics than this. But, from what I can learn, the tendency, as the country becomes more peopled, is to the parcelling out of great holdings. At

all events, we may be sure that the governing principle will be commercial, that the great landowner, if he continues to exist, will be simply a producer of grain on an extended scale, and that nothing like feudal relations or sentiments will spring up on a soil in which feudalism has never been able to take root. From agrarian communism the transition is natural to communism of the more general kind. To all the varieties the American climate is unpropitious, because a large proportion of the people are landowners, and almost all either hold property of some sort or hope to hold it before they die. That brilliant bookmaker, the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, possessed his numerous readers with the belief that communistic societies occupied a large space in the United States. The space which they really occupy is hardly larger than that which was occupied in England by the Agapemone. There have been, I suppose, some thirty or forty of these curious experiments in all. A few of them have been successful in their way; most of them have failed, and among the failures are all those founded on the principle of Owen, which is Socialism proper, as the idyllic Utopia organized for a summer day by a group of literary men and women at Brook Farm. The law of success or failure is certain, and is easily discerned. Celibate communities succeed; they are not broken up by the conflict of family interests, and, having no children to feed, if they are industrious they grow rich. Thus the Shakers prosper. A celibate association of German enthusiasts in Pennsylvania prospered, and, having become a sort of tontine, was likely to leave its last surviving member a millionaire. The Oneida community prospered while it was celibate and childless; but the union of the sexes having been introduced, though in a strange and revolting way, the community is now breaking up. I visited it some years ago and found its members living very comfortably in their common mansion with all luxuries, including a place of seclusion for practising on the piano, and supported by the revenues derived from their three large factories, in which they employed hired labour of the ordinary kind. It is needless to say that, having a large property, they had ceased to be desirous of making proselytes. Perhaps a religious character and a prophet, who is also a strong ruler, such as Mr. Noyes was in the Oneida community, should be included among the conditions of success. Such eccentricities obviously can throw no light on any social problem. At most they testify to the existence of a sort of yearning for closer fellowship which may hereafter find gratification in other ways. Mormonism is not communistic. Individual industry and private property are its law. Its peculiarity is the despotic rule of the Prophet, who, however coarse his character, however strange his moral aberrations, must be admitted, in a purely economical point of view, to have been successful, and to have led his people through the wilderness to a land flowing with milk and honey. His followers were to a large extent peasants nurtured in the most enthusiastic form of Methodism, and in whose hearts millenarian reveries were united with the longings of the overworked and the hungry for the improvement of their earthly lot. Mormonism is probably about the last of the religious Utopias; the Utopias of the present day are Utopias, not of religion, but of social science. Of that Socialism which in Europe hangs like a thundercloud over society, emitting such flashes of lightning as Intransigentism and Nihilism, there is, for the reason already given, very little in the United States. There is very little, at least, that is of native origin. The overcrowding, the suffering, the oppressive military systems, the political disturbances of the Old World, send Socialists to the United States, and a few even to Canada. A semi-socialistic constitution was imposed the other day on the State of California by the Sandlotters, as the extreme social democracy of San Francisco is called, under the leadership of Mr. Dennis Kearney; but it seems not to have gone into operation, and the star of Mr. Dennis Kearney himself has paled. Property has its old guard in the freehold farmers, who, if it came to anything like a trial of strength, would be more than a match for the socialistic populace of the great cities. Liberty, with the love of which the people are thoroughly imbued, is opposed, as much as property, to Socialism. For Socialism is despotism in the supposed interest of the artisan. It would invest its industrial and social government with powers far more extensive and tyrannical than those which any political autocrat wields, and in killing liberty it would also kill progress. The first problem which a Socialist is called

upon to solve is political. He has first to devise a Government so pure, so wise, and so impartial as to be fit to be intrusted with absolute power, not only over the citizen, but over the worker, and, indeed, over the whole man, a Government the compulsory action of which might be safely substituted for natural motive in the industrial and social, as well as in the political department. His next problem will be how to bring his system into operation. The establishment of an artisan despotism will be resisted to the death by the other classes, and the entrance to social felicity will be through a civil war. Socialists and all who incline that way constantly talk of the State and of its duties. It is the duty of the State, they say, to educate everybody, to form the character of everybody, to provide work for everybody, whether there happens to be work enough or not. Duties can attach only to persons. To the persons composing the Government there attach such duties as may have been imposed upon them by the community, and these alone. The State is not a person or a conclave of persons ; it is merely an abstraction, or rather, in the conception of Socialistic theorists, it is the lingering shadow of that paternal despotism which was personal with a vengeance, but of which it might have been supposed that the world had made sufficient trial. In representing society as an organism, physical sociologists have, no doubt, gone too far ; a good deal of physical metaphor is being converted into philosophy just now. But the organism view is nearer the truth than that of a personal State, placed outside society, and having society in its charge. Any proposal to parcel out the industrial and commercial world into phalansteries, chimerical as it would be anywhere, is most glaringly chimerical when applied to a continent, occupied in its whole extent by a vast partnership of closely connected industries, and covered with a network of commercial communications ; in which, it may be added, the workman is particularly migratory in his habits, and unless he should totally change, his character would not bear the thought of being bound, as the phalanstery would bind him, to a single spot. I think it may be said that meantime an unforced and most salutary communism gains ground in the United States through the increasing sense of social duty on the part of the rich. Not only that property has its duties as well as its rights, but that the duties are, at least, as great a source of happiness as the rights, is the practical conviction of many a rich American, as the extraordinary number of foundations and the amount of munificence of every description show. In no community, I believe, is wealth held to a greater extent for the public benefit. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the impossibility of spending money on large establishments of servants, in a country where no servant will take orders from another, and also to the absence of titles and other inducements to found a family which compel a millionaire who is desirous of distinction to seek it by becoming a benefactor of the public. But the fact remains the same. You see the rich Americans who come over to squander their lightly-won fortunes in the pleasure cities of Europe, and fancy that these represent the tendencies of wealth in the United States ; but you do not see the rich Americans who are living far different lives at home. Trade unionism is not communism. It aims at insuring justice to the workman in the bargain between him and the capitalist who employs him, and at elevating his character and social condition. Those who pleaded its cause in earlier days may, I think, now have the satisfaction of saying that, in spite of errors and faults, it has really served both these purposes, and that, notwithstanding occasional outrages, it has, on the whole, rendered trade disputes more legal and less violent in their character than they used to be in former times. We have now no Luddite riots, though we have still things which are to be deplored. Trade unionism, however, like communism, is an offspring of the Old World imported by emigrants into the United States, where, down to a comparatively recent period, it could hardly be said to exist. The native American is generally too independent to brook the restraints of a union, and he has always felt able to make his own bargain with the employer ; nor in a land of self-made men, where almost all the masters have set out in life as workmen, is there the sharp social division which here, I take it, helps to generate and to embitter industrial war. The size of the continent, and the migratory habits of the workmen, to which I have already adverted, are also unfavourable to the organization of compact unions. Bad

unionist outrages were committed by the Molly-Maguires in the mining district of Pennsylvania; but curiosity having led me to the scene, I satisfied myself that the men were foreigners, fresh from the labour wars of the Old World. A few years ago there was a disturbance on a much larger scale and of a more ominous kind, the chief scene of which was Pittsburg. This began with a union or league of unions, but it spread to the tramps and other loose and disorderly characters, by whom, I believe, the worst of the outrages were committed. The necessity was then clearly revealed of having, in a country which is always receiving multitudes of the malcontent and turbulent spirits of the Old World, a sufficient regular force to prevent these immigrants from overturning public order and ruining their own hopes at the same time. Democratic society, however, feeling that it rests on the solid basis of justice, is not apt to endure encroachment on the part of trade unions any more than on that of any other interest or class. The great fact which those who engage in strikes have always to keep before their minds is, that their real employer is not the master, though he pays the wages, but the community which buys the work, and which cannot be driven by any amount of striking to give more than it thinks the work is worth; so that the master may be ruined and the trade may be wrecked before any increase of payment is obtained by the working man. There is no community in which this truth is likely to be brought home to those who strike for exorbitant wages more speedily than in the United States. I should say, however, that in America strikes were more often for increase of leisure than for increase of wages, and if the leisure is even tolerably well employed, this must be regarded as a sign of advancing civilization. I spoke of tramps, or as they would be called in this country, vagrants. It is painful to report that the appearance of tramps or vagrants in increasing numbers has become a subject of anxiety, both in the United States and in Canada. It is difficult to get at the real cause. In the United States, I have heard the opinion expressed that many of the tramps are old soldiers, and that the army which at the close of the Civil War seemed to have melted away almost by magic into the industrial population, has thus after all come back in another form upon the nation. It is not unlikely, indeed it may be taken as certain, that the habits of many were permanently unsettled by five years of military life. But having been practically engaged in the investigation in connection with the city charities of Toronto, I was led to the conclusion that most of these men were emigrants of restless and wandering disposition. Much, however, must be laid to the account of climate. During the long and severe winter many trades are suspended, and though, during the summer, wages are high, temptations are numerous and providence is not universal, though far more common than might be supposed. Some of the tramps certainly work in summer and beg only in the winter. The nomad after all is not yet wholly worked out of us; the tourist with his knapsack in Switzerland, as well as the gipsy, show that there is still a charm in a wandering life; and there are, perhaps, not a few among these tramps of whom good use might be made if a calling which had in it something of movement and enterprise could be found for them. In the United States, and still more in Canada, where the forests are the greatest source of national wealth, there is urgent need of a forest guard to prevent reckless destruction and especially to save the forests from the fires which, as you see, ravage them in dry summer, and, though sometimes caused by lightning, are usually caused by negligence in leaving camp fires burning, and sometimes even by malice. Some of the tramps might, perhaps, make good forest guards. In Toronto we are about to institute, for the reception of these men, a sort of casual ward, with the indispensable labour test. In the great cities of the New World pauperism is beginning to appear. It is a melancholy fact, and we admit it with reluctance, but we are everywhere looking forward to the necessity of a public provision for the poor. The first step towards this is the union of the different private charities of the city under a central board of administration or reference. In Philadelphia, Boston, and Buffalo, admirable organizations of this kind have been set on foot. It seems very sad that in a young country and in a land of promise the social malady of the old country should have so soon appeared. But we must remember that, though young in years, America is al-

ready old in progress; she has lived ten centuries in one. Her cities equal those of Europe in wealth and size, and are fast coming up to them in magnificence; it could hardly be expected that they would be exempted from the fell attendant of urban greatness. After all, the poor quarters of any American city, even the Five Points, at New York, does not approach in size, and hardly equals in squalor, the poor quarters in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow. I went the other day to look at the poor quarter of Philadelphia, and, really, without the help of the friend who guided me, I should hardly have known when I was in it. It is needless to say that political circumstances make this question one of special gravity in the United States. Destitution on a large scale would be fearfully dangerous in combination with universal suffrage. Public education is the sheet-anchor of the democracy, and as to the necessity of maintaining it there is, I believe, no serious difference of opinion on the Continent. Yet even this, like other good things, has its attendant shadow of evil. At least, the general impression is that the system of education in the public schools has something to do with the growing tendency of country people to leave the farms and to flock into the cities in quest of the lighter callings and the social pleasures of a city life. Certain it is that the tendency exists, and that callings of the lighter kind are greatly overcrowded, almost as much overcrowded as they are in England. If you advertise for a clerk or secretary, or even for a shopman, in New York, you will get nearly as many applications as you would get here. It is a fact which men of education who think of emigrating to America are earnestly recommended to lay to heart. The result, as there seems reason to fear, will in time be an educated proletariat of a very miserable and, perhaps, dangerous kind. Nothing can be more wretched or more explosive than destitution, with the social humiliation which attends it, in men whose sensibilities have been quickened and whose ambition has been aroused. People are being led to the conviction that, at all events, the education given in the public schools and at the expense of the community ought to be of a strictly practical character, and that the door should be closed against ambitious programmes, which engender a false conceit of knowledge and superiority to common work. There are, also, some who think that the multiplication of universities and of facilities for taking degrees without any special aptitude for learning or science has already gone far enough. We have not an unlimited market for graduates, any more than there is for shopmen or mechanics; and the pleasant idea that a youth, after receiving a university education and taking a degree, will go back to common callings and elevate them by his culture has not as yet been borne out by the facts. In connexion with this class of question, it may be mentioned that an attempt is being made to introduce co-operation on an extensive scale into Canada, by the establishment of an association at Montreal, with branches in other cities of the Dominion. It is distributive, not productive, co-operation that forms the object of the association. In truth, the two kinds of co-operation have nothing in common, and the application of the same name to both is practically misleading as well as verbally incorrect; it makes people fancy that the two things are connected and that, as one of them is feasible, the other must be feasible also. Distributive co-operation is not really co-operation at all; it is merely a combination of consumers to buy direct from the whole-ale merchants, and thereby to save what had hitherto gone as profit to the retail dealer. Nothing can be more simple or more practicable, and the system is evidently destined to extend itself, at l ast, in the cities; for in the country its application is more difficult, though our Farmer's Granges in Canada aim, I believe, at something of the kind. There can be no doubt as to the improvement which the ready-money system enforced in the co-operative stores makes in the habits and condition of the working class. Sympathy is due to the retail tradesman, who finds his calling and subsistence thus imperilled. We cannot wonder at his anxiety or even at his tendency to use his political influence against the advancing foe in that which must appear to him a matter of economical life or death. The suffering of those who have subsisted by the outgoing system is the sad part of many an economical improvement. Hard and cheerless is the lot of many of the atoms in the great body corporate unless they have some interest and some hope in the progress of the whole. The life of a small retail tradesman, however, is,

perhaps, not one of the happiest, or one the reduced sphere of which when the the thing is done and the pang is over there will be much reason to deplore. It must in a great many cases be one of extreme uncertainty and of bitter anxiety. Watch any street of small shops; how frequent are the changes and what protracted agonies of failure do those changes often denote. Many who who are now shopkeepers, it may be hoped, will find a less precarious employment as clerks in the co-operative stores. Great houses, such as that of Stewart at New York, already employ a large number of this class, and are essentially applications of the co-operative principle in another form. This case of the retail trader is not the only one of the kind, nor is he the only sufferer by the mighty changes which are going on in the course and the living machinery of trade. Increased facility of communication, especially between the two continents, is bringing the great merchant into the direct relation with the producer in other countries, and superseding a number of intermediate agencies by which multitudes have hitherto made their bread. Of productive co-operation no important instance has fallen under my notice in America. Mere premiums on the success of the business, given to the workmen in the shape of increased wages or in any other shape, while the capitalist retains the control, are instances of friendly and judicious enlistment of the working men's interest in his employer's work, but they are not instances of productive co-operation. In America, besides the ordinary difficulties arising from the want of a capital which can wait for the market and of a guiding mind, an obstacle would in this case again be found in the unwillingness of the mechanic to tie himself to one spot. In France the workingman is more stationary as well as more apt in his general character for association and more amenable to control.

To turn to a different class of subjects, though not one unconnected with socialistic tendencies. The Legal Tender Act, putting into forced circulation a flood of inconvertible paper, to which the Federal Government resorted during the Civil War, has been the unhappy parent of a long series of currency agitations which has kept commerce in a constant state of disquietude, and has hardly yet come completely to an end. It may be presumed that in an assemblage of economists there are few who have any doubt as to the character of that measure. It was in effect a forced loan, not the less unjust and pernicious because it assumed the form of legislative fraud and not of despotic violence. Whatever political lawyers occupying the bench of justice might say, it was a violation on the largest scale of that article of the Constitution which forbids any legislation breaking the faith of contracts. It enabled debtors to rob their creditors of 50 per cent of the debt by paying them in depreciated paper. It demoralized commerce and taught the people, who were too keen-sighted not to understand its real nature, a fatal lesson of dishonesty. It introduced confusion into prices, rendered the value of wages uncertain, and thereby brought on industrial disputes and strikes of which there had been hardly any instance before. It set up that mightiest and most noxious of national gambling tables, the Gold Room of New York. Its authors may plead the pressure of desperate necessity, and may, no doubt, assert with truth that their motives were patriotic, but the character of the measure ought not to be forgotten so long as we are threatened with repetitions or imitations of it. That there were inauspicious precedents for the measure we all know. There was the paper currency of the Revolutionary War, by means of which Washington himself was robbed of his private property while he was saving the country, and the effects of which, social and moral, as well as commercial, were such that Tom Paine, no straightlaced economist, seriously proposed that death should be the penalty of attempting to revive the system. There were the French assignats, which, it is just to say, were, in the first instance, land-script issued in good faith and based on lands really in the hands of the State, though an unprincipled and delirious Government soon began to drink more deeply of the seductive cup. There was also the suspension of specie payments in England at the crisis of the French war—a departure from principle of a mitigated character—yet a departure, and calamitous in its result. It is hardly necessary to say that, even in its strictly financial aspect, the Legal Tender Act was a blunder as well as a crime. In the upshot it greatly increased instead of

diminishing the burden of the debt. Far better would it have been, far better under similar circumstances will it always be, when taxation has reached its limits, to go honestly into the market and borrow at the best attainable rate, however high that rate may be. The transaction will really be less onerous to the nation, while the most precious of all possessions, the national credit, will be preserved. I was in the United States at the time, and to me it appeared that the people, if the politicians had only trusted them, were prepared for the better and wiser course. It is wonderful that, after receiving such a lesson in the use of paper currency from their legislators, and in spite of the plausible fallacies breathed by demagogues into the public ear, the people should have declared for resumption, and for the honourable payment of the debt in gold. Their good sense came to the aid of their integrity, and told them that the forfeiture of the public credit would to a commercial nation be, not only disgrace, but ruin. They have been rewarded by a national prosperity to which history affords no parallel. Yet, as might have been expected, the agitation in favour of an inflated paper currency, greenbackism as it is called, continued, and it found, as everything that has votes will find, allies and advocates among the politicians. Nor is it dead yet, though for the time it has received its *quietus* from the revival of trade, and the patient, feeling the tide of health once more running through his veins, has thrown his patent medicines to the dogs. In Canada during the commercial depression we had a movement in favour of what is called national currency—that is, a large issue of inconvertible paper, which upon the return of prosperity began to subside. If we should be so unfortunate as to have two or three bad harvests, and our farmers should go on piling up mortgage debt as they are doing now, it is to be feared we may hear of national currency again. Not that any one doubts that paper money has theoretic advocates who are perfectly honest and sincere. I could point to Canadians as upright as any men in the world, who are profoundly convinced that it is in their power not only to flood the country with wealth, but almost to create universal happiness, and wipe the tears from all faces by issuing an unlimited number of promissory notes and refusing payment. This is the true description of an inconvertible paper currency. A bank-note is nothing more than a promissory note for so much gold, payable on presentation of the note. All the notes issued under the American Legal Tender Act, and the other Acts of the same description, have, I believe, hitherto preserved the promissory form. If that form is to be discarded, and the simple denomination of a pound or a dollar substituted, as the Fiat money men propose, they will have to tell us what a pound or a dollar is if it is not a certain weight of gold. They tell us it is a certain proportion of the general wealth of the country, on which, as an aggregate, their currency is based. But what proportion? What does the paper sovereign specially represent, and to what will it entitle me? To a sheep, or only to a leg of mutton? To a coat, or only to a pair of shoes? How am I ever to tell what I have in my pocket? This is the first objection, but there is another which is much more fatal. The general wealth of the country is not, like the gold in the Treasury, the property of the Government; it is the property of individual owners; and the State, in giving me a ticket for a portion of it, under the form of a piece of Fiat paper money, would be simply giving me a license to pillage my neighbour. The Government has nothing but the right of taxation, bounded by the necessities of the State. Of course, if it is sovereign and despotic, it can give A an order for B's coat, but in doing so it would be committing an act of spoliation. The gold in the Treasury which, on the face of an honest bank-note, it promises to pay, is its own. These fallacies seem to arise from failure to grasp very simple facts. People when they use paper currency of the ordinary kind naturally enough fancy that they buy with paper. It is needless to say that they do not buy with paper in using a bank-note any more than in using a cheque. In both cases they buy with the gold for which the bank-note or cheque is an order. When a man receives a bank-note there is placed to his credit at the bank so much gold payable on demand. The piece of paper itself has no value, nor can any legislation give it any. No act of Government can possibly give anything value. Government by putting its stamp on the piece of gold assures the taker that it is of the proper weight

and quality ; but the value is in the gold itself. The gold is the real equivalent of the article purchased. Trade, it is said, was originally barter. It is barter still, though a particular commodity is adopted as the standard. Nothing is given except in return for its real equivalent. The gold, I repeat, is equal in value to the article purchased. But this is not always clearly seen, because one of the elements in the value of the precious metals, the principal element, indeed, is not material, but immaterial. At first they were chosen on account of natural qualities, their beauty, their durability, their portability, together with their rarity ; but now, in addition to these, they have the position given them by immemorial, universal, and practically immutable prescription as the circulating medium of the world. The Jacobins tried to change the chronological era, and to make history date from the first year of their Republic. To change the circulating medium of all nations would be nearly as desperate an undertaking. It by no means follows, because value is immaterial, that it is conventional and not real. The value of a diamond, as a material object, is as nothing compared with the value which it has acquired by ages of prescription as an established sign of wealth and social rank. This is a matter of fancy, perhaps ; but the value, while the fancy lasts, is not the less real. Of course, an enormous find of diamonds or gold would destroy the value in either case. I venture to think that even Mr. Mill has not always a perfectly firm hold of these facts. He speaks of money as a ticket, and a mere instrument of exchange. If this were so, perhaps other tickets might be produced at the will of Government. The Fiat money men point to postage stamps as an instance of value put into paper by Government. But a postage stamp is a receipt for a payment made to the Government in gold, in consideration of which the Government undertakes to carry the letter to which the receipt is affixed. Of course, if Governments chooses, in virtue of its sovereign authority, to enact that the inconvertible paper shall be accepted in payment of debts—if it chooses, in other words, to issue licenses of repudiation, the paper for a time will have a value with a vengeance. But, as we know, it will be only for a time, even though the Government, like that of France in the Reign of Terror, should back the currency with the guillotine. The Fiat money men are not agreed whether they will receive their own money for taxes. Those o robust faith say they will, but there are others who have an inkling of the fatal truth. But, as some American said in this discussion, if the Government can print off as much money as it pleases, why does it come pestering me for taxes at all ? About the merits of legal tender with inconvertibility most of us are of one mind. But why should we admit legal-tender notes at all ? Why should people be compelled to take anybody's paper, that of a Government more than that of a private banker or trader, as gold ? If the Government is solvent, no practical wrong is done. But all Governments are not solvent. A principle is broken, the ideas of the people are confused, and the door is open which leads to the downward path. The other day the Canadian Government, finding itself pinched, took power to issue more legal-tender paper. The Government was perfectly solvent, and acted in good faith ; but the measure produced some disquietude, and not without cause. In England commerce has a firm control over currency legislation ; in the communities on the other side of the water it has not so firm a control, and tampering with the currency is the demagogue's favourite game. Perhaps, with reference to America, at all events, one might even go further and ask whether it would not be better that Government should entirely confine itself to its necessary duty of putting its stamp on the coin. Why should it issue bank-notes at all ? Why should it issue bank-notes any more than any other kind of paper ? There is a feeling that it ought to appropriate to itself, for the benefit of the nation, the profits of this particular business. But why of this business more than of discounting, or of lending, or of banking ? Government cannot determine the quantity of paper needed at any moment. Nothing can determine that but the number and extent of transactions. The action of the private banks is regulated by the number and extent of the transactions ; they cannot help expanding and contracting their circulation with the need. The Bank Charter Act has been three times suspended, of course not without the inconvenience and injustice which attend arbitrary intervention, and it seems at periods of

tightness to have the effect of producing a sort of hysterical constriction, which aggravates the evil. Private banks of issue with proper regulations as to reserve and inspection seem to have gone very well through the crisis, both in the United States and in Canada. They are under the law, and we have no reason to apprehend laxity in enforcing the law against them; on the contrary, there is nothing of which the politicians are fonder than bullying the banks. But the Government is above law, and it may be in unscrupulous hands. The money trade, surely, is like any other trade, and falls as little as any other trade within the province of political government. In the ordinary course of commerce, bank-notes issued by a private bank, though not legal tender, cannot practically be refused. This is the ground, and a sufficient ground, for precautionary legislation of a special kind in the case of banks. Other ground it is difficult to see. It must be owned that the stockholders of Joint Stock Banks, in Canada at least, are apt to invite Government intervention by uttering loud outcries when their concerns are mismanaged. But they are like the stockholders of any other companies, and must find their security for honest management in the election of trustworthy directors. If they call for Government intervention against their own officers they may be in some danger of illustrating the fate of the horse in the fable. About the last scene of the currency agitation, for the present at least, seems to be the silver movement. There are strong and sincere advocates of the bi-metallic system on theoretic grounds; but the sinews of the movement I take it are the Greenbackers with the Silver Kings behind them. The commercial world was some time in settling down on gold as the standard; not only silver has been the standard, but iron, copper, and, under pressure of necessity, other articles, such as salt and tobacco. Silver still remains the standard in some countries, to the requirements of which commerce is obliged to bend. But the greatest commercial countries have finally settled on gold, with silver for change. It is for the champions of bi-metallism to say how any government or convention of governments is to fix and to keep fixed the relative value of two commodities, when the relative rate of production, among other circumstances, is varying from day to day. So long as silver is merely change for gold, a rough equivalency will suffice. The wealth of England is stored in gold; she is by far the greatest gold owner in the world; and to ask her to go into Congress for the purpose practically of depreciating gold, is to suppose great simplicity on her part. The result of the Bill which the silver men succeeded in carrying through Congress is a mass of silver coin, dollars of the Fathers as the silver men tenderly call them, which nobody will take if he can help it, and in which the salaries of the politicians might appropriately be paid.

Am I to touch the burning question of protection and free trade? If I do, I will be careful of my fingers, and, avoiding theories, confine myself to one or two facts. With regard to the new Canadian tariff, I must say here what I have said elsewhere—it was a measure of fiscal necessity. There was a deficiency which could be filled only by an increase of the import duties, direct taxation in those communities being fraught with social danger, as well as vexatious and difficult of collection. The only tax which is really protectionist, that is, imposed for the purpose not of revenue, but of protection, is the coal tax, laid on in the interest of Nova Scotia, and with a view of securing her adhesion to the general policy. In the selection of the classes of goods there is an attempt to discriminate in favour of England against the United States, which, by the result, appears to have been not unsuccessful. Of course, taxes imposed on the importation of goods of the same kind as those which are made in the country gives what is called incidental protection to the home manufacturer, and the tariff is accordingly welcomed by the Protectionists, whose support the Government does not refuse. But there is a rider to the tariff, looking to the mutual reduction of duties by Canada and the United States. The deficit which created the necessity was caused by expenditure for political objects on public works. That the objects were political is not a condemnation, provided the policy was sound. Other things are entitled to consideration besides wealth, as Adam Smith in his defence of the Navigation Laws has emphatically declared. Political economy rests not on any religious principle, but on expediency, which must be enlarged

so as to take in all reasonable motives, and to embrace the future as well as the present. That he is sacrificing, and deliberately sacrificing, the present advantage to larger gains in the future, is the position of the American Protectionist; and, whether the belief as to the future profit be well or ill-founded in his case, we must meet him in argument on his own ground. For my part I see little prospect of a change in the American tariff except through the reduction of the debt, which will diminish the need of revenue. The Protectionist fights hard, the Free Trader is apathetic. I have noticed this in speaking to Western farmers, who would seem to have the greatest interest in Free Trade. The proportion of dutiable articles used by the farmer is not large; he does not spend much in clothes, for his machinery he has paid protection price, but then he has bought it, and the thing is done. Seeing the finances flourishing the people think the system must be good. The promise that by encouraging home manufactures it will draw emigration and provide the farmer with customers on the spot, instead of sending the workman's dinner to him across the Atlantic, seems to them to be sustained by the results. After all, we must remember that the United States are not an ordinary country, they are a continent, producing almost everything in itself. The Americans, in fact, have free trade over a vast and diversified area. It seems better to point out this, and to show how it saves them from consequences which would attend protection applied to a small territory, than to tell them they are a ruined people, when they know that, instead of being ruined, they are about the most prosperous people in the world. There is talk of an Imperial Zollverein, which means, I suppose, free trade between England and her colonies, with protection against the rest of the world. Canada would always be willing to meet the wishes of the mother-country, but she could hardly enter into an arrangement of this kind. Her case is essentially different from that of Australia and New Zealand. She is bound up commercially as well as territorially with the United States, which are her natural market. She has, moreover, a frontier of 3,000 miles, and to keep out American goods she would have to employ a considerable proportion of her population in guarding the Customs line. As it is, there is smuggling on a large scale.

This paper is unavoidably miscellaneous; and there are two things more which perhaps ought to be briefly noticed. One is international copyright. Literary men in the United States have always been in favour of international copyright, both on general grounds of justice and because, under the other system, they are placed at a manifest disadvantage, a publisher not being willing to pay them for their work while he is at liberty to take the work of British authors without paying. But the publishers have hitherto resisted. Now they have come round, and are pressing the Governments to make a treaty. It is too late. Cheap publishing has received an immense extension in America during the last few years. Not only light literature, but literature of all kinds, including science, and philosophy, can now be bought at amazingly low prices—prices so low that the necessity of public libraries, except for purposes of reference, appears likely to be almost superseded. The American people have entered into a paradise of cheap reading, from which, depend upon it, they will not allow themselvès to be shut out. I doubt whether Congress could ever pass the law which it seems would be necessary to give effect to a treaty. Copyright altogether received a severe blow when a large English-reading public came into existence on the other side of the Atlantic beyond the pale of English law. There is nothing for it now, as I believe, but to get, if possible, free trade in books, and in publishing to give up etiquette, and come down to commercial principles. We must print our books, as we would make our cottons, for the market, and not expect the public to give an etiquette price for reading matter more than for any other article. I fear this sounds coarse advice. But, after all, the soul is yoked to the body, and if literature is ethereal, publishing is a trade. It would not be surprising if the question raised by this international difficulty about copyright were some day to extend to the case of patent right also.

The last word I have to say is about emigration, and on this subject I wish to be cautious. I do not want, as a citizen of a country which courts emigration, to understate its advantages; at the same time I feel the responsibility of encouraging anyone to emigrate. I

have had to do with emigrants, and I know that all, even those who are destined to prosper most in the end, have to go through a period of despondency and home sickness. This is particularly the case with mechanics and persons of that class, who, finding things not exactly as they are here, think that all is wrong, and lose heart. A labouring man—healthy, hard-working, sober and thrifty—cannot fail, I believe, to do better in the New World than he could possibly do here. For a farmer, taking with him money enough to buy his land and stock, or partly stock if the prospect seems good. But the British farmer, at least if he has reached middle-age, with his fixed habits and ideas, accustomed as he is to all the aids and appliances of a long-settled and highly-civilized country, with the mechanic always at hand to do for him what the American or Canadian does for himself, is hardly the man for the life of a pioneer ; he is likely to do better by taking one of the farms in the East which are left vacant by the adventurous Americans and Canadians moving west. Of mechanics I believe there are nearly enough for the present both in Canada and the United States, though, of course, the increase of the general population is always making fresh openings, especially in the West. Domestic servants are in demand, particularly such as can cook ; but they must not expect the same punctilious divisions of household labour which there are here ; they will have to follow the general rule of the continent, by mixing trades and doing things which here they would say were not their place. The class of callings which, I must repeat, is over-stocked, almost as much as it is in this country, is the lighter and more intellectual class, such as are commonly sought by the sons of gentlemen and educated men. Let not any man cross the Atlantic in quest of these, for if he does he is not unlikely to be an example, by no means the first, of highly-educated men seeking in vain for the humblest and coarsest employment that he may eat bread. I have only to add that any emigrant, English, Scotch, or Irish, who comes to Canada will find himself among friends.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

NOW when the world is joying with a joy
That bids all wayward murmurs sink to peace,
And every heart beats hopeful for increase
Of good, free from a fleck of base alloy
Demeaning human kind, as to destroy
The nobler life whose gaze is upward bent
Upon Faith's sky, if haply through a rent
God's light supernal gleam : no paltry toy
Of playful thought, struck out in meanest strain
Wilt thou esteem this darling wish of mine
That what thou cravest as thy richest gain
May always smile upon thee, thee and thine,
Till mortal chords close in eternal swell,
And 'midst th' acclaim thou hear'st the words, 'Tis well.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

'WHAT a nuisance Christmas is!' This amiable remark was made by a lady who was evidently selecting Christmas presents with no great relish for the task. And it is a remark which has probably been made, audibly or inaudibly, by more than this speaker! 'I think it is so nice to remember one's friends at Christmas'—said another lady, *apropos* of the question of Christmas tokens. The two speakers were representatives of two classes of people and Christmas givers, who, with many varying shades between them, are always pretty distinctly marked,—the people who love to live in the lives of others, and the people who think anything 'a bore' that calls them out of themselves, and makes it necessary for them to think of others. Some people have a latent but strong conviction that any expenditure they are called upon to make for others is an injustice, and an oppression to themselves. Of course, to such people, Christmas *is* a nuisance, since, if they will do nothing else, they find themselves expected, at least, to send Christmas cards to their friends, and even Christmas cards may be felt a burden. Such people, if they were more honest, would not profess to give Christmas presents at all!

But Christmas gifts are like a great many other things,—wedding gifts included—good or bad, according to the spirit in which they are bestowed. When they are given for the credit of the donors, to gratify the spirit of ostentation—or even merely because 'it is expected,' or because there is an obligation in advance to be discharged on account of anticipated gifts from others, they loose all the sweet meaning of a gift, to the givers at least, if not to the receivers! When Christmas gifts come to be a sort of unadmitted barter, they loose all the grace of gifts, without the satisfaction of purchase. For it is almost sure to turn out, as some one has cynically observed, that A. gives to B. something he cares for to get from B. something for which he does not care at all. From which, it may be easily observed, that comparatively few people have what may be called the *genius of giving*—in which is implied not only nice perception and tact, but sufficient consideration for others—their tastes and wants, to understand what will be an acceptable gift for any particular friend—consequently very *mal-a-propos* gifts are often made even by people who are not at all stupid in other things. But it is only those who are not too self-absorbed to live a little in other people's lives, who can give attention enough to the wants and wishes of their friends to present them with just the thing they were wishing for? In the dearth of ingenuity or attention or tact or sympathy, whichever it may be that is lacking, Christmas cards are a resource for the many perplexed people who like to show their friends that they remember them at Christmas, without too great an expense of money or thought, and who can in this way include a much wider circle of friends in the Christmas greetings. And the really beautiful and artistic designs of many of the cards make it possible to give real pleasure by sending one, apart from the more special pleasure of being remembered at a time when to most of grown up persons the day is apt to have more sad than 'merry' associations, and so a token of remembrance from the friends whom life's changes have left is all the more appreciated. Some very practical people consider even Christmas cards a 'nuisance' and a 'tax.' Let us hope that they better bestow the price of their alabaster boxes: and, in the meantime, let us be glad that bonds of affection are strengthened and old ties re-knit and lonely hearts made glad by this pleasant Christmas custom in a world wherein for most people the sorrows are apt to overbalance the joys.

F.

PROPHECY.

THERE seems to be an instinctive fondness for prophecy in human nature. To prophesy and to be prophesied to, seems to be alike congenial. It does not appear to be at all necessary that there should be any fulfilment, or any signs of fulfilment. After repeated failures, if the prophet is only loud and self-confident enough, people are as ready to believe as ever. The prophetic office so very conspicuous in semi-barbarous times does not seem to wane in importance in civilization. We see the confidence reposed in Vennor's weather predictions, notwithstanding constant failures, and also the ready ear that is given to every interpreter of the Book of Revelations, if only he foretells the immediate end of the world and deals satisfactorily with the marks of the beast and the number 666. A certain class of people take great satisfaction in predictions of England's decline and downfall. I had always thought that this kind of prophecy was enjoyed chiefly by a few snarling Americans like Hawthorne, and Germans like Heine and Hegel with whom the wish was father to the thought; but it seems we have a full-fledged prophet of this description in Montreal. One difference between them, however, is very noticeable. The Continental and American prophets base their predictions on England's vices and depravities, but Mr. Boodle bases his, on her virtues and good qualities. So long as England is rapacious and unprincipled in her dealings with her neighbours, ready to fight with or without provocation, she is great, and going on to a glorious maturity, but as soon as she begins to prefer justice in her domestic and foreign relations; when by the passage of the Reform Bill she extends political rights to a larger class of her citizens she shows signs of decay and old age; when she finds out that she has has been waging an unjust war on the South African Boers her 'flag is disgraced by concessions to a victorious enemy.' With a show of italics as if he had made a great discovery, he announces that the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832—the first step in a series of reforms by which England has given equal rights to all classes of her citizens —was 'The first great mark of England's decline.'

It is difficult to understand the state of mind which could lead any one to such a conclusion from such premises. Mr. Boodle admits himself, after recapitulating a lot of more or less imaginary symptoms of decay, that 'there seems to be no way of accounting for them except on the theory of natural decline.' He is not the first who has been misled by the analogy between the animal and the social organism. There is a very close resemblance, no doubt, in structure and function between the individual and the community; and the modes of working in the one case have thrown much light and illustration on the other. This has been admirably set forth by the greatest philosopher of modern times. But analogies between any two things are never complete at all points; they are never exact copies of each other. Although there are many curious and instructive resemblances in structure and function between the animal and the social organism, it does not follow that because the one has its inevitable period of decay and extinction, that the other has the same unavoidable destiny; and even though any proof could be adduced to this effect, no one can say what ratio there is between the lives of the two. How many decades or centuries in the life of a nation would be equal to a year in the life of an individual. There is no doubt that the earth itself will some time 'wax old as a garment,' but judging from the time it has already been in existence we may infer that there is a period in store for it so enormous in duration as practically to amount to an eternity; and similarly with nations. When we consider how their units are continually renewed by successive generations, how much more independent in their motions they are than those of an animal, it is reasonable to conclude that with favourable conditions, and especially with free institutions, their lives may be continued through long intervals of time. Mr. Boodle's formidable array of the symptoms of England's decay is quite superficial. A few years will overcome the worst of them. Neither the symptoms nor the energy displayed in curing them indicate a decline in the national constitution; nowhere are there any signs of age or weakness. A slight consideration of the parallel between the individual and the community will show that the case is quite the reverse. In the individual organism, youth and manhood are

distinguished by the vigour of the reproductive functions, and old age is accompanied by a diminution or a cessation of these functions. In manhood the life is so vigorous that there is a surplus of energy and material which goes to the formation of new individuals. Now this state of things holds good with England as a nation. Every year her surplus fertility swarms over into her colonies as well as into foreign countries, founding new cities and new communities, and carrying her arts and civilization and language to the farthest parts of the earth. Another distinctive feature in the individual is, that in youth and manhood damages to structure are more easily repaired than in old age. When decay sets in there is a decrease of elasticity in the tissues, and hence the greater difficulty in setting up the healing process. In youth the reparative processes are vigorous and the effects of hurts and bruises soon disappear. We do not require to go any further back than the era which, according to Mr. Boodle, marked the beginning of England's decline, to see that she has a constitution which still possesses very vigerous reparative powers. The Indian mutiny threatened at one time to deprive her of her most valuable territory, but a tremendous effort was put forth, and the rebellion at first so formidable was crushed in a few months. The old evils of administration were swept away and a new era of justice to the Indian people was established. The chronic state of rebellion in Ireland, which Mr. Boodle counts upon as a sure sign of England's decay, is far less difficult to manage than it was at one time; the present crisis in that country gives many proofs of this. Justice is the one thing necessary to cure Irish discontent. Our noble English Premier delivered them from an alien church; he has now delivered them from a rapacious landlordism. And the time is not far distant when the Irish people will recognise that England desires to deal justly with them. Previous to the first Reform Bill, Eng'and governed her colonies in an arbitrary and despotic fashion; they were treated solely as sources of trade, and little heed was taken of their rights as free citizens of the empire; but a change of ideas took place, the right of self-government was conceded to the colonies, the full management of their own affairs was granted them, England asking for no privilege other than that given to any foreign country; and now her colonies, instead of being in a chronic state of discontent, always on the brink and sometimes actually in rebellion, are peaceful and prosperous communities, a source of strength instead of weakness to the mother country.

At the time of the American civil war, it was thought and hoped by many Anglo-phobists, that the failure of the cotton supply would be the turning point in England's greatness, and many prophets were as confident as Mr. Boodle that there would not be strength enough left in her to resist the tremendous strain on the resources of her manufacturing classes; but every one knows how their predictions were falsified; how all classes came to the aid of the cotton workers and the difficulty was more easily overcome than had been anticipated. Many more illustrations could be given to show that in the parallel between the life of an individual and the life of a nation England is a long way from the decay of old age. The last fifty years have seen great progress made in every thing which promotes the welfare of a nation. Crime and pauperism have relatively to population diminished to a large extent; a national system of education has been established, which promises great results, and what is perhaps of greater consequence, right ideas of what education ought to be have advanced. It is no longer supposed that a knowledge of the dead languages and literatures of antiquity constitutes an education. Nobody but a pedagogue now proposes to throw light on any question of English politics by the opinions of Plato or by a chapter of Roman history. The political opinions and governmental practices of nations, on whom the idea of human rights had not dawned, in which women and children had no legal right to their lives and slavery was the normal state of things, can be of very little use to us; they can form no examples for our guidance. One of the most cheering features of the present day in England, is that notwithstanding the lugubrious forebodings indulged in on the subject, the general loosening of the theological creeds is not attended by any perceptible loosening of the restraints of morality. It is beginning to be recognized by thoughtful minds that morality is something distinct from religion and

that it stands on a different foundation. The large numbers of the working classes in England who have broken away from the churches and formed themselves into secular societies, have not fallen below, but have risen above the average of their class in intelligence and morality. By their experiments in co-operation they are teaching a valuable lesson to all classes of Englishmen, a lesson that may some day solve the vexed problems of capital and labour, the problems which are the most likely to disturb the future peace of England.

J. G. W.

THOUGHTS ON TENNYSON'S 'DESPAIR.'

AS the reader turns from the poems of the early Victorian era to the productions of our contemporary bards he is constantly reminded of the truth of Hallam's saying, that 'literature is a garden of weeds as well as flowers.' Of the earlier singers of the reign, the greater number are now mute; while the Laureate, his voice still strong in age, might say with Matthew Arnold, 'To tunes we did not call, our being must keep chime.' Meanwhile, none of the later poets can be mentioned in the same breath with their predecessors. It is mournful to think how little genuine poetry is now produced. One volume of considerable power, entitled, 'Ballads and Sonnets,' by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has issued from the press during the past year. It is full of prettinesses, and we feel sure that the writer has the soul of poetry in him, but the spirit of the age has been too much for him, and he succumbs without a struggle to our besetting sins of literary epicurism and artificiality.

It is a pleasure to turn from such writers to the leavings of a greater spirit. Verily the 'funeral baked meats' are more palatable than the feasts of the 'marriage tables.' And in more senses than one Tennyson's 'Despair' is but a repast of 'funeral baked meats.' Ghastly and morbid, the confessions of a frustrated suicide, it yet abounds in happy turns of expression, and has here and there some of the golden lines which Tennyson has taught his readers to expect. Such are those that describe the last words and kiss of the wife who succeeded in effecting what her husband failed to do:—

> 'Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began!
> Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man.'

Still more noticeable is the verse describing the mouldering world:

> 'Why should we bear with an hour of torture a moment of pain,
> If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
> *And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,*
> *Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,*
> *When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled*
> *From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?*'

From many points of view Tennyson's poem would repay study, for, like all his poetry, it is full of 'the human heart and the Age,' but the point to which I wish to call attention at present is the significance of the poem, as indicative, with his late volume of ballads and other poems, of a new departure in its author and in English literature. Perhaps the most successful *bon mot* in 'Despair' is the line, 'For these are *the new dark ages*, you see, *of the popular press.*' This, to my mind, is very suggestive. It indicates in a satirical way the new readers for whom the poet of the future will have to write, whom Tennyson is addressing in the present poem, and for whom many of the most popular pieces in his late volume were intended. Such especially were the 'First Quarrel,' 'Rizpah,' the 'Northern Cobbler' and the 'Village Wife.' The whole spirit and workmanship of these and 'Despair' differentiates them from their author's earlier work. The 'Princess,' 'In Memoriam' and the 'Idylls,' with their occasional abstruseness, their allusiveness and their ideal representation of life, stand in strong contrast with the directness, the realism, the freedom from allusion of these later poems. Tennyson, in fact, seems to be writing for a different audience. His later poems will please the student less, but will become the favourites of that larger public for whom American humorists write and whose requirements are studied by the modern newspaper. I have heard it said that Tennyson's 'Ballads and Other Poems' is, in some ways, the most popular work he has published. I do not know how far the sale of the volume tallies with this surmise; but it may be safely predicted that its heroic ballads and popular pathos will win their way, as passages for recitation, to a wider public than any of Tenny-

son's more dignified works. However this may be, it is quite evident that the laureate has, consciously or unconsciously, changed his style, abandoning idealistic painting for realistic, and aiming at greater directness and simplicity of treatment. Let us for a moment enquire into the meaning of this. There are two elements that have to be taken into account when we are considering Literary Revolutions. These are brought about quite as much by the widening of the circle of readers, for whom literature comes into being, as by the changes of thought that pass over the atmosphere in which the poet lives and writes. These two elements combine together to form what is called 'the Spirit of the Age.' Thus the literature of a country keeps pace with its social changes, and the transference of power which slowly goes on in the political world is reflected in literature by the changes of subject and style. To illustrate this point: The change from the involved construction of English prose in the 17th century to the comparatively simple style of the 18th century, or, again, the revolution identified with the name of Wordsworth, viz., the revolt from the correct school of poetry to the nature poets of the present century, were both in a very real sense popular changes. A similar revolution is taking place in literature at the present day. It would, in fact, be strange if it were not so, when we reflect on the strides that democracy is making in almost every country in Europe and America. The circle of readers, owing to the spread of education, is widening year by year, and the would-be popular poem in 1881 has to reckon with a very different audience from a poem published in 1837. The reading public of that year was a mere oligarchy compared with the reading public now. And if we consider this state of things attentively, at the same time trying to estimate the effect that the popularization of Science and scientific modes of thought has had upon the imagination, we shall be in a position to appreciate what Tennyson means by the 'new dark ages of the popular press,' as well as to account for the sterility of imaginative and poetical literature at the present day. The Dark Ages of history were the times of ignorance produced by two causes working simultaneously: the influx of a rude, unlettered multitude into Europe before whom the ancient civilization of the Roman Empire disappeared, and the dominance obtained by the Church over, as well as by reason of, their ignorance. Shall I malign the present age if I say that the civilization of the past, like Boethius of old, is suddenly confronted by new barbarians (I use Matthew Arnold's word) coming from below, and that over these masses unable to appreciate the criticism of 'Literature and Dogma,' Science holds absolute sway; that before science much of the poetry and potency of beauty of the past are melting away, like Shakespeare's fairy land in the cold clutch of time. We can understand at once the natural repulsion felt by poets to materialism and the effect that it produces in their writings. As the world of fact grows more uninviting, they get further away from it; they write for the few about subjects in which the few only take interest, in a language which the few only can understand. Such is the history of much of the poetry of the day. A recent critic thus writes of Swinburne's last volume ('Studies in Song'): 'He appears to have never come in contact with the world; he knows nothing of its sorrows, its delights, its hopes; at least, he cannot identify himself with them and mould them into poems. He, therefore, stands apart, and sings of grief, love, hate, hope and despair as abstract sentiments.' And with a change of subject this is true of most contemporary poetry. Tennyson's sensitiveness to his environment has led him to change his style to address himself to the feelings that actually agitate the great public about him. His last poem may be full of morbid introspection, but the subject is real enough. I regard, then, the present as the beginning of a new era in poetry as in so much else, an era of which the first prophet was one, much of whose writings it is impossible to admire, nay even to tolerate—the poet of democracy, Walt Whitman. 'Of life,' he tells us in an Inscription to his 'Leaves of Grass,' 'immense in passion, pulse and power, *the modern man I sing.*' And Tennyson was undoubtedly thinking of the new life coming from America to regenerate that of the Old World when, in his late volume, he invoked the 'diviner Air' to come 'far from out the west,' and to 'breathe over all this weary world of ours.' Only when this influence is more fully felt and the 'diviner Light' breaks 'far from out a sky forever bright' over the 'ruined world,'

will literature revert to her old glories. And when poets have become accustomed to their environment, and ceased to 'think so brainsickly of things;' when the tyranny of science is overborne, and a new generation invigorated by a diviner air and light shall have sprung up; we may hope that the reflections of agnostic monomania will seem no less unfit subject for poetry than the crazes of æstheticism.

R. W. Boodle.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Prince and the Pauper, by Mark Twain. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1881.

This new production of Mark Twain has had the advantage of some extraneous advertising in the effort made by his Montreal publishers to secure for it Canadian copyright, on the strength of its author's sojourn in Canada, while an edition of the work for sale in the Dominion was passing through the press. The application was, however, refused, on the plea that the brief visit of the author to Montreal was not a full compliance with the Act which gives the privilege of copyright to those "domiciled" in Canada. This interpretation of the law may be officially justified, though we incline to think that when the Act was being passed the question of "domicile" was made subordinate to the condition that the work for which a native copyright was sought should be printed in the country. Its author, we conceive, therefore, should, so long as the existing law remains in force, have had a copyright—and more particularly so, because he had already secured one in England. While expressing this view, however, we by no means subscribe to the doctrine that what is copyright in England should be copyright here, at least in the case of an alien in whose country no reciprocal privilege is accorded. It may be very annoying to Mark Twain to find cheap Canadian reprints of his books crossing the line and clandestinely underselling the author's high-priced American editions. But it is equally a matter of loss and annoyance to the English author to find the Canadian market glutted with unauthorized New York reprints of a British copyright. Of course an international treaty applied to literature between the United States and Great Britain, if ever secured, would remove injustice on both sides and do away with the anomalies of the position. But until that is negotiated, Canada, we argue, should have complete control over her copyright legislation, and the absurdity of protecting the literature of other countries, while our own has no like consideration given it, should cease. That we have so long consented to tie our own hands in the matter of reprinting English books in Canada, while our neighbours were royally free to reproduce and send them into the country, has always seemed to us a national fatuity without a parallel. It would seem equal lunacy to give copyright in Canada to American literature while our own and that of England have no similar protection on the other side.

But let us say a word or two of the book before us. 'The Prince and the Pauper,' is a delightful boy's book. It is a highly-sugared dose of English history of the Tudor period, and gives us a form of the legend which has so often appeared in Indo-European folk lore, of the Prince wandering in disguise and unrecognised. As rendered by Mr Clemens, the story is of a little London street arab, beaten and maltreated in a drunken home, but saved from moral evil by the instructions of a good old priest,—one of those ejected from the monasteries of Henry VIII. In a prettily imagined scene this boy is brought into contact with the little Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI. The boys

exchange clothes and, by an accident, the real prince is hustled into the streets, while his comrade is recognised by every one as the true prince. Here and there a few American vulgarisms, which would have been better omitted, crop out; but on the whole the situations are treated with much genial comic humour. The adventures of the true Prince are well conceived; and religious insanity is aptly described in the Hermit. The book is very readable, though in a new vein from that which Mark Twain has hitherto worked. The volume will make an acceptable New Year's present.

Considerations on the Revised Edition of the New Testament. By the Rev. Canon R. W. NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L. Montreal: The Gazette Printing Company. 1881.

This brochure contains a scholarly and well written review of the excellencies and defects of the Revised New Testament; which in the absence of the achievement of a perfect Greek Text, the author accepts as 'a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Scripture.' Dr. Norman has done good service to theological and other students of the New Testament, by inserting in his appendix, first, a 'list of important changes or omissions in the Revisers' text,' and secondly, 'Samples from the Revised edition, of passages where there is an improvement in the way of increased accuracy.' In the latter list of samples, the rendering in the authorised version and that in the revision are put in parallel columns. This gives a great help in estimating the amount of improvement effected. Dr. Norman's remarks on this subject are sensible and well put; but in speaking of the question of Inspiration he seems to contradict himself; at one place, p. 6, maintaining 'plenary Inspiration, and that to alter one word or even one letter would be presumptuous and profane.' This is the old-fashioned verbal Inspiration theory with a vengeance. But if so, how comes Dr. Norman to say that 'the Sacred writers were not passive instruments in the hands of the Holy Ghost,' which is exactly what they must have been if they had such 'plenary inspiration' that it would be profane to alter 'one word or even one letter' of what they wrote? This habit of playing fast and loose with doctrine is a vice with theological writers, who are too apt to import casuistry into argument. The same disingenuousness, as we think, appears in Dr. Norman's sneer at the admission of a Unitarian member to the Committee of Revision. The italics in the following quotations are ours:—'There should be a *moral* and *spiritual* as well as a critical faculty, also one who *examines the living Word as a surgeon dissects an inanimate corpse*, and one who places the Inspired record on a level with any other book, *though I do not apply this to Mr. Vance Smith?* can hardly be said to possess all the necessary qualifications.' If this does not apply to Mr. Vance Smith, to whom does it apply? Dr. Norman is speaking of the admission of a Unitarian member. 'Some,' he says, speaking presumedly for himself and those of his school, 'may regret the presence on the Committee of a Unitarian member.' Now this sub-acid intolerance, the modern survival of the spirit of St. Dominic, may pass unchallenged when confined to ecclesiastical buildings wherein the anathemas of Athanasius, the damnatory, are still recited if not believed; but when it comes into the light of day and enters the arena of literature, such language becomes a fair mark for criticism, with no right to claim benefit of clergy. We therefore feel bound to say that Dr. Norman's contemptuous rejection of Unitarians from the rank of Christians, and his treatment of Mr. Vance Smith's claims to our gratitude as one of the Revision Committee, seems to us in the very worst taste of reactionary ecclesiasticism. The spirit of bigotry which dictates such petty insults to the Unitarian branch of the Christian Church is certainly not in favour with the *laity* of the Church to which Dr. Norman belongs, though it is but too likely to recommend him to his clerical brethren.

Suicide: an Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics. By HENRY MORSELLI, M.D., Professor of Psychological Medicine in the Royal University, Turin, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. 1882.

In addition to maps displaying the geographical intensity of suicide, this book contains over fifty valuable statistical tables, showing the seasons, the

places, the ages, the callings, religions, and other conditions that conduce to self-destruction. Among the interesting facts to be gleaned from the tables are these: suicide increases alarmingly with civilization; it varies inversely to crimes of violence; it is commoner in summer than in winter, and very much commoner among males than females, though widows are more prone to it than widowers. There is a chapter on the influence of race and sex upon the choice of deaths.

The author's main conclusion is that 'suicide is an effect of the struggle for existence and of human selection, which works according to the laws of evolution among civilized people.' And his proposed antidote is to lessen the intensity of the struggle. He therefore endorses the Malthusian theory; but, thinking society not quite ready at present to check population by law, he advises doing this—as well as weakening the motives to suicide—by moral training.

The author's style, we may add, is not particularly lucid, or his translator is sometimes at fault.

The Household Library of Catholic Poets. Compiled by ELIOT RYDER. Published by JOSEPH A. LYONS, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. 1881.

This prettily bound volume is a collection of choice *morceaux* of authors professing the faith of the Church of Rome, some of whom, as for instance, Alexander Pope, were very lax in their adherence to Catholic orthodoxy. Others, such as Crashaw, James Shirley, and Sir Wm. Davenant, we are hardly accustomed to think of as Catholics; they were Catholics as it were by accident, and their religion does not colour their writings as it does those of Faber, Newman, and Adelaide Proctor. In the interests of literature we feel bound to enter a protest against this practice of classifying writers, whose best work is unconnected with religion, according to the divisions of theological sectarianism; at least we hope to be spared 'Protestant Poetry, 'The Episcopalian Parnassus,' the 'Methodist Muse,' or the 'Baptist Bard.' However, the volume edited by Mr. Eliot Ryder has the merit of bringing before the public well chosen extracts from some great but little known poets such as Clarence Mangan, and from several meritorious writers of our own time. Among them a high place may well be given to the really pretty poems quoted from Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Belleville, Ont., at page 131. But why is no extract given from the very beautiful poems of the late Archbishop Murray, of Dublin? Aubrey de Vere deserves the high place given to him, both as a Catholic and as a poet, but the extracts are by no means of his best.

Manual of Ontario Insurance Law; with Notes of Amendments and an Analytical Index; also a list of special Acts of Incorporation, by J. HOWARD HUNTER, M.A., Inspector of Insurance for Ontario. Toronto: C. B. Robinson, 1881.

In this handy and compact Manual we have an admirable instance of the service which a man of education and literary talent can render in elucidating the text of Acts of Parliament, in facilitating reference to them, and, generally, in making plain the dark and devious paths of Legislative Enactment. Those interested in the subject of Insurance, we feel sure, will greatly appreciate Mr. Hunter's labour, and will thank him for the careful analysis he has made of the Provincial Acts relating to Insurance, and for the detailed index he has compiled to assist Insurance men and the policy-holding public in ascertaining at a glance what are the legal provisions of the several Acts of our Local Legislature on this important subject. Mr. Hunter's work is all the more timely now that the Imperial Privy Council has, by a recent decision, affirmed the power of the Local Legislature to prescribe the conditions under which policies of Insurance must be issued in Ontario. The Manual should have a large and ready sale.

Literary Style and Other Essays. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D., Chicago. Toronto: Rose Belford Publishing Company. 1881.

As Mr. Mathews has most justly observed, style which may be defined as 'the art of putting things,' is of the utmost importance to the literary aspirant. The essay before us gives a pleasant disquisition on the leading characteristics of the great masters of style from Bacon

to Lord Macaulay, not very methodically written, and rather calculated to interest those who have already made intimate acquaintance with the authors treated of than to aid the inexperienced student. Also, we consider it a mistake to dwell so much as Dr. Mathews has done on the merits, where style rather than matter is under consideration, of such writers as Bacon, South, Barrow, and the Caroline divines. The quaintness which characterises these eminent men is surely not to be upheld as a model; and the structure of the sentence with all the Caroline divines is heavy and laboured. Good English prose style can hardly be said to have existed before the age of Addison, and the criticism on the writers reviewed is too desultory, just and piquant as it generally is. We should desire a fuller analysis of the style in each case, illustrated by quotations, and with full directions to the student as to what is commendable and what to be avoided. But both this and the other essays in Dr. Mathew's book are very readable, and will be useful in directing attention to much that is characteristic in our literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

'The Major's Big Talk Stories,' is the title of Mr. F. Blake Crofton's new book, lately published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., of London. One fantastic chapter (The Major on 'the Giraffe'), made its first appearance in the 'Bric-a-brac' of this magazine. A few others were printed in 'St. Nicholas,' and in some instances widely copied in the juvenile departments of the weekly papers. The escapes and escapades of the Major almost out-Munchausen the redoubted baron himself.

'A Literary History of the Nineteenth Century," by Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is announced for early publication in three volumes by Messrs. Macmillan & Co, of London and New York.

Mr. John Murray, the London publisher, announces a collection of the speeches and addresses, political and literary, delivered in the House of Lords, in Canada, and elsewhere, by the Earl of Dufferin, our late Governor-General.

Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews, has a new volume in press, entitled 'Aspects of Poetry.'

President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, has just issued a volume dealing with the late President Garfield's work as an educator, including his speeches an addresses on educational subjects.

Richard Grant White's 'England without and within,' an appreciative and entertaining volume on phases of English life and character, has reached its fourth edition.

The Canada Publishing Co. of Toronto announce a new series of Canadian Readers, prepared by a syndicate of Canadian educators, for use in the Public and High Schools of the Dominion.

Messrs. John Lovell & Son, of Montreal, have ready for issue their comprehensive Business Directory of Ontario and Montreal, a mammoth volume of reference which must be invaluable to Canadian merchants and professional men.

The new volume of the 'English Men of Letters' series, edited by Professor Morley, is DeQuincey, whose memoir has been written by Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh University.

The thirteenth volume of the new issue of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' just published, takes the work down to the end of letter J,—the present instal-

ment covering some important contributions by well known *litterateurs* and *savans*.

Messrs. Putnam, of New York, have just ready a little manual on 'Authors and Authorship,' by Wm. Shepard, which will be found of much interest to the literary novice. It treats of 'the profession of literature, its struggles, temptations, drawbacks and advantages; discusses the relations of authors, editors and publishers; the reasons for the acceptance or the rejection of MSS., the conditions for success, &c., and gives statistics of the sales of popular books, of the prices paid for literary labour, and of fortunes won by the pen.'

The editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly* announces that with the December number the publication reaches the close of its third volume. Of its progress he speaks thus: 'We will not say that the success of the publication has outstripped the expectations of its founder; * * but it will be satisfactory to our friends to learn that the magazine has passed beyond the stage of good wishes, and has, we doubt not, established itself as a permanent and indispensable organ of the profession.' The Montreal *Presbyterian College Journal*, for December, in the following terms, felicitously commends the publication. It says: 'Were we asked to express an opinion on our professional friend, *Canada Educational Monthly*, Toronto, we would put it in a nutshell by adding an *s* to the first word in its title. Comparisons are odious; but we cannot help observing a marked difference between the *Monthly* and several so-called teachers' periodicals that lie on our exchange table.' The good word is well merited.

Messrs. James Campbell & Son, Toronto, lately issued a Presbyterian Hymn Book, compiled by a number of competent divines in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which was at once accepted by the General Assembly for use in the churches. They have now published an edition of the work with the music, which has received high commendation for its excellence and suitableness as a manual of Church psalmody for the denomination. The mechanical appearance of both books is admirable.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY FANNIE ADAMS.

HERE at midnight dreary,
My lone heart all weary,
I listen for the bells.
Hark! they now are rhyming,
Merrily goes the chiming,
List to what it tells!

Of a Saviour lowly,
Patient, loving, holy,
Who came an infant, when
Angels hover'd singing,
The joyous tidings bringing,
Peace and goodwill to men;

Of days beyond repining,
When holly and ivy twining,
We deck'd lost walls and vied
Each with each, while blending,
Clear voices glad, and sending
Good wishes for Christmas-tide.

Forever with the pealing,
Vanished forms come stealing,
The sad years backward roll;
Voices long hushed are filling
My lone home, and thrilling
Memory's secret soul.

Friends passed beyond recalling,
Beyond sorrow, weeping, toiling,
We shall meet when ceases pain,
In the glorious, blessed dawning
Of the second Christmas morning,
When Christ shall come again.

Dec., 1881.

THE LITTLE QUAKERESS.

BY RIPPLE.

Brown-eyed Ruth, the Quaker's daughter,
In her dress of simple gray,
Walked beside her agèd grandpa
'Mid the garden flowers of May.

Beds of tulips bright and golden,
  Hyacinths of every shade,
Pansies, like sweet childish faces,
  Looking up to greet the maid.

How they revelled in the sunshine,
  While, 'mid clumps of violet blue,
Filling all the air with fragrance,
  Glistened still the morning dew.

Then outspoke the little maiden,
  Looking at her dress of gray,
'Grandpa can thee tell the reason
  Why God made the flowers so gay.

'While we wear the quiet colours
  That thee knows we never meet,
E'en in clover or the daisies
  That we trample under feet?

'Seems to me a Quaker garden
  Should not grow such colours bright.'
Roguishly the brown eyes twinkled,
  While her grandpa laughed outright.

'True it is, my little daughter,
  Flowers wear not the Quaker gray;
But they neither toil nor labour
  For their beautiful array.

'Feeling neither pride nor envy,
  'Mong their sister flowers, thee knows;
Well content to be a daisy,
  Or a tall and queenly rose.

'Keeping still the same old fashions
  Of their grandmothers of yore:
Else how should we know the flowers,
  If each spring new tints they wore?

'Even so the Quaker maiden
  Should be all content to-day,
As a tulip, or a pansy,
  In her dress of simple gray.'

Once again the brown eyes twinkled:
  'Grandpa, thee is always right;
So thee sees, by thy own showing,
  Some may dress in colours bright.

'Those whom thee calls worldly people,
  In their purple and their gold,
Are no gayer than these pansies
  Or their grandmothers of old.

'Yet thee knows I am contented
  With this quiet life of ours,
Still, for all, I'm glad, dear grandpa,
  That there are no Quaker flowers.'

—From the *Christian Register.*

A ruralist seated himself in a restaurant the other day, and began on the bill of fare. After employing the waiter nearly half an hour in bringing dishes to him, he whispered, as he put his finger on the bill of fare 'Mister, I've et to thar,' and moving his finger to the bottom of the bill, 'ef it isn't agin the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar.'

The lion is generally regarded as the king of beasts; but the Romans called the ox the *bos.*

Why is it bad for a boy to be given a man's clothes? Because he would be acquiring loose habits.

'Mamma, can't we have anything we want?' 'Yes, my dears, if you don't want anything you can't have.'

Youthful artist (to countryman); 'Might I go over there and paint those trees?' Countryman: 'Paint the trees maister! Don't thee think they look very well as they are?'

'That's what I call a finished sermon,' said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way from chapel on a recent wet Sunday. 'Yes,' was the reply; 'but, do you know, I thought it never would be.'

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. 'By his teeth,' was the reply. The next day, the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. 'I don't want him,' said he. "He's thirty-two years old.' He had counted the teeth.

In Scotland, the topic of a sermon or discourse of any kind is called by old-fashioned folks 'its ground,' or, as they would say, 'Its grund.' An old woman, bustling into the kirk rather late, found the preacher had commenced, and, opening her Bible, nudged her next neighbour, with the inquiry, 'What's his grund?' 'Oh,' rejoined the other, who happened to be a brother minister, and therefore a priviliged critic, 'he's lost his grund long since, and he's just swimming.'

'We remember one evening,' says a writer in the London *Spectator*, 'an Englishman expressing, more forcibly than politely, his abhorrence of the Japanese custom of eating raw fish. It was said in the presence of Mr. Iwakura, the son of the Japanese Minister, and then resident at Balliol College, Oxford. Expressions of disgust were being fluently uttered, when Iwakura interrupted the speaker. "By the way what shall we have for supper? Wouldn't you like a few oysters? I don't eat them myself, but,"—the rest was lost in laughter at the keenness of the repartee.'

IRISH LOGIC (a fact).—Irish groom in charge of trap, asleep (rug and whip stolen). Master: 'Hallo, Mick! you are asleep.' Groom: 'No, sir, I am not.' Master: 'You have been—both rug and whip are gone. The fact of the matter is, you and I part to-morrow.' Groom: 'All right, sir, will oi give you a month's notice, or ye me?'

A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman and inquired the reason. 'Guid bless you, sir,' replied the man, 'the wind is so strong hereawa' sometimes that, if we wern't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the figures would be blawn off them clear and clean.'

Biddy (to old Bufkins, who has tried for ten minutes in vain to get his cherished clay to draw); 'Shure, sorr, and it's very sorry I am for breaking it; but how else was I to keep the pieces together if I didn't put the knitting needle inside?

Ord arily we know from what country i st people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

LESSON FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—'How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?' 'By the teeth?' 'By the teeth? But fowls have no teeth?' 'I know they haven't, but I have.'

A reformed poacher says: 'It is very embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him to have his big dog, which has been very quiet during week days, begin after breakfast on Sunday, to run to the gun in the corner, and then to his master, and wag his tail and run back to the gun again.'

THEOLOGICAL—Radical: 'Parson, I hear you say that I am dishonest in my opinions.' Parson: 'The reverse, my dear sir. What I did say was, that your opinions would be honest with the 'dis' off.'

THE LOST DAY.

BY GARET NOEL, TORONTO.

We rode one day, 'twas long ago;
And like a happy spirit,
The April wind went to and fro,
Awak'ning sweets to ferret;

For Spring had whispered to the earth
What ne'er to us she telleth;
Our joys have no returning birth
As nature yearly feeleth.

So green the land it was a rest
The weary sight to gladden.
The happy meadows seemed too blest
For human feet to tread on.

The leaves hung lightly on the boughs,
Unwearied by the summer,
And whispered of the west wind's vows
To ev'ry chancing comer;

While, as the birds had found again
The home they loved the dearest,
From budding hedge, from grove and plain,
They sang their loudest, clearest;

And as sweet strangers, half in doubt
If earth would bring them crosses,
The early flowers peeped shyly out
From 'midst their friendly mosses.

We rode a long, a pleasant way;
Fair was the earth, and fairer
The light within us made that day,
Its gift of sunshine rarer.

We murmured, 'lovely is the Spring,'
Nor dreamed that lay within us
A mystery of blossoming
No future years would bring us.

Of words, not many passed between;
For silence seemed the meetest:
But glances something told, I ween,
Of thoughts each held the sweetest.

For poets we that afternoon.
And Love our inspiration;
He quickened us to nature's tone,
And taught us nature's passion.

We felt with all her happy things
Our hearts in unison beating;
A myth seemed human sufferings;
A tale, life's sterner greeting.

And ever, as we onward rode,
In closer chains he bound us,
Until it seemed no common sod,
But fairyland, around us.

Ah! hidden long had been that day,
In chambers nigh forgotten,
When Mem'ry chanced to pass that way
And gathered it unsoughten;

And brought it where, full heavily,
I sat my sorrows keeping;
And, oh! the tears that came to me,—
But it was summer weeping.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

THE COLONIAL *STATUS QUO* vs. CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE advocates of a Republican form of Government for Canada are wont to dignify the object of their aspirations by the attractive title of Independence. So confident are they of the deeply rooted attachment of the people of Canada to the principles of the British Constitution, and the repugnance of Canadians in general to the system which must be substituted for it in the event of our separation from the rest of the British Empire is so evident to them that they instinctively seek to excite discontent with our present condition rather than enthusiasm for that which they hope is to take its place. This is sought to be done, negatively and positively, by the reiteration of that one word. By its constant use, coupled with that of such taunting phrases as 'clinging to the skirts of the Mother Country,' as descriptive of our present political condition, we Canadians are expected to be rendered dissatisfied with it, as the very opposite of that 'independence' to which, in all things, people of spirit naturally aspire. There is absolutely nothing more in the case or the tactics of those who have invented this cry. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, has so great a revolution been sought to be accomplished by the employment of means so trifling. We refer, of course, to peaceful revolutions, and the means by which they are brought about. For we all know that when the minds of any people are predisposed to revolt against a system of government with which they have become profoundly dissatisfied, the veriest trifle may precipitate an outbreak, and may seem to produce consequences to which it merely gives occasion, but which are really due to antecedent causes of quite different weight and significance. In such a state of affairs great may be the power of a phrase, a nickname, a word well or ill understood, caught up by an unthinking multitude.

'Bad dog, bad dog,' the Quaker cried;
'Mad dog, mad dog,' the people quick replied.

Under certain propitious circumstances, hopes of a successful revolt at-

tending the application of a leverage of this kind, naturally and apparently insignificant, but adventitiously of great power, would be justified by experience. But what justification is to be found in history for any expectation that success will attend the attempt to seduce a loyal people from their allegiance, and to convert contented Monarchists into unwilling Republicans solely by the use of a word faintly implying a taunt? And yet no less is sought to be done here in Canada by constantly dinging into our ears the one word 'independence.' Not a single complaint against our present political position has ever been put forward, with the exception of that thread-bare one, so disgraceful to our manhood, that it exposes Canada to the danger of being made the battle-field in the event of war between Great Britain and the United States. To say nothing of the far greater and nearer probability of Canada becoming a battle-field when severed from the rest of the Empire, and continuing so until annexed by conquest to the United States, this is a grievance, if grievance it be, which is common to every frontier community, but which is never held to justify timidity or treason. When the French army invaded Germany, and the German army rolled back the tide of invasion upon France, certain portions of both countries suffered cruelly in their turn from the horrors of war; but it does not appear that the inhabitants of those portions of either country had sought to escape from their liability to such a fate by previous political desertion on a large scale, or were deficient in patriotism, courage or endurance when the time came for them to do and suffer for their country. Convinced as we are that those who advocate what they are pleased to call the 'independence' of Canada are in reality, consciously or unconsciously, advocating the absorption of Canada into the United States, we can compare this sole and single argument which has ever been put forth in favour of its being brought about to one thing only. It is as if the officers and sailors of the Channel Fleet were to propose to take our men-of-war to Cherbourg, and, hauling down the British flag, deliver them over to the French Admiralty in order to prevent their decks becoming stained with blood in the event of war with France. But, in truth, this battle-field argument, if it is good for anything at all, must be applicable in some degree on the other side of the border also; and it seems to us that it would be more patriotic, for such at least of the advocates of so-called Canadian Independence as are not Amercan emissaries, to urge the States and Territories on our border, from the State of Maine on the coast of the Atlantic to Washington Territory on that of the Pacific, to secede from the Union in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, and save themselves from a battle-field fate by either setting up for themselves or seeking for annexation to the British Empire.

There is, of course, an argument to the disadvantage of our present state latent in the appropriation of the word 'independence' as descriptive of some impliedly opposite state, which those who affect to sigh for its advent are, however, scrupulously careful not to define or describe, or enlarge upon in any way. It is, or is to be, 'independence,' and that is all the information vouchsafed to us upon the subject. This being the wise and prudent policy of our opponents, we, the upholders of the existing order of things, have a twofold task to perform. We have not only to demonstrate the strength of the grounds and reasons of our adhesion to that order, but also to expose the utter weakness of our adversaries' case, and thereby further and superabundantly justify that adhesion. It is never safe or prudent to despise an enemy, and he is not a wise advocate who, however strong he may have been able to show his own case to be, resumes his seat before he has

made evident all the feebleness inherent in that of his adversary. And he should be all the more careful to fulfil this latter duty when he perceives that his opponent has tact enough to be very guarded and reticent in his handling of a case which he knows to be bad, and has put it forward in such a way as least to reveal its innate weakness. In preparation, therefore, for the possible, though highly improbable, event of this political sect, with the pretentious name, ever becoming sufficiently numerous or important to make it necessary, or even worth the while, to discuss matters seriously with them, it may not be amiss for us Canadians in general to devote a little time and thought to the task of closely analyzing the grounds of the calm and profound satisfaction with our present political condition, and instinctive dislike for any other that could possibly be substituted for it, which we so strongly and deeply feel in the inmost recesses of our souls. We shall then be ready at any time to 'give a reason for the faith that is in us.'

As a people we Canadians are contented and happy, because we feel that we enjoy unlimited civil and religious freedom ; and it is only when insinuations to the contrary are made that we need set about the task of proving to ourselves and others that our political state is not one of dependence. There was a time, certainly, when we were governed from Downing Street—when all our important public offices, ecclesiastical, judicial, civil and military, were filled by persons sent out from the United Kingdom—when our customs, postal, casual and territorial revenues were claimed, and our civil list was voted, in England—when people in the mother country spoke of us as 'our subjects in the colonies,' and British immigrants gave themselves airs of superiority over their Canadian-born fellow subjects. But that time is long since past. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* This great change has been effected gradually, with trifling exceptions, peaceably, and with the hearty concurrence and final approbation of all parties on both sides of the Atlantic. So gradually, indeed, and quietly have some parts of the change been effected that it is hardly to be wondered at if some persons have failed to note the transition of their country from the position of a dependent colony to that of a free and self-governed integral portion of the empire. And yet that is what Canada is at this moment. Words accurately describing our relation to the United Kingdom have yet to be coined. The editor of the *Times* was right when he wrote that those of 'mother country,' and 'colony' are no longer applicable, and that we must revise our nomenclature in relation to this subject. Our bishops, clergy, and ministers of denominations are appointed, and our churches and religious institutions of every kind are governed, without any reference to authorities in the United Kingdom. No judges or public officers but those of our own choice dispense justice or exercise authority among us. Our duties of customs and excise, and other items of revenue, are levied and applied by our own officers, under the authority of our own Parliament. Our postal service, internal and external, is under our own management exclusively. The wild lands of the Crown within our limits, their sale and settlement, are under purely local control. All the military and naval lands of the Crown and defensive works in Canada are 'vested in Her Majesty the Queen for the purposes of Canada,' by laws of our own making. Our public works, and public property generally, civil, naval, and military, are under the sole control of our own Parliament and Government, though the cost of some of them has been most generously defrayed, and that of others as generously guaranteed, by the Government of the Empire, on the authority of Acts of the Imperial Par-

liament. Our sea coast and inland fisheries, the navigation of our waters, and the rights and duties of ship-owners, ship-masters, and seamen therein, are as exclusively subject to our own legislation as is compatible with the rights of other British subjects ; our own people of the above three classes, and their property, being subject only to our own laws when in our own waters, though entitled to and enjoying elsewhere the full protection of the Empire which governs and protects our fellow subjects of the same classes when here. Our currency laws and systems of finance and banking are such as we choose to make them. The metallic emblems of our currency are only coined in England because we do not deem it advisable to have a mint here, as our fellow-subjects have in Australia. We revel in the luxury of a public debt, all our own, and manage or mismanage it ourselves exclusively, as seems best in our own eyes. So of our system of public institutions. So of our penitentiaries, reformatories, asylums, hospitals, and other similar public institutions. So of our universities, colleges, and public schools. So of our copyright laws,* and laws respecting patents for inventions and discoveries, and trade-marks and designs. So of our systems of weights and measures. So of our laws of naturalization, marriage, and divorce, and other laws, civil and criminal, for the regulation of persons, property, and civil rights generally. So of our relations with the aborigines, and the management of the lands reserved to them by treaty. So of our quarantine laws, regulations, and establishments. So of the regulation of trade and commerce, internal and external. So of our municipal institutions of every kind. So of the creation of new Provinces, altering the boundaries and divisions of such Provinces, and amending the constitutions of Provinces. So of our militia, and naval and military volunteers. So of the maintenance of peace and order within our country, and its defence generally, which is now recognised as our duty and our privilege, subject only to the necessity, also recognised, of that assistance from the forces of the Empire at large in cases of invasion, which we have been solemnly assured will be freely afforded. There remains only the subject of naval defence, that is to say, the defence of our tidal harbours and sea-coast fisheries, and of our ships and commerce on the high seas, and the subject of foreign relations and diplomacy. With respect to these, we are certainly as yet dependent upon the central Government of the Empire. But as to each, a commencement has already been made in the direction of securing to us as much independence as may be found consistent with the due co-relation of the parts of a great empire. Our power to build, man, arm, equip, maintain, and control vessels of war, has been solemnly recognised by laws of the realm. So has our power to perform, independently, the obligations of Canada, as a part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries. More than one Canadian had already been employed as an arbitrator or commissioner for the settlement of disputes arising under such treaties before one of our foremost politicians was selected, as Canadian politicians will in future, no doubt, often be selected, to assist in the negotiation of a treaty of the highest and most vital importance to the interests of the Empire, and of peace. The people of Canada have no power to make treaties ; neither have the people of the United Kingdom. That power resides in the Sovereign of the great Empire in which both countries are included. But, as things are now, it is not only within

* [The writer is hardly correct in saying that in Canada we control our Copyright laws, unless he limits his reference to merely local Copyright. The legislation on this subject, of any appreciable benefit to Canada, which our legislators desired to effect, was in 1873 vetoed by the Imperial Government.—Ed. C. M.]

the bounds of possibility, but even far from improbable, that a treaty relating exclusively to Canada would be negotiated by Canadian commissioners. Neither is it at all unlikely that in the selection of such commissioners and the ratification of such a treaty, the Sovereign, though virtually advised by Imperial Ministers, might really be guided in accordance with, if not directly by, the opinions and wishes of Canadian Ministers. At any rate, the Treaty of Washington was not the first treaty whose clauses had awaited in a state of suspended animation the consent of the people of Canada to breathe into them the breath of life, having been negotiated and ratified subject to that express condition. In relation to all the above subjects, and many others, independent powers of government are exercised in Canada, so far as executive action is concerned, in the name of the Queen herself, by the advice of 'the Queen's Privy Council for Canada' which must always be composed of men possessing the confidence of a majority of the chosen representatives of the people of Canada, and so far as legislation is concerned, by a body known by the highest title in the English language by which a legislature can be designated, that of a Parliament 'consisting of the Queen, an Upper House styled the Senate, and the House of Commons.' 'The executive government and authority of and over Canada and the command-in-chief of the land and naval militia, and of all naval and military forces of and in Canada are vested in the Queen.' In one word, Canada is a 'Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom.' That Constitution is admittedly, of all that have ever been known, the one under which life and property are best protected; civil and religious liberty are enjoyed to the fullest extent consistent with due regard to the rights of others; and order is maintained and due respect for and obedience to the law enforced by the consent of all, and for the good of all. It is the model upon which nation after nation of the civilized world has tried and is trying, with more or less of success, to frame a free and stable government for itself. Chief among the characteristic excellencies of this constitution of ours is its happy blending of the monarchical principle with the democratic, or, in other words, its adaptation of the august form of an hereditary monarchy to the invaluable substance of a government of a free people by and through and for that people itself. Under it, as under no other, the difficult problem of the vesting of supreme executive authority is happily solved. The monarch, for the time being, fittingly personifies law and order, and authority, and acts as the fountain of honour, grace and pardon, as well as in the character of one whose behests must be obeyed; in both cases because, and only because, so acting with the consent of a majority of the governed.

> 'Happy the nation that the nation's self
> Honours, so symbolized with loyal will:
> For whom — Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph —
> The Sovereign is embodied England still.'

Happy are the people who combine, as we do, the most ardent and affectionate loyalty to the person and family of a monarch in every way worthy of love, respect and admiration, with an enlightened appreciation of the inestimable value of the monarchy itself, as a permanent political institution. An American citizen, enjoying deservedly at the time, thanks to the liberality of our institutions and the high-toned generosity of our rulers, an exalted official position in our country, had once the bad taste, on a public occasion, to sneer at the sentiment of loyalty. He proved to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his hearers, that loyalty such as his, which he described and justified as founded on

material considerations of self-interest, was preferable to any merely sentimental loyalty. He knew not the extent of the loss of which he described himself as the unconscious victim, as he who is callous to any one of the sweet sympathies of human nature necessarily knows not the extent of his loss. Thrice blessed, let us tell him and others like him, are the people of Canada in their loyalty. First, in that it is a sentimental loyalty, or loyalty of the heart, a pure and elevated feeling, preparing and impelling those who cherish it to do and suffer all things for the object of their devotion. Such a feeling it was that brought the ancestors of many of us to settle in the wilds of Canada more than a century ago, making enormous social and material sacrifices in so doing. Secondly, in that it is a rational loyalty, or loyalty of the head, founded on the deliberate conviction of the superiority of our own monarchical form of government over any that is merely democratic. Thirdly, in that it is a material loyalty, or 'loyalty of the pocket,' founded, like that of our American friend, on considerations of self-interest, in a pecuniary or profit-and-loss point of view.

We have endeavoured to present to the reader some of the principal considerations which should guide one, in case of doubt, to a decision as to whether our present political condition savours most of dependence or independence. It has been characterized as a 'dependent independence.' Should we be wise to quarrel with and repudiate it even if best described in such qualified terms? But if, in truth, it be not rather an 'independent dependence,' if our dependence be merely nominal and theoretical, and our independence real and practical, so far as is compatible with the allegiance of British subjects to the British Crown, —if we have the substance of the latter, under the shadow of the former, should we be wise to let that shadow frighten us into risking the loss of that substance by grasping at its own shadow? How much of the substance of dependence we should get rid of by fleeing from its shadow, how little of the substance of independence it remains for us to fail to acquire by merely grasping at its shadow, can only be further shown by depicting the dream of our would-be revolutionists as realized.

Let us suppose for a moment the ties uniting Canada with the British Empire, or rather incorporating her with it, peaceably severed by some mysterious process hitherto unknown alike to the laws or the constitution of the one or the other. Let us suppose some Imperial British Minister bold enough to have advised a British Monarch to repudiate the warm and devoted loyalty of his Canadian subjects, absolve them from their allegiance to the Crown of the United Kingdom, and thus pluck out and throw away one of the brightest jewels of that Crown, and deliberately prepare to hand down to his successors an empire shorn of a material portion of the territory, power and prestige which belonged to it when he received it in trust for them. That Minister would not be Mr. Gladstone, or one of his opinions. But suppose the thing to have been done:—to what would the change practically amount? and to what immediate measures would it necessarily give rise? Why, mainly to this and to these. We should no longer be fellow-subjects with, and members of, the greatest people on the face of the earth, but a little, weak, and scattered separate community, severed from all our traditions and with a history to make for ourselves. For want of a monarch we should be driven to stifle all our predilections and improvise for ourselves some form of republic or other purely democratic government. The sum it now costs us to have our Government well and permanently and stably administered, in accordance with our own wishes, as these may

change from time to time, in the name of an hereditary Sovereign, by a Governor-General who is an accident as far as we are concerned, but who is guided by the advice of Canadian Ministers, amenable to a Canadian parliamentary majority, would be available towards paying the salary and defraying the other expenses of a President, periodically elected amid all the intrigues and rancours, bribery and corruption, incident to party strife. A President elected for a short term cannot well be trusted with the appointment for life of judicial or other officers. Hence the necessity for further and constantly recurring elections of every kind, with all their debasing and demoralizing influences. Hence, also, an imperious necessity for at once proclaiming and acting upon the maxim that 'to the victors belong the spoils' as regulating the tenure of all appointments to civil office under the government. Then farewell to official dignity, purity and integrity. Farewell to a Judiciary and a Civil Service such as are the glory of our lands, Home and Colonial. Nor can a President elected absolute Dictator for a term of years be subject to the control or censure of a legislature. Hence, no more Responsible Ministers bound to explain the measures of Government on the floor of Parliament, and to stand or fall, retain or lose power, according as those measures are or are not acceptable to a majority of the representatives of the people. Instead of them, secretaries appointed and removed at the will and pleasure of the President explaining in written or printed reports and messages as much or as little of their master's policy as he pleases to disclose to a legislature that is powerless to influence, guide or control it, and with respect to whose acts he has a qualified veto and no initiative voice.

If that would be 'independence,' give us rather whatever of 'dependence' may be implied in our being ruled, as our fellow-subjects in the United Kingdom are ruled, by our beloved Queen, acting on the advice of Privy Councillors acceptable to the majority. The advice of Her Majesty's Canadian Privy Councillors, it is true, is not tendered to Her Majesty in person. Distance forbids. But it is tendered to, and acted upon by, her chosen representative and deputy.

But separation from our Queen, and the loss of that responsible or parliamentary government which is the glory of the British Constitution, substituting for it some weak imitation of the weakest features of its American counterpart, the provision for executive government, though really the great change concealed by, and stealthily advocated under, the above high-sounding title would be accompanied by two consequences. We should no longer be 'dependents' upon the Royal Navy for the defence of our tidal harbours, or of our ships and commerce on the high seas, nor upon British diplomatic or consular agents for the protection of our persons and property when travelling abroad. Having attained to the complete 'independence' we are told we ought to covet, it would, of course, be our high privilege, as well as a matter of indispensable necessity, to build, man, arm, equip, provision and maintain, at whatever cost, a fleet of vessels of war on a scale commensurate with the tonnage of our merchant shipping and the extent and distribution of our foreign commerce. We should also have to maintain an envoy and minister at every seat of government, and a consul at every place where merchants most do congregate, in the civilized world—and perhaps also at some places not by any means civilized. So far as the first of these items of 'dependence' is concerned, our pride could surely be satisfied by our availing ourselves of our power to add ships to the Royal Navy, in proportion to our means, after we shall have got through with, and our finances shall have in some degree recovered from, the great

expenditure incurred in the interest of the Empire at large, for fortifications, for a trans-continental railway, and for the extinction of aboriginal and corporate claims to vast and valuable tracts thereby finally secured to the British Crown. So far as the second of them is concerned there is really nothing in it that need be hurtful to our pride at all. As subjects of the Queen, we may freely avail ourselves of the services of our foreign agents, our fellow subjects paying for those services, when custom admits of our so doing, and feeling, when it does not, that the cost of their maintenance is in no way increased by our having a common title with others to their service.

Disregarding the sneers of those who cannot rise to, or appreciate the elevation of, our sentiments, we glory in our character of subjects of a great and good Queen and inhabitants of an integral portion of a great empire. Emigrants from the United Kingdom who have settled in this land upon the faith of treaties, royal proclamations, and Acts of Parliament, toiled and suffered in reclaiming it from a state of nature, and the descendants of such emigrants, or of those who won this land for the British Crown from foemen worthy of their steel, or of such foemen—'become subjects of the King' more than a century ago—loyally and gallantly maintaining that inherited character in peace and in war, or of those who, nearly as long ago, sacrificed almost all they held most dear, except their allegiance, in flying to trackless northern wilds and forests to preserve that allegiance—the character of British subjects is our sacred birthright. It is a cherished attribute and possession of which we cannot lawfully be deprived without our consent, of which our Sovereign cannot have the slightest desire, or any of our fellow subjects the slightest shadow of a pretext of right, to despoil us. We are satisfied that our maintaining and perpetuating the enjoyment of that birthright by ourselves and our posterity will be a source of strength, and not of weakness, to the Empire. We do not desire to do so at any avoidable cost to others, or without such sacrifices as it may from time to time be necessary for ourselves and our descendants to make for that purpose. Mutual forbearance, and an unselfish desire on the part of all concerned, to make the connection mutually beneficial must, of course, be the life and soul of a tie apparently so slender as that (being, to all appearance, one of sentiment and affection only, though, if only well understood, of interest also) which binds together the different portions of the British Empire. To secure the exercise, in public matters, of such politic forbearance and unselfishness, the wisest statesmanship on all hands will constantly be required. Fortunately for all parties, the nature of the free institutions of the United Kingdom and its offshoots is such as to afford a guarantee of such statesmanship, in the successive selection, in each community, of men of tried and approved prudence and ability as advisers of the Crown. It is only by slow degrees, through discussion, negotiation, administrative action, and occasional legislation, and not by any one act of constitution-mongering, that we may hope to see the various independent communities now constituting the British Empire so welded together as to form, for common purposes, both in peace and in war, but one harmonious and consentaneous community, under one legislature and one executive—each portion being meanwhile free and self-supporting for all other purposes. To this end all the cohesive elements of our institutions and constitutions will have to be carefully fostered, cultivated, and strengthened, and all their centrifugal tendencies combat ed to the utmost, and if possible subdued.

Among other things, the cohesive force of collective names for the Em-

pire and its various inhabitants ought not to be overlooked or despised. What more appropriate ones could be adopted than such as are suggested by the name of our beloved Queen? The Empire of Victoria would be a proud and appropriate title for a group of nations under the mild sway of a beloved 'Empress of the Victorians.' Of the British Empire, as a whole, we devoutly say, *Esto perpetua.*

AGRICOLA.

(C. C. TACITI 'AGRICOLA,' C. 46.)

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

IF for the righteous dead a rest remains,
If, as the wise have thought, great souls survive
The bodily frame, such rest, O friend, be thine!
And us, thy household, yearning for thy face,
From weak regret and womanish tears recall
To thoughts of that which even love's own law
Forbids us to deplore—thy deathless life
Of virtue, in our lives, not words, best praised.

Be to us an ensample—thus, in sooth,
We yield thee real honour. We who loved
Thy presence, making ours thy deeds and words,
May have thee still in more than memory,
Even thy soul's true self. Marble or bronze
Or canvas may preserve the cherished face,
(And well it is to have it thus preserved),
But outward form and that which outlines it
Perish in time. The soul lives on for ever,
And not in marble, canvass, or in bronze,
But in our thoughts and deeds from day to day,
Its likeness is transmitted. O our friend,
Whatever in thee we admired or loved
Remains and will remain in good men's minds
For ever and for ever.
And, although
Good men have lived and laboured and their names
Have been forgotten, like the inglorious herd,
'Twill not be so with thee, Agricola.
Thy name and fame shall live from age to age
In this, love's record of thy noble deeds.

MODERN LIFE AND NERVOUS FORCE.*

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

HAVE you ever paused amid the rush, the rattle, and the roar of modern life, to think of the steady, solemn, sweet repose of the days that are no more—the days we speak of when we say 'the good old times?' If you have shut your ears to the turmoil of the streets, the din of the market-place; if you have switched off the telephone wire, that wakes with its loud alarm the seclusion of your family retreat; if you have cast aside the newspaper, with its thousand tongues speaking loudly yet silently; if you have turned down your gas-jet, and drawn up your easy arm-chair to the open fire-place, and let fancy have wing, she must have borne you back to the good old times when George the Third was King. Before your mind's eye must have floated visions of travel by stage coach, of time-reading by dials, of wigs and queues, and canes and snuff boxes, of knee breeches, and shoon, and a picture must have arisen before you of a life spent by gentle folks in dalliance and easy pursuit of pleasures. As the coals in your fire burn down, and a sombre shadow creeps over the glow of the live embers, the picture before you has changed, and you see the common people of that day, toiling from morn till night, but with disposition fit for such druggery. You see them without the power of thinking for themselves, content that the squire should rule their temporal interests, and the parson attend to their spiritual welfare. In them you see resignation to their lot, a pervading belief in their foreordination to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the streets there is no bustle. My lord's carriage, with its powdered footmen, slowly rumbles along. My lady steps from her chair, and indolently sails into the milliner's store. The dray-horse drags his load along, with the wainer nodding himself to sleep. For a moment the drowsy street is aroused by the noisy rattle of a stage coach, bearing its burden of rusticity into the heart of the city. It is but for a moment, and the shadows creep along as lazily as ever. As the sun declines in the west, lethargy succeeds to drowsiness, and all is sunk in the stupor of the day's death. The great world has slowly plodded through its diurnal duties; only the little world of fashion and riot remains as the night wears on to disturb the universal sleep with intermittent noisy bursts of revelry that, like the howling of dogs in deserted streets, make the stillness more profound. Waking from such a reverie, you must have asked yourself: can it be that we are flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone? Are we the same people, mentally and physically? Or have we who live in this age of feverish activity undergone a change? Has the invention of the steam-engine been accompanied by a corresponding increase of activity? Has the telegraph, which annihilates space, been accompanied by an acceleration of human thought? In a word, has the human frame changed with the development of invention; has the human mind increased in power with the increase in knowledge?

* A paper read before a few friends, and published at their request.

It is the purpose of this paper to attempt an answer to these questions. It is my intention to answer very briefly, and in answering I will hardly do more than suggest by a few examples, conclusions which you will have ample means at hand of verifying. Thereafter I will pass to a consideration of a new subject, which will ere long engage much attention in the medical world, this subject being a phenomenon of the highest civilization.

I will now proceed to discuss briefly the physical aspect of my subject. That the power of man, exerted through tools, has increased beyond computation, is a fact too obvious to be disputed. Has he increased physically? I think he has. I discard at once all mythological stories. In the days of Hercules and Milo they did not scrutinize the records as they do now; so we will come down somewhat nearer to our own time. Walking, I think, is the finest test of our physical endurance. Until O'Leary, the Chicago postman, revived long-distance walking, the feat of Capt. Barclay was looked upon as something that, having been achieved once, had been achieved for all time. The captain walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, being allowed to walk two miles consecutively. Thus he could have an hour and a half's rest. In the last year or two, William Gale, a midget of a man, has walked 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 quarter hours, beginning each quarter mile on the stroke of each quarter. Thus he never had more than ten minutes' sleep consecutively in nearly 42 days. This, to my mind, proves that physical endurance to-day is greater than it has hitherto been. Twenty years ago a man would have been regarded as a lunatic who would have ventured the opinion that a man could walk 520 miles in six days, or run 560 odd miles in the same time. Yet O'Leary and Rowell have done this. Dr. Winship has lifted 3,000 lbs. in our own day, a feat of strength unexcelled by any other authenticated record. Hanlan has rowed faster than ever man rowed before. Myers has cut down all the short distance sprint records. Donald Dinnie, Rory McLennan, and others, have surpassed all previous recorded feats in heavy weight athletics. And so I might cite instances, in all the round of muscular tests, down even to prize-fighters. The prize ring, we are accustomed to think, is dead, and there remain no longer the men who could equal the great brutes of days gone by. Yet those who are said to be well informed upon such matters are of opinion that in the man Sullivan, who is to fight with the man Ryan a few months hence, there is a physical type equal, if not superior, to any of the notable prize-fighters whose doings are recorded in *Bell's Life*. I think a survey of the field of athletics will convince any one that the representative muscular men of to-day excel those of any preceding period in the history of our race.

But it may be urged that, though isolated instances show a pre-eminence, the common run of men do not show any increase of physical capacity over their forefathers. I think they do most unmistakably show a marked advance. If we turn to the army, I think it will be admitted that the Abyssinian, Ashantee, and Afghan campaigns, and the Indian mutiny, show instances of forced marching under difficulties excelled by none of the marches in the Peninsular campaign. If we turn to the fields, we see harvesters working during longer hours, and with greater rapidity, than our grandfathers ever dreamt of. The English navvy undergoes greater physical fatigue than four men could have stood a century ago. The mechanic no longer has time to whistle and smoke, and talk village politics when he is at work. The steam-engine sets the factory in motion. Every operative springs into position, and stand by he must or fall, while the engine moves—he does not fall, but bears the inexorable strain; it may be with difficulty, but he bears

his burden. In manual labour alone, now-a-days, a month's work is crowded into a week; yet those who earn their living by the sweat of the brow are superior in physique to their predecessors of half a century ago, as any old man can testify, or any young man can learn if he will read of the past, and compare it with the present.

However, I do not wish you to fall into the error that strength means health—for it does not, though the converse is true. It is a remarkable fact that capacity for toil is often found associated with wretched health. Let me recall to you a few instances:

Napoleon was a dyspeptic and died of hereditary disease, yet he remained for weeks together in the saddle, twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and toiled so hard that he nearly killed his secretaries. Julius Cæsar was a weak man physically, yet he endured tremendous fatigue. Alexander Pope, the hunchback poet, who has been called a drop of pure spirit in cotton wool, could not stand erect unless he was sewed up in canvas stays. His life was disease, yet see what great mental labour he endured. Dr. Samuel Johnson suffered from scrofula that twisted and contorted him. He was a prey to melancholy, and at times was so prostrated physically that it was labour to tell the hour on the clock. Yet he did the work, as Mathews says, of an academy. Torstenson, the Swedish General, astonished Europe by the rapidity of his movements, yet he had to be borne about on a litter. The hero of the Plains of Abraham carried the seeds of several diseases in his system from infancy. Palmerston laboured away in his office when suffering excruciating agony from gout. Dr. Kane, the Arctic traveller, was a sailor, yet he never went to sea without being sea-sick. He had heart-disease and chronic rheumatism; yet great burly men perished in the Arctic winter which he struggled through.

Your reading will easily suggest hundreds of additional names to this list, and which is cited to show that physical and mental endurance do not necessarily depend upon magnificent brute strength. What then is the mainspring of endurance? I cannot attempt to define it to you with a specialist's precision. I call it, and will call it for the purpose of this paper, nervous force. Do not confuse strength of nerve with nervous force, they are different entirely. A man may have nerve enough to have his flesh pierced with red hot pincers and never wince, yet be so deficient in nervous force as to be unable to endure six hours' steady work of head or hands. What I mean by nervous force I can perhaps bring home to you by saying it is the 'git-thar' of the Western man; it is that within you which enables you to make one more effort when your judgment tells you that you are played out; it is your grit, your stamina, your cut-and-come-againness. It does not depend, as we have seen in the instances cited, either upon the iron nerve, nor yet upon the muscle of steel; in a word, it is the spirit of the man. The effect, then, of modern life upon this source of strength is what we purpose briefly to consider.

In our preliminary remarks it has been shown that the present race of men is just as richly endowed with nervous force as any other; yet at no preceding period of the world's history have nervous diseases or nervous exhaustion been so prevalent. The Greeks were a highly civilized people, and so were the Romans, judged by even our own standard; yet the Greek language possesses no word signifying nervous exhaustion, nor yet has the Latin language, if memory serves me. Even in Britain and Germany nervous exhaustion is comparatively rare, while in some countries of Europe it is almost unknown. It is when man finds himself among the multiplied energies of the New World civilization that he begins to find his nervous force fail him.

Before proceeding to discuss the causes which produce, in a race more richly endowed than any preceding generation with nervous force, nervous exhaustion in a degree hitherto unheard of, perhaps it might be as well that I rapidly enumerate what advanced physicians now consider signs of neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion. The varieties of neurasthenia are not organic, but it is found that those who suffer most from neurasthenia are those who are or nervous temperament, that is to say, those in whom there is a predisposition to diseases of the nervous system such as neuralgia, dyspepsia, sick-headache, functional paralysis, insanity, etc. This first sign is called the nervous diathesis, and it has these peculiarities: First, a fine organization, soft hair, delicate skin, well-chiselled feature, fine emotional nature, etc. The second peculiarity is liability to recurring attacks of such nervous diseases as we have instanced from childhood's convulsions to slow paralysis and softening of the brain in old age. A third peculiarity of the nervous diathesis is the comparative immunity from fever and inflammatory disease. Fevers and inflammations are far more fatal among those enjoying rude health than among those who are always feeling sick and do not know what is the matter with them.

Another sign of the failure of nervous force is increased susceptibility to stimulants and narcotics. You have all noticed that the young men of to-day cannot drink as much liquor as in days gone by. It is very common to blame the liquor. It is bad enough in all conscience; but were it of the best, the capacity for carrying liquor like a gentleman, as the old saying is, has greatly decreased. There are no five-bottle men now among the rising generation. Indeed my own observation leads me to believe that the custom of drinking to excess is dying out among young men, and in thirty years will be dead; simply because each year adds to the delicacy of the nervous organization, and therefore to the suffering attendant upon a disturbance of it. Nature is curing what temperance evangelists never will cure in the educated, though they may terrify the ignorant into abstinence. Some time ago I had the privilege, as such of you as encourage our national magazine, the CANADIAN MONTHLY, know, of contributing a paper, upon 'The Drink Question,' in which I contended that a great deal of drunkenness was caused from a hereditary predisposition to indulge in intoxicating liquor. The views laid down in that paper were discussed in some Scotch and American newspapers, and generally accepted; but I was not satisfied that I had more than accounted for one phase of the prevalence of drunkenness. Dr. Beard, the author of 'American Nervousness,' seems to me to compass the sources of this gigantic evil when he demonstrates, or rather asserts, that inebriety is an almost inevitable consequence of nervous exhaustion; and ever since reading that opinion I have been keeping my eyes open to test its truth, and my experience coincides with Dr. Beard's opinions, for I have observed that those of my acquaintances, who have gone on 'a big spree'—and every man has such acquaintances, sometimes he has only to know himself—have done so after a spell of exhausting mental work, or after a period of worry, or at the end of a time in which the constitution had from other causes become enfeebled. Now do not hold up your hands in horror at this, for it is inevitable, if something worse is not to happen. At a certain stage of nervous exhaustion, if work be not stopped, inebriety follows, or if inebriety does not follow, then look out for epilepsy. If epilepsy pass you by, insanity has you as its victim. The temptation is strong to enlarge upon this point, but I must pass on to notice other signs of nervous exhaustion, and among

which are the noticeable increase in sensitiveness to drugs. Physicians often now-a-days have to prescribe only one-sixth of the old dose. Another sign is the absence of thirst. Few people drink water, even when they can get it purer than we unfortunately can. I have noticed this in myself—and I am much less affected by neurasthenia than the majority of my friends—that even when absolutely abstemious. I have no desire for water, and very little desire for fluids of any sort. Even soup is not palatable, unless I have previously spent myself in physical exercise. When I discontinue the use of tobacco in any shape or form, I find the absence of thirst even more noticeable, especially after a spell of hard reading or writing at night. Dr. Brunton and Dr. Salisbury both hold that indigestion is a cause of nervous exhaustion; and Dr. Beard, while agreeing with this, also holds that nervous exhaustion may be a cause of indigestion and thus indigestion become a sign of neurasthenia. At all events, an undisputed sign of lessened nervous force is the sensitiveness of the digestive organs, which is manifested in the rejection of coarse foods and the smallness of the quantity consumed. Nearsightedness and weakness of the eyes is another sign of nervous exhaustion. You will at once say that the Germans must be a nervously exhausted people, for almost every third German wears glasses. This is not so, however, for much of German myopia may be laid at the door of their type and MSS. Again, the Germans are not so richly endowed with nervous force as our own people, and the excessive use of the one organ, such as the eye, produces in them a local disease of the eye, not the constitutional disease neurasthenia, which results in the American breaking down, with the consequence that his eyes become near-sighted.

Another sign of over-taxed nervous force is the early and rapid decay of the teeth. Such people as the Chinese and Indians, who have no drain upon their mental force, all have good teeth, a peculiarity also of idiots, as Dr. Kingsley says. I need not enlarge upon this, for Americans and Canadians are always on the trot to the dentists, and if it be not due to the higher civilization of this continent, then I don't know where to look for the cause. Other signs are the great increase of baldness among young men; greater sensitiveness to heat and cold. A lymphatic Englishman does not need an overcoat in Canada, even upon the coldest day, if he is a new arrival. After he has been in the hurly-burly of our life here for a few years, he can shiver with the best of us.

To the tax which advancing civilization lays upon nervous force is attributable the great increase in such diseases as nervous dyspepsia, sick-headache, nearsightedness, chorea, insomnia, asthenopia, hay-fever, hypochondria, hysteria, neurasthenia in its cerebral, spinal, sexual, digestive and other varieties, epilepsy, inebriety, and insanity. Diseases such as diabetes, Bright's disease, hay-fever, chronic catarrh, etc., are largely attributable to the tax on nervous force.

In woman the effects of our higher civilization is even more plainly seen than in man. The entrancing beauty of our women—and no city in the world has as large a proportion of lovely women as the native Canadians of Toronto,—is due to the delicacy of their nervous temperament, a delicacy which shews itself even in dress, but is more noticeable in dentition, puberty, change of life, parturition, and the dangers now attendant upon childbirth, which are in many cases so great and hazardous that means condemned by the law have to be resorted to for saving life. The decreasing number of the American family is due to the enormous demands of the higher civilization upon the American woman. She has not the margin of nervous force to stand the strain of child-bearing.

These signs of nervous exhaustion could be enlarged upon indefinitely; but sufficient has been said to show that the overtaxing of nervous force is very wide-spread indeed. In proceeding to briefly consider the causes of this nervelessness, or, as the medical term is, 'nervousness,' it may be said in the first place, that it is essentially a condition alone of American civilization, and the geographical location of this condition does not extend north of Toronto, nor south of the Ohio river, nor west of the Mississippi States. That is to say, that the area of overtaxed nervous force is co-equal with the area of highest civilized activity. Furthermore, the exhaustion of nervous force only manifests itself among the brain workers of this civilization, or among those who are the offspring or life-partners of brain workers. Muscle-workers are the same in this area as they are elsewhere. The delver and ditcher here can gorge himself with meat and liquor just as freely as the Red Indian on the plains, and suffer as little discomfort or permanent injury therefrom. The diseases arising from nervous exhaustion are the product and consequence of higher civilization. Dr. Beard uses an excellent simile when he says that Edison's system of electric light gives an illustration of the effects of modern civilization on the nervous system. The central electric machine supplies a certain number of lamps with a light of an ascertained power. Every additional lamp placed upon the circuit means a decrease in the power of all the other lamps. By adding lamps indefinitely, the power of each may decrease until it be a faint flicker. The addition of a single lamp more may negative the circuit. The engine is man's nervous force, each lamp is a demand of civilization, each new obligation which man assumes decreases his power to meet the demands of his life, and so his existence ceases under the strain.

Such additional lamps upon the nervous circuit in recent times have been the invention of printing, steam power, electricity, newspapers, political machinery, freedom in religious discussion, activity of philanthropy, the heightening and extending complexity of education, etc. Where the dynamic power of the central engine has not increased, nervous prostration has ensued. That upon the whole the nervous force of the people has increased is undeniable; but it is also painfully apparent that in many cases the attempt is being made to supply more lamps of civilization than the nervous machine can generate force to keep lit. Glancing rapidly in detail at some of these lamps, the first that may be mentioned is the specialization of labour. In the making of a watch, for instance, a mechanic now spends a life time in the turning out of one particular kind of wheel. Here is an exclusive concentration of mind and muscle which, being reinforced with over-heating and bad ventilation, produces exhaustion.

Speaking of watches naturally suggests the necessity of punctuality. In this century there seems to me to have been a great progressive movement, having as its objective point a reduction of all human life into an exactitude of movement which can be compared only to the absolutely certain response of every wheel to the motion of the pendulum. The day was when a quarter of an hour in keeping an appointment did not matter much. If a man is two minutes late now-a-days he will find the engagement fallen through. The necessity for punctuality is most exhausting. It is my experience that if I have to rise in the morning before my customary hour, I might as well not go to bed at all for all the benefit that sleeping 'on tension' does me. Watches and clocks are among the biggest curses that civilization has imposed on man. They make life one eternal fidget. In waking, it is an everlasting struggle to be on time, and in sleeping, it is slumber with one

eye shut and the other on the dial, lest poor nature should suit herself as to the repose necessary for the repair of nervous waste. I never saw a man yet who prided himself upon his punctuality that was not a cross-grained fellow of uncertain temper, and, in the matter of work, a man of greater professions than performances.

The telegraph, too, is a great nervous thief. Formerly a merchant could afford to take matters easily. Now he has all the ends of the earth as his next door neighbours, and has to study fractional differences in markets thousands of miles apart.

The newspaper which you read at breakfast has been put together in the last twelve hours, and if it be a strain on you to read it, what do you think must be the strain upon those who, during the weary night, have been piecing together disjointed scraps of news, and rendering intelligible to the reader brief despatches of far-away events, a knowledge of which the journalist must acquire by some means or another. And all this must be done in the never-ceasing race against time, that you may read before you go to business. The work of preparing your evening paper is even more exhausting, for the labour has to be performed in a much shorter time.

Another cause of nervous exhaustion is the noises of modern life. With what a babble of sound the air is laden cannot well be appreciated, unless we pause upon a Sunday morning and contrast the stillness then prevailing with the muffled roar of a week day. Noises produce exhaustion, but not death. Vile odours produce nervous exhaustion, but they are rarely fatal. Sewer gas and other atmospheric poisons are almost odourless. People who live in such stench-holes as a tan-yard are as long lived as any others.

Railroad travelling has a tendency to nervous exhaustion in most cases. In some people, to make use of a bull, it causes sea-sickness. Railway employes suffer frequently from neurasthenia.

What I think, however, is the greatest cause, is the rapidity with which all new ideas are absorbed among us. Yesterday the telephone was not known. To-day the city is covered with a net-work of wires, and we converse while miles apart; yes, and fume and fret at the delay if connection is not made between the instruments in half-a-minute. Yesterday we were content to wait the pleasure of the tardy message-boy; to-day we grumble at the loss of half-a-minute—grumbling is drawing on nervous force.

The increase in the amount of business transacted is a great cause of nervous exhaustion. William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould control business interests of their own exceeding in magnitude the commerce of the classic days of Greece or Rome.

Stock-brokers and speculators suffer more than any other from nervous exhaustion, and this will be at once comprehended when it is recollected that the stock gambler risks social, commercial, and religious position in his ventures. His anxiety is a constant drain on his nervous force.

I cannot do more now than simply name such other causes, as the increased capacity for sorrow, love and philanthropy, the constant repression of emotion demanded by society, domestic and financial trouble, the burning religious and political issues of the time, the great freedom of life on this continent, the habit of forethought, the peculiarities of climate, its dryness, and extremes of heat and cold. On this one aspect of the question alone a whole book might be written. Were it not that popular opinion seems to attribute all the nervous diseases now prevalent to this cause, I would have gone into climate at considerable length. I have, however, preferred to dwell on other points, so that I might bring home the conviction that

the exhaustion of nervous force, now so common, is a resultant from our high civilization in the first place, though it is supplemented by peculiarities of climate.

From this hasty review it might naturally be supposed that the future of the race is a particularly black look-out. And so it would be were the brain-working class not constantly recruited physically from the muscle-workers. To the absence of caste on this continent is to be attributed the never-failing energy of the people, as a whole. There is a constant mixing and mingling of the people by marriage, with the result that this continent presents more men of marked and varied ability in proportion to population than any country in the world.

Nor is the prospect for individuals altogether a desolate look-out. There is this about neurasthenia—it is not killing, though it be prostrating. It is only in men of extreme will-power and physical debility that neurasthenia works death. In men of lesser will-power it terminates in inebriety, epilepsy or insanity. But in those who temper will-power with reason, nervous exhaustion is never allowed to go to extremes. When such men realize their danger they take the only remedy, rest with relaxation, and thus it is that though they may say that they never knew what a day's robust health is, yet the freedom from fevers and inflammations which the nervous diathesis ensures, gives them rich promise of long life. It is a fact ascertained beyond the slightest grounds for dispute that brain-workers, that is to say, the class most affected by our higher civilization, are longer-lived than muscle-workers. The average life of five hundred of the greatest men the world ever saw is 64·20 years. The average of death all over is 51, after men have reached 20 years of age. Thus great men, great brain-workers, exceed in longevity farmers and clergymen by two or three years; physicians and lawyers by six years, and day-labourers and mechanics by a no less startling difference than nineteen or twenty years. The condition of a neurasthenic is, therefore, not without comfort in the knowledge that his chances of long-life are greater than that of a burly ditcher and delver.

There is no necessity to fear that the fate of the leaders in life will always be the same, for their condition at present is like that of a man aroused from sleep. He does not know very well what he is doing. As soon as he becomes accustomed to the light, he will flounder about less, and by the expenditure of less labour accomplish more. The work of reorganizing the social system to bring it into conformity with the new condition of life has begun. Enlightened methods are being introduced into education, the gospel of rest is being preached, attention is being paid to physical culture as well as to mental acquirements; the schoolmaster of science is abroad, and human nature is striving to suit itself to the newer civilization.

In conclusion, I would say to those who may have a desire to pursue this subject further, that they will find an admirable treatise on the subject of 'American Nervousness,' written by Dr. Beard, a pioneer in this line of thought. Upon this work I have largely drawn, while at the same time availing myself of other sources of information, none of which I have found more instructive than intelligent reflection upon my own past and present life.

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO

(OR UNTRODDEN WAYS).

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
  To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve and hue,
  Reflected in its placid face;—

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch
  The train—as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch
  He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses mildly stand
  With wonder in their patient eyes,
As, through the tranquil mountain land,
  The snorting monster onward flies.

The morning freshness is on him,
  Just wakened from his balmy dreams,—
The wayfarers,—all soiled and dim,
  Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh for the joyous mountain air,—
  The long delightful Autumn day
Among the hills;—the ploughman there
  Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
  His steady plough with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
  Into some fair enchanted land,

Where—day by day—no plodding round
  Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;—
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
  With plough and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
  Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
  Upon the *page we do not know!*

HOW THE MODERN EVE ENTERED EDEN.

BY A. E. WETHERALD, FENWICK, ONT.

PHILIP KALE'S occupation was that of a clerk in a city drug store; his appearance was dark, slight and prepossessing; his age twenty-three; his manner reserved to the verge of taciturnity; his views of religion and life alike tinged with unhealthy morbidness, the consequence of an hereditary predisposition to dyspepsia. He believed devoutly in the theory that it was a most unfortunate thing to be alive, but that being alive nothing remained but to make the best of it; and he strove to adhere strictly to his idea of the highest plane of duty, which consisted, chiefly, in never complaining—that was a weakness; never mingling in society—that was a folly; and in throwing his whole heart into his work—that was a necessity if life was to be made endurable. Negative rules of conduct are comparatively easy to follow, but the positive decree that one shall throw one's heart into one's work—and keep it there—is difficult to enforce. Philip found it so, at any rate, and he was struck with the added and melancholy fact that his occupation was one in which enthusiasm was not required, and absorbing interest little needed. It wanted a certain kind and amount of knowledge, with carefulness and despatch, but in return it refused to absorb his empty fears and perplexities, his ever-deepening depression of spirit. He began to think very little *of* himself and a great deal *about* himself, and to feel sorry for every one else. If they were unfortunate or miserable, he pitied them, because, poor fellows, they were as badly off as he was; and if they were light-hearted and gay, because they were unconscious of the misery that was really their portion. With the first heats of summer came a time when he lost his appetite, and when the familiar sights and sounds of the city became exquisitely painful to him. His dogged resolution kept him up, but it could not prevent him from turning weak and pallid, nor keep his hands from trembling His employer noticed it.

'Why, Kale!' he exclaimed, one morning, taking the young man by the shoulder, 'you're sick.'

'A little that way,' said Philip, with a wan smile; 'It's the warm weather, I suppose.'

'Better take a holiday of a week or two. A run up in the country will do you good.'

Philip's first feeling was one of blankness. His home and friends were in the city. He knew no one outside of it. But stay—there was his Aunt Ruth, a widowed sister of his father's, whom he had once visited long years before; he could go and see her. He sent a telegram announcing his coming without delay, and prepared for departure with pleasanter emotions than he had ever expected to experience again. He reproached himself for not having yet outgrown the boyishness of being elated at the idea of change.

Mrs. Ruth Pinkney lived in solitary contentment, on a small place of two or three acres, several miles from the nearest railway station. Her estate was not large enough to be considered a farm, but it might properly be called

a garden, as within its borders grew almost every variety of vegetable and fruit with which its owner was acquainted. She was also blest with a faithful man-servant and hand-maiden, who performed the heaviest of the outdoor and household labour. A row of stately trees near the fence screened the quaint, old-fashioned house from the gaze of passers-by, without depriving it of its daily portion of sunshine. The square, grassy front yard was cut into halves by a straight gravel walk, on either side of which bloomed flowers as sweet and odd and unworldly as their mistress.

When the stage containing her nephew stopped at the gate, Mrs. Pinkney, or rather Ruth Pinkney, as she would best like to be called—for she is a Quakeress– smoothed her thin locks of grey hair and the voluminous folds of her grey dress, neither of which required smoothing in the slightest degree, and, clasping her hands in a delicate, old-fashioned way at her waist, went down to meet her young kinsman with a sweet smile of welcome. She spoke little until the stage had rattled away again, and then, reaching up her two hands to his shoulders, she softly said :

'Dear boy, I am rejoiced to see thee once more. It was very good of thee to think of paying thy old aunt a visit.'

It is pleasant to be praised for doing what we please, so Philip Kale thought as he kissed the lovely old face uplifted to his, and expressed his pleasure at seeing it again.

'But how poorly thee is looking,' continued his aunt, glancing at him keenly over her spectacles. Thee has done wisely to come into the pure country air. We shall see what fresh eggs and new milk will do for thee ; we have them both in abundance.'

'Oh, dear Aunt,' said Philip, seating himself on the pleasant porch beside her, 'you have a very squeamish guest on your hands. I'm afraid I can't digest your nice eggs and milk. I'd like to, but my stomach is very weak.'

'Just like thy father,' murmured Ruth Pinkney. 'I see thee favours him in many ways. But he used to say that no one could cook for him but sister Ruth ; so if it is thy stomach that is disordered, I'll engage to send thee back in improved health at the end of thy stay.'

Philip gave a trustful sigh of relief, and his hostess rose to show him to his room. It was not very large, but it had three windows ; the walls were white-washed, and the floor covered with a sober-hued rag carpet. There were a great many green and climbing plants growing near the light. A single picture relieved the wall, representing broad-hipped maidens with their rustic swains attendant upon a flock of fine looking sheep. As a work of art it was not satisfactory, but it was in sweet and peaceful 'unity,' as Ruth Pinkney would have expressed it, with the general effect of the room. Beneath Philip's armour of defence, his hard and worldly exterior, there beat a sensitive heart, easily impressed by outside influences ; and it yielded readily to the brooding spirit of peace that hovered almost in visible form over his aunt's abode. It gladdened him to think that, sick and unrestful and life-weary as he was, he could yet enter into blessed communion with the deep unworldliness of his surroundings. Looking from his western window he could see the same gnarled old pear trees and rows of gooseberry bushes that had delighted his boyish heart years before. The familiar scene made him almost willing to believe that he was a boy again, instead of a man, grown old, not with years, but with cares and doubts, and a deepening despondency. All his old troubles seemed to resolve themselves into a dark, distant cloud, and to float away out of sight, leaving his sky blue and serenely beautiful. The veriest trifles afforded him pleasure. He was even grateful that his slippers were not

gaudy carpet ones, and that they did not squeak.

Philip spent the days of his vacation in the way that best suited him. He went to bed and rose early; he dug in the garden till his strength gave out, and then read Whittier to his aunt in the shady front porch, while she shelled peas for dinner; he picked berries in the same little tin pail in which he had picked them on his previous visit, and ran to empty it in the big pan under the apple tree, with almost the same light step. His out-door labours, combined with Ruth Pinkney's unapproachable cookery, gave him a slight but increasing appetite. He learned how to 'can' fruit, to make the best soups, and the lightest Graham gems, and he envied women their inalienable right to practise and perfect the culinary art. As a housemaid he was not beyond reproach. On one occasion, when he had been entrusted with the delicate task of brushing off the pantry shelves, he whisked down and broke a china mug, with the words, 'A Gift,' on it in gilt letters. He carried the fragments with a rueful countenance to his hostess, and she surveyed them with an air of mock severity and with a deeply-drawn sigh.

'Thee is a reckless youth, nephew Philip,' said she, 'I fear I shall have to give thee an eldering.'

'An eldering, Aunt Ruth? Do you mean to chastise me with a branch of elder bush?'

'No, no, foolish boy! Whenever the giddy young people of our society misbehave themselves, the elders in the meeting are constrained to admonish them. That is what some among us call an 'eldering.'

Philip saw small signs of giddiness among the Quaker youth of the neighbourhood when he and his aunt went to 'Fourth day' meeting; yet neither young nor old had an air of dispirited solemnity. It appeared an odd thing to him to meet for worship on a weekday morning, and the deep hush that fell upon the assembly seemed to offer him special opportunities for studying the quaint physiognomies of some of the Friends who sat facing the meeting, and to meditate upon this peculiar form of religious service.

'I don't like this method of dividing off the men and women into separate companies,' he said to himself. 'It is too forcibly a reminder of that text about the sheep being on one side and the goats on the other. How still every one is! Silence is golden, and I should think it might easily become as heavy and chilling and blunt as *any* kind of metal. I wonder what being 'moved to speak' really means. Aunt Ruth talks of it as if it were some heavenly injunction laid upon the soul of the speaker, which must be instantly obeyed; but I suspect it is oftener the prompting of duty which must come into the heart of every practised preacher to do his part toward keeping up the interest of the meeting. Yet nobody looks in the least anxious or responsible, and that does not accord with my theory.' Then his mind wandered to the dress of the women. 'I like those soft, grey patternless shawls, with the three folds at the back of the neck, but I can't admire the bonnets. Those silk crinkles in the crown are very unseemly, to say the least. What a grand face and figure that woman sitting at the head of the meeting has! She is immeasurably more striking and impressive than a score of stylish girls, with their fashionable gew gaws and gibberish.'

At this moment the woman who had won his admiration untied her bonnet with trembling fingers, and, falling upon her knees, gave utterance to strong and fervent supplication. The high intense voice praying that 'our hearts may be purified from every vain and wayward thought, and made fit for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit,' smote upon Philip as if it had been a personal rebuke. He had risen with the rest of the congregation, and when he sat down again, he felt as if

her prayer had been answered. The service made a more forcible impression upon his mind from the fact that sounds reached them through the open door of mowers sharpening their scythes, and occasionally of a passing lumber waggon. The deep religiousness of everyday life came over him as it had never done before.

He talked this over with Ruth Pinkney on their way home. It was so easy to talk with her; and the sympathetic old lady—who, like most old people, liked to be confided in by her youngers, just as most young people like to be asked for opinions by their elders—felt more drawn towards him than ever. When they reached home he lay down on the chintz-covered lounge, and Ruth Pinkney brought a pillow for him as downy and white as a summer cloud, and arranged the shutters, with a view to letting in the most air with the least light. Philip thought his Aunt Ruth almost an ideal of womanhood, and felt that it would be forever impossible for him to admire a dress on any female form whatever that was not grey in colour, and whose skirt was not of generous amplitude, and made precisely the same behind that it was before. She came and sat down beside him, and he twitched a fold of her gown between his nervous fingers.

'Oh, dear Aunt,' he said, 'I wish I could be still, and happy, and good, like you.'

The Quakeress mused much upon this saying, and the young man who had made it, as she laid the table for dinner.

'I feel a call to do something for him,' she murmured to herself, 'but I can't see my way clear yet. Dear boy! my heart feels greatly tendered towards him.'

Not many days after, Philip went back to his work, strengthened and refreshed by the visit, but more discontented with his city life than ever. His Aunt mourned for him, and Thos. Shaw, the serving man, and Charlotte Acres, the serving woman, saw him depart with real regret. He seemed to belong to them, and to the place, yet doomed to perpetual exile. Early in the succeeding winter Ruth Pinkney was stricken down with a sickness from which she never recovered. Philip was deeply grieved by the tidings, and begged her to let him know should she become worse. She continued in much the same condition until spring, when she suddenly and peacefully died. Her nephew had abundant proof that she had not forgotten him, for in her will, along with numerous bequests to surviving relatives, and her faithful servants, she bequeathed to him her house, with all that it contained, and the land surrounding it. Ruth Pinkney had 'seen her way clear' at the last.

It was not a dazzling fortune, but if anything could have consoled Philip Kale for the loss of his best friend, it was the fact of his new possessions. He threw up his situation—it was hardly a position—in the city, and came down to it at once. His sorrow was temporarily quenched by the joy and pride of ownership. He would live for himself, and by himself, and in precisely the way that best suited himself. He said, with an exultant throb of satisfaction, that he could not afford to keep help, and that the out-door and in-door work he would do would be light labour enough, even for a sick man. Thomas and Charlotte had long contemplated a matrimonial union, and, in accordance with their misstress's wishes, were united shortly after her death. They were to be Philip's nearest neighbours, and Charlotte was to come over once a week and do his washing and ironing, and give the house a thorough sweeping. The young man felt perfectly equal to every other department of household labour, and his brain teemed with new experiments in hygienic cookery, and plans for living in luxury and gaining health and strength at the nominal expense of five cents per

meal. It was late in March when he took possession of his new property—a time of year when the pleasantest of country places looks forlorn; but he gloried in the fact that it was all his own, and walked untiringly over almost every foot of it, making mental arrangements for Spring work. When he entered the house he walked slower and felt graver. Everything was eloquent of the loving and lovely woman who had departed from the place for ever. His eyes grew moist, and he hung his head at thought of his joyous forgetfulness of the great loss which had brought him this great gain. As he opened the door into what had been his Aunt's room, he saw the dear old grey dress hanging up on the wall, and an uncontrollable impulse made him lay his face in the folds for a moment. Then he came softly out and closed the door behind him.

The next month was a very busy one for the young master of, what was known in the neighbourhood as, the Pinkney place. He did not work much, but he thought and planned a great deal. He had a passion for flowers as great as his ignorance concerning their cultivation; hence the long hours he spent in the study of horticultural monthlies and floral guides. He made a map of the house and grounds, with the exact location and name of every vegetable bed, every berry bush, every climbing plant, and every different flower that had been, or should be, marked thereon. Thomas had already made the hot beds, and promised his aid and experience at transplanting time. He puzzled long over an empty lot at the back of the house, which his Aunt had been in the habit of loaning to a neighbour every summer for the pasturage of his cow, for which she received a small money consideration. It was out of the question for the young farmer to allow any portion of his property to be let out to a stranger, and he finally resolved to plant it with fruit trees. To be sure, there was a prospect of more apples and pears on the trees now standing than he could possibly use, but there were plenty of ways—remunerative ones, too,—in which to dispose of surplus fruit. Besides, he wanted to do something on a grand scale by way of celebrating his release from the drudgery he despised, and the consecration of his powers to what he was fond of calling, with little expense of originality, the noblest employment of man. He forgot his dyspeptic fears and his once ever-present dread of the morrow—forgot, or laughed at them. The sunshine and the soft airs that visited his abode seemed a part of his good fortune, and he never wearied of meditating upon and rejoicing in his riches. How delightful it was to leave his books and his papers scattered over the table at night, with the consciousness that they would remain in precisely the same position till the next evening, without the interference of some vain housemaid, who would most probably indulge the horrible propensity of her class in doing what she imagined was 'putting things to rights.' He had little time or need for cooking. There were vegetables and a great deal of canned fruit in the cellar; tea, butter and sugar he never used; sometimes he purchased a few scraps of meat from a passing butcher and made an appetizing stew; but the supply of bread never troubled him; his first batch turned out so hard that it bid fair to last him his natural life.

With the improvement in his health there came a sturdy happiness to the mind of Philip Kale. He had no longing for society; he had had over much of it of an uncongenial sort all his life. To cut loose from the meaningless and artificial restrictions of the multitude, to come close to the heart of nature, and live for her improvement and for his own—this was liberty, this was freedom, this was the elixir of life! Here was his world, his garden of Eden; and he was the first man. He had not yet dreamed of the possibility

of an Eve, though sometimes the remembrance of the grey gown led him to imagine that his life was not quite rounded, not yet complete. This fancy, however, did not intrude itself very often, as he had no time to indulge fancies of any kind. He was such a a very busy young man. Thomas was hired, of course, to do most of the work, but then it was always necessary for Philip to stand near and see exactly how it was done, and why it was done so, and what would be the results if it were done otherwise. He laughed over his own mistakes as he had never laughed at anything in his life before. He ceased to walk, at least out of doors, and fell into a habit of light hearted and light-footed running. It was a truthful and rhythmic remark of Mrs. Kale's that her sickly son, if he was able to walk, would want to run or fly, and if he was not able to walk, would be ready to lay down and die. He had been resigned to the thought of death most of the time that he could remember, but now he was more than resigned to life. He sported—no other word will express the vanity he felt in his strange attire—a suit of coarse clothes much too large for him, and a broad straw hat, neither of which could conceal the handsome lines of his comely face and slight figure. When the novelty of his situation failed a little, and all his plans were in good working order, he lapsed into a quieter contentment. Then it was that he re-arranged all the books in the tall old bookcase, and read, just before he retired, some passages that Ruth Pinkney had marked in her favourite authors. He felt very grateful, very glad. He longed at intervals to do good to others, but he still took pleasure in saying to himself that he was doing more good to others by keeping away from them than he could do in any other way. This was selfish, but he seemed to be continually steeped in an ecstatic consciousness of self. He revelled in the growing and greening grass, in the lengthening and brightening days, in the blissful chorus of the birds, singing the return of Spring to this earthly paradise. He spent balmy May afternoons in the hammock under one of the trees near the road, watching a pair of birds building their nest on a branch near by.

One day his attention was arrested by an object which proved even more interesting than nest-building. This was a young lady on horseback, riding by. If she had been a stately and beautiful damsel, as lithe and supple as the whip she bore, and enthroned on a fleet and graceful steed, Philip Kale, as a young man who knew much more of novels than of real life, would easily have supposed that that was just what might have been expected. But this youthful *equestrienne* was of an entirely different type. She was evidently unaccustomed to the saddle; the animal she rode was a heavy farm horse, and she herself, attired in a blue calico dress and wide straw hat, was rather round faced and chubby. Philip found nothing romantic, but a good deal that was comical, in the scene, as the young girl, swaying and clinging in a frightened manner to the saddle, came along, accompanied by a sturdy boy, presumably her brother, who rode beside her, barebacked. Philip was glad that the thick intermingling branches of the trees allowed him to see and hear without danger of detection. At a few yards from his gate the young lady slipped to the ground, saying, in a despairing tone—

'It's no use trying any more. I never *can* learn to ride!'

'That's a pity,' said the boy, hopefully.

She buried her face in the horse's mane. The sympathetic brute immediately lapsed upon three legs, and hung his head lower than ever. Then a sudden infusion of resolution came over her.

'But I *will* learn!' she cried.

'That's the right way to talk,' said her companion. 'It must be mighty

mean, the first time you're on a horse. I can't remember when I was.'

'I know I'm old and stiff,' continued the courageous voice, 'but if my ambition is not greater than my stupidity, then I'll give up!' She thought over what she said a moment, and, laughingly, added, 'Highly probable.'

'I've heard it said that people ought to learn without a saddle—nothing but a strap and a blanket—but you'd turn a sideways somerset rightaway.' Then, encouragingly: 'I believe you'd do first rate if you weren't scared.'

'But I can't help being scared,' said the girl. 'All the horse's muscles and sinews, and fibres and things, keep moving in such an awful way.'

'And his legs, too!' added the youth, soberly, and then he burst into a roar of laughter.

'Oh, don't laugh, Joe; someone will hear you, and fancy what a picture we make. Who lives in that house since Mrs. Pinkney died?'

'Nobody worth mentioning,' returned Joe, with a boy's outspoken contempt for one whose acquaintance he found it impossible to make. 'Some mighty stuck-up acting fellow from the city. Well, shall we get on?'

'I suppose so; but you'll have to help *me* to mount first.'

This was rather a difficult task, but with a great many 'Yo heaves,' and strenuous efforts on the part of Joe, the young lady was fairly mounted at last.

'Good gracious, girl, he muttered, as he arranged the blue drapery, 'you *are* a lift! I should think you must weigh as much as seventy-five stone.'

'Do you know the weight of a stone?' inquired his sister, severely.

'N—no, not exactly; but, of course, I don't mean very big stones. Just middling-sized ones.'

They rode off, and the eavesdropper rose up, feeling much refreshed. He was interested in the pretty country girl who had candour enough to confess her fright, and pluck enough to resolve upon overcoming it. He had no one to talk with or question about her, as Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had departed, leaving with him minute directions for the care of a house and garden. He walked up and down the veranda a few times, laughing at the recollection of her comical way of riding, and then he went in and picked up a favourite book, and forgot all about her.

But the next afternoon she passed again, this time alone, and on succeeding days she did not fail to make her appearance. Philip soon knew what hour to expect her, and he was generally in his hammock at that time. Naturally he wished to see if she made any improvement in the equestrian art, and the results of his daily observation were, that she did not so much gain in skill as lose in fear, and that her peculiar style of horsemanship, though seemingly capable of promoting her health and pleasure, was not of a kind to win, even under the most favourable circumstances, the plaudits of the crowd. Yet, with all her imperfections, he did not cease to watch her. The drooping hat brim nearly concealed her face, but on one occasion it was clearly revealed to him. This was when her hat, loosely tied with a blue ribbon, was blown from her head. Philip longed to rush after it, but he restrained himself, and she dismounted and went after it herself. She had pale brown hair, and her face was fresh and blonde, and pretty. He wished many times during the remainder of the day that he had gone and picked up her hat; then, next day, she would be sure to favour him with a slight glance of recognition, and he might be emboldened to make a bow. In the present monotony of his life, such an incident would assume the proportions of an adventure. Her preference for riding past his house was easily explained; the road near which it stood was little more than a lane, and scarcely ever used save by pedestrians. She was the only lady he had seen since coming into the

country, and he grew, unconsciously, to look forward to his brief daily glimpses of her. In the character of Adam in Paradise, he felt a peculiar fitness in calling her Eve; and he appreciated the interested glances which she occasionally threw over into the garden of Eden, and her probable wondering at the non-appearance of its master. Philip was unwilling to take fate in his own hands, but how he wished that some favouring wind of fortune would—blow her hat off again. He felt assured that she had never seen him. Once he had not started for the hammock until she was in sight, but her head was turned the other way. One Saturday it rained, so he did not see her, and on Sunday he could not expect to, but she was continually present in his thoughts. The youthful hermit, who had gloried in his solitude, was ashamed of himself for longing to see the one strange face that had invaded it.

Early the next morning Charlotte Shaw came to wash, and Philip Kale sat out on the back porch and talked with her. He found it very pleasant to be able to talk once a week—even if it were solely upon trivial topics. He began to realize that the true aim of conversation was not to gain or impart knowledge, but for sympathy, inspiration, the sense of companionship, and the exercise of one's mental and vocal powers. He blushed to think that he, who had fallen to sleep the night before over a favourite volume of poems, was now absorbing with eager interest the empty gossip of the neighbourhood. With assumed indifference he inquired the name of the heavy young lady who so frequently rode on horseback.

'You must mean Miss Harding. They call her Eve (Philip started), but I believe her right name is Eva. I don't think she is heavy, Mr. Kale; leastways, she walks across a room just like a kitten, and carries herself so prettily. She used to think the world and all of your Aunt, and she was over here a few days before she died. My! but didn't Mrs. Pinkney sound your praises to her, though.' Philip blushed. 'On her way out she stopped in at the kitchen, and says she, "Is young Mr. Kale at all like his Aunt?" "Law, Miss," says I, "they're as like as two peaches; one of them ripe and ready to fall, and the other rather hardish yet." Then she praises up your Aunt, and praises up the place, and finally says, just as she's going: "There's no portrait of Mrs. Pinkney's nephew lying about, is there?" "No, Miss Harding," says I, "there beant."'

If Mrs. Shaw had any particular design in view in thus dwelling upon the details of Miss Harding's knowledge of Philip, she did not reveal it in her face, which looked stolid and sensible as before. Philip felt alternate heats and chills; but he led the conversation to a more impersonal ground. After that revelation he felt that there was a subtle sympathy established between the spirit of his unknown Eve and himself, and wondered how he could have found so much joy in life before it was illuminated by the daily vision of a sweet-faced girl, riding by on a farm-horse.

About this time he received a letter from his mother, reproaching him in half-playful terms for so abruptly cutting himself loose from family and friends to live in the woods, as she could not doubt he did, in a half barbaric state, and commanding him, if he had any remains of filial or paternal affection left, to make it manifest by an immediate visit to his father's house. Philip felt, as his Aunt Ruth would probably have expressed it, a distinct 'call' to go. He had a great deal of repressed affection for his parents and brothers and sister. He wished to show them that his 'half-barbaric' life was making a new man of him, physically and mentally. He wanted to contrast the satisfying pleasure of solitude with the empty delights of society. Perhaps he had an unacknowledged feeling that the for-

mer needed all the advantages of a strong contrast to brighten the dull colours that had glowed so warmly for him at first. Whatever may have been the number or nature of his motives, he was fully determined to go. Thomas would have an eye to his garden, and Charlotte would improve his absence in prosecuting the necessary and unpleasant labour of house cleaning. When he arrived in the city he felt rather jaded, but the abrupt change from his solitary nook to the thronged and bustling streets brought him a factitious excitement, an exhilaration of spirit, and a quickened expression, which, in conjunction with his tanned complexion, his frequent bursts of laughter, and brilliant flow of conversation, transformed him entirely in the eyes of his own family. He was the hero of the hour; and the enthusiastic way in which he related his rural experiences gave them something of the thrill and strangeness of adventures on sea or foreign shores to his interested group of listeners. He sat on the sofa beside his sister Fanny, and trifled with the long braid of hair that fell down her back.

'And I suppose you never miss going to Quaker meeting?' said this young lady.

'Oh, yes; I miss it every time,' said her brother, with a little frown and a slight shade of embarrassment. 'But I guess my loss is their gain, and *vice versa*. The trouble is, if I go once I shall feel a kind of obligation to go again—and again; and I don't want to be inveigled into getting mixed up with even the best kind of other people.'

'The usual exception with regard to present company, I suppose. Flattered, I'm sure!'

'Well, I thought,' remarked Mrs. Kale, 'that Friends considered themselves apart from the world.'

'That is the way I consider myself,' said her son, significantly.

'You should attend Divine service somewhere,' said Mr. Kale, gravely.

'Yes, sir,' said Philip; but he mentally decided to meditate upon his father's statement for several months, at least, before he ventured to put it into practice.

'Don't you long, sometimes, for the sight of a woman's dress?' asked Fanny. Philip had carefully omitted making any mention of Eve.

'Oh, I can appreciate them all the more when I do see them. This is a pretty muslin you have on. Just the colour of peach blossoms, isn't it? I believe I like blue better. Very odd that peach blossoms should come out before the leaves.'

His sister laughed. 'Oh, I dare say,' said she, 'but there are some things that strike me as odder even than that. How long are you going to keep it up, Philly?'

The young man sprang with a quick, nervous motion to his feet, so as to face his sister. 'I'm not keeping it up at all,' he said, 'it's keeping *me* up! my health and spirits, and everything! Do you think I'm the least bit tired of it?'

Everyone looked at him, and every one was constrained to admit, 'No.' Then he crossed the room to his mother's side, and had a little talk with her concerning some domestic matters, which had proved in his experience rather unmanageable. Mrs. Kale had never been more interested in her son than now. From the days of his sickly childhood, when he alternated from excited joyousness to fretful morbidness, she had always considered him a queer boy; and she was glad now that his queerness had found vent for itself. How brown and earnest, and wide awake he was. Though she had never been neglectful of him, she felt a motherly pang that he had gone so completely out of her life before becoming what he was; that it was in scenes remote from her presence and influence that he had risen to a higher plane of life. She was a handsome, worldly-faced woman, with a smile and manner rather too hard to be

agreeable. When they went up stairs together, she stood on the landing, saying good night, with a strange, wistful expression, to Philip, a few steps beneath her. He laid his hand on her shoulder a moment. She caught her breath, and then bent over him. 'You are a good fellow, Phil.!' she cried, the tears coming into her eyes. 'I am sure you will never forget your mother.'

In a week or two Philip returned to the country. It was impossible, he said, for a farmer to be long absent from his crops during the growing season, and his mother saw him depart with more regret than she had ever imagined his absence would cause her. If Philip was not glad to leave his old home, he was not sorry to return to his new one. He wanted to see if his strawberries were ripe, and if Miss Harding still rode daily past his gate. Her importance in his thoughts had dwindled considerably since he had seen and talked with other charming young ladies, friends of his sister, who were quite as pretty as the unskilled young *equestrienne.* He could not help feeling glad, for the sake of the world, that there were so many sweet and good young women in it; but that one of them could be immeasurably fairer, and more to be desired, than her sisters,—this was the empty fancy of lovers, or of idle and romantic young men who spent a certain part of every afternoon in a hammock. He had outgrown all that now.

With these practical and prudent reflections in his mind, it was rather strange that Philip Kale, on stepping out of the car into the presence of Miss Harding and a number of other people, should have experienced a suddenly increasing beating of the heart. He could not understand it at all. It was unreasonable, it was abominable, but it was so. The boy, Joe, was apparently going on a journey, and his sister had accompanied him to the depot. Philip stood not far from her, as he could easily do in the crowd without being noticed. She was laughing, and he told himself angrily that he couldn't bear girls that laughed in public. She had evidently been teasing Joe unmercifully, for on the youth's face were exhibited mingled emotions of rage, mirth, and despair.

'You're real mean,' he blurted out.

'And the boy's honest,' thought Philip, his mind reverting to 'nobody worth mentioning.'

'Well, Joe,' said his sister, sobered at once, 'it's better for you to think so, than for me to be so! You know I don't mean anything.'

'And I didn't mean to say that, either, Eva.'

'Then there's no meanness about either of us,' said Eva, laughing again.

Philip told himself that he had never heard a young lady make puns before, and he never wanted to again.

'But now,' exclaimed Miss Harding, 'you must go! Good by, my dear fellow. Be sure you write.'

Philip said that 'my dear fellow' was simply disgusting. But he knew that his angry thoughts amounted to nothing at all. They were merely the last effort of nature to preserve him in his boasted independence. It was too late. His heart was irrevocably in the possession of Miss Eva Harding.

He decided to walk out to his home. It was healthful exercise, and would do him good. A long walk in the country on a June day is a beautiful thing in theory, but Philip found that in practice it had several drawbacks. The sun was hot, the scenery was dull, and he himself was not in the full glow of health and vigour. Every carriage that swept past left a cloud of dust for him to travel through. He was feeling very much incensed by this fact, when a fresh sound of wheels from behind caused him to turn a vengeful glance in that direction. There he saw Miss Harding, looking very cool and contented, sitting in a buggy, and drawn by a horse much better looking than the one with which she usually appeared. She

drove in a very leisurely fashion, looking hard at Philip's back, and wondering if it would be very improper for a young lady of acknowledged social position, driving in her own conveyance, to offer a ride to a stranger who was so evidently respectable, weak, and weary. She was very kind hearted, had a habit of acting quickly upon her generous impulses, and was, moreover, an original young lady, with a liking for doing original things. All of these forces combined to stop the horse just as he reached Philip's side.

'If you care to ride, I can readily accommodate you,' she remarked.

There was mingled embarassment, defiance, and kindness in the tones; but the young man chose to recognise the latter quality alone, as he said, with a bright glance at her—

'Oh, thank you, I would indeed. It makes my head ache badly, walking in the sun. You are very kind.'

He got in at the left side, allowing her to retain the reins. She was evidently quite reassured by his words and manner.

Philip's heart beat quick. He observed with pleasure that his companion looked incomparably better in a buggy than she did on horseback; that her hat, which had a blue feather in it, displayed a forehead, milk white and boldly rounded, with a single thick lock, not fringe, of fair hair falling across it, that her eyes were not penetrating nor searching, but deep and placid; that her pretty shoulders were femininely narrow, and that she had those easy, restful ways of leaning back and looking around so delightful to a nervous man. He forgot all the harsh things he had thought about her, and was sure that nowhere upon earth existed the girl so wonderfully sweet and wholesome looking as the one beside him. As a dyspeptic, he knew the worth and rarity of this combination of two of the best qualities in nature.

'How far do you go?' she asked.

Philip hesitated. It would sound rather queer to say, 'to my house,' besides, that would necessitate all kinds of explanations, which he had no desire to make. He had not dissembled before, but it is never too late to learn bad as well as good practices. 'To Mr. Kale's,' he replied, 'I believe it is some distance from here.'

'It's a little way this side of our place,' she said, 'up a green lane. You have never been in this part of the country before?'

'Oh, yes; I was here a long time ago, when Mrs. Pinkney was living. Her nephew is a sort of connection of mine. I don't know whether you could call it a relationship or not. Did you know Mrs. Pinkney?'

'Very well, indeed. She was a dear friend of mine. Our neighbourhood felt its loss deeply when she died last winter. I never knew any one to live so entirely for others.'

'Living for others sounds very fine,' said Philip, argumentatively. 'Can you tell me precisely what it means?'

The young girl looked at him a little doubtfully, as if she half liked and was half afraid of this turn in the conversation. 'I think I can tell you what it meant in Mrs. Pinkney's case,' she said. 'She continually blessed and gladdened the lives of those around her by her words, her actions, and, perhaps, most of all, by the sweet peacefulness of her presence. To every one that came in contact with her, she seemed to supply a special need, and to those who were satisfied with themselves and the world she brought something of the beauty of heavenly things. Why,' with a little blush for the enthusiasm with which she had spoken of her dead friend to a stranger, 'she did the noblest thing that any one can do—she made the world better because of her living in it.'

'Is that a very uncommon thing to do?'

'Oh, I'm afraid it is; and I hate to think so, too! So few people seem to understand that that is the real meaning and object of life; and even

when they do understand it, they are apt to act upon it in such a poor, grudging' discontented sort of way. It is as if they felt it a miserable responsibility instead of a marvellous privilege. I hope you don't think I'm gushing. I am a good deal too much in earnest for that.'

'I can easily believe you,' said Philip, warmly; 'and I know Mrs. Pinkney to have been all that you represent her. Does the nephew to whom she left her property inherit any of her virtues?'

'Why, as to that,' replied Miss Harding, with a short laugh, 'it's difficult to say. He has scarcely been seen by any one since he took possession. I should say that he was entirely different from his Aunt. But it is very rude for me to discuss his character with you.'

Philip thought so, too, but, instead of saying that, he immediately exclaimed:

'It would be a positive kindness to me. I am very little acquainted with him, I assure you, and understand him still less, though our habits and tastes are identical. I was at college the same time that he was, and thought him a terribly reserved fellow. He is, really, the last person in the world from whom I should have expected an invitation to visit.' Philip drew a long breath at the end of his speech.

'I should think so,' said his companion, thoughtfully. 'Why, he appears to be the most unsocial man you could possibly imagine. He lives for himself quite as completely as his Aunt lived for others, and in the same house and garden, too! It seems too bad! He is not known to go to any church, or to the village, or anywhere. He is no more to the people among whom he lives than a snail in its shell, and when he dies I suppose will be missed about as much.'

'Well,' said the young man, feeling a little shocked, 'at least he does no harm.'

'Not to others, perhaps, but a great deal to himself. It is thought a very terrible thing to be narrow-minded; but to my thinking it is worse to be narrow-hearted. What can you think of a person who digs out all the roots of affection, leaving one central plant to twine around, and beautify, and perfume his own best-beloved self?'

She smiled as she spoke, and Philip noticed how strong and white her teeth were. He was stung into self-defence.

'But it is in solitude that mental riches are acquired, genuine personal improvement made. Surely one must be of some benefit to the world who so thoroughly benefits one person in it.'

'But don't you see that, by concentrating his efforts upon one person, he not only fails to benefit the rest of the world, but himself as well? It is a good thing to gain mental and material riches, but that does not justify any one in turning miser. Wisdom in a single brain, and gold in a single box, are worse than useless, because they engender selfishness and conceit in their owner. It is circulation that makes them both useful.'

The young lady did not snap out her utterances. She spoke in smooth gentle tones, as one who had thought long and felt deeply on the subject. Philip tried to find some of his old arguments in favour of a life of solitude, but they slunk shame-faced away from him.

'Really,' continued Mentor, 'I should apologise for speaking of your friend in this plain way.'

'Oh,' said Philip, 'I am sufficiently acquainted with Kale to know that your words are not strictly applicable to his case. He has always been in poor health, and perhaps that has tended to give him rather sickly views of life and society. He finds it impossible to adapt himself with the slightest degree of pleasure to the conditions and requirements of the world.'

'Probably he thinks there is nothing in common between him and ordinary people.'

'No, I'll do him the justice to say I can't believe that of him. I remember hearing him say once, that he had a great affection for the world in the abstract; that in certain heroic moods he felt that he could gladly lay down his life for the sake of doing it some lasting good, but that he could not mingle, useless and unappreciated, with its frivolities and frigidities, merely because most people did so. At another time he said, he fancied that each member of society was like one of those noise producers in use at an old-fashioned *charivari*,— all discordant and each trying to make itself loudest heard ; and that solitude was like a great musician playing by himself on a sweet instrument.'

Miss Harding actually laughed, 'Ah, yes ; very pretty, very fine!' then she stopped short. Philip's brown eyes, burning with reproach, were full upon her. 'I beg your pardon,' she said, looking distressed ; 'I *am* rude. But,' with strenuous earnestness, 'I wish that Mr. Kale could understand that his fancies, or those of any one else on this subject, are, and must always be, of secondary importance. The great fact remains that society is organized that its members may help one another; and no one has any right to shirk his part. If in any place society is frivolous and frigid, it shows that the earnest minded and warm-hearted people of that place hold themselves aloof from it. Do you think,' abruptly, 'that it is very unjust for me to lecture you on account of Mr. Kale?'

'No,' replied Philip ; 'if I were not in sympathy with him I could not uphold his views. Do you think he is very selfish and shallow?'

'No; only greatly mistaken. I hope you will be able to convert him to my —our views.'

The young man smiled. 'Of course you are in the right,' he said. 'You place it so on a moral ground.'

'Oh, no, excuse me, but I don't. It is on a moral ground already. It has always been firmly rooted there.'

He pressed his hand over his eyes.

'I have made your head worse,' said the young girl regretfully. She herself from experience had no very clear idea of what a headache was, but she felt a great deal of pity for the handsome, suffering young stranger, whom she had been talking at so forcibly. She wished from her heart that she could do something for him, and presently she saw her opportunity. Not far off, on the road side, was a group of girl acquaintances, coming towards them, and casting interested glances at the gentleman beside her. Leaning a little toward Philip, and turning her full face to him, Miss Harding, with bewitching little smiles and gestures of the head, poured out a stream of steady commonplace which lasted till the girls had passed, breaking off only to give them a bow. Philip was amazed by her look, manner, and especially by what she said, but he must have been blind not to see that this young lady wished to give her girl friends to understand that she was in company with a gentleman whom she highly appreciated, and whose favour she was determined to win. There was something decidedly flattering in this, and Philip felt cheered by it a little. Still he thought that Miss Harding was a very self-assured young person, and he found it inconceivable that a country girl whom he had so often laughed at, should be lording it over him in this way. He wondered if he should reveal himself to her when they reached his gate. That would certainly bring a blush for her rudeness to her fair cool cheek, if anything would. But, perhaps, with her dreadful lack of sensibility, she would laugh at him. No, he decided it would be wiser not to make a revelation. Miss Harding was very attentive. She audibly regretted his indisposition, handed him her parasol, for the sunshine was now in their faces, and seemed so much interested in him that he shivered in fear that she would ask his name. It was just such a thing as this frank

matter-of-fact girl would do. Nevertheless she did not do it.

As they went up the grassy lane, and neared the Pinkney place, its owner felt a glad thrill of pride and joy. How heavenly fair it looked. He was sure that Charlotte had finished cleaning house, for the old porch had such a clean scrubbed look. The grass had grown thick and rank, the flowers were blooming, the birds were singing; there must be young ones in that nest near the hammock by this time. And it was all his own! He looked at it with increasing delight. The young lady asked him if it was not strange that Mr. Kale did not come out to meet him, but he did not answer, except to thank her cordially for the ride she had given him. When he got out of the buggy he was surprised to see his companion get out also.

'I've no intention of leaving a sickly stranger alone in this desolate place,' said she, with quite unnecessary kindness, as she tied her horse to the fence. 'We'll have good fun hunting up the misanthrope. Very likely he's hiding somewhere. I've heard he has a habit of hiding.'

She preceded him merrily through the gate. Philip followed her mechanically. Every man's house is his castle, and his was peculiarly so, but when a beautiful young woman opens the castle gate, no man, or at least no gentleman, can turn her out again. The modern Eve seemed to be in the best of spirits. She made a rush for the hammock, and shook it as though in the expectation of seeing a man slip through the interstices. 'Not here!' she cried. Then she walked along the whole line of trees, glancing up into their tops, and calling out frequent reports of her lack of success to her stunned companion on the gravel walk.

'Where shall we look now? she asked, coming up with a face brimful of fun.

'I don't know,' replied Philip, despairingly.

'Perhaps I'd best go over to Mrs. Shaw's. I know she has a key to the house, and then you could hunt round inside.'

'Oh, I don't think that is necessary,' said Philip, uneasily. 'If he never goes away from home he must be here somewhere.'

'Why, yes!, said the girl, stooping to pick a flower; 'but he seems to have odd ideas of hospitality. This is very unpleasant for you.'

'It is, indeed!' groaned the sufferer. 'You are very good, but I cannot allow myself to trespass further upon your kindness.'

'Don't mention it. I hope you didn't think me capable of leaving you in this strait after the way I talked to you this afternoon.'

They walked around the house; the lady on the alert, leading the way, the gentleman stupidly following; and came back to the front porch again.

'Well,' said Miss Harding, 'I have a strong impression that Mr. Kale is *somewhere* in this place.'

'So have I,' said Philip, languidly.

'Furthermore, I think he is in sight.' Involuntarily, Philip glanced around.

'I believe I am speaking to Mr. Kale.'

Philip made an exaggerated bow. 'That is my name, and I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Harding. To what am I indebted for the hon— that is, I am pleased to make your acquaintance.'

'Oh, Mr. Kale!' said the young girl, struggling between mirth and penitence,' you need not look so aggrieved. You behaved nearly as badly as I did all the time.

'Did I?' asked Philip, in honest doubt.

'Indeed you did! You tried to deceive me the whole time.'

'But I didn't succeed.

'No, but your efforts were none the less interesting on that account. And then you thought — Oh, you must

have thought all kinds of horrible things about my behaviour.'

'That's true!' emphatically.

'Well, you see I don't deserve them. If you had been an entire stranger, I wouldn't have asked you to ride, and talked to you the way I did for worlds. Why I *couldn't!* Not if you had been ten times as sick and fifty times as respectable looking as you are. But why, you see, Mrs. Pinkney told me all about you, and Mr. and Mrs. Shaw told me and all the rest of the neighbourhood about you. So I am quite well acquainted—besides, seeing you every day for a long time past. I hope you don't think *now* that I am coarse and rude and ill-bred.'

Philip looked at the sweet pleading face and delicate blonde hands, playing with their tiny gloves, of the maiden before him. How beautiful his Eve looked in his Eden! 'Some other time,' he said softly, 'I will tell you what I think of you.'

She turned quickly away. 'Now that I have found your host for you, I believe I had better go. But first may I trouble you for a drink of water?'

'Oh, yes! I will get a glass in a moment.'

He rushed to the door and fumbled in his pockets for the key, but it could not at once be found. The young lady smiled archly.

'Your key has been listening to your afternoon's talk,' she said. 'No wonder it refuses to acknowledge you as its owner.'

Philip fairly beamed at her. He thought he had never heard such a delicious witticism. The door was opened at last.

'Come in and inspect bachelor's hall!' he cried.

He waited only to see how much the room was improved by her presence, and then ran to the pantry. Through the window he could see the strawberry bed, which reminded him to take a saucer out too. Presently he returned, bearing a glass of water in one hand, and a saucer of immense berries in the other.

'You see I am not only host and guest, but obedient servant too.'

'And gardener also. Why those *are* strawberries! How did you make them so fine? I thought you did hardly anything but lie in the hammock.'

'Oh, that was only when you——a little while in the afternoon. How ever did you see me through those branches? I never thought for an instant this afternoon that you knew me from Adam.'

The young lady laughed.

'But, then,' he continued, 'I am Adam.'

She looked at him inquiringly.

'This is the garden of Eden, you know.'

'Why, how odd!' she cried, between two bites of an especially large strawberry; 'and I am E——. Well, then, you see I didn't know you from Adam after all!'

Philip made no reply. She rose suddenly, looking a little embarrassed, and said she believed she had better go. 'I don't know why it is,' she cried, turning round at the door, 'but I feel *contemptible*—just such a feeling as that I experienced at boarding school, the night I stole the water melon. I have been stealing your privacy, your right to solitariness, your—what shall I call it—?'

Philip's eyes told her that she might call it his heart, but he dared not trust himself to speak.

She walked away with a rapid step and closed the gate behind her, but it was not alone.

'May I call upon you?' asked the world-weary misanthrope, as he handed her the reins.

'Certainly not,' was the almost angry response. "Who ever heard of Adam leaving Eden until—'

'Until an angel obliged him to leave,' said her ingenious tormentor, with a smile. 'I shall certainly call.'

The modern Eve departed with unnecessary speed, but she remained away only a few months, and when she returned it was to make the life of Adam a paradise indeed.

ON CROSSING A BATTLE-FIELD.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

STEP softly! gentle be your tread;
  This ground is sacred to the dead.
To hearts that nursed the martial fire
Which lit their glorious funeral pyre;
To lips that laughed at danger's form,
Nor paled before the battle-storm;
To eyes that grim defiance flashed
As on their dauntless owners dashed:
To feet that had not learnt to flee
From death or danger, but to be
Swift, when the drum to battle beat,
But *slow* to follow in retreat.
No doubt it was the thirst for fame,
The hope to win a glorious name,
That led *some* daring spirits on.
Peace to their ashes! They are gone;
But many more were those who fought
For what a true-born soldier ought:
To right his country's injured cause
And e'en with death defend her laws.
Some lost the prize for which they fought,
Some won the fame they had not sought,
But this *one* honour *all* may claim:
Or those who fought for faith or fame;
And thus *all* claims are satisfied:
'Twas in their country's cause they died.
And those who risked their lives for fame
Have now a faithful soldier's name;
And those who served their country's cause
Obtained the righting of her laws.
Then let all vain revilings cease!
Here let their ashes rest in peace!
And tread ye softly o'er the sod
Which death has sanctified to God.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY J. W. LONGLEY, M.A., HALIFAX, N. S.

THE future of a man's country is one of the most important public considerations which can engage his attention. It is especially so when his country is young and undeveloped, and has not yet worked out any fixed destiny. Any thoughtful Canadian might well feel a deep interest in the future of this country. Our circumstances are peculiar. There is no historical parallel for the position this moment occupied by that portion of this globe designated as the Dominion of Canada. It embraces one of the largest areas of any political divisions of the world's surface. It is separated from physical connection with all other nations, save the United States. It has a perfect political constitution —as perfect, at all events, as any other in the world. It is inhabited by four and a half millions of as intelligent people as are to be found anywhere. It is in the very vanguard of moral enlightenment and political freedom. It has boundless resources, considerable wealth, a large and expanding trade, and a growing — rapidly growing—population. Yet, with all these attributes, it has no national status at all, and no Canadian, no matter how strong his pride of country, or how bright his faith in its destiny, is able even to conjecture what its future is to be. England was inferior to the Canada of to day, in the multiple elements of national strength, when her monarch's name was the terror of Europe.

In the presence of these facts, is it wonderful that certain of the more educated and studious of our political thinkers should take the liberty of speculating a little as to the ultimate destiny of the country in which they live, and which they propose to bequeath to their children when they die? Would it not be strange if this matter never was referred to—if no one of the four millions of people, many of them broad-minded and cultivated men, should ever stop to consider what was likely to happen in the future? There may be differences of opinion as to whether the present is the proper time to work out radical changes in the political status of this country; but there can be no question as to the perfect propriety of thinking about the matter and discussing it gravely and thoroughly.

A person who ventures to suggest that the present state of affairs cannot last forever, that important changes must inevitably come in due time, need not be put down as a present advocate of Independence, an Annexationist, or a traitor. A man may hold that Canada has no reason to feel dissatisfied with her present position, and still not commit himself to the doctrine that a condition which is advantageous and desirable to-day, may not in the course of time become inconvenient, anomalous and even impossible. It should be our aim to look at the matter fairly, without impatience on the one hand, and without dogged uncompromising resistance on the other.

It is not going to very great lengths to say that distinctive national life will never be realized in Canada as long as it is a mere British Colony. It

does not follow from this that the time is ripe for this country to assume the full responsibilities of national life. If there are manifest advantages in continuing the existing relations with the British Empire—if there are radical difficulties in the way of an immediate change—then all these things should be considered, and the policy of the country guided accordingly. It is worth while to endeavour to discover as nearly as possible the exact nature of our present position, and balance the advantages and disadvantages of a change.

It is not easy to see the disadvantage to Canada of her present colonial position. If there are drawbacks they are chiefly of a sentimental character —they are not tangib'e or practical. The fullest indepenc'e.ıce of political action is enjoyed. The presence of a Governor-General at Ottawa, and a few companies of soldiers at Halifax, which latter are innocent of the remotest interference in our affairs, are the only visible evidences of our Colonial status. The Governor-General, although an exalted functionary, is not, in any sense a potent factor in our political affairs. We have the very acme of popular government in this country. The real ruler is the Minister who has a majority of the House of Commons at his back. No one need have much alarm that any Governor-General, if the existing system should continue for any number of years, will ever attempt to put himself at issue with the House of Commons. The Parliament of Canada has absolute control of every branch of the public service. No legislation of any vital importance has been interfered with by the Home Government since 1867, and there is no reasonable probability that any attempt whatever will be made in that direction in the future. The successive Governments of Great Britain have done nothing, since Confederation at all events, which is calculated to irritate the people of Canada, or make them feel the humiliation of their position as a mere dependency of the Crown.

It is urged that Canada occupies an anomalous position in regard to the making of treaties with foreign countries, especially in relation to trade and commerce. There seems to be some foundation for the complaint. As a matter of right, Canada cannot conclude a treaty, even with her near neighbour, the United States, except through the Foreign Office. This is unpleasant, but it must be acknowledged that Great Britain has never evinced a disposition to overlook Canadian interests when they arise in the negotiations of treaties. The objection to our status in treaty-making is really sentimental. We have never felt its galling character. There is no reason to doubt that the British Government would always afford the amplest facilities for the advocacy of Canadian interests in the negotiations of any treaty in which Canada was concerned even remotely. The most important Treaty ever concluded, so far as Canada is concerned, was the Washington Treaty. Canadian interests were, perhaps, sacrificed in that piece of business; but no just person would put the responsibility upon the British Government. On the contrary, great care was taken that Canada should be well represented on that occasion, and if Canada suffered, the Canadian Premier and Canadian Parliament are responsible for it. It is not altogether agreeable to feel that we have no power to make treaties directly, but it is comforting to know that practically not the remotest injury has resulted to us from this cause, and that there is no likelihood that any British Ministry will ever stand in the way of our interests. When it does, it will be eminently proper to consider the matter, and deal with it as the interests and honour of this country demand.

Another disadvantage of British connection often presented is our lia-

bility of becoming involved in England's wars. There is some force in this objection, but, like the preceding one, it is merely a possible, not a real evil. And, besides, this objection is double-edged. Does not Canada gain as much by British naval and military *prestige* as she is likely to lose by England's possible foreign wars? Canada might get involved in a war herself. Her flag might be insulted upon the sea, or her territory invaded. Yet Great Britain is expected to invoke the resources of the Empire in our defence. He is a doubtful specimen of humanity who is not willing to share the fortunes of such an Empire as wields its mild sway over portions of every Continent. At all events, it is sufficient for present purposes that no real danger exists of Canada suffering from Britain's foreign wars. This objection to British Connection is scarcely worthy of consideration by any honourable, high-spirited man in this Dominion.

But it would not be doing this branch of the subject justice to merely negative the idea that British Connection was a disadvantage. It is proper to point out that it involves advantages of a positive and substantial character. The assumption of national duties and responsibilities in 1867, would have been decidedly burdensome to the Canadian people. Canada is not merely a young country, unable to endure beyond a certain degree of taxation, but from her immense area and vast undeveloped regions, the expenditure of large sums of money for necessary public works was and is inevitable. Anything that would have interfered with that would have been a serious drawback to the growth and progress of the country. If a war had been inflicted upon us, it would have drawn away the money which has recently been expended in national highways, and been fatal to our prosperity. Every resource of the country is requisite for the single work of development. Fortunately, barring some extravagance in administration, Canada has been in a position, during the past fourteen years, to devote great sums to such works as the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railways, the enlargement of Canals, and the opening up of the North-West. Such appropriations would have been impossible if we had started out as an independent nation in 1867. Ambassadors and Consuls would have to be sent to every part of the world, supported by the Government. A regular land force must needs have been created and sustained. An extensive commercial interest would have demanded no inconsiderable fleet which would have involved a very large and perpetual expenditure. Starting national life is very expensive. Sustaining it is very trying to kingdoms and nations of greater wealth and population than Canada, and terribly retards their growth. The money which ought to be spent in useful undertakings for the good of the people, is of necessity squandered in trying to keep up appearances before the world—in the parade of courts and the costly pageantry of State.

Canada has been spared all this by means of her connection with Great Britain. Every British Ambassador or Minister represents every subject—Canadian as well as Englishman. Every British Consul is a Canadian Consul as well. The great commercial marine of this country roams the seas under the flag of a nation which rules the sea. The honour, dignity and pomp of State are maintained out of a fund to which Canadians do not even contribute. We have been left free—gloriously free—to devote our entire revenues to the opening up of our country, and the development of its trade and resources. In this light, British connection has been a direct and palpable advantage. No one who regards the matter in a purely utilitarian light can fail to recognise that our Colonial position has not been a clog to our advancement, but rather a spur—not a blight but a blessing.

There is nothing in the present outlook of affairs in Canada which suggests the wisdom of our immediate change in our relations with the Empire. Great enterprizes have been undertaken which it will strain the energies of our people to carry forward. The Pacific Railway is not finally disposed of, because it has been handed over to a Syndicate. The Government have still to pay out in connection with that great work between thirty and forty millions. These are being expended on the faith of the sale of lands, and the expected rapid settlement of the North-West. The whole policy is, at best, but a venture. The results may fall very far short of the glowing expectations of sanguine politicians. Possibly the giant hand of Monopoly may stay the progress of development, and seriously retard the growth of the country. If any accident should befall the North-West policy of the Government, it would be a grave matter for the country. A public debt of over $200,000,000 is no trifle for a country of the population of Canada. There are those who do not hesitate to declare that the burden of taxation upon the people is, at this moment, too heavy, and some of them have the credit of being the wisest and most honest of our public men. The fiscal policy of the country is not yet settled, and the character of the fiscal policy is more or less interwoven with the question of revenue. The smaller Provinces will soon be calling for increased subsidies, and their calls will have to be heeded. Altogether Canada is plunged into the very midst of responsibilities on every hand. Great problems require to be worked out, and it is pre-eminently not a time to think of inaugurating a revolution in the Government, and assuming more and graver responsibilities. The idea of attempting to start out in the world as an independent nation at this juncture, would be simply appalling, not only to every sound and wise statesman, but to every tax-payer in the country. Whatever their individual views and preferences, Canadians must be content to postpone this great question until the Pacific Railway is completed, and the problem of the North-West definitely settled.

There is another reason of an entirely different character which precludes the idea of Independence at the present time. The majority of the people are at heart in love with British institutions and attached to British Connection. In the eyes of some this may be a piece of unpardonable weakness; it may even denote lack of proper spirit. No doubt many persons honestly believe that it is quite childish and silly for Canadians, living several thousands of miles away from England, to feel any great love for a Government whose head-quarters are in London. Granting all those persons say, and admitting, for the sake of argument, that there is nothing but vain sentimentalism in the idea of loyalty—that to be attached to a European Government of any kind is *prima facie* evidence of a poltroon—still, what do you propose to do about it? If two-thirds of the people of Canada are afflicted with this 'loyalty' mania, are they to be coerced by the remaining one-third? In this country the majority is supposed to rule. It is quite possible that the majority may occasionally be guided by ignorance, prejudice or pig-headedness in their judgments, but the remedy is not coercion. These evil influences must be overcome by reason and intelligence. The ignorant must be taught, the perjudiced must be reasoned with, the pig-headed must be enlightened and presuaded. So, admitting all that the most vehement advocate of independence may affirm regarding the blind and yet spiritless condition of those who yet cling to British Connection, it will still be apparent that nothing can be done until they are sufficiently educated and enlightened to assume the full stature of manhood. We must deal gently even with the prejudices

of our fellow-beings. Some prejudices have their origin in lofty virtues. It is always better to persuade than to compel.

Perhaps, too, some apology can be found for those who have yielded to the weakness of loyalty. The glories of the British Empire are not imaginary, nor the Canadian estimate of them the result of national prejudice. The coldest historian will be forced to concede that English arms have exhibited valour on a thousand fields; that the English Constitution is the highest development of political freedom, the noblest type of political wisdom; that English literature is enriched by the productions of the loftiest genius. No Anglo Saxon, wherever he may live, or whatever form of government he may be under, cares to relinquish the honour of belonging to the race and speaking the language of Shakespeare. On the sea the British nation has outstripped all rivalry. Her war-ships have carried her flag and authority to every section of the earth. Her colonial possessions are vast, and growing each year in population, wealth and power. Her Parliament has never been without men of eloquence, wisdom and capacity. Her archives are filled with the richest treasures of human progress. Even a Canadian, living three thousand miles away, may be pardoned for feeling a certain pride in belonging to such an Empire, and claiming citizenship with such a people. In days gone by Canadian volunteers fought side by side with the British soldiers in defending this country against the invader. Every citadel and fortification in the country, though now, perhaps, dismantled and useless, is associated with some enterprise resulting in a common glory. All these things have seemed to create a profound feeling of loyalty in the hearts of a great majority of the Canadian people which cannot be eradicated in a day nor by one sermon on the Gospel of Utilitarianism. There are very many intelligent men in Canada to whom British Connection is an unimportant matter, and who would not allow the glories of the Empire in the past to weigh with them in the slightest in forming an opinion regarding the future of this country; but they are in a minority now. If the question of British Connection or no British Connection were put to popular vote, what constituency in this wide Dominion could be relied upon to cast a majority in the negative? Therefore, however strongly any man in Canada may believe that Independence would promote the welfare of the country, he must of necessity postpone his hopes until a change has been effected in the regnant sentiment of people generally.

But the mere fact that the majority of the people of Canada are in favour of British connection does not involve the necessity of their being right, nor interfere with the perfect right of any man, who thinks otherwise, to urge his views and endeavour to educate his fellow-countrymen to a proper understanding of the question. The aim of what has been said hitherto has been to show that the present interests of Canada will be best served by a continuation of the present relations with Great Britain; that the period for assuming the responsibilities of national life has not yet arrived, and that the prevalent sentiment of the people is an insuperable barrier to all present ideas of a change; but it does not follow that the highest wisdom will always be on the side of Colonialism. In the course of a few years Canada will have a population of over ten millions. The Pacific Railway will be built, and paid for, it is to be hoped. The revenue of the country will be forty millions, with the present high rate of taxation greatly reduced. Under such circumstances, the maintenance of an independent national existence, with dignity and honour, will be quite within the scope of the Canadian people. Is it to be supposed that the

people, under such circumstances, will be content with a Colonial status? Can it be possible that any enlightened man in this country is blind enough to believe that Canada will be forever a British Colony? In one hundred years from now, the Dominion of Canada will possess a population of not less than thirty, and, very probably, forty millions. Does any one in his senses expect that a vast nation like this is to governed by a humdrum official in Downing Street? The sentiments of loyalty will have passed through many gradations before Canada contains a population of ten millions. Every other feeling must inevitably give way to the paramount question of national interest. Every thoughtful man must see and realize that the present relationship between Canada and the Empire is merely a probation. There can be nothing fixed and definite about it. If any one could get at the bottom of the matter it would be found that our leading public men glorify British connection on all occasions, simply because they recognise that our present interests are bound up in it, not because of any heart-felt emotion of loyalty. Why not deify British connection? It is popular and it runs parallel with present interests. Every statesman sees that the time has not come for a change. Why not then pander to popular prejudices and elicit a temporary burst of applause by a burning allusion to that 'old flag, which for a thousand years, &c.?' When the great problems of internal development are successfully worked out; when the North-West begins to fill up in reality with a thriving population, exporting its shiploads of grain to Europe; when the population has doubled and the revenue doubled with it, and all the initial difficulties of a young nationality have been triumphantly overcome, is it not the most likely thing in the world that people and politicians should sing quite another song? By that time the Canadian nation will be worth glorifying, and a man born in the Dominion will learn to feel greater pride in being called a Canadian than a Briton.

It cannot be otherwise. The dream of every truly patriotic Canadian who is sufficiently enlightened to think about the matter at all, is a distinctive national life; and a colonial position is utterly incompatible with the very idea of a distinctive national life. This country has a future before it, and as it grows older, its destiny will become more and more a vital question. A few things are certain to take place, and from these we can deduce probabilities as to the rest. That the country will grow in wealth and population is certain. That when a certain point of wealth and population is reached a colonial position will become impossible, is equally certain. Only three courses are practicable and worthy of discussion. First: Imperial Federation. Second: Annexation to the United States: Third, Independence.

The first has several warm and able advocates, and ought not to be dismissed with a sneer. But really it requires the patient heroism of philosophy to discover anything worthy of a second thought in all that has been said, or can be said, in favour of a single political federation centering in London and extending over the four continents of the Globe. Two of the ablest public men ever produced in British America, Joseph Howe and Edward Blake, have each, in different fashion, grappled with this great problem. The result of their best thoughts only serves to show how impossible it is for even genius to give life to a policy conspicuously at variance with every principle of sound reason and national interest. It is the business and mission of the Western Continent to leaven the Old World with the principles of a more enlarged freedom and a juster equality, not to bend its neck to the remnants of a feudalism broken but not destroyed, decaying but not extinct. A king, an hereditary aristocracy, and a State Church, would

scarcely be congenial to the ideas of a free-born Canadian, who has always enjoyed a universal freedom as broad as the sky, and has imbibed from infancy a notion of equality which would be irritated and galled by closer relations with a country which still preserves privileged order and worships vested interests. The Imperial Federation theory, hence, may be safely laid aside.

The second solution is far less objectionable, but not less distasteful to the instincts, sentiments and traditions of the Canadian people. From a purely material or commercial standpoint much might be urged in favour of Annexation. The Maritime Provinces, especially, would be sure to grow rich, if allied to the New England States, politically and commercially. The mining and agricultural interests of Nova Scotia would receive a vast impetus from a free access to American ports. American capital would pour into the country much more freely if a political union was in existence. Real estate would increase in value. The lumbering industry would be immensely revived and enlarged if no hostile tariff was in force, and a market of fifty millions of people thrown open. A score of other advantages might easily be enumerated, and are patent to every one who takes the trouble to consider the matter, and yet the people of Canada, in spite of many advantages, do not desire Annexation. If a despatch from Downing Street should arrive to-morrow and be published in the next issue of the *Canada Gazette* announcing that it was the pleasure of Her Majesty's Government that the Dominion of Canada should withdraw from British Connection and form a political union with the United States; and, following upon the heels of this was a resolution unanimously adopted by the American Congress offering to admit the several Provinces of the Dominion to the full rank and privilege of States, the chances are a hundred to one that the electorate of Canada would reject the proposition by a large majority. The feeling of loyalty which exists in Canada to-day is inconsistent with a very lively appreciation of American institutions. A prejudice exists against American ideas and the American system of government. There is, indeed, a general admiration of the American people. Their enlightenment, freedom and versatility of capacity are fully appreciated and thoroughly recognised. But we have never been accustomed to regard them as a nation with which we desired political union. The strongest and most effective argument which can be used against any suggestion in favour of Independence is that in our present weak condition Independence would inevitably lead to Annexation. This settles the matter; for very many who see no objection whatever to Independence would quickly scorn any proposition which, even remotely, hinted at Annexation. Undoubtedly, there are Annexationists in Canada, but they are very few, and those of them who seek to rise to eminent positions in the country by the favour of the people, take care to conceal any lurking proclivities they may have in favour of Washington.

The only really practical idea which can be entertained by the Canadian people concerning their future is an independent nationality. Under what particular form of government it is not necessary, at this distance, to waste time in speculating about. It may be a Limited Monarchy, or more essentially democratic in its character. This is not of vital importance. In any case, liberty will be secured and the real power remain with the people. When that period is reached in Canadian history, when the country is strong enough to exist and carry on its affairs without the aid and patronage of Great Britain, events will shape themselves easily and naturally. There will be no 'absorbing' into the United

States. The dream of every patriotic Canadian will be realized in the creation of a great and independent nationality, founded upon the principles and moulded after the models of the highest and best forms of Constitutional Government, enlightened and enabled by the broad and blessed influences of the Christian religion, and fortified and secured by the manly instincts of an intelligent and moral people. It is of the very highest moment that a people should be taught to cherish lofty ideals. Pride of country is not only intrinsically worthy, but it is essentially a useful factor in the State. It leads to national consolidation, inspires confidence, and elevates the national character. The only really sound idea to hold up before the people is an independent nationality the moment we are prepared to assume it. For the present we can afford to be content. We are enjoying the fullest liberties ; progressing well, and overcoming the initial difficulties of our situation. The fostering care of Great Britain is a present boon. The time must come when it will be out of the question. Canada, with ten or twelve millions of people or twenty millions, according to the ideas of different persons, may be England's ally, but cannot be England's dependency. The unerring law of necessity will govern and determine the matter. To suppose that Canadians, when they were conscious of being strong enough to stand alone, would continue to seek to cling to the apron-strings of a European Government, is to affirm that they are incapable of self-reliance, and destitute of the ordinary instincts of pride and independence. It is the highest duty of our public men to seek to cultivate a strong feeling of patriotism as opposed to mere loyalty. Canadians must learn to realize and feel that they have a great country, and are destined to become a great nation. This is the future that should be always kept in view. Not Colonialism —not Annexation, but Canada an independent State — the youngest and most promising among the nations of the earth.

'FELO DE SE.'

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

OFT by that fountain, 'neath the summer sky,
He yearned, impatient for the strife to be—
To see, to know, to mount, the world defy,
And drink the mirage of futurity !

But by that fountain, on a wintry day,
Was hid a harp that burst from overstrain
And, cased in God's unconsecrated clay,
Is waiting, tuneless, to be strung again.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

I.

THE BY-GONE AGE.

IN a few centuries, or even in a few generations, the first fifty years of Canadian life—the ways and means, and make-shifts, of the men who took hold of the *Bush*, and made it into an inhabited and cultivated country—will be an interesting study. Then people will regret that so few materials remain for the illustration of the formative-period of the country. The immigration of a family into this country will always be held as the beginning of the family history. How desirable would it be, could we induce the authorities at Ottawa or Toronto to encourage the preservation of such family histories, by opening a set of books, to permanently register at a reasonable fee, memoranda concerning our pioneer families. We can only faintly imagine how much interest may surround these, in the years or centuries to come. At the present time it is hard for us to imagine the truth that we are living in the formative, the heroic age of the country.

Every country has its 'heroic age.' The first dwellers in most European lands were the veriest barbarians, with little else than their bare hands to begin the battle of life; and, until touched by some influence from without, with little or no apparent desire to improve their surroundings. The present state of refinement has been the achievement of a long series of ages. *Their* 'heroic age' lasted for centuries, and has left many memorials. We, in Canada, began under different conditions. Civilized and enterprising men came to a howling wilderness, it is true, yet with the feelings and ambitions of free men, and determined to conquer the circumstances of their surroundings. Their heroic age lasted a generation—till the old log house gave place to the dwelling of painted clapboard—or, perchance to that of brick or stone; till the 'woods' had melted away, even to the stumps that had been left behind; till the church, and the school, and the agricultural society; the town, the fair, the daily paper, and lastly the railway, took their places everywhere. Perhaps for Canada within the lakes—that is the region bounded by the three great lakes of Ontario, Erie, and Huron—the garden of the Dominion, the by-gone age may be said to have ended with the coming in of the railways, viz., from 1850 to 1855. As long as the 'first settlers' remained in a township, that township was still under the influence of their ideas and habits—it was still for them in its 'golden age.' Yet more golden to look back upon, through the vista of fifty years, than when it was a reality.

A well-to-do, hale and pleasant old gentleman once told me that when he was a boy, sleeping in the 'chamber' of a small log house, the closeness of the nights, with the 'bush' all round them, and the torment of the mosquitoes, was something not to be imagined by people of the present day. Speaking of mosquitoes reminds me of a night I once passed, sleeping on the ground, at Spanish River. The heavy, sultry air was vocal with them,

and the Scotch plaid, inside which I sweltered and rolled about, was punctured everywhere with their barbs. They are certainly the perfection of skirmishers! I once called at the house of a German, as he came in for his dinner, begrimed with logging on a new clearing. The day was very hot, and I asked him if he did not often wish that some of those numerous and useless Grand Dukes of his Fatherland could be made to take their turn at logging? 'Yaas,' said he, with a grin of anticipated satisfaction, 'and let dem fight der mosquitoes!'

Bush-life became a dread reality when there was nothing to eat in the house, and when none of the neighbours had anything to lend, and there was no money to go and buy. A settler now in Muskoka, told me of his dragging a bag of flour fifteen miles over the snow in a deer-skin, the hair of which lies back with so strong a 'pile' that Norwegians put a patch of it on the bottom of their 'scoots,' or long wooden snow-shoes, to prevent slipping back in ascending hills. Another settler, thirty miles from Toronto, told me of 'backing' flour—*i.e.*, carrying it on his back—twenty miles across from Yonge Street. One poor fellow, an English yeoman, whose widow I have often seen, actually died of starvation in the Township of Sullivan. The little handful of meal or flour that was in the house was painfully doled out to the children, and he tried to support his own life on cow-cabbage and dandelion leaves, boiled into greens. Failing to support life thus, after a bitter struggle, he lay down and died. A farmer's wife in Caledon told me that she had gathered and boiled tender basswood leaves for greens, in dire distress for bread. But for the aid of potatoes, it is difficult to see how families could have lived; and, even then, the old-fashioned species of potatoes were so late in ripening that the crop was of little use till the summer was over. The man who introduced the 'Early Rose' potato, a few years ago, was a greater benefactor than he knew. The spring is the starving time. I thought, last season, as I was vainly striving to eradicate a bed of Jerusalem artichokes from my garden, what a blessing it was that the Government could bring the Indians, at the slight expense of sending an agent once with some bushels of artichokes, to plant on a few of the rocky islands of Lake Huron. What a diversifying of their present recurring semi-starvation! and how it would tide them over till the 'Early Roses' were ready to dig!

An adventure among the lads in Inverness, Lower Canada, will 'illustrate' the raising of potatoes. The settlement was made, fifty years ago, by a large immigration of Highlanders from Arran, under 'Captain' McKillop. They lived under blanket-tents for two months before they got houses up to shelter them. At last, such fortune, as very stony and ungrateful land—but plenty of it—could give them, began to smile on their prospects; and they were anxious to have a regular minister of the Gospel to settle among them; Captain McKillop having led their public devotions up to that time. They induced a good man to come out from the Highlands and to cast in his lot with them; promising him that though they could not give him much money, they would get him a hundred-acre lot of land, and help him to clear it up and cultivate it. This arrangement had gone on for some years; the minister's farm was gradually getting cleared up, and his crop, principally of potatoes, was regularly 'put in' by his flock. But, one spring, some of the young men demurred to this imposed task. They said, such and such families with sons had so many days' work to do at the minister's, while other families, where there were only girls, escaped the impost, and this 'was not fair!' The matter of planting the minister's potatoes seemed to hang fire! The girls, however, heard of it, and the

reason. Soon they plotted together, and, two or three mornings after, *twelve* of them, with hoes over their shoulders, marched two and two to the minister's to put in his crop. 'And were you one of them?' I asked of the middle-aged lady who told me the incident. 'No,' she said, 'I was not then old enough, but my eldest sister was one of the number.' 'And did they finish the work?' I enquired. 'Oh,' said she, 'it was never so quickly nor so well done, and there never was any trouble again so long as the minister lived. As soon as the word got round the settlement that the girls were at work, all the young men turned in to help them!'

About thirty years ago, I heard an old friend tell of a man, named Jackson, who, nearly a half-century before, had married against the wishes of his friends, and, as the story is told, 'he just took his wife under his arm, with his gun and his axe, and went back into the Bush.' He camped at the forks of a river, forty miles back from the St. Lawrence. When winter came, he brought a fat deer in from the forest, strapped a good pack of furs upon a light sled he had made, kissed his wife, and started for Montreal on the ice of the river. There he exchanged his peltry for 'store-goods,' and returned much heavier laden than he went. His troubles now were over. He had plenty to eat and to wear, and his clearing yearly got larger. Soon people began to find him out, and to settle in beside him; and when my old friend knew him he was the 'Squire' of the place, with large mills and other property.

No wonder, considering the tools they had to work with, and the frequent lack of skill in those who used them, that the log huts were sometimes of the roughest and smallest. I remember riding down the Garafraxa Road from Owen Sound, and of seeing the axe, every time it was uplifted, of a settler who was chopping on his wood-pile at his back-door—I saw the axe over the roof of the house! I have seen the floors made of thick-hewn basswood; and basswood *will* warp! Doors, also, of split cedar, with creaking, wooden hinges. When a boy, I have myself made both hinges and wooden latches. But of all the contrivances of those days, the most comical appurtenance to a log-house was a one-legged bedstead! It will be seen that if stout green poles from the woods are inserted in holes bored in the house-logs, at one corner of the house, so as to answer for bed-rails, there is only one corner of the bed which needs the support of a leg! Often two of the farther corners of the house are thus occupied; for a log-house, with up-and-down board-partitions, is a first stage toward opulence and luxury, not always attainable by the poor settler. Two ministers once slept in the house of a Scotch settler, in whose improved house of after-years I myself have frequently spent the night. There was but one room for both family and guests. The housewife, on their expressing a desire to retire for the night, remembered that there was something *outside* she had to see about, and the clergymen made use of the opportunity, thus purposely afforded them, to hastily unrobe. One, however, hesitated and fumbled, and the other had to come to his rescue. '*Now!* Brother,' he said in a vigorous whisper, as he held up a quilt at arms' length in front of the bed. The screen satisfied the demands of civilization, and all was quiet in the corner before the re-appearance of the honest matron.

Another friend, who described to me his predicament, was once in even a worse plight among the Ojibway Indians, north of Georgian Bay; though in this case it was a bed of skins on the floor. The old Indian and his son had understood that white men indulge in 'the luxury of a light on going to bed, and they determined that their guest should be treated according to civilized usage. With sundry grunts and

gestures, pointing towards a certain corner of the house, they made him understand that what he saw there in the dim light of the fire was his bed for the night. So having looked at the red embers on the hearth, and like Cowper having seen 'images expressed' there as long as he thought it profitable, he at length sidled out to 'his corner.' But the grown up son, hospitably inclined, had been closely watching for this movement; and before my friend had reached his couch, the young Indian was there with a flaming torch of birch-bark, to let the white man see his way to bed! Had it been the young brave alone, the well-meant service might have been thankfully received. But the old man and his squaw, and a grown-up daughter, were all, with eyes agog, watching him? Never were the buttons of any man's waistcoat so refractory! Yet he knew that if he could gain time for two or three minutes, the birch-bark would burn out. The young man held on to it, till it must have burned his fingers, and then he made a rush to the hearth to get another piece lighted. It was 'now or never!' Off went coat and vest at one cast, and under the deer-skins the white man dived. When the torch arrived, there was the pantomime of mutual congratulations!

In those days people had the desire to educate their children; but the opportunities were few. The elder sons and daughters of many a family had little of education to fall to their share; though it was always considered a disgrace not to be able to read and write. I myself, from the age of ten to eighteen, only went to school for six months. But often, in the same families, the younger children were at a later date given an excellent education. I am sorry to say, that it was not unfrequently accompanied with an overweening conceit on the part of those thus exceptionally favoured. To-day it may be said, however, that there is no country where the bulk of the native-born population of middle age have so good an education. The log school-house of the bush gave a partial training to the few; but the better one of modern days has given a thoroughly good training to the many. The little old school-house at the cross-roads was generally occupied about half the year. When three months were completed, the teacher could draw a dole from the 'Government Fund.' Sometimes big, rough fellows would give the teacher much trouble. I once saw what we little boys called 'a fight' between one of these roughs and the master. At another time, the rivalry between two neighbouring teachers would assume a belligerent character, and agitate the whole settlement. I remember two masters in Dumfries township criticising each other's scholarship and getting very hot over the pronunciation of a word proverbial for its coolness—'cucumber.' One said that it was pronounced *kew-cumber*, and his opponent was an ignoramus not to know it. The other upheld the pronunciation of *cow-cumber*, and thought little indeed of the scholarship of the man who pronounced it otherwise! Frequently, in such disputes the whole neighbourhood took sides. Happening in at one of these schools, on one occasion, and glancing over the copy-books, where the master had been simultaneously teaching morals and penmanship, I found something about an 'evil *toung*.' The master, a successor of the 'kew-cumber' man, knew that there was a *u* in tongue somewhere; but, clearly, he had not got it in the right place.

There is nothing warmer than a log house, when it is new, and well 'daubed.' I have myself wrought up the clay, and patched up the old daubing on my father's house. The first school-houses were frequently built with open fires, and 'stick chimneys.' In these there were no 'jambs' to the fireplace; and logs of variable length could be flung on the fire. Indeed, the cosiest seat in the school—so the little boys always thought—was on the end of one of the

logs burning on the hearth. In the school-house, the boys next the fire would be too hot, and the ones next the door too cold. But it was easy to say : 'Please, master, can I warm myself?' and then the caloric equilibrium was restored. The desks were boards fastened against the walls on each side; and the benches were slabs from the sawmill, raised on four legs. The slabs *would* shrink, and one or two of the legs *would* get loose and stick up through! And if, as sometimes happened, the bench had the extra refinement of a middle pair of pins, it was so easy to get the middle pins a little long, and the end ones a trifle short, so as to get a little 'teetering' on it! The next improvement was the short neck of a brick chimney, and 'a Van Norman stove.' An enterprise, which, to our own modern eye, will soon become prehistoric, was the iron-foundry on Long Point, Lake Erie. And it was really a 'long point,' which adjoined the vicinity I speak of; and not what it is now—an island. But, thirty years ago, the 'sea' broke through the land; and it will probably always remain an island hereafter. So with the peninsula at Toronto, which, by way of unconscious prophecy, was always called 'The Island.' A good many years since, the lake broke through a gap of half a mile or more (much to the consternation of the city, which feared for its harbour), and made of the peninsula a veritable 'island.' The bog-ore shewn over the Long Point country, in small boulders, kept the works going for some years; until the supply ran out. The 'Van Norman,' stoves manufactured by a gentleman of that name, were noted for their honest thickness and their endurance. They were flat-topped; and 'Mother Powers' of the Governor's Road, a neighbour of ours, had one of them; and was said to bake her 'buckwheats' on the top of it. When the cakes wanted turning, it is said, she had one of her girls at each corner to flop them over, so mammoth were they in their proportions. I had rather a mathematical mind for a boy; but I never could quite believe the details of this cake-turning: the parabolic curves were too intricate for me!

Very few cook-stoves were in use before 1840. In 1842, we moved from one farm to another; and in our new house there were no fire-places. So we rented a cooking stove, at a hire of a dollar a month, for a short time. But getting rid of the healthy, cheering, open fire, was not all clear gain; though certainly it was a great convenience to the women, to have the stove for cooking and baking. Once I built my mother a mud oven; and it made capital bread; but had I been acquainted with the mysteries of brick-making, I would not have made the mistake I fell into. The oven was about three feet wide, and three-and-a-half long, inside measure. The bottom was a big flat stone, bedded in a foundation of clay and supported by short posts. The walls and top were wrought clay. The front was of stones and old bricks. The inside was of pine bark, neatly rounded off, to support the arched clay of the oven. Now, I reasoned, 'If I leave that till it is dry, it will crack and crumble; if I burn it out while it is soft, it will be tougher and better.' So I fired it next morning before going a couple of miles distant, on an errand for my father. Alas, for my calculations! When I returned, my oven was down—a shapeless mass of wet and half-burned clay? But speedily I went to work again, as many a good man has done before, to repair the disaster; and in a week or two my mother was baking good bread and pies in my oven.

Twice I built a chimney, and found that with good materials, and a little of the 'plumb' in one's eye, it was not a very difficult job. Now-a-days, it would, no doubt, pay better to engage a mason to do it. Apropos of chimneys, my friend, the Rev. Robert Brown, told me a story of a neighbour

of his, an old Jedburgh Scotsman, in the Township of Lanark. Speaking of this township, of all those I have been in, in Upper Canada (some of the Lower Canada townships could match it), I have never seen such a superabundance of stones as there is in Lanark. Well, the Jedburgh man arrived in the fall, while the snow was on the ground. He got up a log shanty in some sort of a way, but was determined, when spring came, to have a good roof put on and a proper chimney built. But his great trouble was to know 'If there wad be stanes eneuch on his lot to "big" a *chumla!*' The neighbours all assured him that there would be plenty of stones! Still, his anxiety was continually expressed in the phrase :—'He hoped he wad find stanes eneuch on his lot to big a chumla!' When spring was near, and the three feet of snow began to melt, the heads of some of the boulders appeared. The old man was now in high spirits. 'Aw'm gaun to get stanes eneuch on ma lot to "big" a chumla! Aw can sey that!' he exclaimed. But when spring fairly opened, and the oceans of boulders appeared—'Man!' he said afterward, 'Aw could hae gotten stanes eneuch on my lot to *big a' Jethart!*'*

One of the characters of the bygone age was the country storekeeper. In Lower Canada such were called 'Traders;' but in Upper Canada they were known as 'Storekeepers'—in legal documents, 'Merchants.' 'After harvest' was the pay time among their customers; which meant—some time in the winter! And too often a good balance was left over for another harvest to put right. It always appeared to me a foolish thing to live on the proceeds of the 'next harvest,' instead of spending the proceeds of the *last* one : for, in the latter case, the farmer would know exactly how much he had to live on, and could thus keep out of debt. In doing this, he could also buy to much more advantage. But I never farmed on my own account, and I never farmed on a new place, unpaid for, with a large family—as many of our old neighbours did—and perhaps made too few allowances for the pressure of circumstances. How well I can remember the old-fashioned country store! Cow-bells were strung on a row of nails in the beams of the ceiling ; a few ox-bows hung on the wall ; a barrel full of axe handles ; a spinning-wheel and reel set out as a sample of more in the 'storehouse ;' a box of gun-flints on the counter ; two pieces of moleskin trousering, two pieces of satinette, and as many of homespun flannel for shirting, on the shelving ; the barrel of vinegar behind the stove, worn bright with the boys continually sitting on it : finally, five men and two boys continually sitting, in relays, on the counter, discussing the news. Yes, the country 'store' was an institution of itself. And when at night the horses hitched to the opposite fence were headed homeward, the same effect was produced as the delivery of an individual mail-bag at every house—the news was carried! But there was, however, an unconscionable amount of 'bad debts' connected with the storekeeping of those days ; and no wonder that the merchants must have succumbed as often as in later times, though there was then more chance of securing oneself, in one way or other. A merchant would in payment take a 'note' against somebody, or make a 'trade' with someone *he* owed money to, or take a yoke of steers, or an order on a sawmill, or a lot of sawlogs ; or he would 'turn' out a yoke of oxen and a waggon, and then take a 'quit-claim' deed for the 'place' his debtor was on : there was always some way of getting a debt! All the horse-trades and the Parliamentary candidates were discussed in the country stores ; and where there was not sufficient room for the whole of the local parlia-

* *Anglicé* : 'Jedburgh,' the Scottish Cathedral.

ment on the counter, the rest sat on nail kegs. There was generally a scattering at noon, when the storekeeper locked up his store for an hour to go to his dinner; though sometimes he left two of the most regular of the nail-keg 'members' in charge till he came back again. I never knew those temporarily in charge to do anything worse than help themselves to a fresh bit of tobacco when their pipes gave out.

Some of the old residents of St. George, long my home, will remember old Mr. Kyle, the Scotch storekeeper —'Willie Kyle,' as his more intimate friends, forty years ago, called him. There was nothing he loved so well as playing on the fiddle; and many a time he used to play 'Owre the Moor amang the Heather,' when he should have been looking closer after pilferers. One winter he kept a sort of 'a black-book,' in which he entered all the losses he had met with; among the rest, a bad half-dollar somebody had palmed off on him. Now let the first man he found stealing take care! He had not long to wait for him. He happened to be a slouching sort of fellow, not very long married. Somebody told Willie that So-and-So's wife was wearing a gown of the same calico of that he had missed. Willie knew that it had not been bought at his store, and concluded that now he had caught the thief. So he sat down and made out a list of all the losses he had met with through the winter—the piece of print, the bad half-dollar, and everything else. This done, he marched off three or four miles to present his account. Arriving at the farm, he found the woman going about with the stolen print on her back, quite innocent of the whole affair. The husband owned that 'he *did* take the calico,' but affirmed that he had taken nothing else; and as for the bad half-dollar, 'he knew nothing about *that*.' But Willie had 'the whip-hand' of him this time. He laid down his ultimatum thus:—'You jist pey the bill, as it stands, or you *pack off to Hamilton jeyl!*' And the bill was *pey'd!*

One night, in his store, the convexity of the earth, and especially of the aerial heavens, happened to come up in discussion; and Willie astonished some of the more unlearned of his audience by declaring that once, in Lower Canada, 'he had gone so far north, that he could not put a sixpence between his head and the sky!' He then paused in the tuning of his fiddle long enough to say that 'there was a very good reason for it—he hadn't a sixpence left.

Just here let me relate, what scarcely belongs to any other chapter, the experience of old Henry Brown, of Arran, Ontario, in playing on the fiddle. Henry was one of the pioneers of that township, and in great demand at all 'sprees.' He played entirely 'by ear.' 'Jack,' said he, to a young friend of mine, his tongue well loosened with recent potations—'Jack, when you're playing the fiddle, and you're afraid the tune's going to *stick*, just think of the *words*, and *lay on the bow promiscuous!*'

Farmers sometimes became tired of 'hard work,' and looked to store-keeping. They did not always succeed. I remember one who left a good farm, invested its value in village premises, and began 'store.' It did not seem to do. He added to it an unlicensed eclectic medical practice. Still it did not succeed. At last all was gone, and he suddenly disappeared. Another sunk a large farm, only to become bankrupt in a few years. I could greatly multiply these instances from my own and my friends' experience, but they do not need multiplying.

A country dealer, with whom I once served a year, was drawing a quart of *tar* from a barrel on the balcony—we would not have it in the store. A passing farmer asked, as he saw the amber fluid in the sunlight, 'Is that molasses, Jim?' The dealer answered in jest, 'yes.' Whereupon the farmer, with a disregard of pro-

priety which bore its own punishment, crooked his forefinger through the descending stream, and got—not molasses, but something to make a wry mouth at! A rich farmer was once carrying home a heavy two-gallon jar of whiskey, which was cheap in those days, when no 'excise' was imposed. My employer decoyed him out to get his advice on a horse-trade; while I was privately instructed to change his jar of whiskey for one of water. This was soon done, and the farmer started home. When he arrived at his farm, he thought he would take a drop himself, before carrying it out to the harvest field to the men. He duly watered it in his glass; but it wofully lacked strength. He poured in more of the liquor, but still it was weak. He then tried the 'pure stuff' itself, only to find that it was water! We long expected him to come after the liquor; but he was too proud to do this. He was always fond of playing jokes on every one; and the feeling that he himself had been made a victim, was a greater punishment than the loss of the whiskey. After standing under the counter for a month, it was emptied out into the yard.

Shortly after this my employer was riding along the road, and, all unobserved himself, he saw the same old farmer helping to catch a fat sheep, for a neighbour who was 'out of meat,' and had agreed to pay a certain price for 'the pick of the flock.' A. had caught a sheep, and then gave it to the owner of the flock to hold, while he made a second plunge after another that he thought fatter. As soon as A. had laid hold on another sheep, B. saw in a moment that it was inferior to the one already captured, and he deliberately tumbled himself on the grass, and pretended that the sheep he was a straddle had upset him! Of course A. had to keep his second choice, which was 'second' in every respect.

A young man with whom I was slightly acquainted was once 'keeping store' in a village. In conversation with him, I spoke of the frequent difficulty of succeeding with little capital and having to give so much 'credit;' and I instanced cases of composition with creditors, after a couple of years' flash and apparent success. 'O, yes,' said my cool young friend; 'O, yes, perhaps so; but then we live on the fat of the land in the meantime!'

In those days the young 'bloods' all rode on horseback; now they go in buggies. A favourite badge—as it might be called—of the young country 'bloods' of former days was a red worsted 'muffler,' loosely tied round the neck, with the long ends hanging down in front. Sunday afternoons were the chosen time for their modern knight-errantry. And as they went by, on their creaking saddles, with horse curvetting and prancing (obedient to a sly touch of the spur on the farther side from the spectator), it was easy to see that pride and conceit could grow in 'the woods,' as well as in the populous city. I remember meeting, in a new township, twenty years after, one of the most exquisite of the Exquisites of my boyhood. But what a difference! To see him in the nearest village, with his flannel shirt-sleeves rolled up, *minus* any collar, and his general careless 'old farmer' air, one would never suppose him to have been a 'young blood' in his day. Such are some of the revenges of Time! Indeed, when a young man cares nothing about improving his mind in the golden days he is wasting, what remains for him in after-life but the plodding, unintellectual fate that naturally follows a mentally-wasted youth.

Nothing is more interesting for elderly people to look upon than the old arrangements for 'haying and harvest.' From Fergus and Elora, north and north-west, was a large district known as 'the Queen's Bush,' which, forty or forty-five years ago, was only beginning to be settled. The poor fellows would come down into Dumfries township by scores, seeking

for harvest-work, quite sure they could go back in a month and find their little fields of spring-wheat only just ready for cutting. They got seventy-five cents a day for haying, and a dollar for wheat-harvesting; in both cases with board added. I remember one old man we had, I think, more than one harvest. He was from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, in Scotland. He had been induced by agents to go to South America, attracted by some of Bolivar's schemes for improving his new Republics, by getting hold of British immigrants. There he planted 'tatties' instead of indigo; and they got dead ripe when as large as peas. His principal crop consisted of barley, instead of maize and sugar-cane, and it got ripe in the 'shot-blade.' A further experience was his quarrels with 'the Spaniards,' whom he 'laid round his feet like *mice!*' whether with a sword or a stick I forget which. Finally, he became disgusted with the country, and with Carracas in particular, and came to Canada. No sooner in the Queen's Bush, than Mackenzie's Rebellion, in 1837, broke out, and our old friend, true to his instincts—always belligerent, if not 'patriotic'—began shaping and boring a big dry elm log into a *cannon*, to help to achieve Canadian independence! Some of his neighbours got wind of this, and threatened to 'inform' on him; and he desisted, in time to save trouble to himself.

When I got older, we sometimes did our own mowing; and I remember well the sore bones the first day's mowing always gave me. I learned afterwards, especially from the Eastern Township farmers of Quebec, that (before they had mowing-machines) it was a common habit with them only to mow *half* a day, to begin on: they thus escaped the sore bones a first whole day's mowing occasioned me. Once we engaged two fellows to mow. Scarcely had they made a beginning, when they begged in the most abject mood for 'some whiskey.' They said they 'were always furnished with whiskey—they could not work without it.' My father was angry, and said to me, 'Willie, I suppose you'll have to go to the village and get these fellows a quart of whiskey.' 'What will I carry it in?' 'Oh, I don't know, ask Sam to lend you one of his *old boots!*' However, a jug was searched out, and I started on my mission. On the way back I noticed that I was going to meet a man on horseback. Had I known who he was I should have dodged under a low bridge I was then passing. But just where the great viaduct now stands, on the Great Western Railway, at St. George, I met the late Senator Christie, then a young man, and my Sunday school teacher. I remember that I wished the jug were small enough to go into my pocket; in default of which I squeezed it close to my body, on the side opposite to him, as I passed, hoping that he would not notice it. Luckily, he did not, and I am glad to say that it was the first and last whiskey ever provided for 'hands' on my father's farm.

In those days, harvest hands talked of being 'bushed.' It literally meant that when a man was overcome with fatigue he took to the *bush*, and threw himself under the shade of the trees to recover himself. From the proximity of the bush everywhere, advantage was thus often taken of it, and the oftener, that in a field bounded on two or three sides by thick woods, the heat was most suffocating, and this extreme point would frequently be reached. Moreover, the men were often getting up strifes among themselves—which the farmers were not averse to encourage—and trying who could 'cut around another, and who could 'bush' one another. I remember a man complaining of one of our neighbours in this wise: 'It ain't quite fair the way Friend Dayton uses his harvest-hands,' he said. 'He comes down from the house and takes the foremost cradle,

and leads us such a dicker for about an hour! Of course, we're bound to keep up with him, and he gets about double work out of us while it lasts. And then he goes up to the house, and sits on the porch, smoking his pipe and watching us, and resting for about two hours; then, just afore dinner, he'll come down and give us another hour. It ain't fair!'

Things fit beautifully into one another; for just about the time that the Queen's Bush and its vicinity was being cleared up, and men could not so well leave their own places to cut hay and wheat for us in Dumfries, the reaping-machine began to make its appearance. In 1851, Mr. John Shupe, an early partner in the now eminent house of Bell & Son, agricultural implement manufacturers, St. George, came up to my father's wheat-field, more than once, to experiment with a new 'reaper' he was inventing and improving. Now-a-days, it is not altogether a rare thing to see an alert young woman, with a riding-skirt, driving the reaper, while, perhaps, her two brothers are binding, and the 'guidman' is putting up the shocks—a veritable family harvest-party.

A few old characters of a former age still linger on the scene. One of them I recall, Grandfather Vanevery by name, a survivor of Butler's Rangers, of the time of the American Revolution. If I am not astray, he subsequently served in the War of 1812. He was 'down' on the Americans generally, and on President Madison in particular. He was never tired of repeating anecdotes and narrating the exploits of 'Cap-tain Mac-don-ald,' as he would shake the words out with his palsied voice. As a sample of the useless rubbish with which the old man's mind was filled, he would often relate to us the following story. On one occasion he found a companion of his rating and scolding his mother, just as if the old lady had been present. 'I said to him,' the garrulous old man remarked, 'Your mother must be dead long ago, for you are an old man; and why do you talk about your mother in that way?' 'Well, said his companion, 'she used to tell me, when I was a boy, to take care and *not cut my fingers*, but she never told me not to cut my *thumbs*, and there, I've gone and cut my thumb!'

Some years after, I came across an old man, living in the woods in the County of Grey, who had been at the defence of Acre, under Sir Sidney Smith, when beseiged by Bonaparte in 1800. He said that when there, he and a companion 'got leave,' and rambled south on the sea-shore to the foot of Mount Carmel. 'Then you crossed the Kishon at the foot of the mountain,' I said. 'No, there was a little river just after we left Acre [Belus], but there was no other river all round the Bay to Mount Carmel.' We could not agree on the point at all, but I afterwards discovered that the Kishon got so low in the summer—at least in modern times—that no mouth is visible. It merely percolates through bars of gravel and sand washed up by the sea.

John Buckberry, senior, well-remembered yet about St. George, told me, when I was a boy, of the excitement when war broke out in 1812. He had heard the alarming news, and was racing along the road, on foot, to report it at home, when he passed a field where an old neighbour was sowing buckwheat. He hailed him from the roadside—'The Americans *has declared War!*' The old man dropped his seed-bag and held up his hands in astonishment at such rash thoughtlessness. '*What do they mean?*' cried he, 'declarin' war at this time o'year, when everybody's busy sowin' their buckwheat!' War was declared by the Americans on the 18th of June, 1812.

It is only to those who have been away from a neighbourhood and have come again to visit it, who can rightly estimate the improvements that go on

in a comparatively new township. With one farmer it may be a new gate; with another, a neglected corner cleared up; this one, a bit of new and better fence; that, a new house or barn, or a young orchard set out; or it may be a garden enclosed, or some shade trees planted in front;—such changes in the aggregate and added to from year to year, soon wonderfully alter the face of the landscape. And the change is just as great in the towns. For instance, I remember Galt as it was in 1837. South Water Street was a row of log houses. One bridge (Main Street), no dam; no hydraulic canal; no water power from the river. On the south-west corner of Main and Water Streets stood a little red-painted one-storey 'store,' where J. K. Andrews sold goods and kept the post-office. There was nothing on the west side of the river that I remember, but the Kirk, the Queen's Arms Hotel, and the Hon. William Dickson's house. An unsavoury green pond was in the middle of Main Street, crossed by a new stone viaduct. The population was probably under 500. A year or two afterwards, a 'Fair' was instituted in the autumn. Two or three yoke of oxen might be sold; and I know a good deal of whiskey and beer were drunk, and a good many mutton pies eaten. That, at first, was nearly all the business done. In 1844 or 1845, Mr. B. C. Hearle, a little man, who wore a short coat, started a newspaper in Galt. Peter Jaffray, who bought him out, described his 'plant' to me, as consisting chiefly of a lot of old worn-type, which he thought 'must have been in use since the war of 1812!' However, Hearle went on with the paper for a year or two. It was called the Dumfries *Courier;* and in that journal I made my literary *debût.* A 'poem,' painfully elaborated, and dreadfully sentimental, was secretly copied out, and mailed (postage 4½d.), and in due time appeared. I don't know whether my parents ever saw it; I cannot remember that they did. My only confidant was the late Joseph Caldwell Brown, who was about my own age. He too, was 'Fame-struck;' but he affected the 'heroic' in prose. He had a 'story'—of the age of chivalry, I remember—in the Brantford *Courier*, which ran through four weeks' issues. He told me that he got 'dreadfully sick of it' before he got through. The fact was, he said, he had introduced so many characters he did not know what to do with them; and determining that it should not run on beyond four weeks, he made his hero tumble off his horse and break his neck. By similar and summary process he got rid of the rest of the characters, and wound up his story! Mr. Henry Lemon, the proprietor, meeting him afterwards observed: 'That the story wasn't quite so good at the end, as it was at the beginning.' '*No*,' said Brown, demurely. I have been an editor myself, and have since learned that it is always safest to have the whole of a story in hand before inserting any part of it!

Hearle was determined not to offend anybody; and the *Courier* was not only neutral, but perfectly milk-and-waterish in all political matters. As far as *it* was concerned, 'Duke' Campbell's strictures were not deserved. The 'Duke' lived on the river bank, a couple of miles below Galt, and was quite an oracle in his day. 'Na, na!' he used to remark, 'Nane o' your newspapers here! Ye are a' in pairties and diveesions already; and if ye get a *paper* among ye, ye'll just be pykin' each other's een out!' However, 'the press' came in: and it has not, on the whole, turned out a bad thing for Galt! The *Reporter*, as the new paper was called, which succeeded the *Courier*, took the same neutral position in politics. But not long afterwards, when the *Reformer* was started by Mr. Ainslie, and very pronouncedly took up the Liberal side, it became a sort of necessity that the *Reporter* should be the

Conservative mouthpiece, though still nominally 'independent.' Both my brother, John Anderson Smith, and myself have, from time to time, been indebted to the Galt press for space, always courteously given us—he with humorous sketches, I with rhyme—and for kindly editorial notices.

One of the charcters I best remember was Francis McElroy. He was, I think, a wheelwright; but started a Temperance Hotel at the head of Main Street. A Galt citizen is reported as coming home from a Temperance meeting, and soliloquizing thus: 'Yon Frankie McElroy wad gar a body believe onything! There he was threepin' [insisting,] that the wine at the waddin' in Cana o' Galilee was nae wine ava, but just a kind o' treacle drink! And the poor howlets o' Jews didna' ken nae better, but gat roarin' fou on't!' Frankie was not, perhaps, altogether unaccustomed to the long bow; as for instance: He on one occasion addressed a party of us thus—we had been talking of foreign countries. 'Once when I was down in Texas, I just happened to think how they used to live on *figs and milk* in olden times. You know we read of Abraham and those fellows living on "figs and milk." Well, I tried it;—took a breakfast of it—and it did not go so bad at all, I tell you!' I said nothing, but doubted the correctness of the quotation, and have never got over doubting it!

Two other characters of those old days were Mr. Benn and Mr. Burnett, both shoemakers, and both Liberals of the most pronounced type; with a good deal of eloquence, and no end of boldness and perseverance. They were a sad thorn in the side of the aristocratic party. Their dismay was something like that of the Squire and family at 'Bracebridge Hall,' when the 'Radical' came to the village,—as depicted in the lively pages of Washington Irving. One of these—I think, it was in a Hamilton paper I read it—struggling with the Latin proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, got off the following (presumably original) rendering:—

> 'Cobblers should mind their pegs and awls;
> For they shine best when in their stalls;
> On points of *leather* they may dilate
> More fitly than on those of *State!*'

My own village, St. George, to which I have often trotted barefoot—Nature's buskins were fashionable in those days—was so small, that it was a standing joke that immigrants frequently went into the store or tavern there, to ask 'how far it was to St. George?' There was not a brick nor a stone house in the place; there was not a sidewalk, nor a church, nor a school, nor a steam-engine, nor a piano! Dr. Stimson introduced the first piano the village could boast of, and Robert Snowball, the first steam-engine. I raised $120 and started a library; others have improved the place since. It is now one of the prettiest villages in Ontario; and has long outlived the description given of it by honest John Macpherson, the bootmaker, 'This is a *finished* city! for you don't see any new houses going up and cumbering the streets with bricks and lumber.

Brantford had, in 1837, about a thousand inhabitants. Most of the stores were wooden buildings, which stood endwise to the street, with the slope of the roof hidden behind a battlement *en echelon*,—what the Scotch would call a 'corbie-stair,'—only of an exaggerated type. John A. Wilkes & Sons and P. Cockshutt were among the leading dealers. The Mansion House, a great rambling, wooden tavern, with a two-storey veranda, stood on the western corner of the Market-square and Colborne Street; only there was no 'market-square,' at least known or used as such, then. The Post-office was in a little building, with a picket fence and a small door-yard in front, with an evergreen tree at each corner of it. The site was the spot long occupied by Leeming & Patterson, confectioners; only on twelve or fifteen feet

of a higher level—for the street has since then been very much lowered at the west end. It rose, with about an even grade, all the way from where the Engine house is now, to the brink of the steep hill that led down to the bridge over the river. How vividly do I remember 'a young blood,' stuffing imaginary letters into his coat-tail pockets, and springing into the saddle, in front of the little Post-office, and clattering down the street on a small pony that lifted its feet quicker, I think, than ever I saw any other able to do. And this, I was told, he did several times a day. His breakneck course would be brought up at the Mansion House; and on the way, of course, he was, or imagined he was, 'the admired of all the ladies!' Twenty years after, I was a witness in a case before Judge Jones, in the Court-house. A man, having fallen asleep on one of the empty benches, burst out into a tremendous bellow, in some frightful dream. 'Remove that man,' very quietly ordered the Judge. Not at all as quietly, however, did the constable take hold of him. 'Come out o' here,' said he, roughly, as he collared the poor fellow, who was curling himself up for another sleep. He quickly hustled the poor, disconsolate-looking creature into the street. 'Who is that man?' I whispered to somebody. '*Old Jim——*,' answered the other. The same man; the Exquisite of twenty years before! A year or two after, he was found dead in a disreputable den on Vinegar hill. 'O, Spirit of Wine! if there were no other name by which to know thee, let me call thee Devil!'

The printing office, the only one in the town, that of the Brantford *Courier*, was for many years in a wooden building near the English Church, at the intersection of some oblique streets—nameless then—at least to the eye—and nameless to me still. The 73rd and part of the 93rd Highland regiments were a year or two in Brantford; and the guard-house was on the corner opposite the printing office. In May, 1840, I hurried off on foot—without shoes, no doubt—to get fifty posters printed in Brantford for a sale my father was announcing. I was then thirteen years of age, very small, and with little of self-assertion in my manner—though with a tremendous amount of it secretly in my mind. Mr. Lemon was very kind and patronizing; and while I was waiting on the 'job,' he asked me if I could *read?* I was dreadfully annoyed at his query, and scarcely knew how to answer him. I who had stood, at ten years old, eighth or tenth in one of the great Public Schools of New York ('No. 3'), among three hundred and eighty boys of all ages! I to be asked in a country village, 'if I *could read?*' I got my revenge, however, fourteen or fifteen years afterwards, when getting some official blanks printed at the same office. The proprietor and the foreman got up a discussion as to what 'L. S.' meant, in the lower left-hand corner of the blank; and they both agreed at last that it meant 'Law Society!' I took a note of it in my mind, but said nothing.

It will seem odd to the younger inhabitants of Brantford to state that near where the two railways cross, on the north edge of the city, was a mill-pond, supplying power to a mill some distance below. I once, when a boy, wandered out there, and had an exciting engagement with a snapping-turtle that was sunning himself on the bank. And in 1852 I remember getting on board a queer flat-bottomed steamer—a regular old *tea pot*—to go to Buffalo. I was very glad to find that we changed boats at Dunnville, for I did not think much of the seaworthiness of 'The Queen'; which I believe was the name of the old scow I made the passage in. Probably the navigation of the Grand River (Lord Dorchester, the 'Sir Guy Carleton' of history, called it, in 1798, the 'Ouse;' but the name did not appear to *stick*), will never be revived. For one thing,

the volume of water is immensely less than it was. I spent three months on its banks in 1837; and when a three days' rain storm came, the river became swollen and dark-coloured, and remained so for a month. Now, with the upper forests cleared away, it has hardly more water than will turn a mill, in a dry summer. I was much interested in seeing, in the summer of 1837, some men who were running a pail factory in Galt pass down the rapids above Glenmorris, on a raft, with several hundred gaily-painted pails, bound for Brantford. This could not be done now, except on the dangerous eddies of a great freshet. The same may be said of other streams: old mills are found with not a drop of water running past them in a dry summer.

(To be continued.)

A TIME OF PEACE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

GOLDEN leaves, and a golden day;
  (Lights are warm when the year is old);
Rushes whisper and branches sway,
Gossamer shines and drifts away,
And the empty fort is still and gray;
  (The river flows like a tide of gold).

Long ago from that dim hill crest
  (The year was young, and lights were pale):
Brake the thunder that scared the rest
Out of the rich vale's languid breast,
Till day died faint in the clouded west;
  (But only the river tells the tale).

Golden rays are about your face,
  (Mellow lights are the old year's crown);
Come to the old war-haunted place;
Come with your spell of peace and grace
To the heart where strife has scarr'd its trace;
  (The river sings as the sun goes down).

Golden ways are before our feet;
  (While the year wanes the rich light glows):
Life is stored with the garnered wheat,
All the bitter has turned to sweet,
After the battle the rest is meet;
  (The song goes on as the river flows).

—*Good Words.*

STRAY THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

BY J. E. COLLINS, TORONTO.

[I shall commit myself to no exordium in presenting the three subjects I have chosen for this number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.]

II.

WILD GEESE, WHENCE THEY COME, AND WHITHER THEY GO.

To Sapere Aude Club :—In the spring we see large flocks of wild geese flying North. Where is that NORTH? *Whither do they go? In the autumn, large flocks are seen flying South—whence, and whither? Do you know anything about their haunts?* . . . . SPORTSMAN, HALIFAX.

DURING the month of May and through early June, every season, at various points through the Dominion, flocks of wild geese may be seen warping northward. They fly with a regular and seeming lazy motion, like travellers who have journeyed, and still have to journey, far. They have come from the South, under whose genial skies they have spent their winter. They are now winging their way towards their favoured habitations in the North, where the year before they had laid their eggs and hatched out their broods, or where they first saw the light. Their chosen haunts in the north are usually far away from the abodes of men. Uninhabited regions of the larger rivers and islands in secluded lakes are their chief resorts. They wing their way in large bodies over long stretches of 'muskeg,' and the larger number of them seek out desert islands in the lakes of the great lone land where the the foot of man has never trod. In the fur countries their arrival in spring from southern latitudes is eagerly looked for by the inhabitants. When the birds come they are hunted with guns, sticks and stones; killed and carefully preserved in ice, with the feathers on, for the winter, during which rigorous season they are the chief food of the inhabitants. Wary though the goose is at points along its passage, when it reaches its destination it seems to become bewildered, rather than startled, at the approach of its enemy.

It is found during the breeding season in great numbers about all the uninhabited regions of the great rivers in the maritime provinces, such as the St. John, the Restigouche, and the Miramichi; and often of a still summer's morning, as the Indian paddles his canoe along the rim of the misty, dreamy river, an unmusical din breaks through the stillness upon his ear. The watchful bird has seen his canoe or heard his paddle drip, and set up this clamour in fear for its callow brood.

But they go even beyond the wild and unfrequented regions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the middle of spring, when a steady southwest breeze blows across the Gulf of St. Lawrence the wild geese spread their wings to the gale, and after a fly of from twelve to twenty hours, reach the coast of Newfoundland. During my boyhood, it was my delight in the spring to watch from some great cliff for flocks of geese coming in from over the sea with a south-west gale. Often were my wishes gratified, as,

looking seaward, I would descry a faint. dark object in the far blue, resembling a tiny crescent cloud, that each moment drew nearer, which told that the 'geese were coming.' No one knows unless he who has engaged in the sport of shooting geese the delight with which the flock is watched, as it cautiously lowers on approaching the land, the long neck of each bird stretched outward and slanting down, reconnoitring a temporary resting place. Many a flock I have seen alight after its long flight; many an hour have I crept along over a plain, hiding myself from the game by an intervening hummock. Many a time have I crept up within range of the tired and unsuspecting birds,—and a proper 'range' is when you can see the bird's eye,—many a one devouring the berries upon the plain, after its wearisome flight, have I seen fall from my gun. The first flock I ever watched coming landward, lighted about two miles inland upon a wide heath-clad plain. Through this plain rose a number of little knolls or hummocks, and the flock was eating the berries that grew between these. If I walked toward them they would see me, and be off; I could have gone to windward of them under the cover of a clump of bushes, but it is firmly maintained by all goose shooters in Newfoundland, that the 'Anser Canadensis' has the faculty of scenting. I struck out with a long single-barrelled gun in which I had rammed down 'seven fingers.' I crawled nearly a mile and a half, up within range. I was quite exhausted, and my red knees peeped through my Canadian tweed breeches. I peered over the friendly little hummock and my heart bounded with excitement and joy as I saw within twenty paces of where I lay, about thirty geese stalking over the heath. They appeared to me to be as large as camels. I had before shot only sea duck and ptarmigan, plover and curlew. My eyes swam, and I trembled with eagerness while I waited till they 'got in drift;' —'in drift' meaning in line. Sometimes several would move towards the position I desired, and would then spread out again. At last four came close together, and I shut my eye and found the trigger. They then stretched out in line: my breathing stopped and I pulled. The gun went off—and so did the geese. The whole charge had gone into the heath, for in my haste in aiming I did not notice that the muzzle of my gun was buried two or three inches in the moss and heather.

In the early part of June, about eight years ago, I set out with two companions for a tour through a portion of the peninsula of Avalon, in Newfoundland, to see if we could find where the wild goose hatches. The weather was not so hot there as it is here in the summer season, and in addition to this, almost every day, huge banks of fog are rolled in from the ocean. These fogs creep in like noiseless armies, shut out the sun, smother up the hills, and leave you in much the same position as Jonah. We had a guide, however, and cared not for the fogs. It may be remarked that under these fogs the small portion of the landscape permitted to your ken seems to be transfigured; objects become magnified to wonderful proportions, and every five minutes, like Mark Twain in the dark room, you find yourself 'turned round.' Large districts, in the interior of the peninsula are comprised of heath and marshes; the marshes being, I believe, identical with what is known in this province, and in the far north, by the dismal name of muskeg. These marshes abound with lakes and ponds which are confederated by little sparkling, babbling brooks, which you are generally able to step or leap across, and which contain an abundance of deliciously-flavoured small trout. In most of the larger lakes and ponds are islands, and on these islands, secure from man's intrusion, the wild goose lays her eggs in peace, hatches them in security, and, when her brood comes

out, revels with them in the cool, sparkling waters, which in Newfoundland always sparkle and never grow hot. On the forenoon of the second day after setting out, our guide told us that he would show us now 'where the wild goose hatches:' following his motions we crept quietly to the edge of a large pond — or small lake — and looked out. In the centre of the pond and about a quarter of a mile from the shore stood an island, an acre or more in area. Close to the shore of the island we saw large numbers of geese; everywhere through the lake geese were to be seen swimming along with stately crests, pruning their feathers, or washing and flapping their wings; some were continuously rising from the island and perching in the lake or flying away out on the mainland, while others were arising from the lake and lighting on the island or on some pond or brook near by. Others again flew away beyond our sight, and anon a large flock would appear on the edge of the horizon, draw nearer and alight with the most unmusical din in the lake. I had a 'double barrel' with me and several times was strongly tempted to bring down some of the birds as they flew so provokingly near on their way back and forth. Near to the lake grew a small stretch of forest, and thither we decided to go and construct a raft, and proceed to the island to get some of the eggs. We cut down some small, dry trees, constructed our raft and launched it. We had no sooner made our appearance with the catamaran on the pond, than the watchful birds became seized with a general panic. They rose out of the lake in the most excited and awkward way, beating the water into foam; they rose in clouds from the island, sending forth a deafening clamour. We pushed out amid the screaming birds and landed. We found that no young were hatched, but you could scarcely make a step without treading upon a nest of eggs, each nest contaning from five to about thirteen eggs, laid in gravelly clay, and rimmed round in a slovenly fashion with dry grass and feathers. Some of the female birds let us go so close that we might have killed them with our paddles, but we did not molest them. Many of them in rising brushed our faces with their wings, flew around our heads, their necks stretched towards us and their bills open. Their tumultuous noise, everywhere in the air and about the island, made it impossible for us to hear each other in ordinary conversation. We walked around the island and found at every step a cluster of nests and clamorous birds. Monte Christo himself was not more enraptured in his treasure-island than were we. For myself, I longed to be able to carry the island away with me. The dozen of eggs I brought away, packed in grass, in a handkerchief, I hardly deemed worth carrying. I may add, of this dozen eggs, six or seven were broken on the way back: of the balance which were put under a tame goose with the latter's own eggs, three matured a week before their civilized brethren. Of the three, one only lived. It grew up with the tame geese, would now and again fly away to the hills and distant ponds, and then come back again. It eventually became so wild that I had to shoot it.

In October, when the keen north wind begins to pipe over the bleak hills, the goose, with her brood now full grown, flies from her summer haunts out to the headlands. Here they remain for two or three weeks—during which the sportsman reaps his harvest—and awaits a steady north-east wind. The steady north-easter is that which springs slowly up; which pipes weakly at first, out of a clear, cold northern sky, but which, after a day, increases to what would be known on the Newfoundland coast as a 'wholesale breeze.' To this wind the birds raise their wings, and steer their course from the high cliffs, out over the gloomy, boundless ocean, for the nearest mainland of the continent. I have many times seen fully fifty birds

raise themselves from the plains and steer their flight out over the sea before a gloomy north-east wind. I have sat down upon the cliff's brink and watched them till they faded away, as disappears a flying, tiny cloud-fleck in the distance; and as I saw them disappear, a feeling of indescribable loneliness has come over me.

> 'The friends who in our sunshine lived,
> When winter comes, have flown!'

The flocks now beyond the view were the companions of our summer, but when the gloomy shadows of winter begin to gather around the hills, they fly away to sunnier climes and leave us. While they tarry across the way the winter winds will howl over our hills, and shipwrecking tempests thunder around our coast, while the ice floe and the iceberg, loosed from the dismal, stormy north, will bear down upon our shores and shut us up in an icy prison!

It sometimes happens that midway in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when the goose is on the autumn return, the wind veers round and blows a gale from the opposite direction. The captain of a vessel engaged in trading across the Gulf has told the writer that, several years ago, in the month of October, he left St. Johns, Newfoundland, with a stiff north-easter, for a port across the Gulf. On the second night out the wind chopped around to the south-west, blowing a gale from the new quarter. About daylight the crew were surprised to find a number of large birds, recognized to be wild geese, perched on the rail, the hatchway, and the rigging of the vessel. Exhaustion and terror had tamed them, and they fell a prey to the clubs of the crew. They had left the Newfoundland coast with a fair wind, but midway in the Gulf the wind veered round. Rain and fog came with it, bewildering the birds, which, rather than light in the sea, perched upon the vessel, which happened to be in their track.

THE SCENE AND THE PURPOSE OF THE 'TEMPEST.'

To Sapere Aude Club: I am bewildered reading so many opinions about the scene and the purpose of the 'Tempest.' Can your Club give me both, with your reasons; and other information on the play? . . . STUDENT OF SHAKESPEARE, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

To ask what is the scene of the 'Tempest' is as reasonable as to ask: Where is the home of the south wind? It is true, some literary giants have laboured long to discover the scene, but have succeeded only in enveloping in deeper mist the undiscoverable Utopia. Malone, for example, solemnly relates that the storm which wrecked Sir George Sommers, in 1609, on the island of Bermuda, furnishes the theme, and the latter island the scene of the play. Sir George's ship, it appears, was overtaken by a violent storm, and fell into a great lake, where the crew had much to do to keep from sinking. Sir George, sitting at the stern through the storm and the misty spray, espied the land, which was at once adjudged to be the dreadful coast of the Bermudas, 'which islands were, of all nations, supposed to be enchanted and inhabited by witches and devils, which grew out of the monstrous storms, tempests and thunder-storms near unto these islands. . . . . The ship was run right between two strong rocks, and being come ashore, her company were refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being most sweet and delicate.' Had Malone read the wanderings of Ulysses carefully, he would no doubt have taken Calypso's island in preference; and how much better it might have suited his purpose will be shown from an extract I make from a ballad by Mr. Roberts, of Chatham, N.B., which, I hope soon to see published—

> 'The loud black flight of the storm diverges,
> Over a spot in the loud-mouthed main,
> Where, crowned with summer and sun, emerges
> An isle unbeaten of wind or rain.'

In 1596, Sir Walter Raleigh pub-

lished an account of Guiana, and spoke in his book of 'a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms, surrounding the Bermoothes,' and this is taken as further proof that one of the above islands was the scene of the 'Tempest.' But Mr. Hunter has discovered another island, not one of the Bermudas, but a neighbour island, Lampedusa to wit, which lies midway between Malta and the African coast. He says, 'it is situated in a stormy sea, and has the reputation of being enchanted. In the rocks of Lampedusa there are hollows;'—and Caliban is stied in the 'hard rock'—'in Lampedusa there was a hermit's cell. This cell is surely the origin of the cell of Prospero.' And to make the argument simply overwhelming, adds: 'Caliban's employment was collecting firewood; Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa.' Collins, in one of his demented visitations—I am glad it was just then—said the 'Tempest' was founded on an Italian romance—'Amelia and Isabella;' that Shakespeare's Prospero was a chemical necromancer 'who had a bound spirit like Ariel, to obey his call and do his services.' Another writer, whose condition was evidently not much better than poor Collins', says that the moment he read Die Schöne Sidea—the Beautiful Sidea—he 'saw where Shakespeare got the idea of his "Tempest."' Others still set up vaguer theories, while many give the Will o' the Wisp-chase over in despair.

If these contentions are worth refuting, by turning to the text of the play itself, we find that the 'Tempest' island is not one of the Bermudas. Prospero asks his mischievous ministrant where he bestowed the King's ship, and the answer is—

> 'Safely in the harbour
> Is the King's ship; in the deep nook where once
> Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
> From the still-vexed Bermoothes.'*

* This is the old spelling of Bermudas.

If the Tempest island were one of the Bermudas, why, then, should Prospero, when he wanted 'dew,' have it fetched from the 'still-vexed Bermudas?' More than this, it would appear that a continuous tempest raged around the Bermudas, while the storms around Prospero's island grew only when Ariel leavened the air with storm-yeast, when his master wished, in short, to 'raise the wind,' to torment Caliban and the rude earth-born gnomes, to amuse himself or to overwhelm his enemies.

The scene of the 'Tempest' is about as tangible as the scene of some tempestuous dream. There is an island: its air is full of balm, and the thunders of the tempest which rage about its head come upon your ears as soft, entrancing music. The entire scene and the action of the play, the raising of the storms, the ministrations of the spirits, the swift executions and froliesome mirth of Ariel and his mischievous subordinate genii, are the creations of a gorgeous fancy leaving the realm of matter and plunging into the turmoil of the supernatural. The poet needs not defined substance from which to weave his creation, and, as if anticipating his critics in another beautiful drama, tells us—

> 'The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.'

There are earth-born figures, Prospero, Miranda and the shipwrecked crew, but they rise with the same distinctness out of the fairy rout as do those figures that one sometimes sees rise out of a hazy dream. The blubbering, brutish Caliban, who is not enough of human, either to hate or to pity, when removed from his sty to the play, is even tolerable. But it is all a web of magic weaving; it is all the product of the same imagination that put into the mouth of the king of the fairies such words as these:

'Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such a dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.'

Or that set Puck, a lesser fairy, bragging :

'Sometimes lurk I in gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks against her lips I bob.'

Perhaps the best definition of the 'Tempest' is, that the scene is Dreamland, through which the imagination wanders at its own sweet will; and that the whole creation may be called an exquisite vision. Shakespeare lived on the edge of the dawning to the day of discoveries and the great achievements of science. In his day the material world was a mystic world; witches had not ceased to ride on broom-sticks through the air; the dark woods, the streams and fountains were still peopled by their peculiar sprites; good and evil spirits worked out their will upon mortals, 'witched a churn or dairy-pan,' and everything that was unexplainable was less the Unknown than the Mysterious. But ever and anon nature yielded up some secret stored in her bosom from the beginning to patient study; or some force in her domain succumbed to the more powerful, because Intelligent and Conscious, force of man. The sun-gleams of knowledge shone upon but a small area of the mystic creation—just the condition to set a mind like Shakespere's yearning for more knowledge, to set it weaving creations out of unknown forces, and directing and commanding by his magic wand what the potent rod of Science would do at some future day. I believe Prospero was as much the ministrant of Shakespeare's sudden burst of longing to

'Heave old ocean and to wing the storms,'

as Ariel was the bounden spirit to do his master's hests. So much of the real—as distinguished from the dreamy—is there, in my opinion, in the 'Tempest.' When the storm is done, when the lightnings have ceased to flash, and the thunders to roar, when Ariel has served his apprenticeship out, when the island is to resolve itself into an unsubstantial thing, and its characters like its 'shipracking storms and direful thunders' to fade away, at the poet's bidding, into nothingness, Prospero drowns his book, and sinks his wand

'deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

Then we may be sure the vision is ended, not the less in the poet's mind than in the aerial island. The firm land, as we have seen, sinks below the sea ; all that was upon it floats off, and the poet turns, not through Prospero to Ferdinand, but in his own person to the audience, to the world, to all who read his plays, to tell them that he has only been in vision-land for the past two hours ; that the Prospero of the play is himself, not doing what we believed we saw him doing, but what the poet *would*, in a fit of exalted fancy, do himself. The pageant is ended, and the poet tells us so. With the ending he makes a solemn prophecy. He will not have us think him solely soothing his own fancies in the rack of storms; his vision is not less to show that he

'Dipt into the future far as human eye could see,'

than to show that the whole world is only a vision, a little more substantial than the 'Tempest,' a little longer lived :

'Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
. . . . .
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'

THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ANCIENT MARINER.'

To Sapere Aude Club:—I am so interested in a poem I do not understand—the 'Ancient Mariner'—that I would like to hear something about its Author, and some explanation of the poem as well. . . . . FRANK, ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the son of a pedantic father, one of whose most boasted achievements was the discovery that the *ablative* case should be called the *quale quare-quidditive*, and who, from his habit of meditation, was known as 'the absent man.' As an instance of what a man will do who goes along with his head *in nubibus*, it is related that Mrs. Coleridge committed to her husband, who was a vicar, and was going away to preach, a well-packed little trunk, asking him to put on a clean shirt every day. When the good parson returned, his wife opened his portmanteau to see the state of his linen, and, lo! it was empty. The absent vicar had obeyed the injunction of putting on a clean shirt every day, but he had always forgotten to take off the soiled one. He simply came home with a half-dozen on at once. Coleridge, our poet, who inherited his father's absent-mindedness, at an early age, entered Christ's Hospital, London, where, by some of his fellow collegiates, he was said to be a dolt, and by others, 'a playless day-dreamer.' He sought out the grand and solitary places in nature, listening to the soundless voices in the glens and on the lonely hills. He sauntered along the Strand one day quite forgetful of where he was. He was thinking of the story of how Leander swam the Hellespont. In the fervour of his thought he threw his arms, like the swimmer throwing aside the flood, and tugged the pocket of an old gentleman passing along. The old man stopped, and, looking at young Coleridge, exclaimed, 'What, so young and so wicked?' Coleridge blushed, as he always did when caught in dreamland, and explained. The old gentleman gave the lad a pass to a circulating library in Cheapside, and Coleridge ran through this at the rate of two volumes a-day. He was almost as voracious a book reader as Johnson, swooping down upon a subject and consuming the heart of it. He hardly ever read the whole of a book; the entrails, bones and feathers, so to speak, he was not concerned with. He could not abide mathematics—few poets can—and was utterly unable to see how a line is 'length without breadth.' 'It must have *some* breadth,' he said, 'be it ever so thin.' Leaving the Hospital, Coleridge was seized with a burning desire to be a shoemaker (and in pursuit of his profession would, no doubt,

'Compose at once a slipper and a song;')

then he wanted to be a surgeon, and devoured a number of medical books. He was prevailed upon, however, to enter the University, where he plunged into metaphysics and theology, and became an infidel, for which state of belief Mr. Bowyer soundly flogged him with a heavy birch stick. That was the way in those days they had of driving infidelity out of young heads. That was the way the brutal apostles of muscular Christianity, a little earlier, served the gentle and sensitive Shelley. Coleridge, like Shelley, did not see his University term out. His debts grew, and so did his repugnance for the conduct of the Fellows. His proud yearning spirit could be no longer restrained. One dark night, when the storm howled drearily, he fled away to London. He spent the long night on a door-step in Chancery Lane in a state of tumultuous feeling, speculating on his future. In the grey dawn he saw upon a placard: 'Wanted, a few smart lads, for the 15th Elliot's Light Dragoons.' He presented himself under the name of 'Comberbach,' and was enlisted. He was improvident and thoughtless, but so gentle and winning in his manners that he soon became a favourite with

the troop; wrote letters on business and love for the troopers, told them stories of ancient wars, from Troy down, and, in offset, one of the men, in his turn, would groom Coleridge's horse and do other work about the stall and his accoutrements. One day Captain Ogle was inspecting the stables, and he saw some pencilling on the white wall which caught his eye. The words were the well known: *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem.** He learnt who wrote the words and appointed the writer his orderly. In the streets Coleridge rode behind the officer, but in the by-roads they rode side by side. A young graduate subsequently passing through to join his regiment saw Coleridge and recognised him. Thus he was delivered.

Then Coleridge joined Southey and went to Bristol, where the two young poets plunged into the stormy turmoil of politics; they revelled here in many fond day-dreams, one of which was to form a settlement in the wilds of America, whose second generation should combine the innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and refinement of the 'foremost fyles of time.' Susquehanna was the chosen paradise, because the name was 'pretty and metrical.' Two years later Coleridge, then in his twenty-fifth year, joined Wordsworth at the latter's charming abode in All-Foxden. All-Foxden was a romantic dell nestling among the lakes, far away from the prosy mercantile world. It was here Wordsworth used to be seen roaming about on moonlight nights, 'muttering' strange things. The ignorant people living through the wilds saw the tall mysterious man gliding up the hills and down the dales at midnight, and they marvelled much. Some said he was a wizard, and that they heard him 'say over a lot of gibberish to himself;' others maintained that he was the agent of bands of smugglers who plied their trade down on the coast of the Irish Sea. This was just the place for Coleridge. He devoured Wordsworth's library in a few weeks, and then began to dream over his darling subject. Then the two poets projected a book to be called 'Lyrical Ballads.' Coleridge, following the bent of his desires, was to write on subjects of a supernatural, mystical character; Wordsworth was to open up the wonders and loveliness of nature spread before us, and haunt the dells and woods for subjects and for inspiration. This book contained some beautiful verse and some vapid, silly stuff. The egotism in some of the Wordsworthian poems could only be excused in the light of the simplicity and candour of their author's character. In the book appeared

'THE ANCIENT MARINER.'

When this poem came out, it created an impression of wonder and awe, and was described by some critics as an example of the 'wonderful incompleteness' of all its author's works. Shortly after the appearance of the poem, the following lampoon appeared in the *Morning Post*, addressed to the Author of 'The Ancient Mariner':

> 'Your poem must eternal be
> Dear Sir, it cannot fail;
> It is incomprehensible,
> Without either head or tail.'

A shallow fellow happening to observe the lines saw his way at once to notice. He called upon Coleridge, whom he found at the lawn gate, and being bidden by the poet to come in, blushed, and stammered. 'I cannot enter your door,' said the coxcomb, arranging his curls, 'till I confess my offence against you.' The poet listened. 'I do a little in the poetical line myself,' raising his brows, and looking wise about the mouth and eyes,—'inclinations that way. I will speak out. Will you forgive me for the lampoon in the *Morning Post* on your "Ancient Mariner?" I admire your poem, believe me I do; but the temptation of

* Alas! Most miserable of all to have been once happy.

the lines was too much for me.' 'Make your mind easy,' said the poet. 'I readily forgive you, for I wrote that poem myself!' While pointing out the plot and some of the beauties of this singularly weird poem, in compliance with request, I shall endeavour to show that though the movement and make-up are supernatural, the poem is *not* 'without either head or tail.' The poem opens with a meeting between an old weird-looking man, with bright eyes, who is the Ancient Mariner, and three gallants who were hurrying by to a marriage feast. The 'turn' has come upon the old man—it comes upon him at stated times—and he must relate with all its horror the 'story,' though 'the bridegroom's doors are opened wide,' and he of the three whom the old man holds to hear his tale is 'next of kin.' Thus the story begins:

> 'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
> Merrily did we drop,
> Below the kirk, below the hill,
> Below the lighthouse top.'

Then the south 'storm blast' came on and chased the ship, which flew at great speed through the waters. Far down in the south

> . . . 'Came both mist and snow,
> And it grew wondrous cold,
> And the ice mast high came floating by,
> As green as emerald.'

But this is all mere narrative. In the following stanza the purpose of the poem shows itself:

> 'At length did cross an Albatross,
> Through the fog it came,
> As if it had been a Christian soul,
> We hailed it in God's name.'

This was the first, the only, kindly thing met near the dismal Southern pole. It was a friendly bird flying along with the ship and causing a south wind to spring up to bear the vessel back again to the North.

> 'In mist or cloud, or mast or shroud,
> It perched for vespers nine;
> While all the night, through fog-smoke white,
> Glimmered the white moonshine.'

5

When the old man had told his story thus far, there came a frightful look in his glistening eye, and the wedding guest exclaimed:

> 'God save the ancient mariner!
> From the fiends that plague thee thus;
> Why lookest thou so?'

The answer comes—

> —— 'With my cross-bow
> I shot the Albatross.'

This is the turning point of the poem. The moment the Ancient Mariner shot the auspicious ministering bird, a curse follows the ship. All the horrors are evolved out of the retribution for this rash deed.

> 'And I had done a hellish thing,
> And it would work 'em woe,
> For all averred I had killed the bird,
> That made the breeze to blow.'

The horrors have not yet commenced, but they tarry not long.

> 'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be,
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of the sea.'

The bloody sun streamed down upon the boundless, sultry sea, and

> 'Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean.
>
> . . . . .
>
> 'The very deep did rot: O Christ!
> That ever this should be.
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea.'

Then the crew began to die. They dropped, one by one, of sun and thirst, till none was left but the Ancient Mariner. A wierd phantom ship looms up in the horrid sea; her sails glance in the sun like 'restless gossameres,' and the sun peers through her ribs as through a grate. There were only two on board of the ghastly ship as she came up, the one a woman—

> 'Her skin was as white as leprosy,
> The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
> Who thicks man's blood with cold.'

She threw dice for the Ancient

Mariner as the phantom ship glided by—

> 'The game is done, I've won, I've won,
> Quoth she and whistles thrice.'

But in the midst of the dreadful surroundings, the unhappy man gets a glimpse of God's creatures of the calm. Those who have ever seen, under the moonlight, fishes breaking water in a phosphorescent sea can appreciate these stanzas, which are not less true to nature than unspeakably beautiful:

> 'Beyond the shadow of the ship,
> I watched the water snakes,
> They moved in tracks of shining white,
> And when they reared, the elfish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes.'

And

> 'Within the shadow of the ship
> I watched their rich attire,
> Blue, glossy green and velvet black,
> They coiled and swam, and every track
> Was a flash of golden fire.'

The spell was soon to break. The man had been sufficiently punished for his cruelty in shooting the albatross. A pilot's skiff, with a hermit on board, comes to the ship and takes off the tortured wretch. To the hermit the man tells his tale and gets relief, but ever after in his life the desire came on, at certain times, and he had not the power to resist telling the story, though the torture to him was in the recital. This then is the supernatural part of the poem, and I think I have shown it has 'head and tail.' But all this has only been the story in the Ancient Mariner's mouth. This stanza seems more as if spoken by Coleridge himself:

> 'O, wedding guest, this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide, wide sea,
> So lonely 'twas that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be.'

There is remorse for some wanton injustice, and it weaves the imaginary web of torments and horrors related. In other words, the poem is one of Coleridge's day-dreams, and not unlike the night-dreams with which those are haunted who tarry late over the banquet board, the only difference being that Coleridge's dream came out of the fullness of his fancy, while those of the late banqueters come out of the fulness of their stomachs.

A SUMMER WALK.

BY E. A. SYKES, TORONTO.

AWAY from the old farm-house,
Past busy, whirring mill,
Into the quiet meadows,
Where children stray at will.

Gathering the wild field daisies,
Or shining 'golden thread,'
Crushing its starry blossoms,
'Neath eager, careless tread.

Greeting with joyous laughter,
  Each tiny floweret fair,
Alas ! how soon to wither,
  On perfumed Summer air.

Along the mill-race margin,
  Whose deep, still waters flow,
With scarce a stir or ripple,
  Into the stream below.

Glancing through shady vistas,
  Where sunlight glimmers down,
Waving bars of tarnished gold
  On fallen leaflets brown.

Resting in cool, grey shadow,
  On fern-clad, mossy bed ;
The gentle breezes whispering,
  'Mid leafy boughs o'erhead.

Deep in the forest stillness,
  The lonely mill-pond lies,
A fairy lakelet gleaming,
  'Neath sunny, smiling skies.

Circled by drooping foliage,
  Half veiled in purple mist ;
Mirroring sunset glories,
  By trembling shadows kiss'd.

No sound to break the silence
  Save music of the rill,
The notes of woodland songster,
  Or hum of distant mill.

The sheep-bell's merry tinkle
  Falls faintly on the ear ;
Anon, with silvery cadence,
  Re-echoes soft and clear.

And now the twilight falling,
  On long, sweet summer day,
Reminds our lingering footsteps
  To haste their homeward way.

Our wearied spirits rested,
  By Nature's smiling face,
Reflecting God's great goodness,
  In beauteous, loving grace.

THE TABOO OF STRONG DRINK.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

II.

THE Rev. George W. Hodgson has at least shown that the cause of prohibition can be defended, and cleverly defended, with modesty and politeness, and candour and charity. He wishes that the question should be ventilated, as its importance deserves, in order that its settlement may be wise and permanent. He is not of those who try to stifle opposition by misinterpreting the motives of opponents, or of those who bid for the applause of the populace by sophistries that they know to be sophistries.

It is therefore a sincere gratification to me that Mr. Hodgson admits so many of my propositions. He grants 'that to protect a man against himself is meddling legislation, and therefore inexpedient and hurtful,' and 'that it is generally wiser in legislation to leave out the consideration of the endless and complex indirect claims of society.' But he considers these principles no arguments against prohibition, because the ill effects of intemperance are not 'at all confined to those who do wrong,' and because 'the ills resulting to others from the intemperate man's conduct' are not 'in any sense indirect.'

Of course I admit that the ill effects of intemperance are not confined to the intemperate. Neither are the ill effects of opium or candy-eating, of over-smoking, of tight-lacing, of sensual indulgences, of non-libellous falsehoods—of the various bad habits that paternal lawgivers have fondly sought or may fondly seek to legislate out of existence—at all confined to the sinners. In some cases the worst consequences of their vices fall on their innocent offspring. Besides, all such habits are infectious. Yet all sins *directly* affecting the doer only should, it seems to me, be kept under by moral agencies, by education, good example, entreaty, indignation, ridicule — tabooed by religion and society, not by the law.

But there are 'ills resulting to others from the intemperate man's conduct,' that are 'in no sense indirect.' The aggressions of the drunkard on the comfort of his neighbours are indeed direct and concrete enough to call for legal restraint ; sometimes serious enough to require the sternest and most deterrent penalties allowed by civilization. The liquor traffic, directly, produces some intemperate drinkers ; these intemperate drinkers do some direct harm to others ; but the liquor traffic, it seems to me, *directly* injures only the drinkers themselves. In other words, the direct injuries of drinking falls on willing victims only, the direct injuries of drunkenness on unwilling victims also. Therefore, I believe in applying the screw to drunkenness rather than to drinking generally.

But Mr. Hodgson points out that 'indifferent' actions have to be prohibited, as for instance, catching fish out of season, lighting fires in the woods at certain times of the year, or letting one's cattle roam at large. Legislators seldom create, perhaps never should create, these '*mala prohibita*' save where the nuisance is positive, not contingent ; or where the dangers of not curtailing liberty overwhelmingly overweigh the inconveni-

ences of curtailing it, in the minds not only of the legislators, but also of the community. Letting one's cow roam at large is an action of the former class. Catching fish or lighting fires in the woods at certain seasons are actions of the latter class—much more clearly so than drinking strong drink, as is proved by the lack of intelligent hostility to *their* prohibition. The greater the numbers and respectability of unbelievers in a statute, the fainter naturally will be the stigma attaching to convictions under it. Yet I see now that one horn of my dilemma was rather blunt: a *well-enforced* Prohibitory Act would not materially 'sap the sanctity and majesty of law,' for when a Prohibitory Act *is* well enforced, it will be by a majority imposing enough to support the judgment of the law by the more dreaded judgment of society.

'*Does the evil directly resulting to the whole community from the liquor traffic outweigh any possible good coming from it?* If this question can be answered in the affirmative,' says Mr. Hodgson, 'it gives the TRUE BASIS FOR PROHIBITION.' 'It appears to me that the question narrows itself down to this issue,' he says, in another paragraph, 'or, at least, that this is the first and main issue. If it can be shown that the facts are as above stated' (that the evil resulting to the whole community from the conduct of those who drink to excess 'outweighs any possible advantage that the community can gain from unrestricted liberty in this particular') 'then prohibition becomes an act of enlightened policy.'

This conclusion seems unwarranted. Because a practice does more harm than good, it by no means follows *that its statutory prohibition does more good than harm. A cure may be worse than a disease.* There are therapeutic agents that induce maladies worse than those they heal. Granted that Ireland is chronically discontented and turbulent, the Imperial Government would not, therefore, be justified in effectually stamping out the turbluence and discontent by converting the island into a tranquil wilderness. The Imperial Government, accordingly, feels bound to go on trying less thorough and less arbitrary expedients.

Probably the liquor traffic (as it is at present conducted in this country and some others, thanks largely to the uncompromising attitude of most prohibitionists), *does* entail more evil than good, more pain than pleasure, to the community as a whole. But this is an argument only that an efficient and proper cure is desirable; not that my cure or your cure is either an efficient or a proper one.

If the evils and danger of prohibition were confined to inconveniencing moderate drinkers, or sometimes impairing their sleep or their digestion, the desirability of adopting this particular remedy might be granted. These minor hardships, though certainly deserving consideration, are probably overweighed by the evils of the liquor traffic. But I submit that prohibition, if it did prohibit, would be too hurtful and dangerous an agent to employ, for the various reasons spcified in my former article, *only a few of which Mr. Hodgson has disputed.*

The strictness with which a general prohibitory law would be enforced would naturally depend upon the numbers and sincerity of the majority who would have spoken and voted for it. My forecast of the future is, however, very different from Mr. Hodgson's. A grand reaction set in, in Great Britain and America, against the notorious intemperance of our fathers. This movement, after the manner of moral and political revolutions, has, in my opinion, gone too far in some directions from excess of zeal. The prohibitory agitation in which Mr. Hodgson shares, and the rabid intolerance of moderate drinking in which Mr. Hodgson does not share, are, from my stand-point, extravagant and transient outgrowths of the great reaction.

The counter reaction is beginning now. The natural assumption, I still claim, is that most of the 'inert majority' who did not vote for or against the Scott Act in the Maritime Provinces belonged to the unroused and uncanvassed party. Mr. Hodgson knows some cases where 'the very absence of opposition made it difficult to awaken enough interest to induce voters to come forward.' But in many more cases the hopelessness of an unorganized party's succeeding, or the fear of social and business persecution, kept others from the polls—and no workers tried to rouse *these* voters from their inaction.

Even if Mr. Hodgson is right, he dwells too much on the state of feeling in these Provinces. The history of the Scott Act elections in the wealthier and more intelligent Provinces of Ontario is another and a more important history. Dundreary observed that the dog wagged its tail, instead of the tail's wagging the dog, because the dog was stronger than the tail. For a similar reason Ontario, with the city of Montreal, will eventually wag this Dominion in matters of opinion. To tell which of two parties will be the more numerous a score of years hence, it is more important to estimate their wealth and intelligence than their present numbers. The feeling of New York and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania on a question involving no local interest is more likely to change the feeling of the rest of the Union, than the feeling of the rest of the Union is to change the feeling of these States; and what these States are to the Union Ontario is to the Dominion.

At present I know of no Christian country, or even county, where prohibition is satisfactorily enforced. Rumour says that the Scott Act is enforced in Charlottetown as well, if not better, than it is anywhere else—possibly owing to the large personal influence of Mr. Hodgson himself. Yet I find this paragraph in the Halifax *Recorder* of January 19 :—

'The following, from the Charlottetown *Patriot* of Tuesday, seems to give the experience of the Scott Act, wherever introduced. Our contemporary says :

"The sad and sober truth is that the Scott Act is working very badly in this city,—in fact it is not working at all."

'In most cases, its introduction and "carrying" seems to be regarded as a joke.'

Mr. Hodgson declares that total abstinence, so far as he can see, is nowhere commanded in the Bible; and evidently further agrees with me that the founders of Christianity probably drank alcoholic wine. If we are right in this belief, is not a prohibitory law a condemnation of, or a reflection upon, the conduct of the founders of Christianity? This is, of course, only an *argumentum ad fidem*, and can have no weight with unbelievers. Mr. Hodgson properly calls it absurd to talk of the total abstainer 'giving up his Christian liberty.'

'The asserted analogies between prohibition, sumptuary laws, and religious persecution, will hardly bear examination. Their superficial likeness suggests a misleading comparison.

'Religious persecution, when not directed against opinion alone, deals with conduct on account of the spiritual or eternal consequences supposed to result from it. These consequences, being wholly outside of the range of the legislator's action, his interference is unjustifiable.'

Eternal evils are not more outside the proper range of the legislator's action than are those temporal evils that an individual brings on himself ; while the lawgiver has a much stronger excuse for usurping jurisdiction in a merciful effort to lessen the former than the latter evils.

'Sumptuary laws,' says Mr. Hodgson, 'attempted to deal with one particular evil, extravagant expenditure.' I may have used the expression, but I do not recollect saying much about sumptuary laws. My analogous cases (adduced to show the danger of admitting that the baneful abuse of a thing justified the prohibition of its use)

included many other evils besides extravagance and waste.

'Suppose that word were to go out to-morrow that a prohibitory law, certain of enforcement, would at once go into operation. Would not that announcement cause more joy and happiness from one end of the land to the other than almost any other conceivable news? * * * * The intense relief the country would experience would be such as one feels who awakes to the consciousness of safety after a horrible nightmare.'

There would certainly be a pretty general sense of relief and repose. But a very similar feeling would result from the utter collapse of those who favour statutory prohibition, and the final triumph of those who favour non-statutory restraints. Before the close of the American civil war, they used to sing by their camp fires on both sides of the Potomac, 'When this cruel war is over,' and to yearn for peace. The North won decisively, and the rest was grateful to the nation; had the South won decisively, the rest would have been equally appreciated.

The satisfaction, however, at the final triumph of prohibition would not be so universal as Mr. Hodgson supposes. Many of those who are wont to look ahead would feel that the victory was a prelude to new wars.

AMARANTHUS.

BY 'ERATO,' FREDERICTON, N. B.

IN the silence of the night
Came the word to me—
Whispered by some wingéd fairy—
'Write a song, a *miserere*,
Some sweet plaint for souls sin-weary
Groping for the light.'

Then I grasped the chain of thought,
'Neath the heavenly glow;
And the clanking links were slowly
Welded into something holy,
A soft requiem, a lowly
Song not often wrought.

In the morn my soul was pained,
For the song had fled:
'Twas an Amaranthine flower,
From some sweet Parnassian bower,
Sought by Poets each swift hour,
Sought but ne'er attained.

THE SECRET PASSAGE.

A TALE OF OTTAWA CITY.

WE had been engaged for more than a year, and the longed-for promotion, which was to make Edward's income sufficient for our start in life, had not yet been obtained.

His income, such as it was, being derived from an appointment in the Canadian civil service, was, however, an assured one.

My dear mother, remembering, I suppose, her own youthful days, when she set at defiance the authority of her guardian, and eloped with a gallant but very impecunious lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy, whose first cruise took him away from her for nearly two years, at last withdrew the opposition she had offered to our beginning married life on so little, and consented that our marriage should take place at an early day.

This decision, I well know, was not arrived at without much anxious thought, for although we had not been extravagantly brought up, we had neither of us learned the value of money by the want of it.

I had nothing to look forward to, as my widowed mother's means consisted of an annuity, to terminate at her death. We were married, and the first year of our wedded life sped swiftly and happily away.

At first we boarded, but with the opening of the second year we determined to begin house-keeping, and it was shortly after being settled in our own house that the incident I am about to relate took place. I had been very busy for months, devoting all my time to the manufacture of articles for the adornment of our abode, to the possession of which I looked forward with no small degree of pride and pleasure. We had been obliged to devote much time, too, to the selection of a house.

Ottawa was not rich in houses at the time it became the seat of Government, and all familiar with it in those first years of its greatness, will remember the fact, and how exorbitant were the rents demanded for the most indifferent dwellings. Fortune favoured us, however, and we were among the happy few who, in the spring of 186—, rejoiced in the possession of a nice house in a pleasant locality.

When, a few years later, Edward came unexpectedly into possession of the pretty English home, where we have lived ever since, and where all our children, except our oldest boy, were born, it was not without sincere regret that we left the modest little house in which we had been so happy, notwithstanding, to use a rather hackneyed expression, that night of terror spent within its walls.

My husband was too busy to accompany me in the many rambles I had in quest of a suitable abode, but my dear little friend, Minnie Lucas, was always my pleasant companion. When I had at last made up my mind that there were but two houses left to make a selection from, neither of which suited my fancy, it turned out that there was something better in store for us.

'How would you like the Darwin's house, little woman?' said Edward, one afternoon.

'Very much, dear, but they are not leaving it, are they?

'Yes, they are not only leaving it,

but Canada also. Darwin looked in to-day to tell me this as he thought the house would suit us.'

'It will, indeed, and we may consider ourselves most fortunate in getting it. How long are they likely to be away?'

'They go for good, it seems, Dudsley having found an opening for Darwin on the other side, he leaves by the first steamer, the family following in April.'

When I went to call on Mrs. Darwin a day or two later, she offered to show me through the house, and said, as she did so, 'I must initiate you into one of the mysteries of the building, by our ignorance of which we were nearly burned out.'

It was an ordinary two-story brick house, with finished attic rooms, and to one of these, used as a sewing room, she led the way. Off it, was a good-sized and nicely-furnished closet, with part of the sloping roof in it, and in the panels under the slope, so cunningly contrived that it might have escaped observation for ever, was a small door, upon opening which was seen a narrow passage, too low to admit of a person standing upright in it, and dark, with the exception of the light thrown in from the closet, in which there was a small window. Half-way along this passage or aperture, whichever it might correctly be termed, was the chimney, with a small space on either side through which a slight person might possibly manage to squeeze—the place itself seemed to be about eight or ten feet long.

I have described it minutely for the better understanding of what will follow. We moved into the house in May, and luxuriated in the freedom so enjoyable after the pent-up quarters and restraint of a boarding-house. Many a delightful row and pleasant stroll we had in the glorious summer evenings.

What is now known as the Lover's Walk was our favourite resort. Art and nature have now combined to make that spot not only lovely in itself, but attractive, by reason of the splendid view to be obtained from it. Looking westward and some distance off, may be seen the cloud of spray ever rising from the mighty Chaudière; immediately beneath rushes the noble river, alive with a variety of craft. There may be seen the huge raft and the fragile bark canoe; pretty clean-looking little steamers ply busily from shore to shore, or puff consequentially down the stream, drawing in their wake long lines of timber-laden barges bound for the far East, while to the right the water is studded with tastefully-painted and comfortably-cushioned pleasure boats, the pride and delight of their gay young owners.

When the autumn came with its long evenings, I would bring my own little chair to Edward's side and work while he read aloud.

Then came the winter, bringing with it the meeting of the Dominion Legislature and my husband's busy days and nights. We kept but one servant, our means not admitting of more; we had, however, been very fortunate in our selection, Catherine being equal in herself to two of the ordinary run of Canadian servants; she was English, middle-aged and a widow, with one child, a little girl of seven or eight years of age. This child had been living with its grandmother ever since Catherine had found that it was impossible to keep a roof of her own over their heads, and that her only alternative was to go to service. Her husband's mother, who lived some four or five miles out of town on a small farm, had offered to take the child, and Catherine had gladly accepted the offer, feeling that her little one had a more comfortable home than she could provide.

One cold, stormy afternoon in February, I was seated in our pleasant little sitting-room, reading and writing alternately, and wishing it was time for Edward's coming, when I was interrupted by the entrance of Catherine in evident distress.

'Is there anything wrong, Catherine?' I exclaimed.

'Oh yes, Mrs. Temple, my Polly, my little Polly is very sick, and Fred Gardner, Mrs. Smith's hired man, have come to fetch me home; I must go, Mrs. Temple,' she continued rapidly, as if fearing a refusal, 'tho' I feel never so bad, leaving you alone, indeed I do.'

'What is the matter with the child?' I enquired.

'I don't know indeed ma'am, all Fred can tell is she was taken bad in the night, quite sudden like, and that she have been getting worse ever since. I have just bethought me ma'am, how would it do to get Mrs. Tabb to stay over night when she comes with the curtains?'

'Oh yes, that would do very well, but I hardly think she will come through such a storm.'

'Oh yes! she is safe to come ma'am, for I know she is obliged to bring some fine things to Mrs. Ryder's to-night, and that'll bring her by the door, and the first thing in the morning I'll just start off Barbara Croker, she have all my ways, has Barbara, only smarter, and she'll just take hold of things without any trouble to you, Mrs. Temple, until it so pleases God I can come back. It's just to-night as frets me,' she continued, 'but I feel certain sure Mrs. Tabb will come.'

'Well Catherine,' I said, 'go and I trust you may find your child better than you expect, and of course I shall depend upon your sending Barbara the first thing in the morning.'

The idea of being left alone in the house was not a pleasant one, but there seemed no help for it. Presently, I overheard the man she had called Fred hurrying her in a gruff tone and complaining of the time his horses had been kept waiting. His voice struck me as a peculiarly unpleasant one, though without sufficient accent to denote his nationality; and when as they were leaving I caught a glimpse of his face, I thought I had never seen a more brutal looking one.

The large blue country sleigh with its occupants had scarcely disappeared, when the question regarding the assistance of Mrs. Tabb was decided by the arrival of a little boy with the curtains.

Mrs. Tabb was ill, too ill to leave the house. 'I met Catherine,' said the lad, 'and she told me I were to tell you how as Mrs. Tabb was sick she would send Barbara Croker in this very night. She might like enough be here by eight o'clock, she said.'

When I found myself alone in the darkening twilight of the stormy wintry day, I felt more lonely than I should have liked to admit.

Our house was one of a row of two, but unfortunately for me in the present emergency, the adjoining one was unoccupied, as Mrs. Rymner, a widow lady to whom it belonged, had left very hurriedly in consequence of the sudden illness of her daughter who resided in the Western States. At the end of our house was a good-sized croquet ground and a small orchard, at the end of the other the same space in a garden, while opposite was a common; so that although our next neighbours were at no very great distance from us, to all intents and purposes they were not near. Had it been earlier in the day, I should have sent for Mary Price, one of my intimate friends; but it was too late to make any such arrangement, and I well knew that both the weather and the distance rendered it a matter of impossibility for me to accompany Edward on his return to the Buildings, as I had been frequently in the habit of doing in the earlier months of our married life. I lighted the lamps early to make the house seem more cheerful, and then made my way to the dining-room and kitchen, where, thanks to Catherine's management, everything not already done seemed to be doing itself, so that with very little trouble all was as usual by the time of Edward's arrival.

How glad I was to hear his footstep and his latch-key in the door! I flew down to meet him as he stepped in, bringing with him a perfect avalanche of snow. After a great deal of stamping and whisking and shaking he was ready to come up-stairs, and was seriously displeased, as I had feared he would be, when he heard of the absence of Catherine. He thought the chances of the proferred substitute through her, for that night at least, very small.

'You know,' said he, 'they are all excellent at promising, but slow in fulfilling; unfortunately, too, I am likely to be late to-night, but, as it turns out, you are not likely to be left alone, as Blake called on me this afternoon to say that Colonel Dixon had arrived unexpectedly this morning—at least a week sooner than they had looked for him, and Julia had insisted on his (Blake's) coming to see me, to arrange for her coming here to-night instead of Thursday next, as previously intended, the object being to make room for the gallant colonel.

'Of course I said we should be happy to have her at once, and she will be here about nine o'clock, after attending a meeting of the Dorcas Society; and if Barbara does not arrive sooner, I shall remain with you until that hour.'

I put the dinner on the table, and although I could claim but little of it as the result of my own individual efforts, I felt pleased when my husband told me that he had never tasted a nicer. When we had finished, and had had a cup of tea, we went up-stairs, leaving things to await the arrival and ministrations of Barbara Croker.

A few minutes before eight, Edward's usual hour for returning to his office when the House was in session, the jingle of sleigh-bells, followed by the ringing of the door-bell, proclaimed an arrival.

Instead of the hoped-for Barbara, it turned out to be Dr. Street, who, on his return from visiting a patient in the country, had called to offer Edward a lift to the office. Much as the latter was disinclined for such a course, and reluctant as I myself felt to his adopting it, I urged his acceptance of the invitation and consequent departure without delay.

Alone again, I found myself more unsettled and uncomfortable than I had done in the afternoon. The first thing I did was to take a small lamp and descend to the basement, where I made, for the second time, an inspection of the whole flat, to see that the doors and windows were securely fastened and all right for the night. I then went up-stairs, and, taking one of the English monthlies which Edward had that evening brought home with him, settled down, or at least tried to settle down, to read.

It was the first time I had ever been left alone in the house at night, and in spite of myself I felt most uncomfortably nervous. As luck would have it, the story I chanced upon was one of terror, being the story of a lady, the wife of an officer in India, who, left alone with natives on some occasion, had to take her infant in her arms and escape from the house to avoid being murdered. The tale was thrillingly told: a lonely evening spent in a rumbling old house—her suspicions roused, and, finally, her detection of the approach of the murderer, when, seizing her child, she fled out into the night and darkness, making good her escape. Once I thought I heard the latch of the little front gate lifted; I listened, but all was still again, and I must have been mistaken.

My feeling of nervous excitement continued every moment to gain strength, and just as I had finished the story and laid down the book I started at the prolonged tick of the clock, which indicated the close of an hour.

To my dismay, the clock rung out ten instead of nine, as I had expected; I had been so absorbed in the story that nine must have struck without

my observing it. A glance at my watch, in the faint hope that I had been mistaken, or the clock had struck once too often, convinced me of its correctness. It was after ten, and so I felt that there was now no hope of Julia's coming, and I must be alone until Edward's return, at whatever hour of the night or morning it might take place.

I went to the window, and drawing aside the curtains looked out to find that it was still drifting, although it had ceased snowing. The lights were all out in the little cottages across the common; to our right a slight turn in the road concealed the cluster of small rough-cast houses, while, to the left, Mrs. Lee's boarding-house was still lighted up. It afforded accommodation to members during the Session, as well as to a number of permanent baorders, young unmarried men in the civil service and bank clerks. The moon had risen since the snow ceased, and, somehow, it looked much more cheerful outside than it did in. Presently a sleigh approached, and my heart leaped with the expectation that it might be the tardy Julia; but no, just as I thought it was about to stop the driver used his whip vigorously, and the horses springing forward at a greater speed were soon out of sight. The oppressive sense of loneliness would not yield to the mental chiding I administered to myself for my weakness, and I turned from the window not in the least reconciled to the prospect of an indefinite number of hours more of solitude. Drawing the curtains closely, I stood thinking for a minute or two how I had better occupy myself until my husband's return. As a general thing, I did not sit up to await his coming, as he was frequently absent until long after midnight, but on this occasion I felt that it would be quite useless to think of retiring—the highly strung state of my nerves convincing me that the attempt to sleep would be a vain one. A coal fell in the burner in the hall below, startling me not a little, and then the clock struck eleven.

I must have been standing at the window longer than I had any idea of, and after thinking a moment longer I determined to write to my mother, who was spending the winter in Toronto. She had gone there in spite of our united entreaties that she would make our house her home, and how I did long for her at that moment. I had written for some time, when I heard a sound as if some one were coming quietly up the steps, and my pen literally dropped from my fingers. Instinctively I knew that the person approaching was not my husband, but why I cannot tell. I listened; all was still for a moment, and again I heard what sounded like a stealthy footstep.

Thank God, the hall-door was securely locked! When left, as it frequently was, for Edward's latch-key a piece of wire could easily have been made to open it from the outside. I rose, and going softly into the bedroom, which, as well as the sitting-room, faced the street, pulled aside a small portion of the blind and looked out. There, leading up from the gate to the door, were footsteps in the newly fallen snow.

Yes, there was no mistaking the fact—and what was that I saw close in beneath the window? The shadow of a man standing motionless and in a crouching posture, as if listening at the door. Presently a second shadow appeared, drawn out to gigantic proportions on the white snow.

While I looked the position of the first changed, and it was evident that the two men were conversing, the indistinct murmur of their voices reaching me as I strove with strained ears to catch the sound. Throwing off the heavier ones I was wearing, I put on a pair of soft bed-room slippers, and creeping quietly down stairs to the hall-door tried to make out what they were saying. Some one was trying

the lock; then a voice, which I recognised at once as belonging to the man, Fred., who had come for Catherine, exclaimed:

'I say, do you want him to catch us at this work? Come round, I tell you, to the back.'

A horrible oath, followed by the words 'I guess as you and me can do for him if he does come,' made me shudder. Some more words passed which I could not make out, and I heard them moving off.

Suddenly one returned, exclaiming, 'No, Fred. I'll stay here and try and work this; you go to the back.'

Here then was my only means of exit cut off, but with the increased peril my calmness seemed to return. I knew that the fastenings at the back were such as would occupy them some little time at all events in forcing an entrance, and at once my thoughts flew to the closet in the attic and the passage leading from it. I ran swiftly up-stairs and got out the box containing my jewellery, of which I had a fair quantity, some of it being of considerable value. Having always been uneasy on the subject of fire—Ottawa at that date possessed no system of water-works, and had the reputation of being the most inflammable city in the Dominion—I had packed all, except what I was wearing, in a large tin case. Then there was the silver; I must make an effort to save it. It was all in a morocco case in the dining-room.

Creeping cautiously down to that room in the dark, I felt about the sideboard until I had secured it, gathering up also the few articles still on the table. It was a heavy load, or would have been under ordinary circumstances, but scarcely seemed now a feather's weight. Making my way up-stairs again, I possessed myself of my jewellery, and, turning very low the lamp in the sitting-room—the only one in the house lighted—made for the next flat as swiftly as my load would permit.

Once my foot caught in my long skirt, and I slipped and almost fell, but, recovering myself, pushed on, and, reaching the room I have spoken of, passed from it into the closet. The moon threw sufficient light through the little window to enable me to find the door in the slope without difficulty. Down quite close to the floor was a little brass knob, by which to open the door. I ran my hand rapidly up and down to find it, but could not. The knob was gone and the door apparently fast shut. After a moment of speechless terror I thrust my hand into my pocket, and, drawing out a small fruit knife, inserted it between the wall and the door, trying to force the latter back, with no result but the breaking of the blade. To insert it again and endeavour, with frantic haste and all the little strength I had left, to accomplish my purpose, was but the work of a moment, and just as I was in despair the door yielded to my efforts. As I entered the passage with my burden I became aware of the fact that the ruffians had succeeded in getting in and were coming up from the basement. As will be understood, the door opened towards the outside, and on the inner side of it were two hooks or nails, which had evidently been used for hanging skates on, as on one of them still hung a child's pair, which had no doubt been forgotten by the Darwins. By means of these nails, I was able to draw the door so closely after me as to render it quite invisible from the closet, without which my hiding-place would no doubt have been discovered. Stooping down, I placed my ear close to the door and listened, and very soon heard the robbers coming up to the flat immediately beneath. A very short time sufficed for their ransacking the rooms, and then came the most terrible moment of all. At the foot of the last flight of stairs, one of them paused a moment, and then excitedly shouted, 'Why, what's this? A woman's handkerchief, and per-

fumed nice, too; it can't have been long here, I bet.'

An oath and the declaration in loud tones that 'no man or woman in that house would be allowed to go out of it alive, to tell what their game in it had been,' showed me what peril I was in, and how desperate was the character of the men. Rushing up the steps, they entered the room, and almost immediately afterwards the closet, exclaiming, as they did so, 'I guess we've got her now.'

The lamp they carried threw a faint streak of light into my hiding-place, although the door was too close to admit of my seeing out. They stood for a moment, and in the stillness, the ticking of my watch seemed to my excited fancy loud enough to betray me.

'Let's look here,' exclaimed Gardner, making for a corner of the closet which happened to be concealed from view by a number of dresses, hung from a rafter in the sloping roof.

'It's no go,' he continued, 'she's got off, however she did it, and carried away all that was worth coming for along with her.'

'It was all your fault, Fred,' rejoined his companion, 'you know you would have me leave the front door, and go with you to the back, and that was how she managed to slip out.'

What more might have been said I did not hear, as I fainted away for the first and only time in my life, and was, when discovered by Edward, at about half-past twelve, in a state of happy unconsciousness, if such a term can properly be applied to a person in a dead faint.

When I came to myself I was on the couch in the little sitting-room, my husband bending over me, and his brother Cyril, who had arrived unexpectedly from Montreal, and accompanied Edward home, preparing to go off for a doctor. This, however, proved unnecessary, although I was weak and ill for many days.

Judging from the time I must have gone upstairs, and the time at which Edward found me, I could not have been more than a very few moments in a state of unconsciousness. As Edward and Cyril drew near the house they saw two men emerge from the front door, who rapidly made the best of their way off in the opposite direction, and when they reached the house it was to find both hall and back door open, with every indication that the place had been ransacked by robbers. My husband's anxiety may better be imagined than described, but after the first moment of excitement was over, his thoughts at once flew to the very hiding-place I had chosen, probably from the fact of our having only a day or two before spoken of the singular construction of the passage, and remarked what an excellent hiding-place it would make. We learned that poor Catherine, true to her word, had arranged with farmer Smith that his man, Fred Gardner, should go half-a mile further and bring Barbara Croker in to us at once.

The man had learned enough of the circumstances to know that the chances were greatly against my husband's getting home until far into the night or rather morning.

He had also gathered from what fell quite innocently from Catherine that our house contained a quantity of plate, the value of which was no doubt greatly exaggerated in his opinion by her description, and so, instead of Barbara Croker, had brought back to town with him a companion in crime with whose aid he hoped to effect a successful robbery.

The two must have prowled about the neighbourhood for several hours waiting to see that everything favoured their designs, as the servant at Mrs. Lee's had seen two men who answered their description exactly, pass at a comparatively early hour in the evening, and again at a quarter to twelve when she looked out after extinguishing the lights, going on each occasion in the direction of our house.

Both men turned out to be convicts

who had served long terms in the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston, and had not been any length of time out of its walls. They escaped arrest on this occasion, making their way to the United States, but long afterwards we read in the Toronto journals that they had paid the penalty of their crimes in the Far West. They had been captured with several other desperadoes after a fearful railway robbery, accompanied with murder, in Kansas, and after the briefest of trials hanged in accordance with the usual despatch which characterizes the administration of Lynch Law.

I am subject to fits of nervousness still at times, although I am thankful to say that they are becoming gradually of less frequent recurrence, and if I am ever visited by unpleasant dreams they are nearly always sure to be associated with that night of terror, from the peril of which, I thank God for my deliverance, through the instrumentality of the 'Secret Passage.'

MORNING.

BY D. J. MAC MURCHY, TORONTO.

AND now the night is past.
Dawn's earliest beams efface
The stars' bright eyes
In the morning skies;
The day comes on apace.

Over the land and sea,
It comes on a message of light,
The tryst to keep,
To wake from sleep
The dreamers of the night.

In through the churchyard gate,
The joyous sunbeams peep,
And, as they pass,
Just kiss the grass
O'er the graves where the weary sleep.

They play on the cottage door,
Look in at the windows bare,
In their fairy dance,
They glisten and glance
On the palace's marble stair.

A DAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY J. TOCS, PORT HOPE.

MY wife and I made up our minds to give the children an outing. With so many steamboats and railroads offering excursion fares for those who, like ourselves, wanted to take the balsam of fresh pure air, it was no easy matter to decide upon the route and destination. I wanted to go by boat, but Mrs. Slater, the mother of my numerous olive-branches, was against travelling by water, reminding me (just as if I could ever forget) how that the last time we went to Niagara she and all the children were victims to sea sickness. I tried to persuade my better-half that, as on that occasion the lake was not rough, the illness of the family had probably arisen from the fact of their imprudently lunching on a mixture of sardines, custards, cherries, rich cakes, pies, ginger-pop, &c., and that nature had merely rebelled at such an unaccustomed jumble. I reasoned, however, with Mrs. S. in vain; she would not consent to let her darlings risk the danger of going on over-crowded and unsafe excursion boats. Still I urged the matter at intervals for several days, but, finding her of the same opinion, I, like a wise man, gave up the struggle, and it was finally decided that we were to go by train to a place some miles away from the city, and picnic on a pretty spot by the lake-side, and thus have all the advantages of lake air without encountering the disagreeables attending travel by water. Of course, the children were in a wild state of excitement when they heard of the proposed excursion, and kept the house in a perpetual racket with their high spirits and healthy lungs. When the eventful day arrived, we got up at an unearthly hour, not to get the early-worm, but to catch the 7 o'clock train, and had a rare scramble for anything approaching a breakfast. When we were ready to start I was dismayed to find that the 'baby' was to be of the party, for I hold with every sensible man that babies are better at home than anywhere else (at least when their fathers are with them); but Mrs. Slater had her way in this, and as the youngest Miss Slater crowed and smiled in her nurse's arms, and looked the merriest little cherub in creation, I hadn't the heart to insist on her being left behind. I was appalled by the number of baskets and shawls that were to accompany us. Jane, having the baby, could not carry anything else, so I found that a good many more things than I bargained for fell to me to look after.

On arriving at the station, we found that there was a large number of other excursionists, and we had some difficulty in obtaining room in the car for our party, although we sat three in a seat. We had barely settled ourselves and arranged the baskets when Harry discovered he was 'awful hungry,' and Nellie and Tom declared themselves almost on the point of starvation and the twins begged piteously for a 'bisted.' It was useless trying to persuade them to wait until we arrived at our destination, so after a good deal of trouble I got the basket that my wife said had the biscuits, intending to distribute one to each of them. The basket, however, instead of containing biscuits, held a rich iced plum cake, and many were the exclamations of

delight made by the children when they beheld it. However, I promptly closed the lid over the cake, and the pleasant looks of the little folks were soon replaced by those of disappointment. I was persisting on their having merely biscuits at that early hour, when their mother perceiving that five pairs of little eyes were preparing for a down-pour persuaded me to relent, so, contrary to my better judgment, rather than have such a damper on the day's enjoyment, I gave them each a slice of the unwholesome stuff, declaring positively that that was all they should have. I had no sooner replaced the basket and settled down again, than Nellie having demolished every crumb of her slice of cake, found that she was very thirsty, as also did the other youngsters. Tom immediately went off to help himself from the water-can at the end of the car, when his mother (who is a very fastidious person), saw him drinking from the tin mug left for the convenience of the general public. Thereupon she was seized with the idea that he might contract some horrible disease, and called out for him to wait until she got him his silver cup. Of course the cup turned out to be at the bottom of another basket, the one containing the apples. This in her hurry she upset, the contents running pell mell along the car and creating quite a diversion among the other passengers, who were very ready to pick the apples up and help themselves to all they could lay their hands on, so that by the time we had collected as many as we could, more than half had been appropriated. Except that Nellie spilt a cup of water over her pretty frock, and Harry fell down and bruised his knee, we arrived without any further accident at the station we were to stop at. There were no carriages, and we found we should have to walk a mile in the blazing sun to the place we had selected. I suggested stopping at the hotel, but as the rest were against that plan, I concluded I would make an amiable martyr of myself and we set off accordingly.

It was a rough walk, and the twins were soon tired, and asked to be 'tarried.' A kind father could not resist the appeal, so the young monkeys were hoisted upon my shoulder turn about, and seemed to enjoy their rides immensely; kicked their dear little heels against my back occasionally, spurring their horse to greater speed; making reins of my whiskers, so that when we reached the place decided on for our pic-nic I felt slightly tired and hot. It seemed a capital place; it was well shaded by trees and quite close to the lake. The children were in ecstasies and wanted lunch instantly, so we set about getting it ready. My wife, with my assistance, spread the repast on the clean table-cloth provided for the purpose, and though I refrained from saying so at the time, I confess I was surprised at the richness of the food prepared for the children. But it was too late to remedy the evil, and, certainly, if the wholesomeness of the viands might be questioned, there was no doubt as to their appetising qualities. Indeed, the amount consumed by the little Slaters was startling. The usual beetles, bugs and spiders walked carelessly over the table-cloth, pies, cakes, meat, plates and dishes, but in no way did this appear to affect the appetite of the children. This was rather an amusement than otherwise.

About the middle of the repast, a large, inquisitive frog hopped unexpectedly into the middle of the table-cloth and caused great excitement. Mrs. Slater jumped up as I had not seen her do for years, Jane screamed, and the children were delighted, somebody upset all our milk and a bottle of raspberry vinegar, both fluids running promiscously among chickens, cakes, pies, etc., and leaving the baby with the prospect of being starved. None of the Slater family having shown any tendency to emulate the chivalric Dr. Tanner, the latter cir-

cumstance seemed a serious accident. When she had had her lunch, Jane offered to go and see if she could get some milk at any of the houses we had passed. After telling her to be sure and hurry back, which she promised readily enough to do, we assented to her going. She presently departed, leaving Mrs. Slater and myselves sole guardians of the remnants of the repast and the children.

For some time the little people played contentedly on the lake-shore in front of us, and then Tom came and asked if they could go just beyond the tree we saw, and 'paddle.'

To this, on their promising not to wet their clothes, we gave our consent, and away they went, to take off shoes and stockings, in high glee. In truth, my wife and myself were glad of a few minutes' quiet, but, as luck would have it, baby, missing her dinner, began to get cross, and it was all her mother could do to partially soothe her—trying, ineffectually, to make that young lady partake of biscuits and water, as a substitute for her usual diet of milk. I do not remember the exact length of time that had elapsed since the children had gone off, but we presently heard a loud, piercing shriek from one of them, which made our hearts jump into our mouths, and sent me running towards the direction from whence the sound came, expecting to find some dire accident had befallen one or other of them. It took only a few moments to reach them, and I was infinitely relieved to find that they were all there, though in the greatest excitement, for all the boys were in a state of nudity, they having evidently enlarged my permission to 'paddle' into taking a full bath. One of the twins was howling dismally, and Harry, the eldest boy, was up to his neck in water, vainly endeavouring to catch with a stick a bundle of something that was floating slowly but surely beyond his reach. After various questions, and a chorus of answers from all at once, I learned the cause of all the hullabaloo. It seemed that the 'twin' who was crying had hung his linen blouse, pants, and other garments on the projecting branch of a tree, and while enjoying the delights of bathing, had suddenly perceived that a cruel wind had blown his garments far out into the water, further than any of us could reach with the aid of the longest stick to be found. I gave the children a good scolding all round, and if it hadn't been a holiday, would have added a sound thrashing as well. I ordered them all to dress immediately, and as it dawned on the unlucky twin that in lieu of his lost clothes, he would have to sit wrapped up in a shawl for the remainder of the day, he cried more lustily than ever. The toilet of the fry did not occupy many minutes; it was but just completed when their mother, remembering that they had had no towels to dry themselves with, was afraid that they would take cold, and get inflammatory rheumatism. Nothing would satisfy the maternal heart but that all their clothes must come off, and each of them undergo a rubbing process with the table cloth, while their under-garments were laid in the sun to dry.

As Jane had not yet returned, Mrs. S. had to look after this matter herself. While she did so, she gave me the baby to look after. That young lady was sucking, discontentedly, a biscuit, and let me have a good deal more of the disgusting mess than I wanted, putting her sticky fingers into my hair, and, with undesirable generosity, thrusting the wet stuff into my eyes and against my nose, in a vain attempt to put it into my mouth. These pleasantries soon ceased to amuse her, and she next tried pulling my whiskers, and messing my white shirt and collar, by patting and pulling them with her dirty little hands. My four boys, seated in a row, wrapped up in shawls and waterproofs, looked pretty dismally comical, but I was too cross to enjoy the situation, and vowed it

would be the last time I would ever be found going on a pleasure excursion with half a dozen unruly brats.

That confounded servant never turned up for ages, and then had only about half a cup of milk, which had apparently no effect but to make the baby cry for more. When she did come, I made up my mind to go for a walk alone and pay a visit to a country inn which had large grounds surrounding it, containing the usual swings, merry-go-rounds, and summer-houses that accompany pleasure resorts. Nellie and Harry begged so much to go too, that I finally took them, they promising to be very good, and with only two of my olive branches to look after I felt a comparatively happy man. We reached the inn with its garden and attractions, 'and found any number of people enjoying themselves in their own way, which the greatest part of them did by eating and talking. Scraps of orange peel, nut shells, pieces of paper, crusts of bread and rinds of melons strewed the loudly-advertised velvet lawns. The candy, cakes and ginger beer, in the wooden stalls that were dotted here and there about the grounds, appeared to be in a dissolving state of stickiness, and looked anything but appetising—at least to me. Nellie and Harry thought otherwise, Harry investing his last five cents in a tumbler of disgusting-looking lemonade, and Nellie her coppers in jaundiced-looking lemon and orange drops. I left the children for a minute or two while I got a glass of lager beer, which I daresay would have been good enough if it hadn't been luke-warm (the man's ice had given out). I found warm lager by no means delicious, but being very thirsty I drank it nevertheless, and thought I'd have a smoke and see if a good Havana would not soothe my ruffled feelings. I lit my cigar and was enjoying it fully, when I remembered Harry and Nellie, and strolled leisurely round to look for them. They were not where I left them, but that caused me no alarm, though it was sometime before I discovered their whereabouts. When I did, it rather upset me to see that the young monkeys were enjoying a swing high up in the air, both standing to all appearance in the most perilous position, and trying their best to get on a level with the branches of the trees. I hardly knew what to do, but called out to them to stop swinging and come down directly. I shall never forget the effect my words had: they were at the farthest limit of the rope when they heard my voice, and Nellie turned quickly round, and before I had time to utter a word of caution, a shrill scream rang out into the air. I saw the flutter of something white, and heard a dull thud on the ground. I was horrified. The blood in my veins seemed to stop, I became dizzy, and for a moment could not summon courage to look in the direction of the sound, or dare to go to pick up the little mangled form I expected to find lying there. Something seemed to swim before my eyes as I stooped under the trees and looked blindly for my child: for a moment I hardly saw anything, else I wouldn't have got such a knock on my back and head as I stooped down from the returning swing, where to my complete bewilderment still stood Harry and Nellie safe and sound, and laughing heartily at the rap they had given me. It was the board and not either of the children that had fallen; Nellie screamed when she felt it slipping from under her feet, but had clung like a squirrel to the rope, and appeared unconscious of having escaped from any danger. They informed me that they were 'working down,' and in a minute or two jumped off the swing with rosy cheeks and brimming over with excitement at the fun they had had.

I regret to say that when I discovered the needlessness of my fright, and the innocent cause of it laughing merrily, I indulged in language more expressive than elegant, and hardly

fit for infant ears. I had a severe pain in my back and head from the blow, and felt in a mood to thrash some one within an inch of his life, although, I am happy to state, I refrained from giving any physical proof of the rage I was in. I marshalled my young people back to their mother in the worst possible frame of mind, and gave my wife such a lecture on the way she brought up her children as almost to bring tears to her eyes. Poor woman, she looked tired out, as, having sent the nurse to look after the other children, she was trying her best to soothe the baby, who was awfully cross.

Utterly disgusted, I threw myself down on the grass a little distance off, and tried to rest my aching head, when, glancing at my watch, I saw that we had only time to walk slowly back to the station to get the train home. I immediately got up and informed my family that it was time to depart. At this news I saw an intense look of relief pass over my tired wife's face, as she said she would be glad when we were safe at home again. The children hastily disposed of the remainder of the eatables, and we set off on the walk through the woods and dusty country roads, laden with the baskets, which seemed as heavy as before. On our way back the road certainly appeared longer, for, instead of the twins, I had to carry Nellie, who is a stout child of six, the unusual food, the excitement of the trip and the famous swing having completely upset the child.

When at last we arrived at the station, we were a sorry looking family. My wife, usually so fresh and handsome, looked hot and flustered, her hair was straggling and untidy, and her pretty dress showed many a green grass stain and the marks of dirty little fingers. The trip home was a frightful experience ; the children were as cross as two sticks, and their elders (I can speak positively of the feelings of *one* at least) crosser. As for the baby, she never stopped yelling, except to take breath to begin again. Besides being a bother to ourselves, we were an unutterable nuisance to the other excursionists. I heard one broad-shouldered workman remark, as he regarded his own good, quiet youngsters, that if he 'belonged to the gentry, he guessed he'd teach his children better manners or stay at home.' I endorsed the man's sentiments, resolving then and there that once safe at home nothing on earth would ever induce me to go on a day's pleasure in the country with a pack of children, and if I am any judge of physiognomy Mrs. Slater, in the inmost recesses of her heart, registered a similar vow.

CONFESSIONS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

VI.

SHALL I be blamed if I so write of you
As lovers of their mistresses ? Her gown,
Her glove, the mignonette she fastened down
Upon her bosom's lace, even her shoe

Has claimed their muse and will again, for who
Loves earnestly at all, loves all, from crown
Of curlèd head (so have they written) down
To fleeing foot fearing lest one pursue.
And when in long and listless twilight mood
At twilight I have sat and dreamed of you,
How could I picture you but as indeed
I know you, clad in dearest suit of tweed
Man ever wore, with scarf of richest blue,—
Yet fear I lest I be not understood.

VII.

For why should these things be less dear to me
Because you are a man and I—a woman ?
Because I am, I am more surely human,
And though as surely love with dignity,
With stateliness and rigid purity,
With reverence for all those gifts of mind
Which first I saw in you, (and long was blind
To other gifts which now at length I see,)
With art to keep your passion in control,
With almost mother's yearning for your Best
And Highest always—yet it seems to me
In perfect Love must be equality ;
An equal charm in all must be confessed,
Body nor mind the greater, neither soul.

VIII.

A sky all yellow in the evening west,
But pale and bluish-cold elsewhere. The trees,
Like branching seaweeds under amber seas,
Are traced in clearest, blackest, delicatest
Pencillings against the glow. A sense of rest
Is come to me, and sinking on my knees
Beside the opened window (though it freeze
Who would shut out this winter air ? The best
Of impulses come with it !) I become,
Through gazing, one with air and golden sky,
And golden thread of river running down
Far westward by the sun-gilt, glowing town.
O Spirit of Beauty—more I cannot cry,
Alas ! the Spirit of Love still keeps me dumb !

THE JEWISH QUESTION.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

On opening the *Nineteenth Century* the other day in Canada, I was surprised to find that Mr. Lucien Wolf, of the *Jewish World*, in his paper on the Anti-Jewish agitation, had set me down as having commenced the agitation in England. Mr. Wolf writes, as he avows, under the influence of 'all-consuming indignation and strong passion,' for which it is easy, under the circumstances, to feel respect and sympathy, but which cannot fail to colour his statements. I replied at the time that I was not aware that there had ever been an Anti-Jewish agitation in England. No tidings of such a movement had reached Canada. So far as I could see, fully the due measure of homage was being paid by the highest representatives of English society to Jewish wealth. We had even received accounts, in connection with the last general election, of a new political sect which was seeking to identify the English race with the Ten Tribes, and found on that pedigree a claim to world-wide dominion. In Germany, as elsewhere on the Continent, there has been an Anti-Jewish agitation: in England, I apprehend, there has been none.

It had happened that when I was last in England we were on the brink of a war with Russia, which would have involved the whole Empire, including Canada, whose mercantile marine would have been in great danger of being cut up by Russian cruisers. The Jewish interest throughout Europe, with the Jewish Press of Vienna as its chief organ, was doing its utmost to push us in. Mr. Lucien Wolf avows that the Jews all over the world were united in opposition to what they regarded as the hypocritical designs of Russia, though Russia might perhaps retort the epithet, inasmuch as her crime in their eyes was not her ambition but her protection of the Eastern Christians, with whom the Jews had a quarrel of their own. At such a crisis it was necessary and right to remind the English people that Israel was a separate race, with tribal objects, and that its enmities could not be safely allowed to sway the councils of England. As to the merits of the quarrel between the Eastern Christians and the Jews, there was no room for doubt: we had some reason to believe that there was as much of extortion on one side as of fanaticism on the other: but at all events it was not an English quarrel, or one in which English blood could justifiably be shed.

I heartily supported, and, were it needful, would heartily support again, the political enfranchisement of the Jews, though I do not pretend to believe that people who intrench themselves in tribal exclusiveness, refuse intermarriage, and treat the rest of the community as Gentiles, are the very best of candidates for citizenship. But the franchise is a trust, in the exercise of which every one must expect to be watched, especially those who are liable to any peculiar bias, above all when their allegiance is divided between the nation and some other power or interest. The staunchest advocate of Catholic emancipation has never doubted that it was right to watch the Catholics, at least the Ultramontanes, as often as there was any possibility of a divergence between the interest of the nation and those of the Papacy. If I am not misinformed, the movement against the Jesuits and against Ultramontanism in Germany—the Education War, as it is called—has found ardent supporters among the Jews. Especially is vigilance needful when the equivocal influence is exercised through the secretly enslaved organs of an ostensibly independent Press.

If patriotism means merely a willingness to perform all social duties and to do good to the community, nobody can deny that it may be possessed in the largest measure by the kinsmen of Sir Moses Montefiore. But if it means undi-

vided devotion to the national interest, there is difficulty in seeing how it can be possessed without abatement by the members of a cosmopolitan and wandering race, with a tribal bond, tribal aspirations, and tribal feelings of its own. Far be it from Liberals to set up a narrow patriotism as the highest of virtues, or to make an idol of the nation. There is something higher than nationality, something which nationality at present ought to serve, and in which it will ultimately be merged. Mazzini taught us how to think upon that subject. But tribalism is not higher or more liberal than nationality; it is lower and less liberal; it is the primeval germ of which nationality is the more civilized development. Nor does the narrowest patriot make such a religious idol of his nation as the Jew makes of his tribe. All the other races profess at least allegiance to humanity: they all look forward, however vaguely, to a day of universal brotherhood; they cannot help doing this if they are Christian, and have accepted the ideal of the Christian Church. The Jew alone regards his race as superior to humanity, and looks forward not to its ultimate union with other races, but to its triumph over them all, and to its final ascendancy under the leadership of a tribal Messiah. I mean of course the genuine, or, as the Americans would say with rough picturesqueness, the 'hard-shell' Jews. About the position of these alone can there be any question. As to the men of Jewish descent who have put off tribalism altogether, we have only to welcome them as citizens in the fullest sense of the term and to rejoice in any good gifts, peculiar to their stock, which they may bring to the common store. But Mr. Wolf speaks for the genuine Jew: he rejects, evidently with abhorrence, the thought of intermarriage with the Gentile.

Of the existence of Israel as a power and interest apart from the nations, though domiciled among them, there can scarcely be a doubt. One who has deeply studied the question, Mr. Oliphant, in his recent and very interesting work *The Land of Gilead*, dwells more than once on the great advantages which any European Government might gain over its rivals by an alliance with the Jews. 'It is evident,' he says, 'that the policy which I have proposed to the Turkish Government (*i.e.* the restoration of Palestine) might be adopted with equal advantage by England or any other European power. The nation that espoused the cause of the Jews and their restoration to Palestine would be able to rely on their support in financial operations on the largest scale, upon the powerful influence which they wield in the Press of many countries, and on their political co-operation in those countries, which would of necessity tend to paralyze the diplomatic and even hostile action of Powers antagonistic to the one with which they were allied. Owing to the financial, political, and commercial importance to which the Jews have now attained, there is probably no one power in Europe that would prove so valuable an ally to a nation likely to be engaged in a European war as this wealthy, powerful, and cosmopolitan race.' Perhaps the writer of these words hardly realizes the state of things which they present to our minds. We see the Governments of Europe bidding against each other for the favour and support of an anti-national money power, which would itself be morally unfettered by any allegiance, would be ever ready to betray and secretly paralyze for its own objects the Governments under the protection of which its members were living, and of course would be always gaining strength and predominance at the expense of a divided and subservient world. The least part of the evil would be the wound inflicted on our pride. It is the highest treason against civilization that Mr. Oliphant unwittingly suggests. If Russia were alone to stand out against such submission, even though her motives might not be untainted, she would practically acquire no inconsiderable title to the sympathy of the nations.

The allusion to the influence wielded by the Jews in the European Press has a particularly sinister sound. This, as has already been said, is a danger the growth of which specially justifies our vigilance. In the social as in the physical sphere new diseases are continually making their appearance. One of the new social diseases of the present day, and certainly not the least deadly, is the perversion of public opinion, in the interest of private or sectional objects, by the clandestine manipulation of the Press.

Mr. Wolf, throughout his paper, assumes that the main question between the Jews and their adversaries is one of religion, and that opposition to Jewish

ascendancy is a revival of religious persecution. To the full extent to which his belief is well founded, I share his 'all-consuming indignation.' Indeed, the fear of seeming to abet anything like an attack on liberty of conscience makes me almost shrink from dealing with the subject. In this respect, however, I feel that I am tolerably free from reproach. I believe I have on all occasions, to the utmost of my power, supported the cause of perfect freedom of opinion. I have advocated unsectarian education in all its grades, and no one can desire more heartily than I do to see the last relic of intolerance swept away from the constitution of the House of Commons. But among the opponents of Liberal principles on both these points, as I am told, are rich Jews, who have apparently come to the conclusion that sectarian education and exclusive tests are useful guardians of certain special interests. It seems that in France corresponding phenomena present themselves. The French correspondent of a thoroughly pro-Jewish journal in this country remarks, with reference to the part played by the Jews in French politics, that 'the Jew, when struggling, or merely rich, is Anti-Clerical and Liberal, but when he becomes a magnate and wants to marry his children to the sons and daughters of "crusading" families of undoubted nobility, he becomes a supporter of moral order and all that is comprised in the term.' It is possible, then, to be opposed to Jews and yet to be on the side of religious liberty. If I mistake not, the possibility will become more evident every day in proportion as Israel accumulates more wealth, and becomes more identified with the class to which the good things and the honours of the world belong.

For my part, I have been all along persuaded that in these troubles religion is not the primary but a secondary cause; though, as it struck the eye of superficial observers most, it has been hitherto taken for the primary cause; much as in the case of Ireland the conflict was formerly supposed to be one entirely between Catholic and Protestant; and even the Whiteboy outrages, though plainly agrarian, were imagined to be connected with the religious feud. The root of the mischief lies, I am convinced, not in the peculiar creed, but in the peculiar character, habits, and position of the Jewish people; in their tribal exclusiveness, their practice of the tribal rite of circumcision, the nature of the trades to which they are addicted, and the relation in which they stand to the native races of the countries wherein they take up their abode as a wandering and parasitic race, without a country, avoiding ordinary labour, and spreading over the world to live on the labour of others by means of usury and other pursuits of the same sort. They are not the only instance of the kind. The Armenians are another, the Parsees a third; the Greeks were fast becoming a fourth, when happily alike for them and other nations their country was restored to them. The Lombards and Cahorsins, in the Middle Ages, were examples of the same tendency on a smaller scale, as the Gypsies are in a different way. But the theological importance attached to the Jews and the belief in the divinely ordained and penal character of their wanderings has prevented their case from being referred to the historical class to which it belongs, and caused their dispersion to be regarded not only as far the most memorable, which assuredly it is, but as absolutely unique.

I had once been listening to a debate in the House of Commons, on a motion brought forward by that most excellent scion of the Jewish race, the late Sir F. Goldsmith, respecting the maltreatment of the Jews in the Danubian Principalities, in which it was assumed both by the mover and by the Foreign Minister, who replied to him, that the case was one of religious persecution. At my side sat a friend, who knew the Principalities well, who hated wrong and oppression of all kinds if ever man did, and who was not a Christian but an avowed Agnostic. He said that in his opinion the real point had been missed; that the case in its essential character was not one of religious persecution; that the people, a good-natured race, were not inflamed with fanatical hatred of the Jewish faith; that a Jewish synagogue, in one of the cities, received aid from the Government. The Jews, he said, came among a simple-minded peasantry, devoured its substance by usury, dispossessed it of its freeholds, and at the same time corrupted it by the practice of demoralizing trades; hence attempts were made to exclude them from the country, and they were sometimes treated with cruel violence. In Russia, as we are told by the best authorities, in-

cluding Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, the people regard religion very much as a question of nationality, deeming it perfectly natural that a man of a different race should also have a different creed, so that the inhabitants of Christian villages dwell peaceably side by side with the inhabitants of villages which are not Christian. Hence it would seem that in this case again religious fanaticism can hardly be the chief source of the popular excitement. The Germans are being denounced as a herd of infuriated and brutal bigots; but they are in reality a kindly people, and their history is peculiarly free from the stains of religious persecution, especially if we take out the action of Austria, which is really not a German power. Mr. Wolf complains of the frequent Boycotting of Jews in the United States. He refers, I presume, to the refusal, some time ago, of New York insurance offices to insure the houses of the Jews, and to their recent exclusion from some hotels in the same State. At least I know of nothing else to which the term 'Boycotting' could be applied. In both cases the reason may have been insufficient; but in both it was commercial, not religious. No New York insurance office or hotel would ever refuse anybody's money on religious grounds. At the time of Secession an order, the exact tenor of which I do not now remember, was issued by a Federal commander against the Jews, who were plying their usual trades in the wake of war; but we may be quite sure that this was a military measure, with which bigotry had nothing to do. That the Jews should have exposed themselves to exceptional treatment in a country where the principle of religious liberty and equality is so firmly established, not only in the Constitution, but in the hearts of the people, as it is in the United States, seems clearly to indicate that there may be other than religious grounds for the popular feeling against them in other countries also. No man is responsible to his fellow men for his beliefs, however strange they may be; but every man, whatever his beliefs, must take the natural consequences of his actions. He who plies an unpopular trade, or does what is offensive to his neighbours, at the same time treating them as Gentiles, will be sure to incur odium not only of the theological kind. That his ancestors, eighteen centuries and a half ago, instigated Pilate to crucify Christ is a very bad reason for maltreating any man at the present day: but it is an equally bad reason for allowing any man to behave offensively at the present day that his ancestors were maltreated in the Middle Ages.

In such German pamphlets as I have seen upon this question I have not noticed strong traces of theological antagonism. Herr Stocker seems fully imbued with the old-fashioned reverence for the faith of Israel: his complaint is rather that there is too little of it among the modern Israelites than that there is too much. The Jewish antipathy to labour offends him as a Christian Socialist, with whom the duty and the dignity of labour are primary articles of faith: this is the nearest approach to religious antagonism that I have observed. Herr Stocker complains, it is true, of the attacks made by the Jewish Press on Christianity; but this he might do without exposing himself to the charge of intolerance, though perhaps there is some exaggeration in his complaints.

The belief that these troubles are wholly or mainly religious flows naturally from the notion, almost universally entertained, that Israel is merely a dissenting sect. Talleyrand, as a remarkable passage quoted by Mr. Wolf shows, fancied that a Jew was just like any other citizen, saving his theological opinions, and that when toleration was extended to those opinions, he would become like other citizens in every respect. The advocacy of Jewish emancipation in England proceeded on the same assumption, while the opposition was founded on that of a religious crime and a divine sentence. The result has proved that though emancipation was wise and right, the impression under which the debate was conducted was mistaken. We now see that Israel is not a sect, but a vast relic of primæval tribalism, with its tribal mark, its tribal separatism, and its tribal God. The affinity of Judaism is not to non-conformity but to caste. If Judaism were a religion as Christianity or Buddhism is, it would, like Christianity and Buddhism, proselytize: it did proselytize during that period of its history in which, under the influence of Greek philosophy and other liberalizing agencies, it was tending from the condition of a tribal to that of a universal creed, though it subsequently fell back into tribalism, Philo succumbing to the Rabbi, while the more

spiritual and universal element disengaged itself in the form of Christianity. A Jewish writer, who is himself a striking proof of the fact that the race is much and the religious profession little, has said that the Jews no more care to make proselytes than does the House of Lords. We may, with Thackeray, smile at the idea that the denizens of Bevis Marks are unapproachable aristocrats of the human race, but the saying points to a serious and important truth.

It is partly under the influence of the same erroneous impression, as I venture to think, that Mr. Wolf ascribes whatever is not lofty in the commercial character and habits of the Jews to the 'demoniac attitude' of Christianity, that he depicts the conduct of Christendom toward Judaism throughout history as 'a persecution unexampled for its long duration and calculated malignity,' that he speaks of the 'brutality and infamous uncharitableness with which throughout the ages the Jews have been wantonly persecuted by the *soi-disant* votaries of a Gospel of Mercy.' Such expressions, I submit, betray a misreading of history, and one which not only produces a misconception as to the main source of these calamitous conflicts in the past, but prevents the Jew from seeing what is the only real security against their recurrence in the future. The group of nations which make up Christendom emerged from barbarism only by a very gradual process, as did also the nation which deemed that it pleased God by the massacre of the Canaanites with their wives and children, and which penned the books of Judges, Chronicles, and Esther; but apart from any belief about revelation, and from theological questions altogether, it has as fair a claim at least as any other group to be painted with historical discrimination, and not carelessly daubed with black. Perhaps in regard to the Jewish question the self-accusation of Christendom, since its acceptance of the principle of toleration, has somewhat exceeded the fact, as the self-accusation of reformed sinners is apt to do. Mr. Wolf's sweeping language is enough in itself to suggest the need of historical revision, though by most of his Christian readers it will be accepted without criticism and echoed with a penitential sigh.

There are features common to the characters of Orientals generally, and visible in that of the Jew, for which Christendom plainly is not responsible. Nor is Christendom responsible for anything that originally marked, for good or for evil, either the Semitic stock generally or the Hebrew branch of it. It was not the attitude of Christianity that made the Phœnician a kidnapper or the Carthaginian faithless. It was not the attitude of Christianity that caused the Jews to adopt as a typical hero the man who takes advantage of his brother's hunger to buy him out of his birthright with a mess of pottage, or led them to record with exultation how they had spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext. It was not Christianity that penned passages in Hebrew books instinct with sanguinary tribalism and vindictive malediction. But a more unhappy element probably in the special character of the modern Jew than any Oriental or Semitic defect is the accumulated effect of the wandering life, with its homelessness, its combination of degrading vagrancy with unpopular exclusiveness, its almost inevitable tendency to mean and hateful trades. And to the wandering life the Jews were led partly by untoward circumstances, partly by their own choice, certainly not by the attitude or the conduct of Christendom. They seem to have been not less unpopular with the nations of the pagan world, including some even outside the pale of the Roman Empire, than they have been with Christian nations; and their unpopularity seems to have arisen always from much the same causes. Either the whole human race except the Jew is demoniac, or there is something naturally unpopular in the habits and bearing of the Jew.

The Christian States of the Middle Ages, in which the Jews underwent maltreatment, were in an early stage of civilization, and their religion was bound up, as that of primitive communities generally is, with their polity, their morality, and the whole life of their people. They could no more help this than a child can help not being a man. Historical philosophy has taught us to distinguish the inevitable shortcomings of nations from their crimes. The common faith of the states of Christendom formed among other things the bond of their indispensable and effective though loosely knit confederation against Islam. Into nations of this character the Jew intruded himself, well knowing their prejudices, which, in fact, were merely the counter-

parts of his own, but willing to run all risks in pursuit of gain. If English adventurers had in the same way intruded themselves into China or Japan before these countries were opened, it is doubtful whether the Foreign Office would have felt itself bound to protect them in case of a riot. Had it appeared that they had been plying trades oppressive and naturally hateful to the people, their misfortune, though it might have excited pity, would have created little surprise. Their case would have been still weaker if they had been acting as instruments of extortion in the service of a tyrant, and had been sharing with him the spoils of the people, as the Jews did under the mediæval kings, and as it appears that they did also in Egypt under the Ptolemies.

Jewish writers, in their natural exasperation, are heaping contumely on the memory of the Crusaders. By David or Isaiah a Crusader might have been understood: it is impossible that he should be understood by a Jew of the Talmud and the Stock Exchange. The Crusades, like their sequel, the struggle against the Ottoman, were in truth a defensive war waged by Christendom against Islam, which, organized for conquest, came victoriously rolling on, with fatalism, despotism, polygamy, slavery, and the other Eastern vices in its train, till on the plains of Tours it had almost achieved the subjugation of the West. The Holy Sepulchre was the Carroccio of Christendom, though its position, far in advance of the natural line of defence, placed the Christians at a military disadvantage. It is true that in Godfrey and his brethren in arms there was a strain of savagery which sometimes totally overpowered the nobler parts of their character; that they carried on their holy war with the ferocity which marked wars generally in those times; and that with their devotion were largely mingled the unextinguished propensity to nomadism, the love of military adventure, and the lust of booty. Still they were the half-conscious champions of that which has been incontestably proved by experience to be the higher civilization, and for the hope that was in them they gave up their lands, their pastimes, and the bowers of their ladies, and went to die on Syrian fields. So long as Christianity is preferred to Islam we must look with gratitude on the stately tombs of the Crusaders. The world will have become materialist indeed when any child of Western civilization can rejoice in abuse of St. Louis or Edward I.

Now the Jew was a religious alien, and what his own law, if the parts had been changed, would have called a blasphemer in a religious camp at a crisis of intense excitement and mortal peril. Not only so, but he was not a very distant kinsman, and probably at heart a friend of the enemy, occasionally perhaps even a confederate, grotesque as some of the mediæval stories of Jewish complicity with the Saracen are. Mrs. Magnus, in her vivid sketch of the history of her compatriots, says :—

'Both in the East and in the West the rise of Mohammedanism was, in truth, as the dawn of a new day to the despised and dispersed Jews. If we except that one bitter quarrel between the earliest followers of the Prophet and the Jews of Arabia—and that, we must note, was no organized or systematic persecution, but rather an ebullition of anger from an ardent enthusiast at his first unexpected rebuff—we shall find that Judaism had much reason to rejoice at the rapid spread of Mohammedanism. Monotheists like the Jews, abhorring like them all forms of image worship, worshipping in simple fashion their one God Allah, observing dietary laws like to those of Moses, the Mohammedans both in their faith and in their practice naturally found more grounds for agreement with Jewish doctrine than with the Christian dogma of a complex Godhead, or with the undeveloped aspirations of the heathen. And besides some identity of principle and of race between the Mohammedan and the Jew, there soon discovered itself a certain hardly definable kinship of habit and of custom—a sort of sympathy, in fact, which is often more effectual than even more important causes in promoting friendly relations either nationally or individually. Then also, there was the similarity of language; for Arabic, like Hebrew, belongs to what is called the Semitic group. . . . Nearly a century of experience of the political and social results of the Mohammedan conquests must, inevitably, have made the year 710 stand out to the Jews of that time as the beginning of a grand new era in their history. Centuries of cruelty had made the wise, loyal counsel of Jeremiah to "pray for the peace of the land whither ye are led captive; its peace shall be

your peace also," a hard task for the most loyal of consciences; and in that early year of the eighth century when Spain was added to the list of the Mohammedan victories, and the triumphant flag of the Crescent was hoisted on tower and citadel, the liberty of conscience which it practically proclaimed must have been in the widest sense a cause for national rejoicing to the Jews.'

It is not necessary here to discuss the by-questions whether the reign of Islam is that of liberty of conscience, and whether centuries of cruelty to the Jews had really preceded the year 710. As to the main point, the passage quoted is correct. History can cast no blame upon the Jew for feeling and obeying his natural affinity; but on the other hand, we must acquit the Christian of anything that with reference to people in that stage of civilization can reasonably be called demoniac, and pronounce that his rage against the Jew, even when most detestable and sanguinary, falls within the measure of human crime. It is probably conjectured, if it cannot be said to have been proved, that at the time of the Crusades, when all men were hastily raising money to equip themselves for the Holy War, the Jewish usurer took cruel advantage of his opportunity and thereby made himself more than unusually obnoxious at the moment when he was most in peril. Nor is it by any means certain that he used all possible care to avoid irritating popular feeling. He has always been, and still is, somewhat apt to presume upon his wealth. This is the cause of his exclusion from some of the New York hotels. The bloodiest and most disgraceful of all the outbreaks of popular violence in England was provoked by the disastrous indiscretion of some wealthy Hebrews who, in defiance of a warning proclamation as well as of popular sentiment, had intruded themselves upon the coronation of a Crusader king.

Even on this occasion, however, behind the religious fanaticism which is set down as the sole incentive to the outburst, there is discernible that which I suspect to have been generally the deeper and more potent cause of popular antipathy. At York, the rioters made for the place where the Jews had deposited their bonds. So, in French history, M. Martin, though he usually treats the outrages against the Jews as religious, and descants on them in the ordinary strain, sometimes lets us see that other causes of animosity were at work. 'Never,' he says, in relation to the rising of 1380, 'had the Jews been more hateful to the people than since they had been protected with so much solicitude by the Crown: they abused the need which men had of their capital to suck to the very marrow both the spendthrift nobleman and the necessitous citizen.' The money trade is not more oppressive or odious than any other trade, provided it is not pursued in an illiberal and grasping spirit; but there are money-lenders of different kinds; there is usury which is fair lending, and there is usury which is extortion; there are mortgagees who do not want to foreclose, and there are mortgagees who do. A tyranny not less grinding or hateful than that of an armed conqueror or a political despot may be exercised by a confederacy of crafty operators which has got the money of a country into its hands and makes a ruthless use of its power. In the Chronicle of Jocelyn de Brakelond we find an example of the prodigious usance by which a debt to a Hebrew money-lender grew: and we are not surprised or much scandalized on learning from a subsequent page of the Chronicle that the worthy Abbot Samson procured letters from the king empowering him to compel all Jews to quit St. Edmondsbury, on the condition however that they should be allowed to take with them their chattels and the price of their houses and lands. It was the period of the Crusades, and Samson was an enthusiast, it is true; yet we cannot doubt, looking to what had preceded, that his main object was to save his people from the bloodsucker. The Jews had a strong tendency to congregate at Oxford, a large portion of which is said at one time to have been in their hands. We may believe that they were partly, perhaps chiefly, drawn to it as a seat of learning and science; but a university city also affords special opportunities for usury; and as the Universities in the Middle Ages were distinctly liberal, it seems probable that here again the conflicts which took place had a social and economical rather than a theological cause. The truth is, religious fanaticism, and especially the fanaticism of Christianity, has had quite as heavy a load of historical responsibility laid on it as it deserves. Persecution, among Christians at least, has usually been the crime not of popular

bigotry but of wealthy Church establishments threatened in their temporal interests by the growth of new beliefs. The wars of the sixteenth century, which are always called religious, and constantly cited as proof that Christianity is the parent of evil, were in fact attempts of an enormously rich and corrupt clergy to put down a revival of religious life, while the life was struggling to save itself from extermination. It seems very doubtful whether, even in the Middle Ages, the peasant or mechanic, having no pecuniary interest in theological questions, would, merely on account of a difference of opinion, have made a bloodthirsty onslaught on a man of the same race, or of a race not hostile to his own, who was working as a fellow labourer at his side. The Cahorsins were Christians; yet as extortioners they were not less hated than the Jews, nor was their expulsion less eagerly demanded.

Into England the Jews streamed after the Conquest, as they follow in the train of modern war; and we may be sure that their presence was not the least part of the calamity which befell the hapless people. Through them the Norman and Angevin kings were enabled to organize vicarious extortion, and though the king squeezed the sponge when it had sucked up the money of the people, this process while it filled his coffers did not restore the popularity of the unfortunate Jews. Nor does it seem that the Jew, to make up for his exactions, when he had amassed wealth, bore himself meekly towards the natives. Our highest authority on mediæval history, Mr. Freeman, says: 'In the wake of the Conqueror the Jews of Rouen found their way to London, and before long we find settlements of the Hebrew race in the chief cities and boroughs of England: at York, Winchester, Lincoln, Bristol, Oxford, and even at the gate of the Abbot of St. Edmonds and St. Albans. They came as the king's special men, or more truly as his special chattels, strangers alike to the Church and the commonwealth, but strong in the protection of a master who commonly found it his interest to protect them against all others. Hated, feared, and loathed, but far too deeply feared to be scorned or oppressed, they stalked defiantly among the people of the land, on whose wants they throve, safe from harm or insult, save now and then, when popular wrath burst all bounds, when their proud mansions and fortified quarters could shelter them no longer from raging crowds, who were eager to wash out their debts in the blood of their creditors. The romantic picture of the despised, trembling Jew, cringing before every Christian whom he meets, is, in any age of English history, simply a romantic picture.' The suppleness of the Oriental, which made him willing to be the chattel for the sake of the royal protection in his trade, might diminish the respect of the people for him, but would not diminish their hatred or their fear.

Like the expulsion of the Jews from St. Edmondsbury by Abbot Samson, the banishment of the whole race from England by Edward I. was unquestionably intended by the king and welcomed by the nation as a measure of social reform and relief to the people. The execution of the measure was marked by savage outbursts of popular passion against the objects of general hatred; and Jewish writers may be easily forgiven for denouncing Edward as one of a set of 'insolent, unprincipled, and rapacious tyrants, whose virtues, if they happened to possess any, were overshadowed by their crimes.' But this is not history. Edward was as great, as noble-minded, and as beneficent a king as ever sat upon the English throne; and he must have made no small fiscal sacrifice in sending away the luckless race whose craft had filled his coffers and those of his predecessors. The situation was throughout miserable, its termination was hideous and heartrending, but the English people had never invited the Jews to England.

In Spain the situation was still worse than in England, and the consequences were still more hideous. For centuries a struggle raged for the possession of the peninsula between Christendom and Islam, by which religious passion as well as antipathy of race was excited to the highest pitch. At last the Christian triumphed, and the Mohammedan was ruthlessly driven out, as, we may be sure, the Christian would have been driven out from any realm in Islam in which he had planted himself for a time as an invader, unless he had preferred to banishment the most abject and wretched slavery. The Jew being connected, as we have seen, with the Mohammedan, and bound to him by sympathy, shared his piteous doom. In the dreadful reign of persecution which followed, after the establishment of the In-

quisition, the Jew or 'New Christian' did not suffer more than the Christian who was suspected of heresy, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, of disloyalty to that religious union which the Spaniards had learned to regard as the palladium of the national existence. Perhaps even in Spain the vast revenues of the State Church had as much to do with persecution as had the bigotry of the nation; and assuredly the religion of Jesus of Nazareth had nothing to do with the vast revenues of the State Church. All these horrors now belong to the past as completely as the massacre of the Canaanites.

During the Middle Ages intolerance was universal, perhaps inevitable, and the Christian heretic, though a native and a member of the commonwealth, was persecuted not less, but far more cruelly, than the Jew who was an intruder. In England the Jews were relieved of their political disabilities almost as soon as the Dissenters, and those who relieved them were of course Christians. It is tacitly assumed that all the time Judaism itself was tolerant, and would have established religious liberty had power been in its hands. No assumption surely could be more precarious. Judaism persecuted Christianity while it could, calling in the Roman authority for the purpose. In a later age the heresy of Uriel D'Acosta was punished with forms apparently borrowed, as has been remarked, from the practice of the Inquisition. Spinoza was put in peril of his life. To burn or stone him, or any other apostate, was not possible where Jewish orthodoxy did not wield the civil sword. The works of Maimonides were publicly burned. Instances of anathema and excommunication launched by the priesthood against freedom of thought abound in Jewish history, and Jewish writers acknowledge the fact that bigotry capable of anything is to be found among the zealots of their race in Poland. Even so liberal an Israelite as Mr. Samuel, the author of *Jewish Life in the East*, speaks of 'renegades,' that is, converts from Judaism to Christianity, in a tone suggestive of social penalties if not of fagots. After all, whence did ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages chiefly derive their notions as to the duty of extirpating misbelief with the sword? Was it not from passages in the sacred books of the Hebrews? Was it not from the injunction to exterminate the idolatrous Canaanites, and the precepts of the law making death the penalty of apostacy, blasphemy, and religious perversion? Even the superstition of witch-burning, had it not its origin in an uncritical adherence to the Mosaic law which ordains that a witch shall not be allowed to live? Among rational Christians the Old Testament has given place to the New. But in the synagogue is not the Old Testament still read as the final expression of the Divine Will? Is not the Feast of Purim still kept by the Hebrew race? If so, Judaism ought to be cautious how it applies such epithets as demoniac to Christendom, on account of any misdeeds of the ignorant and irrational past.

Mr. Wolf ascribes the abandonment of husbandry by the Jews to the cruel bigotry of Christian rulers, who forbade them to hold Christians as farm-slaves, it being regarded as out of the question that a Jew should put his own hand to the plough. Would the Jews in their own country, or in any country where they were dominant, have allowed Christians to hold Jews as slaves? Mr. Samuel, the Jewish writer already mentioned, says, 'A Jewish servant or labourer is almost unknown in Egypt, our people here as elsewhere being infected with that dislike for manual labour and that preference for earning their living with their heads which is at once the strength of our upper and the destruction of our lower classes.' The destruction, then, of the lower classes among the Jews, their economical destruction at least, is not to be laid at the door of Christendom. Their propensities with regard to labour are the same in the East and in their own land as in the Christian countries of the West. It is true that in those happier days when, instead of Rabbinism and the Cabala, they were producing a great religion, and memorably contributing to the progress of humanity, the Jews were, as Mr. Wolf reminds us, a community of husbandmen; but they have now been so long a wandering race, 'preferring to earn their living with their heads,' that the tendency is ingrained, and cannot be altered by anything that Christendom can do. Not even in lands where they have been longest and most completely emancipated, such as Holland and the United States, have the Jews, it is believed, shown any disposition to return to the blameless industry any more

than to the simple and devout character of the husbandmen who gathered in the Courts of Zion. The same thing would probably have befallen the Greeks had they, like the Jews, been permanently converted into a race without a home. For such habits, whether formed by an individual or a race, humanity is not responsible, nor can it prevent them from bearing their natural fruits. The one valid ground of complaint which the Jews have in this respect is the mediæval prohibition of usury, which, so far as it was operative, tended, no doubt, at once to throw the trade into the hands of the Hebrews, and to degrade it. But this again had its origin mainly in the Hebrew law, though that law makes a tribal distinction between taking interest of a Hebrew and taking it of a stranger.

Again, it is constantly asserted that the Jews during the Middle Ages were rendering some brilliant services to civilization when their beneficent efforts were arrested by the intolerance and folly of Christianity. Christendom, it is said, was wasting itself in the pursuit of a spiritual ideal, in crusades, in religious art, and scholastic philosophy, while the Jew was promoting the real welfare of mankind, by founding medicine and developing trade. Scholastic philosophy need hardly shrink from comparison in point of practical utility with the Talmud and the Cabala. If the Jew founded medicine, what became of the medicine which he founded? The Middle Ages bequeathed none, it is believed, worthy of the name of science. Trade was developed, not by the Jews, but by the merchants and mariners of the great Italian, German, Flemish, and English cities. Its progress in England did not in any appreciable way suffer by the absence of the Jews from the time of Edward I. to that of Charles II. It may be doubted whether even the money trade, which was the special province of the Jew, did not owe at least as much to the bankers of Florence and Augsburg as to any Jewish house. Rossieu St. Hilaire, in his history of Spain, while he shows abundant sympathy for Jewish wrongs, finds himself compelled to contrast the 'narrowness and rapacity' of their commerce with the boldness and grandeur of Arab enterprise. In the early Middle Ages Jews were the great slave-dealers. This was not the reproach in those times which it would be in ours; but slave-dealing was never the noblest or the most beneficent part of commerce.

The idea that to exclude the Jew was to shut out commerce and prosperity is curiously at variance with the indications of the ethnographical map at the present day, from which it would appear that the number of Jews was nearly in inverse proportion to national well-being. In wretched Poland, including Posen and Galicia, the proportion of them is largest; they abound in Hungary, in Roumania, in the Southern parts of Russia; in England and France they are comparatively few; in Scotland, the soundest and healthiest of communities, hardly any. Nothing can really increase the wealth of a country but productive industry, in which the Jews stand low. Mere money-dealing, though necessary and therefore legitimate, is not productive and when it assumes the form of stock-jobbing it is anything but beneficent. The success of a Brassey or a Titus Salt adds greatly to the general wealth of the community, and stimulates industrial energy into the bargain; the success of a stock-jobber no more adds to the wealth of a community than does the success of a gambler. Stock-jobbing, with the advantage of exclusive information, in fact bears a close resemblance to gambling with loaded dice, and it is in this way that some of the greatest Jewish fortunes are said to have been made. That the presence in large numbers of a wandering race of money-dealers and petty traders does more harm to a nation than good is a fact which does not justify the maltreatment of any member of that race, but a fact it appears to be.

In cases where a military race has absolutely refused to engage in trade, and has prevented its serfs or rayahs from engaging, the Jew has found a natural opening; but while he has filled the gap, he has precluded native commerce from coming into existence, as otherwise in course of time it would almost certainly have done.

'The Jew,' says Renan, 'from that time (that of the final dispersion) to this has insinuated himself everywhere, claiming the benefit of common rights. But in reality he has not been within the pale of common rights; he has kept his status apart; he has wanted to have the same securities as the rest, with his exceptional privileges and special laws into the bargain. He has wished to en-

joy the advantages of nationality without being a member of the nation, or bearing his share of national burdens. And this no people has ever been able to endure.' There is no reason why any people should endure it, at all events if the number and influence of the intruders are such as to constitute a serious danger to the nation, and the parasite seems likely to injure the growth of the tree. In England the Jews are few; and though some of them have made colossal fortunes by stock-broking, the aggregate amount of their wealth is not great compared with that of the whole country. English writers are therefore able, much at their ease, to preach the lessons of a serene philosophy to the Germans, who have as many Jews in a single city as there are in the whole of England or France, and are moreover threatened with fresh eruptions from Poland, that grand reservoir, as even Jewish writers admit, of all that is least admirable in Israel. Seeing the growth of the Jewish power in Germany, the immense wealth which it has amassed by stock-broking, and which, refusing intermarriage, it holds with a grasp almost as tight as mortmain, its influence over the Press, the lines of sumptuous mansions which bespeak its riches and its pride, the rapid multiplication of its people, and the reinforcements which it receives from abroad, its tribal exclusiveness and compactness, its disdain of manual labour and increasing appropriation of the higher and more influential places in the community, a German may be excused for feeling apprehensions which in an Englishman would be absurd. No wonder if he fancies, as he walks along the principal street of his chief city, that he is in some danger of being reduced to the condition of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for an intrusive race in his own land. Not the German only, but any one who feels an interest in the fortunes of Germany, may well regard the growth of Jewish influence there with some anxiety, at least if he deems it best for the world that the great Teutonic nation, at last united and liberated by efforts so heroic and at so great a cost, should be allowed to develop its character, and work out its destiny in its own way. German patriotism is derided as Philistinism, and it does no doubt sometimes manifest itself in ways distasteful to those whose model is Heinrich Heine. But it has wrought a great deliverance not only for Germany but for Europe. Those who have appealed to it can hardly expect it to cool down on the morrow of Sedan: in fact, the need of its devotion is as yet far from being at an end. That Goethe, who in the calmness of his cold and statuesque superiority went to pay his homage to the conqueror and oppressor, would have looked with indifference on the struggle between German and Semite is very likely; but it was not the spirit of Goethe that hurled the soldier against the French lines of Gravelotte. This revolt against Semite ascendency may be regarded in fact as a natural sequel of the revolts against Austrian domination and French intrigue. Crushed by a brood of petty despots, Germany, after the Thirty Years' War, had been lying depressed and torpid, the prey of all who chose to prey on her; she is now awakened to national life, feels the blood coursing through her veins again, and is successively casting off all her bonds. The economical yoke of the Jew becomes as irksome as the rest. In the Danubian Principalities a similar revival produces a similar revolt in a coarser and more cruel form.

The situation is a most unhappy one. Such consequences as have flowed from the dispersion of the Jews are enough to prove to the optimist that there are real and lasting calamities in history. Repression, though duty imposes it on a government, does not seem hopeful; soldiers may be sent, and some of the Anti-Semitic rioters may be shot down, but this will not make the rest of the people love the Jew. That the people should ever love the Jew while he adheres to his tribalism, his circumcision, and his favourite trades, seems to be morally impossible. It is not difficult to frame golden rules by which Jews and Gentiles as well as Magyar and Sclav, Anglo-American and Negro, shall live in philosophic amity; but it is too certain what the practical result will be. The common people know nothing about Lessing and Nathan Der Weise; and if they did they might say with truth that the character of Nathan Der Weise is as fictitious as that of the Eastern sages of Voltaire. No real solution seems to present itself except the abandonment by the Hebrew of his tribalism, with its strange and savage rite, and of all that separates him socially from the people among whom he dwells. As to the

hygienic practices, on the importance of which Mr. Wolf insists as a ground for separatism, there is not the smallest reason, if they are rational and good, why the Jew should not retain them himself, and impart them to other people. Thenceforth, if Jewish genius showed itself so superior as Jews assert that it is to that of people of other blood, and if any one sought to deny it a fair career, there would be justice in assuming him to be actuated by envy. We should all be bound to welcome it without prejudice as a purely beneficent power. In England and France such a solution seems possible—the Jewish element is not so large as to defy assimilation and absorption, but in Germany and Poland it appears very remote.

What can, what ought, the Germans to do? It behooves them calmly to consider this question. Violence clearly in any form is neither right nor expedient. The Government is bound to put it down, and excesses which provoke a deserved reaction will only leave Semitism morally stronger and more formidable than ever. The withdrawal of political rights, once conceded, is also practically out of the question, more especially as the Jew had not only been permitted to vote, but compelled to serve in the army. This last fact is decisive. On the other hand, no principle, political or moral, forbids a German to use his own vote for the purpose of keeping the government and guidance of the nation in German hands. Of course he is equally at liberty to encourage, or refuse to encourage, such journals as he thinks fit. Associations against anybody have a very ugly look, yet they may be justified by great compactness of tribal organization and corporate activity on the side of the Hebrews. Restraints upon immigration are harsh and inhospitable, except in a case of absolute necessity. But a case of absolute necessity may be conceived, and the land of every nation is its own. The right of self-defence is not confined to those who are called upon to resist an armed invader. It might be exercised with equal propriety, though in a different way, by a nation the character and commercial life of which were threatened by a great irruption of Polish Jews. The Americans think themselves perfectly at liberty to lay restrictions on the immigration of the Chinese, though the Chinaman, with his labourer's shovel is nothing like so formidable an invader as the Jew. In trade the sons of those who founded the Free Cities will surely be able, now that their energies have been restored and their shackles struck off, to hold their own, without legislative protection, against the Hebrew, preternatural as his skill in a special tone of business has become: and everything that tends to improve the tone of commerce and diminish stock-jobbing will help the Teuton in the race.

It has been said, and I believe truly, that religion is the least part of the matter. Yet there is between the modern Jew and the compatriot of Luther a certain divergence of general character and aim in life connected with religion which makes itself felt beside the antagonism of race, and the traces of which appear in the literature of this controversy. Judaism is material optimism with a preference to a chosen race, while Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, is neither material nor in a temporal sense optimist. Judaism is Legalism, of which the Talmud is the most signal embodiment, and here again it is contrasted with Christianity and the Christian Ideal; which is something widely different from the mere observance, however punctual, of the law. In the competition for the world's goods it is pretty clear that the legalist will be apt to have the advantage, and at the same time that his conduct will often appear not right to those whose highest monitor is not the law. The Agnostic, seeing what he deems the reveries of Christianity rejected by the Jew, and imagining this to be the cause of quarrel, is ready to take the Jew to his heart. But it may be questioned whether he will find the affinity so close as at first sight it appears. The Agnostic after all is the child of Christendom. He is still practically the liegeman of the Christian conscience, whatever account of its genesis he may have given to himself. He has a social ideal, not that of the Church, but that of humanity, which has come to him through the Church, and which is utterly at variance with the pretension of a chosen race. Mr. Wolf's text 'Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves,' would not express the aspirations of a Positivist any more than those of a Christian.

Apart from these local collisions, there is a general curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, to know what course in

politics the enfranchised Jew will take. He is everywhere making his way into the political arena, which indeed, under the system of party government, suits his traditional habits as well as the stock exchange. A money power is sure in the main to be conservative, and the inclination of Jewish wealth to the side of reaction in England and other countries is already becoming apparent. Poor Jews will be found in the revolutionary, and even in the socialist, camp. But in whatever camp the Jew is found he will be apt for some time, unless the doctrine of heredity is utterly false, to retain the habits formed during eighteen centuries of itinerant existence, without a country, and under circumstances which rendered cunning, suppleness, and intrigue almost as necessary weapons of self-defence in his case as the sword and the lance were in the case of the feudal soldier. He will be often disposed to study the 'spirit of the age' much as he studies the stock list and to turn the knowledge to his own profit in the same way. It is very likely that he may sometimes outrun and overact national sentiment or even national passion, which he does not himself share. This is one of the dangerous liabilities of his character as a statesman. It might have been supposed that the Jews, having been for so many centuries shut out from military life, would be free from militarism; indeed a high rank in civilization has been plausibly claimed for them on that ground. Yet a Jewish statesman got up Jingoism much as he would have got up a speculative mania for a commercial purpose, and his consuming patriotism threw quite into the shade that of men who though opposed to Jingoism, would have given their lives for the country. Among the ablest and most active organisers of that rebellion in the United States which cost a thousand millions sterling and half a million lives, was a Jewish senator from Louisiana, who when the crash came, unlike the other leaders, went off to push his fortune elsewhere. There was no particular reason why he should not do so, being, as he was, a member of a cosmopolitan race; but there was a particular reason why the people who had no other country should receive his counsels with caution in a question of national life or death. A political adventurer will not be sparing of that which in the pride of Jewish superiority he regards as 'gutter blood.' Joseph, being the Prime Minister of Pharaoh, displays his statecraft for the benefit of his employer by teaching him to take advantage of the necessities of the people in a time of famine for the purpose of getting them to surrender their freeholds into the royal hands. He would no doubt have played the game of an aristocracy or even of a democracy in the same spirit, though his natural taste, being an Oriental, would lead him if possible to be the vizier of an absolute monarch. There are some who think that the Hebrew adventurer, with a cool head and a cool heart, may be specially useful as a mediator between heated political parties, and a reconciler of the interests which they represent. But this is surely a condemnation of party rather than a recommendation of the Hebrew.

Mr. Oliphant, in the work to which reference has already been made, proposes that Palestine should be restored to the Jew, with some of the vacant country adjoining; and it appears that this plan is not unlikely to be carried into effect. The restoration of their own land may have the same good influence upon the Jews which it has had upon the Greeks. It is not likely that of those now settled in the West any considerable number would ever turn their steps eastward. We know the anecdote of the Parisian Jew who said that if the kingdom of Jerusalem was restored he should ask for the ambassadorship at Paris; but the westward flow of migration might be checked, and from the eastern parts of Europe, where the relations of the Jews to the native population are very bad, some of them might return to their own land. Mr. Oliphant seems to have little hope of seeing the Jews, even in Palestine, take to husbandry, and proposes that they should be the landowners, and that the lands hould be tilled for them by 'fellahs.' We must assume that fellahs convinced of the validity of the Jews' claim to exemption from the indignity of manual labour will be found. But necessity would in time compel the Jew once more to handle the plough. The situation at all events would be cleared, and the statesmen who are now inditing despatches about religious toleration would see that Israel is not a sect but a tribe, and that the difficulty with which they have to deal arises not merely from difference of opinion, or any animosities produced by it, but from consecrated exclusiveness of race.

In one respect the Jew certainly has a right to complain, even in a country where his emancipation has been most complete, not of persecution but of what may be called a want of religious delicacy and courtesy on the part of Christians. He is singled out as the object of a special propagandism carried on by such societies as that for the conversion of the Jews. The conduct of those who are trying to impart to him the truth which they believe necessary to salvation is not 'demoniac,' but the reverse; yet it is easy to understand his annoyance and indignation. The barrenness of this propagandism in proportion to the money and effort spent on it is notorious; the object against which it is directed is not mere intellectual conviction, but something as ingrained and and tenacious as caste. Simple respect for the Jew's opinions and perfect religious courtesy are more likely to reach his mind than any special propaganda.

Of the lack of theological interest in him the Jew can scarcely complain. If there has been error here, it has certainly been on the side of exaggeration. The formal relation of Christianity in its origin to Judaism perhaps we know; its essential relation, hardly. What was a peasant of Galilee? Under what influence, theological or social, did he live? Who can exactly tell? We have a series of lives of Christ, from which eager readers fancy that they derive some new information about the Master, but which, in fact, are nothing but the gospel narrative shredded and mingled with highly seasoned descriptions of Jewish customs and of the scenery of the lake of Gennesaret, while the personal idiosyncracy of the biographer strongly flavours the whole. If there are any things of which we are sure, they are that Galilee was a place out of which orthodox Judaism thought that no good could come; that the teaching of the Galileans was essentially opposed to that of the Jewish doctor, and that Judaism strove to crush Christianity by all the means in its power. Thus if Israel was the parent of Christendom, it was as much in the way of antagonism as in that of generation. There is an incomparably greater affinity between Christianity and Platonism or Stoicism, than between Christianity and the Talmud. The exaggerated notion of Christians about the importance of the Jews has been curiously reproduced of late in an unexpected corner, and under a most fantastic form. Even when theological belief has departed, religious sentiment is not easily expelled, nor does the love of the mysterious die out at once, especially in a woman's breast. Miss Martineau, after renouncing Theism, indemnified herself with mesmeric fancies. The authoress of 'Daniel Deronda' in a like manner indemnified herself with the Jewish mystery. No Jewish mystery, except a financial one, exists. Daniel Deronda is a showman who, if, after taking our money, he were desired to raise the curtain, would be obliged to confess that he had nothing to show. A relic of tribalism, however vast and interesting, is no more hallowed than any other boulder of a primæval world. Every tribe was the chosen people of its own God; and if it were necessary to institute a comparison between the different races in respect to their 'sacredness,' which it happily is not, the least sacred would be that which had most persistently refused to come into the allegiance of humanity.

One more remark suggested by the discussion of the Jewish question, and perhaps it is the most important of all. It is surely time for the rulers of Christian Churches in general, and for those of the Established Church in particular, to consider whether the sacred books of the Hebrews ought any longer to be presented as they are now to Christian people as pictures of the Divine character and of the Divine dealings with mankind. Historical philosophy reads them with a discriminating eye. It severs the tribal and the primæval from the universal, that which is perennially moral, such as most of the Commandments in the Decalogue, from that which by the progress of humanity has ceased to be so. It marks, in the midst of that which is utterly unspiritual and belongs merely to primitive society or to the Semite of Palestine, the faint dawn of the spiritual, and traces its growing brightness through the writings of prophets and psalmists till it becomes day. But the people are not historical philosophers. Either they will be misled by the uncritical reading of the Old Testament or they will be repelled. Hitherto they have been misled, and some of the darkest pages of Christian history, including those which record the maltreatment of Jews in so far as it was religious, have been the result of their aberrations. Now they are being repelled, and the repulsion is growing

stronger and more visible every day. It is not necessary, and it may be irritating, to rehearse the long series of equivocal passages which shocked the moral sense of Bishop Colenso, and of which Mr. Ingersoll, the great apostle of Agnosticism in America, makes use in his popular lectures with terrible effect. The question is one of the most practical kind, and it will not well brook delay. It is incomparably more urgent than that of Biblical revision.

I cannot conclude without repeating that if this was a case of opposition to religious liberty, I should thoroughly share the emotions and heartily echo the words of Mr. Lucien Wolf. But I have convinced myself—and I think Mr. Wolf's own paper when carefully examined affords proof—that it is a case of a different kind.—*Nineteenth Century.*

RONDEAU.

TO LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A., CHATHAM, N. B.

LAURELS for Song! and nobler bays,
In old Olympian golden days,
Of clamour thro' the clear-eyed morn,
No bowed triumphant head hath borne—
Triumphant in all Hellas' gaze :

They watched his glowing axles graze
The goal, and rent the heavens with praise ;
Still the supreme heads have worn
Laurels for Song.

So thee, from no palaestra plays
A victor, to the Gods we raise,
Whose brows of all our singers born
The sacred fillets chief adorn,—
Who first of all our choir displays
Laurels for Song.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

I.

A VACILLATING BEAR.

'OH, uncle, you must tell us some stories!' cried little Bob, running over from grandmamma's corner; 'grandmamma says you used to tell *such* stories before you went to Africa, and she's afraid you'll tell more than ever now. I don't see why African stories should frighten her—*I* love them.'

'My child, I never tell stories,' said the Major.

'One,' whispered grandmamma.

'But,' resumed the Major, 'if you are good boys and don't interrupt, I might tell you a few events of a highly moral kind.'

'Two,' whispered grandmamma.

'These adventures,' continued the Major, in his dignified manner, 'teach that "necessity is the mother of invention," that you should "never say die," and sundry other morals. Most of them are experiences of my own.'

'Three,' whispered grandmamma.

'One at a time is all I can manage—you mustn't bother me for more, boys.'

'All serene,' said bumptious Bill; 'out with Number One.'

One morning, began the Major, my negro gardener came to me in great alarm and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning, and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban blood-hound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the children's scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear: for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large, branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The beast advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers.

Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick —well known to bear-hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right-about-face on a branch which had already begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to

Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, towards the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled his tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally from the other limb and pull the beast's tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment he recognised his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity: he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which alone enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no further, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the beast seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore-feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment a blood-hound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and grasped his wearied wrists.

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honour to the grave.

'But, uncle,' observed Bill,' my Natural History says that there is only a single representative of the bear family in all Africa, and it inhabits the Atlas Mountains, and is scarce there.'

'I never said I met more than one member of the family, did I?' said the Major. 'And I don't wonder these bears are dying off, either, if they are all equally wanting in decision of character.

II.

THE ILL-REQUITED CAMEL.

Waali, son of Hassan the camel-dealer, borrowed the finest camel in his father's stud. He was going to make a runaway match, like young Lochinvar, and his love was daughter of a desert chieftain who hated Waali and his creed of Islam. So Waali was right to select Benazi, a camel, or, strictly speaking, a dromedary, famed for speed, sagacity and endurance.

A leisurely ride of two days—he rode leisurely to keep his camel fresh—brought him to his rendezvous. But he arrived a day too late. The terrible father of Kuku, for that was the fair one's name, had folded his tents and gone many miles further into the desert. But Waali gamely resolved to persevere. The trail was broad and fresh, and easy to follow, unless it should be suddenly effaced by a simoom.

After sundry hardships he reached the summer resort of Kuku's tribe—a grove watered by a pretty stream. He caught the first glimpse of it over the summit of a little knoll. At the near side of the grove stood a dark and graceful figure, which his lover's instinct told him was Kuku's.

'Kneel, Benazi!' he commanded; and the camel knelt, and lowered his neck too; for he understood that his rider wanted to use the knoll as a screen.

Waali had not to wait for nightfall, as he intended, for Kuku's watchful eye had seen his head and the camel's at the same moment that her lover had seen her; so she strolled towards the knoll to satisfy her curiosity. After a fond embrace, Waali placed her behind him on the dromedary's back and urged Benazi to his utmost speed.

No sooner had they left the shelter of the knoll than the chieftain spied them. He roared for his lasso and assegai, and

untethered his wild zebra, which delighted in pursuing fugitives, but could not be forced to budge on any other errand.

The chase was a notable one. The fiery zebra, fresher and less encumbered, gained slightly but perceptibly on the camel. Their wild galop was unbroken when, three hours later, the sun went down and the lustrous moon of the tropics loomed above the horizon.

A little stream lay before them just then, and the lovers were thirsty and Waali's water-skin was empty. He loosed it from Benazi's side and appealed—not in vain—to the sagacity of the noble animal. The camel reached back his head, grasped the skin in his teeth, and lowered his long neck into the stream as he trotted through it. The water gurgled into the opened mouth of the water-skin, which was full when Benazi, still running, stretched it back to his rider; but not a drop found its way down the parched throat of the unselfish dromedary. He would not waste one precious moment on himself.

On they flew through the moonlit waste. Wild beasts that joined in the chase on their own account were soon hopelessly distanced. About midnight the camel was only ten rods ahead; but half an hour later he was still keeping the same lead. His superior staying power was beginning to show. Seeing this the savage chieftain goaded his zebra with his spear-point, and the frenzied animal made a last effort to close upon the fugitives. Soon only five rods divided pursuers and pursued; then four; then three. The gentle Kuku shut her eyes and clung closer to her lover, as the chief poised his lasso and hurled it with unerring aim.

But the intelligent Benazi saw the danger and tossed his long neck back above the heads of his riders. He knew that *they* could be pulled off his back, but his neck, he reckoned, was a fixture; and besides, he trusted in his master's aid. The noose descended on his devoted neck; but before it stopped or stifled him, the alert Waali severed it with his knife.

This was the end of the race, for the zebra now dropped more and more behind in spite of the threats and cruelty of his rider. At last the jaded animal fell heavily and lay motionless; and the angry chieftain faded from the lovers' view, impotently shaking his assegai and mumbling wicked oaths in Tuaric.

Poor Benazi, too, was nearly dropping before very long. The drain of that desperate race had quite exhausted those wonderful reserves of fat and of water that every camel carries inside; and next morning his hump had well-nigh disappeared.

'What!' exclaimed little Bob in bewilderment.

'Camels *do* lose their humps from exhaustion,' said Bill decisively.

'Benazi did, at all events,' resumed the Major; 'not a vestige of his hump remained in the afternoon; for they had come to no water since the pursuit ended, and Waali wanted all that was in the water-skin for Kuku and himself.'

The young couple reached their destination that evening, having made a six-days' journey in little more than one. Old Hassan hastened to congratulate his son and welcome his daughter-in-law to her new home. Her *trousseau*, indeed, was sadly 'conspicuous by its absence,' as the reporters say; but she brought a dower of beauty and innocence, and the camel-dealer had never learned in any centre of civilization to ignore his children's sentiments in selecting spouses for them. But when he saw the humpless camel, he did not recognise it at all, and treated the scraggy animal's endearments with disgust and scorn. He thought his son had been swapping camels and been beaten in the trade.

'Ah, you fright of a camel!' he exclaimed, 'why did you come to me instead of my own beautiful Benazi?' And he began belabouring the dilapidated beast in his vexation.

'He *is* Benazi, and he saved my life,' cried Waali.

But the explanation was too late. The heroic animal died at the first blow. Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms, quite vanquished him. His heart—which had remained stout when his hump shrunk and his various stomachs failed—his heart was broken.

. . . . .

On the spot where he fell a monument was erected some months afterwards by his remorseful master, with a legend in Arabic:—

HERE LIES BENAZI, THE GELERT OF HIS KIND.

So 'nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.'

III.

MY OWN BUGBEAR.

'Among its other wasted wonders the western Sahara hid the hideousness of a native boy called Nigg. He had a mouth reaching very nearly from ear to ear, jagged teeth, a teapot nose, and the crossest cross-eyes to be found in the Old World. A piebald complexion and a hare-lip were among his charms; for his beauty, like a bull dog's, consisted in his ugliness. Moreover, he was the only negro I ever heard of who was both red-haired and partly bald. His fame was becoming so great that travellers were beginning to take him in as one of the sights of Africa.

'When things had come to this point I went to see him myself, and found him even more hideous than he was rumoured to be. My horse bolted at the first sight of him, and I could hardly make the animal come near him, even after the youngster had closed his eyes and mouth, as his parents bid him do. I had heard of people being "frights" before, but this fellow was one in earnest. So I thought it well to secure him before his parents knew his worth or grew conceited about him. These simple old folk gave him up for the moderate price of ninety-three cents, and thought they had made a good bargain.

'I called for him next day, and brought a blind mule to carry him to my house. His parents never kissed him when bidding him good-bye, and even his mother had to shut her eyes when he stood in front of her. He was very docile, and kept before me all the way, as he was told, without looking round once or frightening my horse.

'Having fully determined to grow accustomed to him, I forced myself to look at him many times each day, and soon was able to view his face for several seconds without shuddering. After a while I even began to fear that Nigg was not so very frightful after all, at least not frightful enough to scare cannibals and beasts of prey, as I had fondly hoped when purchasing him.

'However, I was cheered up from time to time by seeing the terrifying effect he produced on men and animals that saw him *for the first time*. None of these were more alarmed than he himself was when he first looked into a mirror. He started back with a yell, and rushed to me, exclaiming: "Massa! massa! Black debbil in a dish! Black debbil in a dish!" He was generally an amiable lad, and so he rather astonished me one day by darting a spiteful glance at his mule, which had just thrown him. Well for the mule that it was blind, for I never saw so hideous a face in a dream, even after eating four platefuls of plum-pudding. For my part, although the sight did bring on a slight attack of the chills, I was quite charmed at this proof of Nigg's powers. If any hyena, or snake, or gorilla, could face the face Nigg made then I wanted to see the animal.

'And so I took Nigg out on a hunting expedition. The first beast we came upon was a leopard, which lay on the carcase of an antelope, and growled as animals are wont to do when interrupted at their meals.

'"Make the face you made at the mule!" I cried.

'But poor Nigg never looked more frightened and less frightful than when he tried to do so. If the leopard was not showing signs of charging, I think I should have burst out laughing at the abject terror of the boy. In another second he was running for his life, and the leopard after him. However, I managed to bowl the beast over at the first shot, for he presented a full broadside as he bounded after Nigg.

'This cowardice of Nigg seemed fatal to my hope of using him as a bodyguard. He was frightened by every animal that we wanted to frighten, and he only scared the animals we wanted to get near. I could not get a shot at a deer or antelope closer than five hundred yards, and was soon forced to turn homewards from loss of ammunition and want of meat. I spent my last cartridge, in missing a gazelle, about ten miles from home.

'Soon after this unlucky shot we entered a valley, through which a stream had formerly flowed. Happening to look a-head, I saw some creature creeping stealthily towards our path. Its outlines were obscured by the dense shade of a tamarind tree, which stood at the edge of a thicket. My horse was too tired, and the ground too uneven, to retreat; besides which disadvantage a violent wind would be blowing in our faces if we turned. To go on boldly was our best chance.

'If I could only call forth that Gor-

gon glance that Nigg had once wasted on his blind mule! There was Nigg, and there was the mule. The same causes generally produce the same effects. The question, therefore, was how to make the mule throw Nigg. Happily, Nigg had not seen the wild beast, which I could only see dimly myself, and that because I knew where to look for it. As we approached the tree, I leaned forward in my saddle and tickled the mule with my whip. Most African cattle start violently when anything like an insect touches them; for some insect bites are fatal to them.

'Up went the mule's "business end," and down went the unsuspecting Nigg, with his angry face happily turned from me and towards the ambushed beast. With a howl, rather than a roar, a large lion sprang from the thicket and disappeared beyond the summit of the right-hand slope. Such a shivering, wilted, scared animal in a lion's skin I never saw before or after.'

'And what became of Nigg afterwards?' asked Bill, as the Major made a pause.

'In spite of his usefulness on this one occasion,' said the Major, 'I found him too unreliable to employ as a scarecrow. A friend, learning I was disappointed in the boy, begged him of me, promising to use him kindly; and so I gave him away. I did foolishly, for the rascally "friend" sold him soon afterwards for £2,000 as an escort to some traders from Morocco.'

'As an escort!' ejaculated Bill.

'Yes. You see these fellows have to take a number of armed men with them in their trading expeditions, and Nigg was just as much protection; for they *knew how to use him*. I might have guessed how myself, for I had often been told in my boyhood that anybody could scare a bull by merely turning his back to the an mal and bending down and gazing calmly at it through his legs. The sudden change of shape, they say, will frighten any animal unused to transformation scenes.

'It is true that little Washington Smith tried the dodge unsuccessfully with our bull, Jack Horner. But Horner either understood transformations or else thought the new animal before him would toss just as nicely as a boy. After a further brief transformation into a bird, little Wash touched the ground on the safe side of the fence, thereby shortening the pleasant pastime of the bull.

'But then, you see, Nigg had certain advantages that little Wash Smith had not. *His* face, looking at one in this inverted and unusual position, was simply diabolical. Not a lion, nor a buffalo, nor any other living thing wanted any closer acquaintance with so terrible a creature.'

'Is he an escort still?' inquired little Bob.

'No, the poor fellow!' said the Major. 'The traders once came upon a short-sighted lion, which did not see Nigg, and consequently did not run away, and the unhappy escort was forced to stay with his head down until he died from pressure of blood upon the brain.

'Poor Nigg! Barring perhaps the Gorgon Medusa and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, he certainly was the ugliest thing out.'

BOOK REVIEWS.

Old Greek Education. By J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1881.

IN the midst of our keen debates on the best eductional methods, despite classical reading, it requires a strong mental effort to realize that the very thoughts that stir our brains and struggle for expression were on earth before, at least a couple of milleniums ago, and were then clothed in a literary form which excites the envy and the despair of the best modern writers. On a question of training processes, literary, aesthetical or physical, it would be exceedingly difficult now to employ an argument which cannot be either actually reproduced, or at all events closely

paralleled, from the lectures of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, or Isocrates. Even in athletic training, which now engrosses so much attention and ingenuity, it seems hopeless to attempt anything *very* new. We Canadians pride ourselves on our graceful national game Lacrosse. As in duty bound, we believe it to be a genuine product of our own soil, found here by Cartier, Champlain, and the other pioneers who saw the Indians at play in the broad glades of the forest; and handed directly to our sons by these red-skinned *autochthoni*. As we all know, the Byzantine Empire lived on the stirring memories and traditions of those glorious old Greeks who, alike in physique and intellect, were held to be the type of perfect development. Now hear the game of Lacrosse described by a Greek of Constantinople 680 years ago, and we may be reasonably sure that the game was then a venerable legacy:—'Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point. Each of them has in his right hand a "stick" (*rhabdus*) of suitable length ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings, dried by seasoning, and plaited together in a net fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the "sticks" to the end of the ground, it counts as a game.'

Some fine manly sports, though thoroughly understood, were from association of ideas distasteful to free-born Greeks. Even in sea-girt Attica our champion Hanlan would have ranked far below a cabman. Regattas were quite usual, but the rowing was given over to slaves, though the memories of Salamis might well have secured for future oarsmen high and honourable recognition. There was no lack of leisure among the youth of Greece, for they had no foreign language to learn, and the *ologies* were still in a state of protoplasm,—mere scientific jelly, so to speak. And, truth to say, the idle hours were often filled in by employments that gave the old statesmen much anxiety for the future of their country. Gambling took early and deep root. Some few of the identical dice that were employed have come down to us, and of these few it is melancholy to relate that some are *loaded*.

It was not for want of State oversight the Greek youth went astray. At Athens as well as at Sparta the child was held to be the property of the State, and the father was thus a trustee for the State. At Sparta an ignorance of the three Rs' was rather expected than otherwise; there, the ambition was to beget stalwart men-at-arms,—tall, lithe, and adroit. At Athens the ideal of perfect manhood comprised not only a splendid physique, but graceful action, and eloquent expression. In both cities, infants that were weak, undersized or deformed, were remorselessly exposed, so that a household of four persons under one roof would have exceeded the average of families. In either city it would certainly have fared ill with Isaac Newton of whom at his birth, as the midwife contemptuously declared, there was not enough to fill a quart-pot. No better fate would have been in store for Pope, Voltaire, and the whole host of literary Titans whose brains, even before their birth, had got the better of their muscles.

The training of youth being regarded as the very corner-stone of State-craft, we find the most profound thinkers of Ancient Greece bending their powers to the solution of infantile difficulties, as well as to the highest speculations in philosophy. By Greek fire-sides Archytas, the famous astronomer of Tarentum, was better known for his invention of the *child's rattle* than for his profound researches into the weight and figure of the earth. And his great ancestor in philosophy, Pythagoras, is at this day known chiefly for his device of the 'multiplication table' and for his discovery of the 47th proposition; while all the vast and recondite stores of knowledge that he had amassed by a lifetime of travel and study are for us hopelessly lost. So with the most eminent sons of Athens.

'Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were;
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won and passed away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!'

Among the numerous heirlooms that have descended to our children from

those early Greek schools is the *abax* [Roman *abacus*] or numeral frame. In default of decimal notation, and relative numerals, the old mathematicians used this device or its precise equivalent, though of course with applications far beyond the range of our infant schools. The basis of ancient notation was *five*, and the Greek child so far from being checked in using his fingers for counting, was taught to *extend* this dactylic arithmetic so as to include high multiples of five. Here we may remark, that it does not appear to have been noticed by any writer how easy the decimal system and relative numerals may have been suggested by the abacus *as used by the ancients;* and it seems to us incredible that a mechanician and mathematician having the intellectual stride of Archimedes could have failed,—if indeed he did fail,—to take the short and easy steps necessary for the transition.

Art education in its higher aspects was at Athens a subject exterior to the ordinary school course, which seems to have been confined to geometrical drawing or conventional models.

An extraordinary degree of importance was in Greece attached to the selection of musical instruments and of *instrumental music:* An unwise choice being held by Plato and other eminent educationists as infallibly disastrous to morals. The flute was looked upon with suspicion: the clarionet was the favourite wind instrument, as the lyre was the standard in strings. This department of ancient school-craft has fairly baffled the majority of commentators, but Professor Mahaffy treats the question with characteristic skill and ingenuity. He first prepares us for the discussion by illustration, and then, having arranged this light underneath, he applies to the question from above natural insight of fine definition and of very high power. A close reader will notice that this system of literary research is adopted by the best analysts of our day; but its successful employment requires rare skill.

The literary training of ancient Greece is better understood than any of the other branches. This, however, is too tempting a subject to be treated or even characterized at the end of a brief review. Plato's school, or rather University, had of itself a distinct history of seven centuries, before the intellectual glow faded into the deep night of the Middle Ages. The 'Academy' was, by the arrangement of its generous founder, free to all qualified students. This noble instinct in the Greeks for high culture is still exemplified in the administration of the great University on which Modern Athens generously spends much of her resources, and to which studious Greeks are admitted without let or fee from all the wide world over. Here we have realized the highest ideal of a Panhellenion; and a race that thus shows itself conscious of its past history and of a lofty future mission, is ultimately sure to win for itself not only sympathy but success in its national aspirations.

The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms, with observations on their Habits. By CHARLES DARWIN, LL. D., F. R. S., with illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N Ure & Co.

This remarkable little book comes upon us with the effect of a veritable revelation. It has hitherto been generally supposed, that the influence of our lowly fellow-creature, the earthworm, upon the face of nature has been as trifling in effect as itself is insignificant in appearance. Now, however, thanks to the genius and patience of the greatest naturalist of this or any other age, we know that its labours have altered the earth's surface to an extent which has been rivalled only by the changes effected by its even more lowly organised congeners, the coral and chalk animals; and that, as our author tells us, 'it may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world.' A brief resumé of the contents will probably be the best way of sending the reader to the work itself for the purpose of getting the full details of the author's investigations.

The one fact in the economy of the earthworm of supreme importance in relation to the present subject is, that it swallows large quantities of earth, which, when the contained organic nutriment has been extracted by the animal, it voids at the surface in the shape of what are called 'casts.' The worm is a nocturnal animal. It lives underground, usually close to the surface, though its burrows sometimes extend to a depth of eight feet. At night it emerges from its hiding-place in search of leaves and other things, which it uses partly as

food, and partly for the purpose of plugging up the entrance to and lining the walls of its burrow. The actual number of earthworms is almost incredible. They are found in all parts of the world. They abound throughout all the great continents; and are known to exist in Iceland, the West Indies, St. Helena, Madagascar, New Caledonia, Tahiti, and even in such desolate and out-of-the-way regions as the Falkland Islands and Kerguelen Land. According to calculations made by Hensen the average number per acre in garden land in Europe is about 53,767; but he thinks that on ordinary farm land they are only about half as numerous. From actual weighings of the castings thrown up in a given time on a given area of farm land, it is calculated that the amount of earth annually brought to the surface by worms is from ten to fifteen tons per acre. On garden land it is of course twice as great. This would give about twenty ounces per year for each earthworm. In like manner, from measurements of the volume of the earth thrown up on a given area in a given time, it appears that, if the earth were spread out equally on the surface, it would make a uniform coating of about one-fifth of an inch a year, or twenty inches per century. In the course of a few hundred years then, the whole surface soil, to the depth of four or five feet, must pass through the bodies of worms and be worked up by the trituration which, as Dr. Darwin shows, it there undergoes, into fine vegetable mould.

But the preparation of the soil for the farmer is not by any means the only work done by worms. Objects at the surface, by being undermined through their burrowings, and the removal of the underlying earth, gradually sink into the soil, till,—at least in the case of objects of no greater thickness than four or five feet,—they are finally completely covered up by the castings of worms. In this way stony places, boulders, and the foundations and floors of old ruins, are covered up through the action of worms. A remarkable transformation of this kind occurred on the author's own property. One of his fields which, in 1841, from being so thickly covered with flints, was called 'the stony field,' in the course of thirty years became covered with mould to the depth of two inches and a half, so that, 'in 1871 a horse could gallop over the compact turf, from one end of the field to the other, and not strike a single stone with his shoes.' In the same way the old Roman ruins at Abinger, Chedworth, Brading, Silchester, and Uriconium (Wroxeter) have, through the action of worms, been covered with mould to various depths ranging from nine inches to over three feet, and so preserved for the benefit of the archæologist of to-day. In many of such and similar cases pavements and even massive walls of old buildings subside unequally in consequence of being unequally undermined by worms; and here we have a possible explanation of the otherwise singular fact of massive architectural structures, such as the leaning tower of Pisa, getting out of the perpendicular through the sinking of their foundations. It is worthy of enquiry whether a similar explanation may not be given why the wooden and stone sidewalks in our cities get so rapidly out of gear. From this result of Darwin's researches, architects may derive the practical lesson to lay the foundations of costly buildings beyond the reach of earthworms, remembering that these animals as has been already stated, do not extend their burrows to a greater depth than eight feet.

Worms effect changes in the configuration of the earth in other ways. By their work of bringing subsoil to the surface in a form easily carried away, they materially assist in that general process of wearing away of the land which goes by the name of 'denudation.' Furthermore, the humus acids generated in their bodies during the process of digestion appear, by their corroding action, to play an important part in the disintegration of the various kinds of rocks.

The present volume is the outcome of fifty years of research; and astonishing as are the results arrived at, the whole investigation is marked by the caution and thoroughness which are so eminently characteristic of the great naturalist by whom it has been carried on. It only remains to add that the book, like every other which has proceeded from the same hand, is written in so simple and charming a style that even a child could readily understand it.

Lovell's Business and Professional Directory of the Province of Ontario, for 1882, with a classified Business Directory of the City of Montreal. 1 vol.

imp. 8vo. 1442 pp. Montreal : John Lovell & Son.

To the statistician few publishing enterprises possess a greater degree of interest than the successive issues of Gazetteers and Business Directories. An analysis of these publications, and a comparison of the later with the earlier volumes, furnish as good an index as it is possible to have of the growth and development of a Province, or of a specific industry. A comparison of the bulk merely, of the several books, tells its own ready tale. The one before us is a mammoth octavo, of 1442 compact pages, and a close scrutiny testifies to a degree of careful labour, and what may be termed a genius for compilation, in the preparation of the work, which is deserving of all praise. Issuing from Mr. Lovell's firm, accuracy and conscientious thoroughness, in the compilation of the book, was of course to be looked for ; but, in a volume of its scope, at what cost of labour and money this is attained is not likely to be often considered or, if thought of at all, adequately realized. Too frequently, we fear, that where an error does happen to creep into a work of this character, little allowance, generally, is made for it, and a hasty condemnation of the whole is the result. A glance at the extent and general accuracy of the matter brought within the covers of the Ontario Directory, for 1882, should at least secure for this new enterprise of Messrs Lovell & Son a more considerate appraisement. The work is divided into three sections, the first, which covers some 300 pages, embraces a list of railway and steamboat routes, an enumeration of the Post Offices in the Dominion, the customs tariff, and general statistical information. The second section consists of the Directory proper, giving in alphabetical order, under each town in Ontario, the names and occupations of the business and professional classes of the Province. This department covers over six hundred pages. The third is devoted to a classification of the matter under section two, arranged alphabetically under trades, businesses, and professions, and extends from pages 1055 to 1364 of the work. The remainder of the book is taken up with a classified business directory of Montreal, and the general advertisements. Such, in brief, is an enumeration of the contents of the work. Its value to the commercial world of Canada, we feel sure, is greatly disproportionate to its trifling cost ; and we hope that the Publishers will at once be relieved of the edition that they may promptly be reimbursed for their enterprise and generous outlay. The admirable historical sketch which precedes the work, and the list of newspapers and periodicals of this Province, with its accompanying introductory, are a valuable addition to the book and must prove useful material for reference. The work, throughout, is most creditable to the publishers, and worthily attests the industry, care, and energy which have been exercised in its production. The book, moreover, is a gratifying evidence of the growth of the Province and the expansion of its trade.

The Major's Big-Talk Stories. By FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON, with original illustrations. 1 vol. 4to. London : F. Warne & Co., 1881.

Few things are more acceptable than a book of clever fooling, and nothing is more rare. In Mr. Blake Crofton's 'Big-Talk Stories' we have a volume of quiet but sometimes outrageous fun. And it is fun which leaves no bad flavour in the mouth, nor does it rely upon irreverence, or anything approaching it, for its humour. The book consists of a series of Munchausen-like stories of adventure in Africa, related by an Army Major to his young nephews, with a delightful disregard of the probable, and with streaks of subtle humour running through each page, that makes the volume irresistibly amusing, and the most farcical reading for old or young. Some of the tales first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, and rarely have readers been more amused than by perusing the stories of the extraordinary creatures the major hunts, and is hunted by, in the wilds of Africa. The book is cleverly illustrated, and manifestly deserves the high encomiums passed upon it by the English critics and reviewers, on its appearing a month ago in London In our new 'Young Folks' section of THE MONTHLY, we give a few specimens of Mr. Crofton's drollery, which we doubt not will be appreciated. In 'Sam Slick,' Nova Scotia gave to humour a writer racy of the soil. In Mr. Crofton, who is a native of Truro, N. S., she has given to English literature another humorist, his peer in story telling.

My Boy Life, presented in a succession of True Stories, by JOHN CARROLL, D. D. 12mo. Toronto: William Briggs (Methodist Book Room), 1882.

Notwithstanding the occasional uncouthness of the literary form of this book, one is consciously drawn to it by the interest of the narrative, and by the delightful naturalness manifested by its venerable author in depicting the scenes and incidents of his boyhood, when the site of Toronto was little more than a howling wilderness, and when little had been done to win any portion of the country for civilization. As an incentive to the youth of the present day the story of this dear old man should be very helpful; and few can read the record of his early life, in a period when no man's lot was cast in a pleasant place, and when war overflowed the cup of bitterness which the struggle with nature had already filled, without feeling admiration for the sturdy heroes who were the pioneers in the fight, and whose toil has made 'life worth living' to-day. The present volume, though complete in itself, is only an instalment, dealing with the earlier years of the author's life, and covering the incidents of the removal of his father's family from New Brunswick to Newark (Niagara), and the vicinity of what is known as the 'Ten mile Creek,' and subsequently to a location on the Grand River, and at a later date to York (Toronto). A graphic account of these several migrations takes up a considerable portion of the book, interspersed as it is with many personal references which make repeated drafts upon one's sympathy, together with vivid pictures of the condition of the country during the War of 1812-15, and of the social events of the time. Later volumes, which we trust the author may be spared to publish, are to deal with subsequent periods in his career, as a zealous and hardworking minister of the Methodist Church of Canada—a Church that has done noble things in carrying the lamp of the Gospel into the dark solitudes of early pioneering settlement in the Province, with other incidents of an earnest and busy life, which has won for the now patriarchal John Carroll the well-deserved honour and respect of thousands within and without the denomination to which he has long and loyally been attached. A brief and kindly introduction from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., the cultured editor of the Connexional Magazine, prefaces the volume; and a Lancashire story, entitled 'Ben Owen,' is appended—forming a handsome duodecimo which well merits ready sale and the hearty favour of an appreciative public.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

AN ÆSTHETIC.

SHE was a maiden of mournful mien,
Clad in a garment of sad, sage green,
With peacocks' feathers strangely bedight;
Skimp was the skirt, and the sleeves full tight.
No frivolous gems that maiden wore,
But a fan in her taper hand she bore,
And on it was painted—so simple and neat—
A sunflower, with all its petals complete.
Her face was weary and white and wan,
Her hair was the hue of the setting sun;
She did not smile, she did not talk,
She drooped like a lily upon its stalk,
And what were her musings none might guess—
Her thoughts were too 'utter' for words to express!

—*The Argosy.*

'I don't miss my church as much as you suppose,' said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness; 'for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new.'

Last Sunday night during service, a west side clergyman noticed several of his congregation dozing, and one man in particular was snoring vigorously. The preacher paused in his discourse, and pointing to him said: 'Will some one please stop that man's snoring? I fear he will keep the rest of the congregation awake.'

THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

Away! away! our fires stream bright
  Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light
  On the forest branches quiver.
Away! away! for the stars are forth,
  And on the white snows of the valley
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance,—
  Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
  Away, away, we go:
On our steel-bound feet, we move as fleet
  As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out,
  The skater heeds them not:
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,
  Gray Winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng
  In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
  They wage their riotous game;
And, though the night air cutteth keen
  And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their home hath been on the hills, I ween
  They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
  By the side of the Winter's hearth,
Or 'neath the lights of the festal hall
  Seek for their share of mirth.
But as for me away, away,
  Where the merry skaters be;
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows,
  There is the place for me.

Going to the School of Philosophy? Kant.

Modest women wear veils because they don't like to appear barefaced.

The most *pointed*, and perhaps the most just, criticism upon Mr. Hepworth's new book, '!!!,' has been '???.'

Self-made man (examining school, of which he is a manager): 'Now what is the capital of 'Olland?' *Boy*: 'An "H," sir.'

Breakfast-table: *Father* of family, reading: 'There is a cat in Cincinnati that drinks beer.' *Daughter* (sixteen): 'Pa, she must be a Maltese cat.'

Advantages of being a numbskull: *Tutor*: 'What is the dative of donum?' What? Next? Next? Next? *Dunce*: 'Do'no.' *Tutor*: 'Correct; go to the head!'

A down-east editor's wardrobe, which was inventoried by an officer who was endeavouring to satisfy an execution, was found to consist of just two suits, one of which was for libel.

An agent selling Jeff Davis's 'History of the Southern States' found a citizen who, after hearing his exordium, looked at him with suspicion. 'Why, how could Jeff Davis write a book?' demanded the mossback; 'I thought he was kilt juring the wah!' Such is fame!

An absent wife is thus advertised for: —'Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your parents—your children. Return—return—all may be well—happy. At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the whiskey is.'

Music-teacher: 'Oh, yes, Miss Clotilda likes playing tunes well enough, but she shudders at the very mention of the scales.' *Retired cheesemonger's wife* (loftily): 'I should hope so, indeed! You'll bear in mind, sir, that we have nothing to do with business now.'

Mr. Morice, minister of Kincardine O'Neil, with a stipend of only £59 and a manse and glebe, brought up a family of seventeen children. His wife, a contented, easy-minded lady, a friend of Dr. Paul's mother, said, 'She wished she had just aneither lassie to make out the dizzen and a half.'

An American reporter once transformed the quotation, 'Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas,' into, 'I may cus Plato, I may cus Socrates, said Major Veritas.' The next morning's feelings of the orator to whose words this extraordinary rendering saw given may be more easily imagined than described.

An old man was fishing one Sunday morning, just before church time, when the curate saw him, and enquired in dulcet tones 'My man, don't you hear those heavenly chimes?' 'Eh.' 'Don't you hear those heavenly chimes calling you?' 'Beg pardon, sir; but I really can't hear what you say for those infernal bells.'

'Mr. So-and-so has a splendid Claude Lorraine, and two charming little frames of the same epoch.' 'Yes—well?' 'Well, the landscape being twice too large to go into one of the frames, he had it cut in halves, and framed half in each. Then he has a large inscription put on the first half: "The conclusion opposite."'

'Papa, me has been baptized, ain't me?' asked a little three-year-old. 'Yes, dear.' 'Then we won't have to be bap-

tized again ?' 'No; but can you remember anything about being baptized?' 'I des I can.' 'Well, what did the minister do to you?' 'He shoved up my sleeve and stuck a knife in my arm.'—*N. Y. Star.*

A story is told of William Whewell, the English scientist, that on one occasion he was engaged in argument concerning a subject, in discussing which his antagonist took his stand upon a certain article in an encyclopædia, from which, in fact, he appeared to have gained the greater part of his knowledge. The discussion was somewhat shortened by a quiet remark dropping from Whewell's lips: 'Yes, I wrote that article.'

Song of the youthful apple peddler at the country railway stations in Pennsylvania: 'Apple! Sapple! Sapples! Sapples! Two for five; Napple, mister? Mister, Rapple? Wan tanapple, mister? Six for five cents! Fresheat mapples; Ni seatin napples, seven forannickle! Napple, mister? Mister, wantanapple! Want smappuls, mister? Nine forannickle! Here's yourappuls! Ten furanickel!'

There is a pleasant story of a rebuke once administered by Admiral Farragut in a most neat and decorous, but very effective, manner to a tobacco-smoking bishop. At dinner with Farragut, and after the meal was over, the bishop, about to select a cigar, offered the bunch to the sailor. 'Have a cigar, admiral?' said he. 'No, bishop,' said the admiral, with a quizzical glance; 'I don't smoke—I swear a little sometimes.'

In passing a row of miners' houses in a mining district of Ayrshire, observes Dr. L., I overheard the following conversation between two children:—First child: 'I say, Jock, are ye gaun tae let us play wi' ye?' Second ditto: 'No, for ye aye stick the game.' First ditto: 'Then your cat'll no get rinnin' through our entry nae mair.' Second ditto: 'Aweel, you'll no get crying "Hurrah" when our coal coups.'

'You have some fine turkeys this morning,' said a schoolmaster to poulterer. 'Yes, sir, all fresh from Norfolk to-day.' 'What is the price?' 'You can take your choice, sir. I have them at all prices.' 'Well, I want to give my boys a treat; but I do not want them to be too tender. There are a dozen here; pick out four of the toughest.' The poulterer obeyed. 'Here, sir, you have four of the toughest birds in my shop.' 'Thank you,' said the schoolmaster, 'I'll take the other eight.'

Last Sabbath, I asked my class of little boys if they remembered last Sunday's Golden Text. It had been a difficult one to teach them, as I could not seem to make them remember the meaning of the words. So I was not much surprised to see but one little hand raised, though I confess to being slightly astonished to hear, in response to my 'Well, Irvie, say it out real loud, so that all can hear: "A double-minded man is *up on top of his barn* in all his ways."'

To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times from the great cathedral above us we can hear the organ and the chanting choir; we see light stream through the open door when some friend goes out before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into eternal life?

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY GRACE S. WELLS.

Only a few more notes,
  Only a finer tone:
And lo! the world bows down
  Before the singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
  Clothed with a sweeter sound:
And lo! a poet's brow
  With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
  Only a swifter skill:
And lo! the artist plays
  On human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line,
  Only a subtler grace:
And lo! the world goes mad
  Over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause
  For which men call us great,
This shade the more or less
  May fix an earthly fate.

For few may wield the power
  Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier fixed, yet fine,
  We may not pass at will.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1882.

A STRAIN FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

BY J. A. BELL, HALIFAX, N. S.

THE Fisherman's skiff is away on the deep,
  From daylight to sunset all weathers he braves;
And often at night when his little ones sleep,
  He gallantly buffets the winds and the waves.

Beyond the dim headlands unhelped and alone,
  He trusts to his craft as she rolls in the swell;
While the surf breaks afar with a roar and a moan,
  In the caves of the rocks where the sea-fairies dwell.

A venturesome life doth the fisherman lead,
  And Fortune, not seldom, withholdeth her smile;
By patient persistence he earneth his bread,
  But he cheerily labours and hopeth the while.

A man every inch is our fisherman bold,
  And modest, withal, as a true man should be;
He cringes to no one—he bows not to gold,
  His mien, like his calling, is born of the sea.

Broad-chested and lithe with a courage to dare,
  How stalwart he looks as he speeds from the shore;
Never his to despond though the breeze be not fair,
  So deftly he handles the sail and the oar.

Not all for himself doth he toil in his skiff,
His heart is as warm as his motions are free ;
There's a father, perchance, at the home on the cliff,
The mother that bore him and nursed on her knee.

But his sons are all growing, and soon by his side,
Very chips of the block, they will come to the fore ;
And his daughters to match them, brown-cheeked and black-eyed,
Will assist, like their brothers, to add to his store.

The farmer hath honour, and honour is due ;
The artisan counts not the least in our land ;
But honour belongs to the fisherman, too,
To the strength of his arm and the skill of his hand.

All honour to workers of hand or of brain,
To toilers, stout-hearted, let laggards give place ;
There's a manhood in labour that's better than gain,
And hope for the country that breeds such a race.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

II.

THE PIONEERS.

MANY of the first settlers are a class of people quite distinct and by themselves. They do not take kindly to refined life ; even the modified type of it to be found in the somewhat new townships is alien to their tastes. They think people get 'stuck-up' when they are able to supplant the log-house with a frame one, and to put on good clothes, and ride in a vehicle to church. And so we find them continually selling out and 'going into the bush' again.

As I never exactly lived in the 'bush' myself, I may not have had as good opportunities as some for studying this phase of character. *My* 'pioneers' are rather those who had outlived their bush-life, and found themselves—perhaps both unwittingly and unwillingly—in established settlements. It is some of these who must sit for their portraits.

One class of pioneers, either too lazy or too unfortunate to have acquired anything of their own, might be found in every township. They lived in old log houses, for which they paid no rent. They had a little patch of corn and potatoes—the cultivation of which was too often left to 'the old woman.' They generally kept a pig;

and often a cow. These pastured on the roads, and on the yet unclosed patches of woodland. My pioneers were 'handy' men, who made axe-handles and butter-ladles, and had always a bunch of shingles to 'trade' at the store. They were variously spoken of as being engaged in 'shingle-weaving,' 'coon-hunting, axe-handle-making, horse-doctoring, sucker-spearing, or in 'loafing.' Mrs. Stowe's 'Sam Lawson' is a good example of the class.

My friend Dr. Mainwaring, of St. George, once met one of this class, who had fallen below the general level of the axe-handle fraternity, and had been taken up for some petty crime. It was on a very hot day; and the doctor was driving slowly along the Galt and Dundas macadamized road, a few miles above the latter place. First he met two young men, on foot, carrying guns. Behind them, at a distance, was a man they were taking to a magistrate, to be committed for theft. Behind him again, was his slatternly wife, and some children; and the latter group were crying. When the doctor met the man, he stopped him for a talk. 'What have you been doing?' 'Well, they say I've been stealin'.' 'Where are you going?' ''Spose I'm goin' to a magistrate, and then to gaol.' 'Why don't you run away?' 'I dass'nt! They'd shoot me!' '*No they won't!* They are about as sick of it as you are. I was talking to them. Can you *run?*' 'Yaas!' said the unfortunate, with a knowing look. 'Well now, clear! And let us see how fast you can run! Only let me be past a bit, so that they won't think that I put up you to it.' The doctor drove on, keeping an eye over his shoulder at proceedings behind him. Soon the old fellow made a dash for the woods, his worn boots clattering as he went, and the brushwood snapping beneath his feet! The young men made a great deal of shouting; but they never stirred from the road. There was no 'commitment;' but the neighbourhood got rid of a nuisance, which was of quite as much importance.

I met a specimen of another variety of the pioneer at Spanish River, Algoma, a few years ago. He said that he had taken up a lot, built a house, and had made a beginning, fifteen miles up the river, on its right bank; that we would see his clearing as we paddled up the stream, and were welcome to go ashore and supply ourselves (if they were far enough advanced) with potatoes and onions from his garden. He was a New Brunswicker: was 'engaged' to a fine young woman of nineteen, and going to 'settle down' for life, when his parents interfered, determined to break off the match. He went off to British Columbia, and remained there twelve years. The neighbours all told him when he came back that 'it was too bad; here the poor girl had been *waiting for him* all this time!' But his parents were just as much opposed to the match as ever. 'Well,' I said to him, 'you were now a man of mature years, and you should have done what was honourable and right, whatever your parents might say.' 'This I determined to do,' he said, with some feeling. 'I didn't want to have a quarrel with my relations, and so I came up here, and took a lot in the township of Salter, and put up a house, and made a clearing; you'll see my place on the north bank as you go on; it's the only one up the river.' 'And didn't you marry, after all?' I asked. 'No,' the poor fellow replied, with a husky voice; 'my girl died of fever a year ago last Christmas, when I was up here; and,' he added, after a pause, 'I'm not going back into the settlements any more; I'm going to stay here in the woods!'

Having spent three years in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, where the population is all of New England descent, I could not help hearing many stories of the early life of the pioneers who came in over the line about the year 1800. As these tales nearly all relate to the earlier period of the settlements, I will give such as I recollect in one connection.

The first settlers in Eaton and Newport came over the mountains from the Vermont settlements. Everything had to be carried on men's backs. One of these settlers—this I heard from a very old man, who had never read Æsop's account of the tricky ass and his load of sponges—was travelling in from the nearest settlements on the Connecticut river with a side of sole-leather. His burden was heavy, and, what was worse, it was exceedingly bulky. When he camped for the night, he put his leather in water to soak, thinking that next morning he would be able to roll it up in a portable solid roll, more convenient to shoulder. It was certainly more portable, but his having made it twice as heavy as it was before, he only thought of when too late!

When the International Boundary Commission were at work, in pursuance of the Ashburton Treaty, many of the men employed were from the Eastern Townships. People who are acquainted only with the 'bush' in Ontario have little idea of the density of the spruce and balsam woods of Quebec. A poor Frenchman, when pathetically describing what kind of woods he had recently been 'lost' in, told a friend of mine, as he held up four fingers out-spread of one hand, that 'de trees were as tick as *dat!*' Several times, in trout-fishing, once within a couple of miles of the Boundary, I had an experience of what the settlers call 'the black timber'—that is, the slim evergreens, growing so closely together—sometimes over hundreds of acres at a time—that a man, if trout fishing, is very thankful indeed to have the choice of wading the bed of a rocky stream. Well, a poor Irishman, engaged on the Survey of the Boundary, had for his 'pack'—for everything had to be carried—a *grindstone*, which was continually needed for the pioneers' axes. Paddy got lost in the woods, and after his party were camped his absence was discovered, and men were sent off in search of him. In the meantime Paddy had had a conversation with an owl. He never once suspected it was a bird. But when he sang out, 'Hirru, there! a man lost!' he was startled and pleased to hear somebody call out, 'Who? who?' Paddy bawled out, 'It's I, sur! one of Captain Lawley's men, lost in the woods with a grind-*stone!*' This short conversation was repeated several times; and though the poor fellow wondered why his yet-unseen friend did nothing for him beyond enquiring who he was, yet the sound of his 'Hirru, there!' brought the men who were searching for him to the spot, and 'Captain Lawley's man,' as well as the 'grindstone,' was rescued. My brother, John Anderson Smith, in his recently published 'Humorous Sketches and Poems,' has a story somewhat similar to this, the locality being his own township, Burford, Ontario. The story has become one of the humorous 'classics' of the locality. It is easy to embellish stories, and his is, perhaps, the best owl-story extant. But I got the incidents of this 'conversation' within sight of the mountains where it took place, and I have no doubt of the literal correctness of the anecdote.

The same friend from which I got the owl story, Mr. Levi R. French, told me of a neighbour, whose extraordinary noise in prayer was sometimes complained of by his brethren in the church. The good man did not wish to be noisy; but when he 'let himself out,' as he phrased it, he became unconscious of the lung-power he was exercising. One day he was some distance off in the tangled spruce woods, and he bethought himself that now he could have a 'comfortable time in prayer,' and annoy no one. He thereupon began to pray aloud. But 'praying aloud' meant with him such vehemence of utterance as suggested to any one, a mile away, the idea of a man in dire extremity. While this was occurring a hunter steered his

way to the brother engaged, directed by the sound. He himself was a religious man; and when he came to the place, he quietly stood still. At length the petitioner ended; and opening his eyes, beheld a neighbour standing beside him. 'Well,' said he, 'it does beat all! I can't get away out into the woods to pray, where I think I won't annoy anybody, and can "holler" as much as I like, but somebody will hear me from whatever distance, and come along!' The neighbour, however, suggested that he was not annoyed, but would be glad to join with him in having a 'prayer-meeting' then and there—which they had.

My friend, Mr. Hiram French, of Eaton, many years ago, had spent a year or two in Upper Canada, in the vicinity of Oshawa. On one occasion, speaking to squire Labaree, one of the 'old settlers' in Eaton, of what he had seen, he received this very philosophical reply:—'Well,' said the squire (every body in the country parts begins an observation with 'well'—a sort of a deliberative-starting point for a discourse), 'well, there are advantages and disadvantages in every place. And if a man knows enough to make a good use of the advantages, and let the disadvantages alone, in the place where he is, he will *do well anywhere!*' On one occasion they were celebrating 'the King's Birthday,' by having a township Militia-muster, where the men were merely ranked up, and answered to their names. While this was occurring, the boys went down to 'the flats' for a good game of ball, while the older men sat down to a grand dinner at Squire Labaree's, at a dollar a head. Captain Powers, another of the old pioneers, who was just as 'shiftless' as the Squire was provident, was going home from want of funds to enable him to attend the dinner. This, however, his comrades would not hear of, so they made up a dollar for him, and insisted on his company. The dinner was a grand 'success,' and was well washed down with the cider the Squire was famed for making. Among the *bon mots* of the dinner was the following: The Squire said 'he owed nobody, and *everybody owed him.*' Captain Powers rejoined, 'Well, nobody owes me, and I owe everybody;' which was pretty nearly the state of the case.

Here are three other stories of Mr. French's. Captain Sawyer was one of the 'Associates,' or members of the junta to whom the Township of Newport was granted by the Government, about the year 1800. The Captain's nose was, from some accident or other, much bent to one side. In fact, I have observed that almost one-half the men I meet, either have the nose set on at a variation of 'ninety degrees' with the line of the eyebrows, or else have it bent sidewise at the end. But the worthy Captain's nasal organ was more noticeable in this latter respect than ordinarily. Once when calling at a settler's, the woman of the house happened to ask him 'where he was going?' As he did not wish to tell her, he said, laughingly, that he 'was going after his nose!' 'Oh,' said the woman, who looked pointedly at that ornament on his face, but not relishing the rebuff he intended for her, 'I am sorry for that; for you will be back again before night!' And sure enough—having lost his way in the woods he came round unconsciously in a circle—people generally do this when lost, and usually in a circle to the left—and actually got back to the same little clearing at nightfall!

Mr. French was teaching school, on one occasion in his early life, when a young man tapped at the school-house door, and desired the young 'master' to send him out one of the young lady scholars, as he wanted her to go to a ball with him that night. The master went in and did so; and as there was no windows in front of the log school-house, the youngsters could not satisfy their curiosity by seeing who was outside. When the girl came in, some of the others, in a loud whisper asked

her 'who it was that called for her?' 'Deacon Alger,' she replied, with ready promptitude and gravity! Now the Deacon was a very aged man, a 'father' of the Newport Baptist Church; and the announcement put an entirely different face on the visit to the girl! The same friend told me of another witty retort. A young man came into one of the country stores of the settlement. The 'trader' was a very bustling man, and came round with a skip, saying: 'Well, my young man; what do you want to-day?' 'Nothing, Sir,' promptly replied the youngster. 'And what have you brought to carry it in?' demanded the trader. 'My hat!' said the young man, snatching off his 'straw thatch.' The storekeeper thought his ready wit deserved a reward; and he dropped a handful of raisins in the proffered receptacle!

These men had much of self-respect. And after they got through the first trying years of their bush-life, they developed into liberal and genial characters; and looked back with something of astonishment at the enforced narrowness of their former life. 'You must not think,' said John Ryder, of Listowel, referring to a visit he had made into the 'Queen's Bush,' that the people who live up north in the woods are savages, with bristles on their backs, and living on rusty pork!' Yet the pioneers—many of them from necessity rather than from choice—are not all either thoughtful or prudent. One of them, a Glasgow weaver, took up a lot two or three miles inland from where my friend William Bull lived, on Colpoy's Bay. Mr. Bull told me this story. The man left his wife in the settlement, and went boldly alone into the wilderness to put up a house. He got a number of small logs rolled together, and was slowly getting a house built. The walls were finished and 'daubed,' and he was working at the door and window, but had not yet reached the roof, though he had been two weeks at work! He camped at night under a booth of hemlock branches; but woke up nearly smothered one morning, with the branches pressing heavily upon him, weighed down with eight inches of snow that had fallen between dusk and dawn. The man was much exercised at this mishap, and came out for Mr. Bull's help. The latter told him that he should have 'covered in' his house as soon as the logs of the walls were up. However, the two went to work and prepared 'basswood-troughs;' and with the help of a yoke of oxen got them drawn to the place; and a roof—such as these troughs make; clumsy, but water-tight—was on before night.

The pioneers and their families did not at all display the 'fashions.' If they followed them in the least, it was toiling after them at such an immense distance that the likeness was lost! I have seen the men often at church in their flannel shirt-sleeves. Indeed, as a boy, I have gone thus myself. I have also seen a backwoods minister strip off his coat in the pulpit, hang it over the side, and folding back his wristbands, begin vigorously at his sermon. The women generally wore gowns of home-spun and home-coloured flannel. Their bonnets—well, a 'handy' woman can arrange a bonnet out of almost anything: only they were made much larger in those days, and not so easily extemporised. The boys—even big boys and occasionally an old man—would be seen barefooted. Felt hats had not come in—we owe them to Kossuth's visit in 1850, or '51. The head-gear was either a cap of some sort, or a straw or 'chip' hat; or, on some grand occasion, a beaver hat. Nobody thought of colouring a straw hat; and the 'chip' hats, made of wood-fibre, were in shape an imitation of the tall 'stove-pipe' hat. But the backwoods farmers, when they bought them for Sunday wear, cut them down in height. I have thus worn them forty years ago. In those days boys did not wear overcoats; and seldom wore long boots. These were supposed to belong strictly

to grown men. The pioneers had no friction matches. These came into use in Canada about the year 1842. The single small box, of which we now get three dozen for ten cents, was sold in country stores for four 'coppers.' Before that, it was a matter of some importance to keep the fire in. I have been sent to a neighbour's with two pieces of bark, to bring back a live coal. Though, generally, we managed with flint and tinder, I remember in the year 1840, once kindling a fire with the flint of my gun, and a piece of cotton rag for wadding. A man was supposed to aim at full dress, if he had a folded, yard-square, black silk neckerchief, and a coloured silk handkerchief. But often a compromise was made with a coloured cotton handkerchief, instead of a silk one.

The farming of the pioneers was as rude as was their personal adornments. A man was glad, in any way whatever, to get a little red earth turned up, and fortunate when he had *gee'd* and 'lap-furrowed' round a goodly number of stumps. A young friend of mine, long since dead, poor fellow! spoke poetically of the latter, as 'those odious things termed stumps!' Such a man would not care about the straightness of his furrows. He left that to his sons! An old Dutchman, from Yonge Street, once remarked to a blacksmith in Woodbridge: 'I want you to make me a plough' (it was the blacksmith who made the ploughs for the first settlers), 'and I want you to make it so that it will turn a good, broad furrow; one I can *get my hip against*, if it don't go over!' If the team did not need to be turned round in mid-furrow more than once, in finishing up 'a land,' it was looked upon as pretty successful ploughing! It was only after the Agricultural Societies were established, and prizes were given for competition in ploughing matches, that the winding furrows began to be straightened out, and farmers took a pride in their ploughing.

I have made many pleasant visits to Alton, and hope yet to make many more. On the occasion of one of my visits, in the hospitable house of James McClellan, my host told me the following story of a pioneer he knew in that region. A man had settled on a new lot, where a 'slashing' had been made; and, fearing that when winter came he was going to be scarce of hay, he determined to mow a nice patch of raspberry bushes, just 'in the bloom,' in the hope that his cattle would not object to them when winter came on. But when the snow fell, they would not touch his raspberry hay. He then pretended that he was not going to let them have it; and put a few rails round the little stack, and set the dog on them and drove them off every time they broke over. The ruse succeeded. 'Stolen waters are sweet,' and the once rejected raspberry hay was stealthily, but recurringly, made the material of an ample meal.

Land-hunger is a natural and universal feeling. Many a man is an agitator in politics, and a shiftless 'nobody' in his social position, until he gets a piece of land of his own. Then, having put down a stake in the ground, he is anchored in more ways than one. All immigrants aim at 'land-owning' at once on their arrival. 'John,' said an Englishwoman to her husband, 'when we gets to America, we shall be farmers, shan't us?' 'Yes,' replied the good man. 'Well, John, when you gets a farm, be sure and get one with a *sugar-tree on it*.' 'La! me,' said the woman, in her old age, as she subsequently related her experience to a neighbour who had long known her; 'I thought we could just scrape the sugar out!' When immigrants first try this country, they are often greatly disappointed. Their expectations have been visionary; and their disappointment so much the greater. Many would go back, after the first few months: fortunately, most of them have not the money to do so. In a year or two, they form an acquaintance with their neighbours, and become reconciled to

—and after a time enthusiastic in praise of—their new home. It is strange, but quite true, that one who has lived a few years in Canada, cannot again content himself in England. It has frequently been tried; but generally with the same result—a returning to Canada. The Rev. Robert Robinson, once told me of an English agriculturist, who settled between London and Chatham, Ontario, and bought a fine tract of improved land. He determined to 'farm it' in the English style; with farm and house-servants, etc. After some two years he became disgusted with the free-and-easy style of Canadian 'servants.' When he got a man who had some 'push' in him, and knew how to work, he found the man did not like the exclusiveness of his house-arrangements; and when he got a man who would lift his cap, and 'know his place,' about the house, he was of no use in the field. So he sold out, and went back to England, determined to live and die there. But he did not know how much a Canadian he had become? He found in England plenty of men who would take their places under *him*; but he also found plenty who would not allow him to be on an equality with *them*! And remembering that members of Parliament, sheriffs, and judges, had met him on a footing of friendly equality while in Canada, he came back and bought land once more in the region of his former Canadian experience.

The new townships often produce men who get their knowledge of the great world beyond their own clearings, not from men, or from mingling with men, but from books. They are full of odd fancies, and strange uses and pronunciations of words. Thus, a man I knew in the county of Huron, would say *centrical*, *financical*, etc.: and once astonished a rather well-informed man, to whom he was speaking of religious matters, by saying, 'Now, I don't want to *apostatize* you to *my* Church!' One of these would-be pedants was, before my time, once commissioned to expend a few dollars in books for a Sunday school with which I was afterwards connected. Among other books procured for the purpose was one—'The Diverting History of Punch and Judy.' This bit of literature some one objected to as a Sunday-school library book, but was met by the assurance that he had bought it 'because he thought it was suited to the capacities of the children.' Whatever the capacities of the pioneers or their children were, they enjoyed plain speaking; and the pioneer preachers were always ready to give it. A Methodist minister, now deceased, while warning the young men on one occasion against prevalent sins, took hold of his coat-tail, and shook it over the side of the pulpit, by way of enforcing the remark that 'his skirts were clear of their blood,' if they refused to be warned by him!

The old-fashioned sawmill was, in those primitive times, an indispensable institution. Usually it was erected upon some backwoods 'creek,' where the men and boys speared suckers below in the spring. The saw went at a leisurely rate, through finer pine logs than are now generally seen at sawmills; and left a 'stub shot' of two to four inches on the boards, which had to be dressed off with an axe before they were marketable at Dundas, or elsewhere. In Dumfries, we used to pity the Beverley men, because they had such a fight with the pine trees and stumps. About the time the first settlers there had wrestled with the worst of their difficulties, and had got their really good and strong soil under fair cultivation, despite the many, and large, and long-enduring pine stumps, lumber began to be a cash article at the lake ports. Then it was that many of them wished they had their pine back again. In my boyhood, nothing was 'cash' but wheat and pork. Wheat used then to be sold at an average of five York shillings ($62\frac{1}{2}$ cents), per bushel, and pork at about three dollars and a half per hun-

dred. Lumber and tan-bark, shingles and staves, and the like, were all sold on the 'truck' principle, as something to be 'traded off,' or parted with on the longest possible credit. Whenever a farmer wanted a load of lumber, he would take in some sawlogs to the mill, and the mill-man would cut them 'for the half.' Of all men in the world, I used to think that a sawmill-man, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, was the readiest for a practical joke. My brother and I once went for a load of lumber to one of these old mills—which, at that time, had almost outlived its use. The sawmill-man fancied he noticed something odd about my brother's trousers. The fact was, they were made of blue striped 'bed-ticking,' a fancy of his own for working nether-garments. 'What 'll you take for your *pants*, Jack?' 'A dollar,' was the prompt reply. 'Here's your money; off with them!' said the man of boards. No sooner said than done. But a dispute arising as to whether a key in the pocket was to be reserved or not, finally upset the bargain. I afterwards told the man that Jack had resolved, if the 'trade' had taken place, to make a cut across the woods and fields for home—for it was not much more than a mile distant. 'And I should have had some fun out of it, too!' cried he, 'for I would have sot the dogs on him!'

Friend Dayton, well remembered by all the old inhabitants of South Dumfries, was a perfect model of a pioneer. He liked to begin things; and after improving everything about him for a while, was always anxious to 'begin' again, somewhere else. 'Friend' was not a neighbourly appellation, as we first thought when we got acquainted with him, but his 'Christen-name.' Friend was a farmer, but for some sixteen or eighteen years, so I heard him say, he had never staid more than two years on one farm. He was always 'trading' farms, and always building something or other. He was extremely 'handy,'—could put up a wing to a house, or build a cellar-wall or chimney, or make the major part of a set of harness. At last he settled in St. George as a blacksmith, hiring a journeyman for a year; and then he and his two boys carried on the work without further instruction. His mother, an old herb-doctoring lady of eighty, didn't like these frequent changes. No sooner did she get her separate room all arranged to her mind, than she would have to pack up and move again. She used to account for Friend's restlessness on the score of her having rocked him *lengthwise* in the cradle when he was a baby; and she solemnly averred to some neighbour gossip, that 'she would never rock another child *eend-ways!*' This 'rolling stone,' the last time I heard of him, was in Iowa, where he had 'taken up' a quantity of prairie land, which included the 'centre stake' of a county, and doubtless had laid off a 'city' on his land for the county-town. If in life, he is probably a thousand miles farther west by this time!

It depends a good deal how we look at the days of the pioneers from the point of our present 'institutions.' I remember, forty years ago, seeing a young man bringing home his bride. They were on foot; walking up a concession-road *hand in hand*, swinging their hands a little as they went—two Babes in the Wood—as happy as that summer-day was long! It was a little bit of Arcadia. Now, who laughs? for it seemed then the most natural thing in the world to do. In these days, this most natural proceeding, in the slang of the times, would be called 'spooney.' Over-politeness sometimes assumed in the backwoods a comical aspect. Once a young fellow, at a party, in my hearing, invited a young girl who could not conveniently find a seat, to 'come and sit on his *traousers!*' He would not say 'knee!' One of our neighbours met 'Old Hudson,'—one of those shiftless pioneers found in every settlement—who lived in a log shanty near the Governor's Road, and who was one day

coming home with a bag of flour on his back. 'Old Hudson,' as he was called, tried to take off his hat, and make a bow. The bag of flour on his back, in the act, came pretty near toppling over! He had more politeness than under the circumstances there was occasion for. John Bonham, whom I knew as a Methodist local preacher, had been accustomed in his young days to help his father in a backwoods distillery, the ruins of which I have often passed. A man had got a five-gallon keg filled; and was so quickly back again, that 'the boys' expressed some surprise at his so soon getting through with it. 'Oh,' said the man, 'what is five gallons of whiskey in a family, when there's no milk!' In these days we are inclined to think that water, and not whiskey, is the best substitute for milk, especially when the latter is scarce in the winter. I have often seen this witticism in print, and I have no doubt it was made by more men, and on more occasions, than one. What with 'Hungarian processes' of milling and all that, the backwoods grist-mill is first disappearing. But I had the privilege of once seeing a genuine specimen of the pioneer mill, on the shores of Georgian Bay, between Meaford and Owen Sound. 'Lake Manitou,' the 'Lake of the Great Spirit,' is, I may here say, the old Indian name for that beautiful inland sea. When Canada was in 1763 ceded to Britain, George III., then a handsome and popular young king, was complimented by having this lake called after him. It is, however, a pity and a mistake, though one not too late to remedy, to retain the English name. If the old one were used as an alternative name, the newer one would soon go out—just as 'Ontario' has now entirely superseded 'Frontenac.' The mill I speak of was owned by a man named Carson, and consisted of a saw-mill and grist-mill, under one roof. The millstones were granite, not 'burr;' and therefore liable to get *gummed over* when the wheat was not dry. Spring-wheat, in those days, and in that region, stored in poor log barns, was very likely to have snow sifted over it by the wintry winds whistling between the logs, to make it often very damp when it came to be threshed. Carson always asked 'if the wheat was dry?' when it was brought to him, and the reply was invariably 'yes.' But he was sometimes deceived; and then he has been known to be so exasperated as to throw 'a wet grist' out to the pigs! He used to have chalked up in large Roman characters, over his 'bolt,' the following warning:—

> 'Wet wheat makes men to lie;
> Avoid that sin, and bring it dry!'

I once, in the Township of Wallace, sat down well pleased to hear an old lady's narration of her family's experience as pioneers, in that region. They had turnips and potatoes (though as I have already observed, they had not the 'Early Rose,' and it was late before potatoes were fit for use); but they had no bread, except such as was made out of flour, carried thirty miles on men's backs. Bread, therefore, was very precious. The old lady (she was young then) made the boys eat potatoes and turnips; and gave them the smallest morsel of bread to finish with. The boys compared it to corking a bottle. 'Come, mother,' they would say, 'give us the cork!' The youngest was the pet of the house—a darling boy, five years old. Once the older brothers had run down a fawn of the fallow-deer in the deep snows of spring, and had brought it home and given it to Willie. It soon grew very tame, and evinced a great affection for its young master. He would, with a little rod *gee* and *haw* it round the house, as the other boys did outside with their steers. And when Willie lay down at noon for his mid-day sleep, on a sheepskin on the floor, the deer would come and lie down beside him, perfectly content if it could only have the smallest patch of the soft sheepskin to rest its knees on—

and the two would sleep together. As the deer got bigger, it had to sleep in the shed; and when winter came on, it got frightened one night at the near howling of the wolves, and fled to the woods; where no doubt in a few minutes it became a prey to the hungry prowlers. Willie wept for his fawn; but before another year he himself lay down his beautiful head and died; and after his death the mother never seemed to smile again. There were no churches or burying-grounds then; and Willie's grave was in their own little clearing, in sight of the windows, and surrounded by a small, rude fence. At that window the mother often sat, and nursed her inconsolable grief. The husband told me that 'she had never been like herself since the boy died.'

The pioneers all loved whiskey; but sometimes they could be induced to do without it. My friend Robert McLean, of Toronto, long and well known in Galt, was, in the year 1841, teaching school in Blenheim. Blenheim was full of pines then; and little of anything else. Shingles were often spoken of as a 'Blenheim wheat.' He used to be paid by fees; and found difficulty in getting them in—for the people had no money. 'Now,' said one of his patrons, 'if you could do anything with shingles or lumber, we could easily pay you.' So, to make things come round right, he became contractor for building a barn; and hired a carpenter. He fixed the 'raising' for a Saturday, and invited his 'hands.' Schools were only out every alternate Saturday then. During the forenoon, a few men came, sufficient for what was needed—and got the 'bents' together. But in the afternoon, when the larger number arrived and the heavy lifts were to come, the men, as he said, 'grew baulky,' for there was no whiskey! He was himself an out-and-out teetotaller, and had never thought of this difficulty. So he mounted the prostrate frame, and made them a speech, asking them 'if they were going to see him come to a severe loss, just because he was an honest teetotaller and kept his pledge.' To their honour be it said: the men threw off their coats, and the barn was soon raised! This, as Mr. McLean believed, was the first one in the County of Oxford which was raised without whiskey!

'What can I do that others have not done?
What can I think that others have not thought?
What can I teach that others have not taught?
What can I win that others have not won?
What is there left for me beneath the sun?
My labour seems so useless, all I try
I weary of, before 'tis well begun;
I scorn to grovel and I cannot fly.'

'Hush! hush! repining heart! there's One whose eye
Esteems each honest thought and act and word
Noble as poet's songs or patriot's sword.
Be true to Him: He will not pass thee by.
He may not ask thee 'mid his stars to shine,
And yet He needeth thee; His work is thine.'

MONTREAL. JOHN READE.

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA.

'I have thought to serve religion in endeavouring to transport her into the region of the unassailable, away from special dogmas and supernatural beliefs. Should these crumble away, religion must not crumble away; and the time may come when those who reproach me, as with a crime, with this distinction between the imperishable substance of religion and her passing forms, will be happy to seek a refuge from brutal assaults behind the shelter they have despised.'

—ERNEST RENAN.

THE warning conveyed in these prophetic words has of late years suggested itself in many quarters, and in some where the name of Ernest Renan is associated with anything rather than with the service of religion. Far and wide, among clergymen and laymen alike, it is perceived that if religion is to be preserved, for the healing of the nations, she must be 'transported into the region of the unassailable,' and separated from the mass of untenable and contradictory propositions which afford such effectual weapons to her foes, and drive from her temples her best friends. There are men who cannot play tricks with their souls by making shift with conflicting and illogical formularies, and with statements of beliefs to which so little meaning attaches, that belief is, in reality, wholly left out. Some of these men have discovered that unbelief and denial have a bigotry of their own as impervious to truth and reason as any church bigotry, and a cant of their own as nauseous and delusive as any church cant; and these are looking about for a greater measure of that truth which shall make them free. They cannot become mere dry and godless compounds of logic and morals.

I have, therefore, undertaken to submit, to those who care to consider them, some of the religious views and thoughts which abound so richly in the 'forty volumes of musical wisdom' given to the world by the Master of Germany.

That Goethe troubled himself much about religion may be news to many, for few men ever lived who have been so generally misunderstood and misrepresented. In the periodical literature of England, especially, nonsense about him of the canting sort has ever been welcome. But his works show that, from the age of seven years, when he first built his little altar and offered his infant sacrifice, to the moment of his dying cry—*more light, more light!*—religion occupied its full share of his thoughts; and the recorded conversation of the last nine years of his life proves that he had all along devoted to this great theme the best energies of an intellect such as, says Carlyle, we have not known since Shakespeare left us. I shall, so far as I can, let Goethe speak for himself; this will be fairest to him and best for my readers, and no violence will be done to the tolerance and forbearance which marked his utterances, and which lesser minds find it hard to keep to.

I shall in the first place give an extract from one of those remarkable chapters, describing the visit of Wil-

helm Meister, to the ideal Educational Province, in the course of which visit Wilhelm questions the elders concerning their religious teaching. 'No religion based upon fear,' they reply, 'is regarded among us. That reverence to which a man resigns the dominion of his own mind, enables him, while he pays honour, to keep his own honour. He is not disunited with himself as in the former case. The religion based on reverence for that which is above us, we call the Ethnic. It is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a slavish fear. All so-called heathen religions are of this sort, whatever names they bear. This second religion, which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we call the philosophic; for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to himself all that is higher, and up to himself all that is lower; and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of wise. Here, as he surveys with clear sight his relations to his equals, and therefore to the whole human race, his relations, likewise, to all other earthly surroundings, necessary or accidental, he alone in a cosmic sense, lives in truth. Now we have to speak of the third religion, founded on reverence for that which is beneath us; this we call the Christian, because it is in the Christian religion that such a temper of mind is manifested most distinctly. It is the last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to let the earth lie beneath our feet, while claiming a higher birth-place, but also to recognise humiliation and poverty, mockery and contempt, wretchedness and disgrace, suffering and death, to recognize these things as divine, nay, even to regard sin and crime, not as hindrances, but to honour and love them as furthering what is holy. Of this indeed we find some traces in all ages, but trace is not goal; and this being now attained, the human race cannot retrograde; and the Christian religion having once appeared, cannot vanish again; having once assumed its divine shape, it cannot be subject to dissolution.'

'To which of these religions do you specially adhere,' enquired Wilhelm.

'To all three,' they replied. 'For in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion. Out of those three reverences springs the highest reverence—reverence for ourselves, and those again unfold themselves from this; so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself the best that God and nature have produced; nay, of being able to remain in this height, without being again by blindness or presumption brought down from it to the common level.'

'Such a confession of faith, developed in this manner, does not repel me,' said Wilhelm, 'but agrees with much that I hear now and then; only you unite what others separate.'

To this they replied, 'Our confession has already been adopted, though unconsciously, by a great part of the world.'

'How, then, and where?' said Wilhelm.

'In the creed,' exclaimed they. 'For the first article is ethnic, and belongs to all nations; the second Christian, for those struggling with affliction and glorified in affliction; the third teaches an inspired communion of saints, that is, of men in the highest degree good and wise. Shall not therefore, the Three Divine Persons, under whose name and similitude such convictions and promises are expressed, be accepted as the Highest Unity?'

Passing from this general survey to the details of his beliefs, we find, in his conversations with Eckermann, that to Goethe, as to Israel of old, the Supreme Being was the 'High and Lofty One which inhabited eternity, whose name is holy;' whom man cannot by searching, find out. In the

Confessions of a Beautiful Soul He is the Invisible Friend, the 'power that makes for righteousness,' to Whom the prayer of the 119th Psalm, *Oh, teach me Thy Statutes*, is never addressed in vain. In *Faust* He is 'the wholesome working Force, against which the cold devil's hand is clenched in vain.' Perceiving the Eternal in those ways alone, Goethe found himself obliged to confess, with the unknown mighty poet of the Book of Job, 'Lo, these are parts of His ways, but how little a portion is heard of Him.' Throughout his long and eventful life this conception of the Deity remained by him, through his youth and manhood, as a courtier and minister of state, through all his fearless criticism, through a life of thought and scientific research. And, seeing clearly the limits of our apprehension of the Eternal, he condemned, as alike foolish, irreverent and mischievous, the practice of clergymen and others who, in one breath speaking of God as incomprehensible, in the next undertake to define Him as though He were as comprehensible as a right-angled triangle. 'People,' he says, 'speak of God as though the supreme, incomprehensible, indefinable Being were hardly other than themselves. He becomes for them, especially for churchmen who always have His name in their mouths, a simple name, a word of habit, to which they attach not the slightest meaning. But if they were penetrated with the greatness of God, they would be silent, and out of very reverence they would abstain from naming Him.' . . . . . 'Even should the Sovereign Being reveal His mysteries to us, we could neither comprehend them nor profit by them. We should be like ignorant men standing before a picture, to whom the connoisseur, with all his efforts, could not explain the premisses upon which he based his judgment. It is therefore an excellent thing that religions do not emanate directly from God. Being the work of chosen men, they are better adapted to the needs and the faculties of the many.'

'My enemies have often accused me of Atheism. I have a faith, but it is not theirs, which I deem too mean. Were I to formulate mine, they would be astonished, but incapable of grasping it. At the same time I am far from believing that I have an exact notion of the Supreme Being. My opinions, as I have spoken and written them, are all included in this:—God is incomprehensible, and man has with regard to Him, nothing but a vague feeling, an approximate idea.'

'For the rest, both nature and we men are so penetrated with the Divinity that it sustains us. In it we live and move and have our being. We suffer and rejoice according to eternal laws, in reference to which we play a part at once active and passive.

'Jesus Christ imagined an unique God, to whom he attributed, as so many perfections, all the qualities he felt in himself. This being, to whom his beautiful soul gave birth, was, like himself, full of goodness and love, and justified in an absolute manner that *abandon* with which good natures resign themselves to him, attaching themselves to heaven by the sweetest bonds.'

Containing little or nothing respecting the origin of evil, Goethe's writings are very full with regard to man's attitude toward evil. As one of the fathers of modern evolution, he probably regarded evil as a development of those instincts which we inherit from our brute ancestry, which, as unfolded in humanity, are inimical to our best interests, and grow in diversity and intensity with our expanding knowledge and intelligence. '*Man would live a little better*,' says the Fiend to the Almighty, in the prologue to *Faust*, '*hadst thou not given him that beam of heaven's light which he calls "reason," and which he only uses to become more beastly than*

the beasts.' A poor outlook, truly. But it was not for the Fiend to admit that man's reason also leads him to develop the germs of nobility and beauty which were latent in his progenitors, and shows him that his ceaseless endeavour must be to—

> 'Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.'

Throughout the ages this upward movement continues, beneath the fostering shade of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Read by the light of evolution, the promise of the serpent acquires a new and mighty significance. It lies at the root of all human progress and development; for man could not exist in any form worthy of the name until he stood erect upon the earth *as God, knowing good and evil.* By this knowledge alone could he be guided in his choice, as his growing intelligence revealed to him new objects of desire. By this knowlege alone could he emerge from the humble estate in which it first dawned upon him. Like two streams, flowing side by side from the same source, good and evil are developed from common germs, wherein the heights and depths to which man soars and sinks were, says the evolutionist, hidden from the beginning of things.

Of man's final triumph in the battle which opened with the knowledge of good and evil, Goethe never doubted; but man's moral and spiritual nature must be developed by ceaseless watching and conflict. 'Man's activity,' says the Almighty to the Fiend, in the prologue to *Faust*, 'slackens all too easily. He soon loves unconditional repose. Therefore have I given him the companion who incites him and works upon him, and who must, in his capacity as devil, be busy.'

In his conflict with the lower part of his inherited nature, which comprehends all that is known as the world, the flesh and the devil, man is not left alone. Teachers come from God, so Goethe believed, and appear in all ages; for he did not confine this lofty title to the founders of the great religious systems, but extended it to persons giving evidence of high and abnormal gifts—to Shakespeare, to Raphael, to Mozart, as being phenomena of which evolution gives no account. All these gifted persons he regarded as contributing to man's redemption, which, he believed, must be brought about by the slow and ceaseless operation of all elevating influences, not by any mysterious effects of vicarious righteousness and vicarious suffering. We have seen that Goethe did not accept the orthodox belief respecting Christ's divinity, nor could he take the orthodox view of Christ's mission on earth. In his eyes the life of Christ was, to noble natures, of greater consequence than His death. No need that He be lifted up to draw these unto Him. If His blood cleanses from all sin, it is only because the great tragedy draws attention to the victim's character, the beauty of which awakens our highest desires and leads us in His footsteps. The promise concerning Him was—He shall save His people *from their sins*—not from the consequences of their sins. To follow the example of a sinless being is to cease from further sin, not to get rid of the consequences of past sin. Self-sacrifice is righteousness; but the sacrifice of something else is so very much easier; and this fact is at the root of all belief in the efficacy of vicarious suffering for sin, and of all the power and craft of priesthood. From the natural results of our misdeeds, Goethe believed no power in heaven or earth could deliver us. We cannot lay upon any other being

> 'One hair's weight of that answer all must give
> For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
> Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that,
> The fixed arithmic of the universe,
> Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
> Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts;
> Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved,
> Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.

But though unable to accept what to most Christians is the sum of the Gospel message to man, Goethe said of the Gospels: 'We find in them the influence of that greatness reflected from the person of Jesus Christ, as divine as anything that could be given to the contemplation of the world. If I am asked whether I pay him worship and adoration, I reply—yes, the most entire. I bow before him as being the divine manifestation of the most sublime moral principle . . . . When the time comes, when the pure doctrine of Christ and his love, such as it is in reality, shall be understood and put in practice, man will thus feel that he has grown great and free, and he will cease to attach exceptional importance to this or that form of worship.'

'Let intellectual culture progress to infinity; let physical science gain daily in extent and depth; let the human mind unfold itself as it will, it will never soar beyond the loftiness of the moral culture of Christianity, which shines so resplendently in the Gospels.'

With the importance of sacraments, in the sense of their being acts with which elevating thoughts and feelings are associated, Goethe was profoundly impressed. 'Protestant worship,' he says, 'taken altogether, is wanting in fulness. *The Protestant has not sacraments enough.* Indeed, he has but one in which he takes active part, the supper. The sacraments are the highest of religious things, the visible symbols of special favour and divine grace. In the supper, earthly lips are to receive a divine essence embodied, and, under the form of earthly food, to partake of heavenly. This meaning is the same in all churches, whether the sacrament be received more or less in the spirit of mystery, or with more or less of restrictions to the comprehensible. It is always a sacred, a weighty act, standing in the place of that which man can neither attain nor do without. But such a sacrament should not stand alone. No Christian can find in it the true delight it is intended to afford, *if the symbolic or sacramental mind is not nourished in him.* He must be accustomed to regard the inner religion of his heart and the outward religion of the church as wholly one, as the one great general sacrament which divides itself into so many, and bestows upon those parts its own sacredness, indestructibility and eternity.'

'The higher sensibility in us, *which does not always find itself truly at home*, is, besides, so harassed by outward things that our own powers hardly suffice for our needs of counsel, comfort and help.'

Of the necessity of belief in the immortality of the soul, Goethe said to Eckermann—'I am tempted to say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that they are dead, even for this life, who do not hope for another. But these incomprehensible things are placed too far above us to be objects of daily contemplation, and give rise to speculations whose only effect is to confuse our ideas. Be happy in silence if you believe in the immortality of the soul, but do not see therein a reason for pride.'

'The idea of the immortality of the soul is good for the upper classes, especially for ladies who have nothing to do; but a man of some worth, who resolves to play a fitting part here below, and who must therefore work and strive, and act, leaves the future world to its fate, and labours to be useful in this. Again, the idea is good for those who who have not met with much happiness in our planet.'

'The nature of God, immortality, the constitution of the soul, and its union with the body, are eternal problems which philosophers cannot help us to solve. A recent French philosopher bravely commences a chapter in these words: "*It is known* that man is a union of two parts, body and soul. Let us therefore begin with the body; we will treat of the soul afterwards." Fichte was a little more clever when he said,—let us speak of man with re-

ference to the body, and of man with reference to the soul. He felt that a whole so closely united could not be separated. Kant has incontestably been the most useful to us in tracing the boundaries to which the human intellect is capable of penetrating, and in abandoning insoluble problems. What a hubbub has been made in philosophy on the question of our immortality! And what have we gained? I have no doubt of the continuity of our existence, because nature could not do without the entelechy. But we are not all immortal in the same degree, and to manifest oneself in the future life as a great entelechy, one must have been such in this.'

Writing to Countess Stolberg in his old age, he thus expresses himself concerning the life to come. 'I have meant honestly all my life, both to myself and others, and in all my earthly strivings have ever looked upward to the highest. Let us continue to work thus while there is daylight for us. For others, another sun will shine by which they will work, for us a brighter light. And so let us remain untroubled about the future. In our Father's kingdom are many provinces, and as He has given us here so happy a resting-place, so will He certainly care for us above. Perhaps we shall be blessed with what is denied us here on earth, to know one another by seeing one another, and thence more thoroughly to love one another.'

I shall conclude this brief survey by laying before my readers the last of the Master's words recorded by Eckermann. They were spoken a few days before his death, and we may receive them as his philosophical testament.

'The conversation,' says Eckermann, 'turned upon the great men before Jesus Christ, Chinese, Indians, Persians and Greeks, and we acknowledged that the power of God had been as active in them as in certain of the Jews of the Old Testament. We were thus led to ask ourselves in what manner God manifests himself in the great men of the time in which we live.

'"To hear people talk," said Goethe, "we should be tempted to believe they thought that God, since ancient times, had put himself altogether aside, and that man is now entirely left to himself to get along by such means as he can devise, without help from the Lord, without His invisible and daily intervention. In things religious and moral, people admit, it is true, a divine influence; but art and science are regarded as being purely mundane, products of an activity exclusively human.

'"But let any one try to accomplish, by human strength and volition, a work to compare with the creations of a Mozart, a Raphael, or a Shakespeare. I know these three noble forms are not the only ones to point to, and that in every branch of art a multitude of superior minds have produced works as perfect as their's. But if they were as great as these, they overtopped the ordinary level of nature in the same proportion.

'"And, taking it altogether, what is this world? After those famous six days within which people have contrived to circumscribe creation, God by no means entered again into rest. On the contrary, He is ever at work as on the first day. Surely it would have been a poor amusement for Him to compose of simple elements the mass of this globe, and set it gravitating round the solar disc, had He not had the project of establishing, on this material surface, the nursery of a world of spirits. No; He is to day working unceasingly, through chosen natures, that He may draw to Himself those which are less noble."

'Goethe was silent. As for me, I treasured in my heart his grand and beautiful words.'

'SORROW ENDURETH FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH WITH THE MORNING'

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

MY heart went out in yearning,
I clasped my hands before me,
Whilst, like the shadows of my life,
The shades of eve fell o'er me.

In fold on fold of grayness
They fell and deepened round me,
I almost thought I felt their weight
As like a cloak they wound me.

From head to foot they wrapped me,
The outside world was hidden,
And—not for this, but what it typed,—
The quick tears came unbidden.

The clouds whose shadows reached me
Had each a silver lining,
And by-and-bye would roll away,
And shade be turned to shining.

But now my faithless vision
Saw but the shades which bound me,
Nor would believe there *could* be light
Above, before, around me!

Ah, *how* God's love rebuked me!
'Tis but an old, old story,
How moon and stars their kingdom claim,
And gloom is turned to glory.

But to my heart that evening
It came with new revealing
Of mortal lack of sight, and faith
In God's all-loving dealing.

Or soon or late, the shadows
Which cloud our life's short story
His loving hand will brush aside,
And *gloom be turned to glory.*

If not before, most surely
When, through death's friendly portal,
Our falt'ring mortal steps have passed
To life and light *im*mortal.

POETRY, AS A FINE ART.*

BY PROF. CHARLES E. MOYSE, B.A. (LOND.), MONTREAL.

THE oft-quoted lines of Horace,

> Tractas et incedis per ignes
> Suppositos cineri doloso,

emphatically warn the adventurer who essays the theme, 'Poetry as a Fine Art.' It would be mere arrogance in him to imagine that he might found a new doctrine; it would savour of conceit if he affirmed that his thoughts on such a topic were always clear and logical. Minds richly gifted with analytical power have attempted to lay bare the exact nature of poetry itself and of its artistic expression, but, although a large measure of truth has attended their enquiries, the results are incomplete and, in some essential particulars, conflicting. If, then, men whom the world everywhere honours have felt the instability of the ground they have tried to explore, ordinary people will act wisely in following beaten tracks.

One often hears many objections urged against the study of poetry on account of its unpractical character, as if every mental effort, unless it brought direct mercenary gain to the educator or to the man of business, were without any real value. But if this mean, though not uncommon, aspect of the matter be disregarded, and the noblest aim of life, the culture of the intellect, considered, it must be owned that while many subjects are more conclusive than poetry, viewed as one of the Fine Arts, few are more profitable, none more suggestive. Sometimes the argument takes another form. It is maintained that the paths of investigation are neither far-reaching nor new; still they reach far enough to display a novel world of beauty to him who will tread them, and it is often apparent that they are unseen by the captious or indolent; dimly seen by the hasty; clearly seen, if clearness there can be, only by the trustful and studious. The foregoing objections hardly merit sober consideration, but the superficial and erroneous idea that to dissect poetry and poets in a so-called chilly, unemotional way is to degrade them, asks for a longer word. Enquiry into the nature of the truly great or truly beautiful does not diminish respect but heightens it, and in course of time respect becomes devotion, of which knowledge, not ignorance, is the mother. In the New Testament, comparison is made between the lilies of the field and Solomon in all his glory, and the Psalmist on one occasion breaks out into triumphant song, 'I will praise Thee for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' To whom does the contrast between the gorgeous king and the meek flower come home with greater force? To the ignorant hind who regards a lily as a lily and nothing more, or to him whose eye has marked the wonders that lilies reveal? Who feels the force of the truth that he is fearfully and wonderfully made? He that vapours platitude about the human frame, or he that knows of the exquisite delicacy and beauty of the nerve

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* This paper formed the subject of the University Lecture of McGill College for the Session 1881-2, delivered by its author as Molson Professor of the English Language and Literature, and Lecturer on History, McGill University, Montreal.—ED. C. M.

scales in the internal ear? What men neither see nor at all know they cannot venerate, except in worthless name which does not lead to act. A writer on Constitutional History laments that Magna Charta is on everybody's lips but in nobody's hands. The general sense of his remark is true in regard to poetry and poets. That knowledge which begets reverence, leading in its turn to a higher life, is not the outcome of fitful dalliance with fragmentary thought. People in this critical age must affect the critic if nothing else, and one often sees and hears things that cost no trouble in the acquiring save an indifferent scamper through a review, perhaps indifferent also, or a desultory perusal of literary odds and ends. It is not we who are kings and poets who are vassals, craving an earnest audience of a few minutes, only to be treated with apathy when they do gain it: they are monarchs, we subjects, who may if we please, never go to court all our lives, never know anything royal, anything worthy of homage, never catch any kingly speech as we wander self-satisfied among our fellows, unless in some crisis it thunders past, making us turn and ask whence it cometh and whither it goeth. When we say we love poetry and honour poets, we ought to mean that ours is the reward of humble, undivided endeavour, according to such light as each possesses.

Milton, in a brief play of emotion, one of the few which lend rhetorical dignity to a finished specimen of dialectic fine art, the Areopagitica, might have been thinking of the broad aspect of the question before us when he writes: 'And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's Image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the Image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' His language, eloquent in its simplicity, seems to refer to poetry in especial; for poetry, of all things, represents the vital part of the poet. It lays bare the inmost workings of the poet's mind, and, by so doing, discloses the universal attributes of the poet's nature. Wanton cavil might perhaps deny that such attributes exist, but a little serious thought gives tacit consent to the belief, nor does it seem much more difficult to grant this,—that combined with what is common, as if by some subtle intellectual chemistry, lie the peculiarities of the mental growth, maturity, and decay of the individual. If, therefore, merely partial truth about the essentials of all poetry can be learned, something of the apparent mystery which separates the poet from his fellow men may be known; or if, to use equivalent words, some only of the distinctive depths of every poet's mind can be fathomed, then may its work be partly explained.

From the treatment of generalities such as these, one would naturally be led to talk about the characteristics marking the individual, and it might seem that in the discussion of this part of the subject the claim of Poetry to be regarded as one of the Fine Arts should be vindicated. Undoubtedly; but thus to limit the domain of the poet, or artist, would be at variance with the general tone of this lecture, which does not seek to draw a hard and fast line between the universal and the particular. The poet's artistic skill is often spoken of as if it were confined to the prettinesses or the filagree-work of rhythm and rhyme. The vague language which tells of inspiration, of genius, and is therewith satisfied, lends itself to such an idea, but it cribs and confines what appears to be truth. Are not poets men of genius and inspired? Of course, when one is told what genius and inspiration are, or are not. To utter words for

words' sake is not acting altogether righteously. Point out clearly the essentials of genius; say, if you will, that genius is the power of using the materials common to all, as but very few can use them and show *how* they are used; or say that the genius of a poet is the faculty which avoids the commonplace, the ridiculous, the unrefined, and thereupon indicate the rare, the sublime, the polished, and discuss their character, but do not take refuge in unmeaning sound. No mind can entirely explain any other ordinary mind, still less the mind of a poet, but 'inspiration and genius,' half bid men fold their hands and cease from attempting to solve a psychological problem, because psychology can never yield a complete answer. Poets are men of a larger mental growth than the multitude, but they suffer experiences which fall to the lot of people generally. The best of them display an immense quantity of sober knowledge; the majority of them do not rave at midnight, or speak in unknown tongues of unknowable things, or madly indulge in dangerous stimulants to quicken their flagging pulses. They write with a calm consciousness of strength—often patiently, carefully, even toilfully, and their work rewards them by winning perpetual admiration.

Nothing has been said in the way of definition of Fine Art, nor need this preliminary matter detain us long. The poet works with certain materials, and is therefore an artificer. The result of his work is not the purely useful, which serves momentary convenience or brings direct practical advantage to those who avail themselves of it: the poet creates the ornamental, and appeals to our emotions, as an *artist.* Lastly, he seeks to move the deepest and noblest parts of our being; his Art is one of *the* Arts, is a Fine Art, and ranks with sculpture and painting. We are concerned to-day with its nature and method.

One of the first systematic attempts to determine the nature and define the scope of Poetry was made by Aristotle, whose theory some still regard as essentially true. Lessing assumes it to be trustworthy in his 'Laocoon,' a work which, although fragmentary and limited by individual prejudice, is the most valuable contribution of modern thought to the settlement of the legitimate domain of the sculptor and the poet. Aristotle wishes to establish that Poetry is a Mimetic or Imitative Art, and the outlines of his argument run in this wise: Poetry, in general, seems to have derived its origin from two *causes*, each *natural.* The first cause is *imitation*, which is instinctive in man. Man is distinguished from other animals in being the most imitative of them all. Man naturally derives pleasure from imitation, and the more exact the imitation the greater is that pleasure. The second cause, likewise natural, is Harmony and Rhythm. Harmony and Rhythm are the *means* by which in the case of poetry the imitation is presented to others; just as in Sculpture imitation is presented by means of figure, in Painting by means of colour and form, in Music by means of melody and rhythm, in Dancing by means of rhythm only. From statements of this character, Aristotle proceeds to enquire into the *objects* of poetic imitation. These, he says, are the actions of men.

Before bringing Aristotle's theory to the test, let me ask you to listen to a modern thinker in low life. It is true he dismisses the matter briefly, although he speaks with much assurance. He does not pretend to argument or to exactitude. His ruling idea is physical comfort; his mental gifts he thinks superior to those of his fellows, and if his powers of extempore versifying be challenged, he can let loose a flood of rhyme 'for eight years together, dinners, suppers and sleeping time excepted.' These words betray him—Touchstone, the

wisest of Shakespeare's clowns, an intensely self conscious philosopher of the common-sense school, in the disguise of motley :—

> TOUCHSTONE (*Glancing down half pitifully, half contemptuously*), Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.
>
> AUDREY—(*Looking up with rustic innocence and amaze*), I do not know what 'poetical' is : is it honest in deed and word ? is it a true thing ?
>
> TOUCH.—No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.
>
> AUD.- Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical.
>
> TOUCH.—I do, truly : for thou swearest to me thou art honest : now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Touchstone and Aristotle represent extremes. Touchstone stands at the negative pole of thought : Aristotle at the positive. Aristotle declares that poetry is based upon imitation and the more exact the imitation the better the poetry ; Touchstone, that poetry is based upon feigning, and the more pronounced the feigning the truer the poet. Is either of these views complete and correct, or is each only reliable in part ?

The more exact the imitation the greater the pleasure. Why, then, do poets sometimes suggest so much and describe so little ? When they affect the emotions strongly, they often do so in a brief way. If they desire to bring their ideal of beauty before the reader, the greatest of them seem conscious of the limits of their power and shrink from crossing into the domain of the minutely exact. They know that types of perfection are never identical ; that two men of the same nation, perchance of similar mental tone and acquirements, are at variance concerning what they believe to be most beautiful or admirable, and again, that in the case of various nations the difference is even more strongly marked. Consciously or unconsciously poets obey the law that extension is narrowed as intension is deepened, although Lessing's reason for this poetical moderation lays stress on rapidity of execution, lest the mind be hopelessly confused by a mass of detail. It may be argued that the same poet does not write for Teuton and Ethiop alike, yet he appeals to wide discrepancies of thought. Aphrodite, with her hair 'golden round her lucid throat and shoulder,' has one set of worshippers ; Cleopatra, 'with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,' another. The poet, however, may, if he wishes, neglect likes and dislikes. He has only to set men a-thinking ; by suggestion he can cause special embodiments of beauty to flash before minds which have very little in common.

Lessing selects Greek literature as rich in this peculiarity, but our own readily answers to appeal. One of the most forcible examples is to be found in Christopher Marlowe's Faustus. Faustus gives both body and soul to Lucifer, in return for twenty-four years of pleasure. A part of his delight is to have the famous persons of antiquity brought before him. He asks to see Helen of Greece a second time. She appears and Faustus utters the well-known lines :—

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium !

That is all ! An effect not a description ; and yet its suggestive force is hard to match. Had Marlowe made the eye of Faustus play the painter, how would he have failed ! Now here does he attempt to depict Helen accurately : she is 'fairer than the evening air,' 'brighter than flaming Jupiter ;' the rest is untold. Again, Milton describes, or rather does not describe, a very different being —Death :—

> The other Shape—
> If shape it might be called that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,
> Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
> And shook a dreadful dart : what seemed his head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Some poets, then, do not imitate carefully; and regarding those who make the attempt, necessarily imperfect, Lessing ventures a very suggestive remark, for which he has won much credit. The force of description, he says, lies where poetry shows its distinctive character as contrasted with sculpture. Sculpture represents still life; it chooses one moment of impulse—the moment best adapted to the end in view. Poetry represents a number of acts in successive moments, and motion is of its essence. When beauty passes into motion—Lessing's definition of charm—the poet can be felt. The mouth of Ariosto's Alcina, in Orlando Furioso, enraptures not because it takes six lines to describe it, but because in the final couplet we are told that there is formed that lovely smile which in itself already opens a paradise upon earth. We may hesitate to accept Aristotle's theory, then, although it may have some truth in it: let us bring into contrast the opinions of Francis, Lord Bacon, in the 'Advancement of Learning.'

'The parts of human learning have reference to the three parts of Man's understanding, which is the seat of learning: History to his Memory, Poesy to his Imagination, and Philosophy to his Reason.' 'Poesy is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the Imagination; *which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined; and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things.*'

In Shakespeare's rich language:—

> The lunatic, the lover and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact:
> * * * *
> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

Let us again take a specimen of English verse, and, with Bacon's theory fresh in the memory, see what it may be made to yield. Wordsworth says of Lucy:—

> A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye;
> Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

We note that Wordsworth selects just as Marlowe and Milton did, for there is no attempt to describe, to imitate, to set forth exactly by means of harmony and rhythm, the sum of Lucy's physical excellence. A thousand things might have caused Lucy to seem divine to the poet, but of the thousand, only three are visible—at least to me—modesty and conspicuous beauty *plus* purity:—

> A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye!—(*Modesty.*)
> Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky.—(*Beauty* + *Purity.*)

The words modesty, beauty, purity, do not occur, it is true, but their poetical equivalents stand in the verse with quiet strength—a violet and a star. The violet and the star are *images*—metaphors, as the grammarian would call them. It may be repeated, then, that the poet does not imitate exactly; he selects: it may now be added that the objects of his selection are images; and that such images as he selects are those he deems most strong or most beautiful. The poet is a thinker in images: the historian, the philosopher, the ordinary man are thinkers in propositions. In Job xiv. 10, we read: 'But man dieth and wasteth away.' No elocution can raise that into poetry. It is a terribly earnest statement, and its force lies in its overwhelming truth. The idea, or an idea akin to it, crosses the mind of the poet and the proposition—universal and categorical in terms of logic—is converted into a series of images:—

> Fair daffodils, we weep to see
> You haste away so soon;
> As yet the early rising sun
> Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.
—*Robert Herrick.*

The poet's images may be divided into two great classes; those which are existent and are not altered when poetically treated, but are used in their entirety and separately: Secondly, those which are existent only in part, and are modified and compounded to suit the poet's aim. The first class may be subdivided into images which are natural and apt—which do not provoke question or smile; and into images which are unnatural and inapt—images which puzzle or suggest the ludicrous. The stanza from Wordsworth will exemplify the natural and true, used in entirety:—

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Any gatherer of wayside flowers will bear witness to the faithfulness of the first two lines: to the faithfulness of the second, any man who has gazed at Hesperus, the leader of the midnight host, beaming clear and alone in the evening heavens. The translation of modesty and beauty *plus* purity into image is so well done that the goal of poetry, the heart, is reached without conscious effort, and we exclaim, 'That is poetry'—we hardly know why, until we begin to cast about for a reason.

The next sub-class, the unnatural and inapt, or at least grotesque, runs riot in a large portion of our literature, most of which is unknown save to the curious. Writers termed Later Euphuists, that is, Euphuists who lived after all that was noble in Euphuism had died away, did their best, or rather their worst, to find ingenuities of thought—conceits, as they are technically called. And these conceits connected objects or images that have no natural link. Earlier Euphuism could boast of sterling thought, even if 'conceited.' Later Euphuism is scarcely anything else except absurd pedantry. And yet we must believe that these men honestly thought they were writing durable verse; they had the faculty of making others think so, for Dryden writes,—'I remember when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Du Bartas, and was wrapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines;—

Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To crystalize the Baltic Ocean,
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods.

'I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill-sorted, and without the least relation to each other.' The following are fair examples of Euphuistic genius. A lady's heart is a powder magazine—a stubborn powder magazine—her lover's a hand-grenade. The dealer in 'conceit,' belabours his brains until he has gathered up the fragments of an explosion, and from them created a new heart, which the charitable will hope may remain entire for ever. A traveller and his wife suggest a pair of compasses. The traveller is the moving, the wife the fixed foot. The Euphuistic puzzle is worked out in this fashion by John Donne:—

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so,
As stiff twin compasses are two;
The soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.
And, though it in the centre sit;
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and harkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

> Such wilt thou be to me, who must
> Like th' other foot obliquely run.
> Thy firmness makes my circle just,
> And makes me end where I begun.

Euphuistic poets were numerous; but there were also Euphuistic fencers. Sir Thomas Urquhart speaks approvingly of the Admirable Crichton, because, when fighting a duel with a gentleman who had previously killed three opponents, the famous Scot wounded his adversary in three points, which, if joined, would be found to lie at the angles of a perfect isosceles triangle.

The second class of images comprises those which are modified, blended, or compounded to suit the poet's aim. The *complex* result never had any existence, save in thought. Such images abound in the realm of the supernatural, where dwelt a thousand creations :—

> All monstrous, all prodigious things,
> Abominable, inutterable and worse
> Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
> Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Here, says the critic, is the well-head of inspiration, that sacred dower into the nature of which it were profane to inquire; here the *mens divinior*, the divine fire. Granted : it is almost divine, for very few mortals possess it, but it is not all a mystery. Addison strikes a true note in his papers on the Imagination. ('Spectators,' 411-421.) 'We cannot indeed,' he writes, 'have a single image in the Fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the Imagination.' If we raise these statements to the level of modern psychology, and, instead of sight, read all the senses by which men gain experience, adding to them hereditary endowment, we shall gain a further insight into the matter. Dissect or analyse a Gorgon, a Hydra, a Chimæra dire, and in so far as they are concrete they can be dissected or analysed, and it will be found that each part, each element of the compound, is a fact or an image known to many.

The experiences of men and of poets have much in common. Birth, growth, decay, death—opinions or notions about these are very much alike in all cases. The success to which we aspire, the mischances that cross our path, are things of the multitude, and the trains of thought to which they give rise in different persons travel in parallel lines for a long distance often, because they are governed by a universal law, the Association of Ideas. Now this law governs not only the notions of poets, but also their translation of those notions into images. Let us view the question from the notional side first, for this notional side will display what may be called the artistic setting or moulding of poems as a whole.

Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson write on the death of friends, Milton in 'Lycidas,' Shelley in 'Adonais,' Tennyson in 'In Memoriam.' The great outlines of each work are such as would pass through the minds of ordinary men similarly afflicted. All the mourners introduce themselves; all look back to the happy days of intimacy before death; all, when wild grief sways them in the early hours of bereavement, view death as an end; all think of the fame the departed might have won, had they lived; all rise to a belief in Immortality; all picture the beloved spirits in the world of bliss.

So with the imagery. Milton and Shelley make conventional appeal to those who might have averted the blow, and it will be noticed that each appeal is in harmony with particular fate. Edward King was drowned; John Keats died of consumption. Milton writes :—

> Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
> Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

and Shelley :—

Where wert thou, mighty Mother when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which
flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died?

Again, Milton tolls the poet's bell. Three times it rings out solemn and clear at the beginning of his poem—

For *Lycidas* is dead, dead e'er his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for *Lycidas!*

Shelley does the same with more subtlety and more frequently:

I weep for *Adonais*—he is dead!
Oh, weep for *Adonais!* though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a
head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them their own sorrow; say: With
me,
Died *Adonais.*—

The images of the poet are often coloured with the fashion of the age, and this is the last point I can now notice of many to which both Milton and Shelley bear witness. The two men write in pastoral form; before they become poets they don shepherd's garb and roam in an ideal Arcadia, which hundreds have entered from mere conventionality. Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose wayward robustness blinded him to the finer lights and shades both of poetry and philosophy, blames Milton for speaking of mourner and mourned as driving their flocks a-field. Milton obeyed an artistic dictum already losing force in his day, and Shelley was induced by natural bent and by imagery, in which even his generation indulged, to picture himself as one of a band of idyllic mourners, to bind his head with pansies and violets, and to carry a spear tipped with cypress and garlanded with ivy. Tennyson, for reasons we may not now discuss, shrinks from making prominent Corydon and Thyrsis and their rustic belongings—herds, sheephooks, posies, and oaten pipes.

But not only will the law of Association of Ideas explain similarity of notional framing in different poets; it will also throw light on the trains of thought, and consequently of imagery, in the complete poems of the individual. If justification of the foregoing remark be demanded, it will be found, time and again, in the Sonnet. Here we are presented with matter, rich, varied and beautiful; moreover, the sonnet possesses one inestimable advantage, brevity,—it can be kept before the mind as a whole, during analysis. The objection that the sonnet is hyper-artificial carries but little weight, for in the sonnet is embodied some of the finest and strongest poetry in our language. The laws which sonnetteers must obey may be briefly phrased thus: firstly, the sonnet must not exceed fourteen lines in length; secondly, certain restrictions are to be observed in regard to measure and rime; thirdly, the sonnet is to consist of two parts, the first of eight lines, the second of six; these must be blended in thought; and lastly, if the worker copies the purest model, he must avoid a final couplet. Now, if we leave form and examine matter, we observe the art of the poet and his exemplification of the law which governs ideas. In the first eight lines he brings forward and expands a dominant image or a series of images; in the succeeding part he applies, often with a deepening moral tone, such image or images to the idea or ideas that gave them birth, and at the end swells out into poetic diapason.

It must not be supposed that every sonnet shows this arrangement of feeling, but many, and among them the best, are regulated by it. Longfellow has written a series of four sonnets on Dante's 'Divine Comedy.' The first serves as a general introduction; the other three preface the sections of the poem. We will briefly analyse the first. Dominant *idea*—Dante's 'Divine Comedy' and the 'Inferno' as its commencement; dominant *image*, a cathedral, preserved in all the poems: subdominant image, a labourer (Longfellow himself). The first eight lines

are occupied in the adornment of these *selected* images with *selected* epithets and environments; the concluding six, with their application to the idea in question, and blended with the application is the gradual swell of the moral tone.

Images.
Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
(1) A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,
(2) Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel (3) to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises (4) of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.

Application.
So, as I (1) enter here from day to day,
And leave (2) my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling (3) in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the (4) time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away
While the eternal ages watch and wait.
[Diapason.]

The law of Association of Ideas can be traced not only in sonnets but also in nearly all good poetic work. Shelley and Keats are a mine of image-wealth, and a small portion of their richest writing could be enlarged by true commentary to an almost indefinite extent. Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind'—from the creative point of view, the finest in our literature—is one grand series of associated images. A man gifted with artistic skill of an inferior kind might take many a line thence as the dominant image of a sonnet, and so, by elaboration, make a little volume. Let me endeavour to find the main idea-path through Shelley's 'Skylark.' At eventide the bird begins to ascend; it is like a cloud of fire in the *blue* deep; then it flies westward to the *golden* lightning of the sunken sun, then on through the pale *purple* even until it is as a star in the daylight—invisible: three stanzas with motion predominant. Since motion can no longer be dwelt on, its consequence, invisibility, forms the main theme. The star invisible suggests the moon, invisible; the invisible moon, a striking effect of cloudy moonlight; cloudy moonlight, the gorgeous colour-effect of rainbow clouds—these effects being set to the key-note of the poem, the bird's song. Then succeed four conspicuous images, the remains of perhaps a score, with invisibility or deep seclusion running through all:—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought.

Like a high born maiden
In a palace tower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves.

In the complete stanzas it will be found that these images of seclusion are blended with sound, colour, odour; sound the key-note, again becomes predominant; the nature of the bird's song is considered, its object, its influence. This element gets more pronounced towards the close until the poem ends with the note of its commencement:—

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
*   *   *   *   *

Better than all measures
  Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
  That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

I cannot pass from this interesting corner of my subject without referring to the light that the same image throws upon the poet's consistency of mood, even when it appears in disconnected poems. Wordsworth likens the maid who grew beside the springs of Dove, to a star:—

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

When writing elsewhere of a poet whose death he regards as a national loss, and with whose moral nature he had profound sympathy, his mind crosses the old path. One line of the trumpet-tongued sonnet to Milton reads :—

> Thy soul was like a *star* and dwelt apart.

This is neither accident nor wilful repetition. Similar experiences give rise to similar trains of thought; similar trains of thought, to similar imagery. Wordsworth is rich in the verification of what might be termed a law. Poets obey it in varying degree, and Wordsworth, perhaps, more than others, owing to his subjective attitude and method of composing verse. The second part of one of his best known sonnets aptly concludes the present topic :—

> Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
> Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
> Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
> A guiding ray ; or seen—like stars on high,
> Satellites burning in a lucid ring
> Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

So far we have briefly discussed selection of images, themselves linked in thought. The dependence of these upon experience has also been insisted on ; but there goes hand in hand with experience, which may be regarded as in a great degree passive, the active search for knowledge, in short, education. A young author's first literary loves give form and impulse to his growing ideas ; their influence never loses its hold upon him, a fact of which he is sometimes morbidly conscious. It was, doubtless, to prevent an imputation of plagiarism that Cowper avoided reading the classical English poets (an occasional perusal of one sufficed him during twenty years), and that Byron did not possess, according to Leigh Hunt, either a Shakespeare or a Milton ; yet Cowper imitated Churchill, Byron read widely, and adored Pope. A glance at the works of great poets, or a knowledge of their lives, shows that, in more than one instance, their greatness is in part due to arduous study.

Natural propensity, experience, and education lead poets to choose special departments of thought. We now approach the individuality of which I have already spoken. Since Wordsworth, Keats, and Scott can be brought into marked, as well as pleasing contrast, it will be profitable to examine the imaginative bent of each.

> A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye !
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

One of the first things worthy of note in regard to the verse is its quietness. These lines of Wordsworth refuse to lend themselves to imposing sound. They cannot be mouthed into anything great or made to tickle the ear, as do classic rhythms quite familiar to many of my hearers. The short poem on Lucy—only three verses in all—may well serve as a model of simple workmanship, a most loyal piece of English, put together with Saxon craft. And this simplicity is the result of a deep conviction held by their maker. The language of poetry he maintains to be that of common men. Two causes prevent it from becoming vulgar or mean—selection made with taste and feeling, to which is added metre. One is sometimes told, in a very confident way, that Wordsworth is at his strongest and best when he departs from his rule. In the argument general issues are seldom kept clearly in sight. Fairness demands that appeal be made to Wordsworth as a whole, in order to compare him with other writers, or to vindicate him by balancing his own work, part against part. What in him is beautifully florid, if anything of his can be called so, may be outmatched by the beautifully simple. He may and does maunder in childish simplicity, but, at the same time, he can and does use the speech of children with unaffected majesty.

The next feature that these lines

present is still more important. The images are selected from Nature. Wordsworth gives his reasons for following Nature in the Prelude, where lie the keys which unlock the secrets of his philosophy. Man and man's achievements pass away, but Nature abideth still ; that was a cardinal belief of our poet, and it is, in essence, true. Fashion and fashionables die and are forgotten, together with those who pay them homage in verse. Violets and stars have long existed and are likely to remain long. People of many climes, of different habits of thought, of diverse modes of life, can be aroused by emotion which touches objects they all see. Wigs, powder, paint, patches, rapiers, and the voluminous literature of the eighteenth century are not near to our hearts now : they are viewed in distant perspective by those who will put on the spectacles of learning to behold them. What of humanity can be discovered there we yet honour, but we turn away from an 'understanding age,' which condemned the soliloquies of Shakespeare, as having less meaning and expression than 'the neighing of a horse,' or the 'growling of a mastiff,' because 'correct' taste thus decreed. The practical geniality which the sixteenth century manifested now and again, when it looked on the face of Nature, the nineteenth caught in its own way, and used, in the case of Wordsworth, with different aim. But to return to the Prelude and its bearing on the point under discussion. Toward the close of Book XIII, the slow growing belief of the poet in regard to the stability of Nature and its effect on the mind is expressed in these lines :—

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore,
Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no less,
Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
What passion makes them ; that meanwhile the forms
Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
That intermingles with those works of man
To which she summons him ; although the works
Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own ;
And that the Genius of the Poet hence
May boldly take his way among mankind
Wherever Nature leads : that he hath stood
By Nature's side among the men of old,
And so shall stand forever.

As I am speaking about Wordsworth, there are two matters I feel it in my heart to mention, although they do not bear with their whole weight on the criticism of the verse about Lucy. We are frequently reminded that Wordsworth is the poet of Nature. The man who is content with this idea alone has scarcely planted his foot on the first round of the Wordsworthian ladder. Wordsworth's contemporaries wrote about Nature also, and faithfully ; yet, in surveying the landscapes of Thomson or of Cowper, there is a kind of aloofness on our part, unfelt when reading Wordsworth. Their colours are skilfully laid on, albeit cold in tone, and there is a just idea of perspective : still the general effect works its way to one pole of thought, and our critical faculties to the other. Wordsworth's poetry, however, has a quiet, subtle, penetrative force which refuses the criticism of minutiæ. His music is pitched in Nature's key, but it is blended with melody deeper far : Nature leads up to man, especially to the best part of him, his moral side, for there, hidden within accretions, fair and foul, rest the seeds of progress. Nature is not, in the eyes of Wordsworth, an elaborate picture gallery. A fox glove, for example, is not a poetical prize, every tinct and turn whereof is to be set before a background chosen with care, that the stately stem and head may be thrown forward into just relief. Its bells are made to fall on the highway, and are brought into connection with humanity, when they amuse the children of a vagrant mother. 'A smooth rock

wet with constant springs' lies bathed in the rays of the declining sun, and its brilliancy is as the lustre of a knight's shield awakening ideas of chivalry, or as an entrance into a fairy-haunted cave. (Prelude, Book III.) Here again we have the passing from mental stillness to mental life, from the world of mere sensation to the world of thought. Wordsworth did not uniformly regard the English Lake-country as full of beautiful yet lonely hillsides, over which light and shade played with varying effect; to him it was a region teeming with imaginative life. When, therefore, Professor Masson, in a truly admirable essay on Theories of Poetry, says that Wordsworth is in literature what the pre-Raphaelites are in Art, his epigrammatic way of stating the case carries with it only the partial truth of all epigram. Wordsworth was one of an increasing throng, who respected 'pre-Drydenism' (pre-Gallicism is a better word), but from the realistic standpoint, pure and simple, he was not more, often less, pronounced than his fellows. The pre-Raphaelite, or pre-Drydenite fox-glove occupies six lines; the Wordsworthian fox-glove, eight; the pre-Raphaelite or pre-Drydenite rock, four; the Wordsworthian rock, nine. Language such as I have used may seem to sacrifice truth to effect, but the test just indicated may be applied fearlessly to Wordsworth as a whole.

In the second place, I should like to say a little about Wordsworth's philosophy. Wordsworth has suffered much from critics, ever since the days of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and of Lord Jeffrey's famous verdict on the 'Excursion,' 'This will never do.' Numerous ephemeral reviews, written from a hostile standpoint, and not seldom as flippant as they are superficial, may be allowed to pass in silence, but when Mr. Matthew Arnold in an article published some time ago in 'Macmillan's Magazine' and subsequently prefixed to a collection of Wordsworth's best pieces, declares that their author's poetry is the reality, and his philosophy the illusion, some sort of reply will not be out of place even here. It is only fair to ask what is meant by philosophy. If Mr. Matthew Arnold expects to find in Wordsworth a nicely-squared philosophical system, perfect down to the minutest detail, of course he will be disappointed. As surely as a poet assumes the rigid metaphysician, so surely will his emotional warmth vanish in the coldness of didactics. In fact he renounces the most important characteristic of poetry, already alluded to at some length, and has to depend on the graces of form for lasting recognition. But although a poet is necessarily limited in regard to scientific method, he can be philosophical, just as every man is to some extent, when he allows himself to be guided by principle, without avowing professed metaphysic. It would have been vastly more to the point had the critic taken other poems of our literature whose caste is ethically didactic, and by comparison proved Wordsworth's illusory nature. Philosophy, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's eyes, seems to have but one meaning—the specific meaning of the schools, and appropriate when the elasticity and humanizing tendency of Literature are weighed against the rigidity and the not unfrequent inhumanity of over-wrought Dogma. Yet Wordsworth, if not painfully minute, is logical, both in the Prelude and the Excursion, confessedly a fragment. The Prelude relates to the mental growth of the individual; the Excursion considers the behaviour of the individual when brought face to face with the problems of society. It is true that the society is eminently quiet and retired, but it will be observed how deeply the one event of Wordsworth's time—the French Revolution—moves the villagers in the seclusion of their native hills. And as the Prelude lies at the base of the Wordsworthian thinking, allow me to point out *a few* of its

cardinal points, which are sufficiently logical to appeal to those who are not over-fond of syllogism. Wordsworth is impressed by the world of Nature which lies before the gaze of all; the impression deepens into love; the love becomes absorbing and Nature is adored *for her own sake;* intercourse with men provokes the feeling that the love of Nature is not absolutely the greatest love—it leads up to the love of man; the two loves are to be reciprocal, are to play the one into the other; the love of Nature is not to be mistrusted, for Nature in her moods of silence and her scenes of awe, is stable, is a guide man can always follow; the majesty of Nature awakens in a mind accustomed to survey tamer landscapes, a creative power—the man becomes a poet; the poet, like other men, may boldly take his way whithersoever Nature leads, without doubt as to his future fame; lastly, the poet trained to observe Nature's myriad changes will not require any abnormal mental excitement to quicken poetry. Fourteen books to prove such commonplace! It is so common that we forget its share of truth, and if any of my hearers will read the Prelude for himself, he will there discover very many points which time forbids me to mention. Instead of poetry being the reality, and philosophy the illusion, both are realities, and, in the crowning works of genius, dramatic and other, they are, in so far as they can be, mutual helps. 'In Memoriam' is one of the finest and most emotional poems in English—a pretty piece of mosaic, cast in philosophical figure, put together by a mind striving to express in it philosophy not only abstract but also fully abreast with our age. Take that element from it and then perhaps Mr. Matthew Arnold will declare the purblind critique of M. Taine just.

Keats manifests individuality of another nature. His deepest belief is,

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' that is all
> Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

And so he thought and, in consequence, the imagery of Keats refer for the most part to the artistically beautiful. Keats lived away from the turmoil of his generation. Its revolutionary throes he neither witnessed nor sympathized with, as a poet. Wordsworth put a stone of the Bastile into his pocket; Coleridge and Southey dreamed of ideal republics; Campbell was so stricken down at the news of Warsaw's fall as to be in jeopardy of his life—Polish newspapers printed in large type, 'The gratitude of our nation is due to Thomas Campbell'—Poland herself sent a clod of earth from Koscuisko's grave to be cast into Campbell's tomb as a tribute of love; Shelley threw political tracts from a window in Dublin that Ireland might be bettered; Byron joined the Italian Carbonari and fell in the cause of Greek liberty. But the spirit of these men never found an abiding place in the soul of Keats. He indulges in no ethical moralizing, worthy of the name. Moreover, Keats views antiquity not as an incentive to future endeavour or as historically interesting.

> Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
> Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
> Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
> Along the pebbled shore of memory!
> Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
> Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified,
> To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride.
> And golden-keel'd is left unlaunch'd and dry.

To Keats the value of the past is its love of the beautiful in art. Light falls on a Grecian urn and reveals its 'leaf-fringed legend' with classic distinctness. Keats' eye dwells on that, and bending forward with inquiring glance, he asks in words which breathe Greek moderation, purity, and symmetry throughout,

> What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape,
> Of deities or mortals, or of both,
> In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
> What men of gods are these? What maidens loath?
> What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
> What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

* * * * * *

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks in garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

Thirdly, Scott. Scott's imagery concerns mediæval romance and displays with great vividness two stable elements—motion and colour. These are the quintessence of Scott as a maker of poetical visions. The knights he describes act, as their creator wrote, fearlessly, joyously, rapidly. They are not effigies, armour-clad, now sitting awkwardly at the board, now riding uneasily to the fight, but are real flesh and blood, playing their parts so well that time glides back as we read and sets us in their midst. One of the most striking instances in which Scott uses motion with telling effect, is where he rings the doom-bell of the monk Eustace and Constance de Beverley, both condemned to death by the Superiors of Whitby Abbey. He is anxious to impress the knell on the memory and, had he pleased, he might have drawn his picture with Dantesque touch. He might have built up a mass of framework which quivered again as the huge bell, with bulk and weight accurately described, swung ponderously within. But the heart of effect is reached at a thrust, swiftly and unerringly. Taking the line of sound Scott marks three points in it where something alive is resting, and at each point causes motion. It will be noticed, also, that as force is to be preserved, the most delicate ear is placed last and the most distant movement is the most pronounced; thus, the laws of Natural Science are not violated as might at first be supposed.

To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

The procession of Roderick Dhu's barges on Loch Katrine, shows the blending of motion and colour. The Briton's colour-sense is of Celtic source and the value of Mr. Matthew Arnold's delightful lectures on Celtic Literature would be enhanced were this important matter discussed in them. Many mixed scenes of this nature have been painted by Scott, but we pass from such to a landscape which depends for its force on colour alone. I refer to the review of Edinburgh, as seen from Blackford Hill. 'Observe,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'The only hints at form given throughout are in the somewhat vague words, "ridgy, massy, close and high," the whole being still more obscured by modern mystery in its most tangible form of smoke. But the *colours* are all definite; note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red, sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green and gold—in a noble chord throughout.'

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd,
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
  With *gloomy splendour* red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her *sable* turrets flow.
  The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which strikes a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
  And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
  Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleam'd a *purple* amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
  And broad between them roll'd
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
  Like *emeralds* chased in *gold*.

It is often said that poets write as naturally as birds sing. Possible birds

sing because hereditary experience has brought ease and perfection, manifested from the beginning of life, but all poets depend on individual knowledge. Burns is one of these spontaneous singers to whom reference is constantly made. And yet what a store of lively, accurate, enduring knowledge about the things both great and small of the Lowland country had Burns. We are not satisfied with criticising paintings on the merit of general effect, but examine lines of detail and decry any faults we find. Something of value, something which separates poetasters from poets, will be discerned if we treat 'spontaneous' poetry in the same manner. Poetry which discloses frequent weakness when tested line by line announces some failing in its maker. Let me close this paragraph, written to meet an objection to the general tone of the lecture, by jotting down a brief analysis of the first verse of a poem which appears to be, and is sometimes spoken of as being, of markedly spontaneous birth:—

> Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
> Thou's met me in an evil hour;
> For I maun crush amang the stoure
> Thy slender stem:
> To spare thee now is past my power,
> Thou bonnie gem.

First line, two facts more or less botanical (wee, crimson-tipped), and an epithet (modest), deduced from the first fact; second line, gentle swell of the emotional wave; third line, the wave rises higher, and is coupled with a fact derived from general observation of Nature; fourth line, another fact; fifth line, the emotion wave, the first wave of the poem assumes a crest; sixth line, a comprehensive image.

Lastly, poetry is a progressive art. Its method knows no change, but its thoughts, and their imagery take different complexions as time speeds. *E pur si muove:* this, says legend, was Galileo's utterance about the physical world. Of the mental and moral world these words are profoundly true: it moves, it moves. Poets feel *that* if they feel anything. They are not the first to feel it, John Stuart Mill thinks, when writing Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties; but allowing the point to remain moot, there can be no doubt as to their feeling it much more keenly than others. Their gifts, their unselfishness and their enthusiasm swiftly raise them above the aspiring throng. Rapidly they climb unto thrones whereon the strong light of heaven beats, cheered often by the knowledge that men love them for the best of them have the word humanity graven deep on their hearts; cheered, too, by the knowledge that they will in the end receive such homage as kings crave in vain. And we, if we would gaze upon them clearly and steadfastly, with a love, time cannot dim or make mere seeming, if he would be unwaveringly loyal, must own in our very souls that not our love merely, not our loyalty merely, but also our charity to all people will be fashioned more nobly and more effectively by humbly studying the untold beauties of Poetry, as a Fine Art.

'SONG'S PINIONS.'

BY PROF. EDGAR BUCK, TORONTO.

OH! for the wings of the siren of song,
To bear me away, and rest me, among
The entrancing charms of melody's strain,
To touch the heart's depths as of old, again;
With its rhythm so sweet!
The senses to greet!—
Is it lost for ever? Ah! tell me not so!
For drear would this earth seem bereft of its glow.

Oh! that the heart could but realise all
The fervid pulsations the past could recall;
The pleasures, the pains, by sweet music conveyed,
Which oftimes the depths of the heart's strings pervade;
Those strains of the past,
Which forever will last,
Whose lingering tones, in soft melody ring,
Whose sadness will ever fond memories bring.

Oh! for a song-balm to soothe the heart's fears,
Its throbbings and throes, its love-greetings and tears,
Its harmonies deep, struck in soft-sounding chords,
Whose mingling and changing deep pleasure affords;
For ever, loud ringing!
For ever, close clinging!
In sweetest of melodies, constantly near;
Giving life some mystical charm, ever dear.

Those strains of the bygone years have fled,
Yet their influence lives though the tones be dead,
And *to-day* is revealed with a living force,
The power of song o'er the heart's remorse;—
Giving strength to the soul
To prepare for that goal,
Where love-strains are ever and ever the theme,
Where harmony, wisdom, and peace reign supreme.

REJECTED MSS.

'RETURNED with thanks!' The terms are varied sometimes—'With the Editor's compliments,' or 'With the Editor's compliments and thanks.' These are the curter forms. There is no unkindness in them, of course. They are mere business-like intimations that the contribution you have offered is not a contribution that will suit the editor of the magazine you have sent your MS. to. Yet, perhaps, there are no more painful, no more odious, no more disheartening words in the vocabulary of literature than these—'Returned with thanks'—even when they are softened with the editor's compliments; and a few editors, editors who perhaps have a vivid recollection of their own sensations in receiving back their rejected MSS., have tried to soften the blow to sensitive minds by lengthening the form a little. They regret that your article is not 'suitable' to their magazine, or that they have not space for it, and try in one or two other ways to save your *amour propre* in performing a duty which, however performed, must touch you to the quick.

There may, of course, be a dozen reasons for the rejection of your MS. The article may be too long. The subject, however interesting it may be to you, may not be of sufficient interest to the public at the moment to make it worth the editor's while to publish the article. Or it may be upon a subject which is outside the range of topics the editor wishes to deal with. Or—for there are many constructions to be put upon the words—the style in which you have written may not suit the tone of the magazine. You may be a writer of brilliant and profound genius, a Thackeray or a Carlyle; but even Thackeray and Carlyle were as familiar with these words 'Returned with thanks,' as the rest of us. Thackeray's 'Yellowplush Papers' were in their day among the most sparkling contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. But Thackeray, writing an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in the style of the Yellowplush Papers, had to submit to a revision at the hands of the editor which made his recollection of the *Edinburgh Review*, even with the solatium of a handsome check, anything but pleasant. Francis Jeffrey used to cut and slash at Carlyle's MSS.—dash out and write in—till Carlyle must have been more than mortal if he did not use stronger language than he put upon paper, and even after all this, Jeffrey apparently came to the conclusion that 'Carlyle would not do' for the *Edinburgh Review*. I have had MSS. returned again and again, but they have always found a publisher in the end, and I have an impression, which is, I believe, shared by many public writers, that the best articles are those that are returned the oftenest. I know they are sometimes the most successful, and—to compare small things with great—*that*, it is notorious, has been the case with two or three historical works, and works of fiction which before they were published were metaphorically scored all over by the publishers' readers with these words, 'Returned with thanks.' It is said that Bret Harte has never known what it is to have an article rejected, that everything he has written has been taken at once, and that he so enjoys his own work that the reading of his proofs is still to him one of the greatest pleasures. I cannot vouch for the story, although it is very likely to be true. But if it be, all I can say is that Bret Harte's experience stands in

marked contrast to that of most men of genius. There have been men, of course, who have awoke one morning, like Byron, to find themselves famous, who have caught the public ear by their first poem, their first novel, or their first essay, and kept it by the charm of their style and their power of genius all through the course of a long life.

The late Prime Minister is one of these men. His first novel, 'Vivian Grey,' took London by storm, and was, within a few days of its publication, to be found in every boudoir and upon every drawing-room table. It was puffed in the newspapers, talked about in club-rooms and smoking-rooms, and ran through a succession of six editions in six months. But, as a rule, successful men of letters owe as much to 'the magic of patience' as they owe to the magic of genius; and even Lord Beaconsfield, with all his success, has had his mortifications as a writer no less than as a Parliamentary debater and statesman. 'Contarini Fleming' fell still-born from the press, although written, as the author still insists, with deep thought and feeling; and 'The Revolutionary Epick,' a poem written under the glittering minarets and the cypress groves of the last city of the Cæsars to illustrate the rival principles of government that were contending for the mastery of the world, and to take rank with the Iliad, with the Æneid, with the Divine Comedy, and with Paradise Lost, was printed only to line trunks with, till a line or two happened to be quoted from it in the House of Commons thirty years after its publication, and Mr. Disraeli reprinted it, with a few trifling alterations, to vindicate his consistency as well as his courage.

Sir Walter Scott's career was one of the most brilliant and successful in literature. But even Sir Walter Scott's maiden effort, a thin quarto volume of 'Translations from the Ballads of Bürger,' fell, like 'The Revolutionary Epick,' still-born from the press, and Scott returned to his desk in his father's office, to copy writs and to brood over a ballad of his own which should convince the world, in spite of itself, that in neglecting his translations it had 'neglected something worth notice.'

Charles Dickens is the only writer of distinction in our time whose success at all resembles Bret Harte's, and the success, the prompt, brilliant, and startling success of Charles Dickens stands in striking contrast to that of his rival, his greatest and perhaps permanently successful rival, Thackeray. It is painful to read Thackeray's life—to hear of his loss of fortune in a harum-scarum speculation like that of his father-in-law with *The Constitutional*—of his early struggles in Paris and London—of his efforts as an artist—of Dickens's curt refusal of his request to be allowed to illustrate 'Pickwick'—of his long meditation and laborious production of 'Vanity Fair'— and of the way in which the MS. of this work, a work worthy of the genius that produced 'Tom Jones,' made its round of the publishers' readers, only to be returned with or without thanks by all in turn, till it at last found appreciative publishers in Bradbury & Evans, and with the help of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, soon became as popular in its yellow wrapper as 'Pickwick' had been in its green cover.

All the world knows the history of 'Jane Eyre'—how it was written in the gray old parsonage under the Yorkshire hills; how the rough notes, sketched hastily in pencil, were transscribed in a neat hand as legible as print; and how the MS., in its brown-paper wrapper, was sent off from the small station-house at Keighley to publisher after publisher, only to find its way back again, 'Returned with thanks,' till the packet, scored all over with publishers' names, and well-nigh worn out by its travels, found its way into the hands of Messrs. Smith & Elder, with a stamped envelope inside for a reply. This story of 'Jane Eyre'

is, with authors who cannot find a publisher, one of the standing sources of consolation, and it is a very striking instance of the loose way in which publishers' readers now and then look through MSS. that find their way into their hands, even if it does not prove that publishers, like women, though they cant about genius, cannot divine its existence till all the world point with the hand; for Messrs. Smith & Elder's reader was so struck with the tale that, Scot as he was, he sat up half the night to finish it. But some allowance ought to be made even for the readers, for it must be dull, tedious work to spell out the plot of a story, or to find the proofs of genius in a loose pile of MSS. which you can hardly perhaps decipher except with a glass, and perhaps not always with that. Francis Jeffrey knew so well the difficulty of forming an opinion upon an article from reading it in MS., that in sending his first article to the *Edinburgh Review*, after he had relinquished the editorship, he stipulated that Mr. Napier should not attempt to read it till he could read it in type; and the editor of the *Saturday Review*, a few years ago, used to have every article that seemed at all worth publishing set up in type before he made up his mind whether to accept or reject it. Everything, as Charles Lamb used to say, is apt to read so raw in MS.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to know how an article will read from looking at it in MS., so difficult that even authors themselves, men of long and varied experience, men like Moore and Macaulay, could seldom form an opinion upon their own writings, till they saw how they looked in print. And when that is the case with the author, how must it be with the publisher or his reader, and with the editor of a publication, who has to make up his mind about the merits of half a dozen MSS. in the course of a morning! Yet, after all, I suspect that very few articles and very few books that are worth printing, are lost to the world, for the competition among publishers for MSS. is only one degree less keen than the competition among authors for publishers, and an author who has anything worth printing is seldom long without a publisher.

I happen to know the secret history of a book which has long since taken its rank among the classics of English Literature—I mean 'Eöthen.' It was written years and years before it was published, written with care and thought, revised in the keenest spirit of criticism, and kept under lock and key for a long time. It is a book which, as far as workmanship goes, exemplifies in a very striking form Shenstone's rule for good writing—'Spontaneous thought, laboured expression'—and there are few books of travel which equally abound in adventure, incident, sketches of character, and personal romance. It is, as Lockhart well said, an English classic. But when Alexander Kinglake offered it to the publishers, they refused it one and all, refused it upon any terms, and the author at last, out of conceit with his MS. and perhaps with himself, walked into a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, explained the adventures of the MS., and made it a present to the publisher if he thought it worth printing. The first edition lingered a little on his hands, till a notice in the *Quarterly Review*, from the pen of Lockhart, called attention to it, and the printer's difficulty after that was to keep pace with the demand. I hope I am not violating any confidence by adding that the publisher, year by year, for many years, sent Mr. Kinglake a check for 100*l.* every Christmas Day.

Thomas Campbell, the poet, attending a publisher's dinner, once rose and asked permission to propose a toast. The toast was to 'Napoleon Bonaparte.' 'Why are we to drink his health?' asked the host. 'Because he shot a bookseller,' replied the poet; and it was in the spirit of this story that Peter Parley once compared publishers to Odin and Thor, drinking their wine

from the skulls of authors. But if publishers, like the rest of us, now and then make a mistake in returning MSS., this anecdote, which does not stand alone, proves, I think, that when they make a hit with a MS. they know how to share their success with the author.

Anthony Trollope is one of the most popular and successful writers of our day. He is one of the few men who have made a fortune by their pens. Yet it seems only like yesterday that Anthony Trollope, attending a dinner given to him upon his retirement from the Post-office, drew a graphic sketch of his early experiences in literature, of MSS. rejected by the editors of magazines, of MSS. accepted and published, and not paid for, or paid for in a way which was worse than no payment at all, and of the monetary result of his first few years' labour, 12*l.* 5*s.* 7½*d.* one year, 20*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* another. It was said of Murray, 'silver-tongued Murray,' that he never knew the difference between no professional income and 3000*l.* a year, and that was the case with Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. But cases like this of Anthony Trollope's are, I suspect, much commoner than those of Scott and Dickens.

Charles Dickens used to pooh-pooh the notion of Lions in the Path in the pursuit of literature, and he pooh-poohed it with good reason, for I doubt if he ever experienced the feeling which most other men of his kind have felt at the sight of a Rejected MS.; and from the day when, with the *New Monthly* in his hand, he turned into Westminster Hall, with tears in his eyes to read his first contribution to a magazine, till the afternoon when he laid down his pen upon the unfinished page of 'Edwin Drood,' the career of Charles Dickens was a long and uninterrupted succession of triumphs. But there is hardly another writer of Dickens' genius who could not turn to his pigeon-holes and fish out MS. after MS. that had made the round of the magazines or the publishers. Even Bret Harte's own countryman, John Lothrop Motley, the greatest historian America has yet produced, had the mortification to see his MS. of 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic' returned 'With Mr. Murray's compliments and thanks' before he could find a publisher for a work which now ranks with the most brilliant and successful narratives of our time. This was Motley's second disappointment with his MS. His first was the intelligence, when he had spent several years in collecting his materials and in sketching the outline of his History, that Prescott, with a 'Life of Philip the Second,' was anticipating him. The intelligence almost took the soul of Motley. 'It seemed to me,' he says in one of his letters, 'that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For I had not made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, and drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other.' Yet Motley thought upon reflection that it would be disloyal on his part not to go to Prescott at once and explain his position, and if he should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind to abandon his plan altogether. Prescott, one of the most generous of men, acted with Motley as Sir Walter Scott acted on a similar occasion with Robert Chambers, and gave him every encouragement and help he could. 'Had the result of the interview been different,' said Motley, 'I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and, no doubt, have laid down the pen at once; for it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one history.'

This was very much the case with Carlyle and his 'History of the French Revolution.' Lord Brougham had the idea of writing a 'History of the

French Revolution' in his head for years, and if he could have found time for the requisite investigations he would have done it, for next to eloquence his greatest ambition was to rank as an historian, and he thought he possessed a special gift, equal to Livy's, for narrative. The secret history of Carlyle's work is one of the most interesting of its kind in literature. There is even a touch of pathos about it, for after the work had been completed, offered to a publisher, and returned, like Motley's, 'With Mr. Murray's compliments and thanks,' the MS. found its way into the hands of John Stuart Mill for perusal, and through Mill into the hands of a person who expressed a great curiosity to see it. 'This person sat up persuing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting herself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the MS. carelessly upon the library table and hied to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket or for the grate. So Betty, the housemaid, thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking around for something suitable for her purpose, and finding nothing better than that, she thrust it into the grate, and applying the match' (as Carlyle said recently when giving an account of the mishap), 'up the chimney, with a sparkle and roar, went "The French Revolution;" thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did more than a half century ago. At first they forbore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story, and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow . . . I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of MS. left. I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts, and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page finished. Thus was it for many a weary day, until at last, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandered along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold, engaged, in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he would lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself, "Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the regions of the inane?" and then I bethought me, and I said to myself, "Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining. What if thy house of cards falls? Is the universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a house for generations. Men will be born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and mayhap true valour, prudence, and faith shall be nursed by its hearthstone. Man! symbol of eternity imprisoned into time! it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in which can have worth or continuance. Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful." So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call "light literature." I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a captain in the Royal Navy—an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it; the man that wrote stories about dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in search of their fathers; and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon the planet he must certainly bear the palm from every one save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed I took heart of grace

again, applied me to my work, and in course of time "The French Revolution" got finished—as all things must sooner or later.' The story is, I believe, unique in literature. But even this story with 'The History of the French Revolution' was only one episode in its history. It was easier to produce the lost MS. from chaos than to find a publisher for it; and in the recently published 'Letters of Mr. Macvey Napier,' there are two or three notes of Carlyle's about his unsuccessful negotiations with publishers—publishers in Paternoster Row, publishers in Fleet Street, publishers in Albemarle Street. Mr. Napier gave Carlyle a letter of introduction to Mr. Rees, in the hope that he might publish the work, and Mr. Rees received Carlyle with courtesy. But that was all. He did not care about his MS. 'The public had ceased to buy books.' Murray was tried again with a fresh introduction, and Murray for a time seemed likely to rise to the bait. But Murray, in the end, like Rees, returned the MS. 'The Charon of Albemarble Street drust not risk it in his *sutilis cymba*. So it leaped ashore again.'

There is a tradition in Paternoster Row, that the MS. of 'Lingard's History' had to go through a similar course of difficulties before, like Carlyle's, it found a publisher; and Lingard, Carlyle and Motley do not stand alone with their rejected MSS.

Lord Macaulay did not publish his History till his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, his Lays, and his speeches in the House of Commons had made his name known all over the British Isles, in America, in every bungalow in India, in every log hut in the Valley of the Hawkesbury, and till he knew perfectly well beforehand, that if he could only realize his ideal, and write the History of England in the vivid and picturesque style of his Essays and his Lays, he was sure of achieving the end he had set his heart upon, that of being read with as much interest and zest as one of Dickens's novels.

But even Macaulay had a skeleton, a literary skeleton, in his cupboard—to wit, rejected MSS., two or three sets of them—MSS. which have not been printed to this day.

And that was the case with Brougham. Brougham insisted that two of Macaulay's articles, an article on the French Revolution, and another on Chatham, should be put aside in favour of one of his own, because, in his opinion, no writer upon the staff of the *Edinburgh Review* was competent to deal with French politics but himself, and because, if his sentences were not in Macaulay's 'snip-snap style,' he could produce a more truthful and an equally picturesque article. But even Brougham in his turn had to break open packets of MSS. to find, instead of a proof, one of those curt announcements which sound like a knell to all the hopes of a sensitive soul—'Returned with thanks.'

Even Jeffrey—Francis Jeffrey, the omniscient and versatile Jeffrey—knew these sensations, and in those rooms in Buccleugh Place where Sydney Smith, Horner, Brougham and Murray met to talk over the suggestion for establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, there were three or four MSS. lying about which had been sent to all the existing magazines and returned. Jeffrey had six articles in the first number of the 'buff and blue,' and two or three of these, I shrewdly suspect, were articles that were perfectly familiar with the post-bag of the London and Edinburgh coach, and knew what it was to be tossed about with cigar-ends and Odes to the Spring, in a waste-paper basket.

These illustrations might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. But I must stop. And yet there is one more instance which ought to be mentioned, because it is an instance that carries a moral with it to those who think of making literature a profession. I refer to

George Henry Lewes, the founder of the *Fortnightly Review.* He was one of the most thoughtful and careful of writers, a man who held that precision of thought and expression alone constitute good writing. Yet George Henry Lewes had one of the first articles which he sent to the *Edinburgh Review* returned by the editor to be rewritten all through, and the second edition was so far superior to the first, even in the opinion of its author, that he never after sent his first *brouillon* to press, but invariably wrote everything twice, and sometimes thrice before he thought of submitting it to an editor. The consequence was, of course, that he seldom had a MS. returned. He constituted himself his own editor, and returned his own MSS. It is an admirable plan, and if with that plan men would only act upon Dr. Johnson's advice, and strike out of their articles everything that they think particularly fine, we should hear a good deal less than we do at present of 'rejected MSS.' Any one can scribble—if he only knows how to spell; but writing is an art—one of the fine arts—and the men who have had the fewest MSS. returned are the men who have taken the greatest pains with their work: Macaulay, for instance, who wrote and rewrote some of his essays, long as they are, three times over; Albany Fonblanque, the most brilliant and successful of English journalists, who wrote and rewrote many of his articles in the *Examiner* newspaper six and seven times, till, like Boileau, he had sifted his article of everything but the choicest thoughts and expressions. Perhaps if all writers did this, we should have shorter articles and fewer books; but more articles that now perish with a single reading might be worth reprinting, and more books might stand a chance of descending to posterity.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

VICTORIA.

BY A. P. WILLIAMS.

[The following Sonnet, cut from the N. Y. *Tribune,* deserves a place in these pages, not only for its beauty, but as it voices the gratitude of the American people for that expression of active sympathy, on the part of the Queen and the British nation, in the lamented death of President Garfield, which was so marked an outcome of the sad occurrence. We transfer the sonnet with pleasure to our columns.—ED. C. M.]

O QUEEN!—Nay more than queen—O woman grand!
The brightest jewels in thy diadem
Grow dim before thy tears. Recrowned by them
The woman ranks the queen, and doth command
A stricken Nation's love. The Motherland
Seems nearer now, since o'er the ocean's swell
Was borne the sound of our sad, tolling bell,
And thou and thine mourners with us did stand.
God save the Queen!—The queen and woman, too!
Grant length of days, a happy, peaceful reign,
To one who joined with us in sorrow true,
And bowed her crownèd head above our slain.
Henceforth, upon her shield this legend stands:
'Tis better, far, to conquer hearts than lands.

THE PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY OF BANK DIRECTORS.*

BY ALEXANDER TAYLOR INNES.

RESPONSIBILITY is a general and abstract word. There is probably no more celebrated illustration of what it means than in a passage written by a great statesman now deceased. In that paragraph M. Thiers, when sketching the qualities necessary for success in war, brings vividly before us the tremendous issues that hang, moment by moment, upon the genius, the strength of will, the promptness, and the presence of mind of a general on the day of battle. There, if anywhere, is the highest responsibility to be realized. But there was one day when peaceful Scotland, under the sun of a most plenteous harvest, showed as if upon the morning after a battle or a bombardment. In every direction was found either the bewilderment of suspense or the bewilderment of despair. The bravest held his breath as he saw his neighbour, a more cautious and a kindlier man than himself, struck down at his right hand, or watched on his left how serried files of men, connected in family or business ties, were prostrated by an undiscriminating blow. In almost every town and hamlet of the land, however far from the centre of explosion, there stood some home unroofed and torn open to the hard gaze of public curiosity and public compassion. It is true that the sufferers did, in public and in private, show resignation to God and constancy before men, even beyond belief; but how many lives, maimed and all but cut in two, crept away beyond our ken into a seclusion where hope and energy are slowly ebbing from the wounded spirit! Peace, we know, hath her victories no less than war. Apparently, she has also, like war, her reverses and defeats: and hers are equally ghastly.

It would seem, then, not too much to say that the responsibilties of a bank director *may* be as great as those of a general in the field. They may at least be so in a country like Scotland, where unlimited responsibility is the basis of large and popular joint-stock companies. I do not say that his responsibilities are of the same nature. I do not say that the rules—the plain and simple rules as some are bold to call them—of banks, institutions which, according to one definition, receive and invest money, or which, according to another, buy and sell money—I do not, of course, admit that these duties ever infer, necessarily or legitimately, the speculative uncertainties of the great game of war. But on the other hand, having used this illustration, it is only fair, in parting with it, to observe one point of resemblance, and one of contrast, with the thing signified. We all know that there are generals who, as in the greatest battle of our age, succeed to the responsibilities which others have created or abandoned, who find themselves, like

* This paper, by an eminent Scotch solicitor and writer on legal topics, is reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*, for January, 1879, as a contribution on a subject of some present interest to holders of stock in Canadian banks. Its local references, to bank disasters in Scotland and the litigation to which these gave rise, do not detract from the interest of the article, nor make its application less pointed, in the case of those who accept positions of trust in Banking or other public institutions in Canada.—ED. C. M.

that hapless Imperialist, hemmed in by a narrowing circle of iron, and who have scarcely lifted the baton of the fallen marshal before they are confronted with the alternatives of a hopeless struggle or a horrible capitulation. And the word I have just used is not too strong. For in this particular point the horrors of war yield to the darker responsibilities of false or guilty finance. The general in the field who stops the fighting thereby stops the carnage. But he who, whether weakly or wickedly, leads the shareholders of a bank along the road of ruin, knows at least that only to stay his steps is to invoke destruction, and that at the moment when he lifts the white flag of surrender above those who have trusted and followed him, he must bring down upon their heads, by his individual and perhaps meritorious act, the long-deferred and desolating storm.

In this paper, however, I am to treat of the responsibility of bank directors—and only of their personal responsibility—not in a popular, but in a strict, and, indeed, in a purely legal, sense.

Responsibility means the obligation of a man to answer for a thing. Every private man answers for his own acts. But when a man holds an office, like that of a bank director, he may have to answer in two capacities. For his official acts he is responsible as director with his brother directors, and on behalf of the bank. In this official responsibility, which, of course, is the usual case, he does not answer with his own private means, but with the funds of the bank, and to the extent to which it has funds, and no farther. But there are acts which a bank director may do, either acting in his official capacity, or professing to act in his official capacity, and at least using his official powers and opportunities, acts for which the director is responsible as an individual. The bank also may in some cases be made thereby responsible, and in others it may not. There is important law upon that point, with which I am not in this discussion called upon to deal. But whether the bank is responsible for such acts or not, the director is responsible for them as an individual, and he must answer for them with his own means, and in his own person.

In his person he answers to the public or criminal law; a matter with which, for obvious reasons, I do not meddle. With his means he answers an inquiry which may be less august in external form, but which is far finer and more searching in the application of the principles of law. For criminal law winks at many things which have not attained a magnitude or publicity to attract its sword. But the law of private responsibility extends to the smallest coin of which any individual within or without the bank has been wrongfully deprived; and it runs, therefore, sooner or later into a system, of which the roots are deep and the branches are many. Now such a system Great Britain possesses in its greater form of English and its smaller of Scotch law. Strictly speaking, these two laws are independent of each other—as truly so as the law of France and the law of Japan. But practically, according to a principle not unlike that of the diffusion of gases, jurisprudences, which are near each other in locality, resemble each other in spirit, especially in matters which, like this, depend upon universal equity more than upon statute, or history, or custom. And, curiously enough, the law of Scotland, which on this matter happened to attract the attention of the whole island, has in this branch of it one distinct advantage for the student. I do not mean the minor circumstance that all Scotch courts are courts both of law and equity, and that the severance in the law of England which embarrasses strangers, and I think must sometimes perplex English laymen, has no place in the other. The special ad-

vantage which this branch of the law has in Scotland is that of a certain separateness and priority. The facts are rather curious. There is also almost no reported case on the responsibility of directors in the Scotch courts before 1850. But from that date down to about 1865, there is a succession of important cases, which, unless I am mistaken, have built up something like a law upon the subject, a law not of course perfect, but yet solid and complete so far as it goes. Now, I do not say that there was nothing on this subject in the much larger and richer law of England during all these years before 1865. But there was comparatively little either before or during the fifteen years which then closed, in comparison with what has followed. For in 1865 the crash of Overend, Gurney & Co. inaugurated a second period of fifteen years now ending—a period in which the English law has been as rich in cases as the immediately previous period had been in Scotland; while during it the northern part of the island has scarcely seen another case in its courts. I propose in this paper to sketch the position attained ten years ago by the law of Scotland as a small but independent jurisprudence where equity has never been separated from law; and afterwards to complete the subject by reference to more recent cases in the law of England, where equity has been studied as a separate department indeed, but studied by men of consummate power, and with an intensity and care scarcely equalled on the other side of the Border.

The law of Scotland on the personal responsibility of bank directors was built up within a period of fifteen years, extending from the year 1850. In that year an action was brought, not against directors, but against a bank, and demanding that it should be declared dissolved on the ground of losses to an amount specified in the contract. The answer made was, that these losses did not appear in the public balance-sheets, and that the rules of the bank prohibited investigation into its books. The rejoinder was, that the balance-sheets issued by the directors were false, and that the directors, in the transactions which the balance-sheets ought to have summarized, but did not, had been guilty of gross fraud and irregularity. The Court found that the usual clauses as to secrecy will not exclude investigation, 'where a positive averment is made that the books are fraudulently concocted to conceal the true position of affairs. Sitting here as a Court both of law and equity, there is nothing in the contract which entitles us to refuse this investigation.'* Such a finding plainly opens the door to cases of more direct personal responsibility. And, accordingly, next year, in the case of the Banking Company of Aberdeen,† two of the most important points in the whole subject with which we deal were at once decided. That was an action brought by a shareholder against the directors of a bank personally, demanding reparation for the loss he had sustained. It was founded upon alleged fraudulent transactions by the directors, carried on in order to promote the private interests of themselves and their connections—transactions which were said to be covered by concealment and misrepresentation in reports, paying dividends out of capital, and keeping false and irregular books. Now, when a man makes such charges, there is no doubt that he is entitled to reparation from somebody for his loss. But the first question is, From whom? In this Aberdeen case there were twelve directors, but the action was only brought against five of them. It was pleaded, You must call the others, and you must also call the company itself for its interest. The Court said, No. You are not bound to

* The North British Bank, 18 December, 1850. 13 Dunlop's Reports of Court of Session Cases, p. 349.

† 17 December, 1851. 14 Dunlop's Reports, p. 213.

do so, in an action founded on fraud. Fraud is a personal thing, and you have a right to go against men, in respect of it, individually. If you think that some of them are not so guilty, or that it will not be so easy to prove some of them guilty, or that some of them, though equally guilty, have not as much money to make reparation with,—in all these cases you may select your victim. You may get full redress from him for your full loss, leaving it to him to find a remedy against others who had been associated with him. And, secondly, as reparation may be demanded from one or more of the directors, so it may be demanded by one or more of the shareholders. In this case the action was brought by one shareholder, and the Court rejected the plea that he must take the company with him. And since that date the law has been fixed, that any one shareholder can recover from any one director the whole loss caused to himself by the fraud in which that director can be proved to have been sole actor or participant.

But in order to found such unlimited responsibility, you must clearly prove the personal act or personal participation of the director. And on this rock the case, in which the general law was laid down, afterwards split. It was found that, although they selected five out of the twelve directors, they had not made their statements against any of them sufficiently precise. They had been satisfied with a general charge of 'joint and several liability' for a course of acting extending over a number of years, and the Court refused even to send this to a jury. They held that, as *culpa tenet suos auctores*, every act of wrong charged must be brought distinctly and articulately home to the party committing it. And the importance of this, as the next step in the development of the law, was brought out by the contrast between two cases against the directors of the same bank—this case of Leslie,* which failed, and that of Tulloch,† which succeeded. In the later and more successful case, the general rule already laid down in that which preceded, that any shareholder can sue any director on fraud, without calling the other directors or the company, was literally acted upon; and its authority was confirmed without difficulty by the House of Lords, sitting as a Court of Scotch Law. And in this case it was found, also, that the statements made against the one director were sufficiently specific to send to a jury. What has been held in this and other cases, to constitute sufficient specification, we may see afterwards; but, in the meantime, we must notice another step in advance taken in this second Aberdeen action. The first, *Leslie*, was brought by an old shareholder, who complained that the fraudulent actings of the directors, commenced after he had bought his shares, had run down the value of his holding. Of his right to reparation for this loss there was no doubt. But the second case, *Tulloch*, turned upon a purchase of shares in open market by one of the public. Dr. Tulloch did not buy from the bank. He did not buy from the directors. He bought from a third party; and he now demanded back his money, or at least his loss, from the directors of the company which he thus entered. The Court in Scotland now laid it down, and the House of Lords did not hesitate to confirm it, that publicly presenting fraudulent reports to the company was sufficient publication to render the directors liable even to a stranger purchasing shares. In the higher Court, too, it was held, after a full argument, that this liability does not terminate with death on either side: that the representatives of the defraud-

* 19 June, 1856. 18 Dunlop's Reports, 1046.

† Sustained by Court of Session, 3 June 1858 (20 Dunlop, 1045); and by the House of Lords, 23 February, 1860 (3 Macqueen, 783).

ed shareholder succeed to his right to go against the wrong-doing director, and not only to go against him, but to go against his representatives, in so far as these have succeeded to property from him. And lastly, as to the measure of the loss, Lord Chancellor Campbell observed, that the claim must be for the difference between the purchase-money you have paid and that which you ought to have paid—that is, between the price paid under deception, and what would have been the fair market price if the circumstances of the company had been truly disclosed.

Such were the cases in which the personal responsibility of bank directors was first acknowledged in the law of Scotland. They extend over the decade which followed 1850, and we have already come down to the fall of the Western Bank in the year 1857. That event gave a powerful impulse to the development of the legal doctrine, and during the few years which follow many additions were made to the principles already quoted. We may, I think, group these additional results for the sake of convenience under the following heads :—

By whom may the action of damages be brought?

Against whom may it be brought?

And, in respect of what kinds of wrong-doings?

1. We have seen already that defaulting directors are exposed to an action at the instance of any shareholder deceived by them to his loss, or of any stranger deceived by them into buying shares or otherwise to his loss; and, indeed, it may be put generally that by the law of Scotland, they, like other men not directors, are liable to every individual to whom they have caused loss by gross wrong-doing or fraud. This was very early understood. But it was pushed to a very surprising length by the defendants in the great action directed by the liquidators of the Western Bank against the directors of that institution.* The directors who defended in that case said, 'We know we are responsible to individuals for the loss, if any, which we have caused them. Let them bring their action on the principles already laid down, and we shall meet it. But we object to the company itself, through its liquidators, bringing a similar action against us.' The present head of the Court of Sessions, then a judge of the Second Division, made short work of this argument. He remarked that if each Western Bank shareholder brought an action for each year of malversation against each director, 'there must be brought into this court 19,500 summonses. It is to be hoped that the parties who state such pleas are prepared to approach the legislature with urgent petitions for a very large extension of the judicial establishment in Scotland.' But he also pointed out that every company, whether solvent or in liquidation, has a right to sue for moneys of which it has been wrongfully deprived. Individuals have a right to sue all who have defrauded them, but when the individuals are members of a company, that is a right which it is very inconvenient to exercise. The company, on the other hand, is, 'primarily at least *the* party to sue the directors for reparation, to the effect of restoring the company's estate against the loss it has sustained.' Ever since that decision in 1860, it has been fixed that the directors of a bank are personally responsible both to the company and to its individual members, and may be sued by either.

2. Directors in the strict sense of the word may be sued; are we to include in the same rule those who more properly act along with or under directors, *e. g.* the manager or the secretary? This came up in the two following years in the case of the Edinburgh and Glas-

* January and March, 1860. 22 Dunlop's Reports, 447.

gow Bank,* and in this the Court of Session unquestionably went wrong. It sustained an action laid on fraudulent representations against a director, but threw it out as against the manager and secretary, on the ground that they 'are only the servants of the directors, are employed by them, must obey their instructions, and may be dismissed by them at any time.' But the case went to the Court of Appeal, and came into the hands of that keenest of legal intellects, Richard Bethel, then Lord Chancellor Westbury. He held the Court below to be doubly in error according to the law of Scotland. In the first place, the manager and assistant manager or secretary, are not in point of fact 'only the servants of the directors.' The directors and managers together are the officers; all the officers are in a legal sense the servants of the company; the public and the shareholders depend as much on the managers as they do upon the directors; and they accept, and in the ordinary case are entitled to accept, the reports of the latter as emanating also from the former. But, secondly, supposing that these officials are mere servants, the order of a master is no justification, either moral or legal, for a servant's committing what he knows to be a fraud. The master in such a case is no doubt himself liable; but so is the servant, and each is liable to the full amount of loss.

3. The more difficult and complicated question remains, what are the actings which infer this personal responsibility, whether in the directors or the manager? And this inquiry divides itself into two branches. In the first place, what are the classes of wrong actions, what are the general descriptions of wrong-doing, which as a matter of law bind liability upon the person against whom they are proved? When we have answered this general question of law, it will be time enough to inquire into the matter of detail, how these general categories or wrong-doing are to be proved against any man, and what transactions of omissions on the part of bank directors have already been held to bring them within their range.

The earlier cases against bank directors all turned, as we have seen, on charges of fraud. But it was soon perceived that this, though one of the gravest, was not the only form of wrong-doing by which a man in an official situation may cause enormous loss to those who trust him. And the question of broadening the grounds of liability came up and was substantially decided, in the leading Western Bank case already mentioned, that first brought by the liquidators against the directors.* It has sometimes been supposed that the liability of directors on such a ground as gross negligence or neglect of duty was never laid down till the last of these cases, so late as 1872. And the present chief of the Scottish Court, in deciding that last case, said pointedly that neither in England nor in Scotland had the question down to that date arisen 'under circumstances which admitted of any general decision upon the principle.' Yet twelve years before, in the first case as to that bank, the other division of the same Court, in deciding an important point as to the form of the action, held unanimously that it turned on the question whether neglect as well as fraud gave an action for delinquency against the individual. And it was the same judge who then answered this question for himself and his brethren in the affirmative, in terms even more comprehensive than those of the subsequent judgment of 1872, and at least equally instructive. In the case of 1860, the action was laid partly upon fraudulent concealment, but partly also upon what was described as *either* gross and wilful mismanagement and malversation in office, *or*, alternatively,

* Court of Session, 16 February, 1861 (23 Dunlop's Reports 574), and House of Lords, 28 July, 1862 (4 Macqueen, 424).

* January, 1860 (22 Dunlop, 474).

gross, habitual, and total neglect of the duty of directors, and leaving and delegating that duty entirely to other irresponsible persons, while themselves retained office. Is this neglect of duty a ground of action against individuals in the same way as fraud is? The Lord Justice-Clerk Inglis, in answering this, did not deny that fraud is morally and legally a worse thing than negligence, however gross. The law of Scotland, following that of Rome, has made a distinction between *delicts* or delinquencies, and *quasi-delicts* ; and fraud, being classed among the former may infer even criminal liability, which lesser wrong-doing does not attain to. But to the effect of a mere claim of reparation for pecuniary loss sustained, it was held that there is no practical distinction. The same measure of reparation is due on the same conditions, and by the same form of action, whether the cause of the damage be the one kind of 'delict' or the other.

'It is a mistake altogether to suppose no *delict* or *quasi-delict* can be made the foundation of such an action as the present, without the use of the term "fraud," or the epithet, "fraudulent." There are many *delicts* to which such language could not with propriety be applied—for example, all *delicts* the essence of which is physical violence, others which derive their mischievous effects and illegality from reckless disregard of consequences to one's neighbour's property in the prosecution of some profit or pleasure of our own—cases of libel, of wrongous imprisonment, of wrongful though not fraudulent refusal to perform a statutory duty, as in the example of members of Presbytery already cited ; and other cases where—as in one of the alternatives in the present summon (in which the weakness of the pursuer's case in this discussion is supposed to lie)—the ground of liability is to be found in systematic and wilful neglect of a duty undertaken, on the performance of which, by the defenders, others have naturally and justifiably relied, which the law designates as *crassa negligentia*, and holds equivalent to dole or fraud. All of these equally in our opinion belong to the class of *delicts*, or *quasi-delicts*, inferring from the nature of the misconduct a joint and several liability against all who are implicated in them, and entitling the injured party to demand his remedy against any one or more of the delinquents in his option.'

Compare this with the more popular exposition of the law, as to negligence alone, in 1872 :*—

'It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the question thus raised. . . . The general question as to how far the director of a joint-stock company —such as the Western Bank—is liable for mere omission to discharge his duty, or what amount or kind of omission will be held to be *crassa negligentia*—has never as yet been authoritatively determined. It may be said, not without force, that the duty undertaken by the directors of joint-stock companies, such as the Western Bank, is subject to some qualifications which may not be always incident to officers of agency or trust. Such officials are generally chosen from their official position, their habits of business, and the amount of credit which their name will command. They are generally persons who have their time occupied by avocations of their own. When the shareholders elected William Baird as a director of the Western Bank, they could not have expected him to make himself conversant with all the details of the management, or the items of all the accounts kept at the head office and the numerous branches of so vast a concern. The ordinary conduct of the bank was placed in the hands of a professional manager, to whose integrity, as well as to whose skill, the directors were entitled in great measure to trust. But, on the other hand, it is impossible for a court of law to assume that such an appointment is a mere name. The duties which are prescribed by the contract must be performed by the directors. If these are not very specific, their scope and object at least are sufficiently intelligible, and if a director grossly neglects the discharge of them he must be liable in the consequences, as agents or trustees are, who grossly neglect the interests of those for whose benefit they are appointed. Whatever the duties are, they must be discharged with fidelity and conscience, and with ordinary and reasonable care. It is

* Western Bank, Baird's Trustees, 22 November, 1872 (3 Macpherson, 111).

not necessary that I should attempt to define where excusable remissness ends and gross negligence begins. That must depend to a large extent on the circumstances. It is enough to say that gross negligence in the performance of such a duty, the want of reasonable and ordinary fidelity and care, will infer liability for loss thereby occasioned.'

Let us now go back to 1860. The result of these views to the particular action of that year was that it was held not an action on contract, but one to enforce an obligation of reparation arising *ex delicto*. Consequently the defendants, the whole of the directors of the Western Bank, were held to be brought into Court, not as joint debtors but as joint delinquents, and under not merely a joint but also a several liability. But the result of the law of this and the latest case has been apparently to broaden out the particular rule as to fraud into a general one, and to make bank directors and others liable for loss resulting from what English lawyers call *torts*, what Scotch lawyers call *delicts* or *quasi-delicts*, and what men who speak plain English call wrong-doing. Only if you insist upon using a popular word like this to gather up a class of actions, you must modify it in two ways at least in order to be accurate. In the first place, the wrong-doing which founds our action may mean, and often does mean, doing nothing—refusing or neglecting to do what it is an official's duty to do. But further, wrong-doing, whether positive or negative, is a vague word, including everything, from the darkest hue of guilt to the lightest shade of moral infirmity or imperfection. And it is not everything which I, or a jury, may on the whole think not quite right, which will found an action against any man—even against a private individual. Still less will it do so against an official, a man who, not for his benefit but for mine, has accepted a position in which he must continually act, and act in difficult circumstances. To say that his way is morally wrong, and that my way is right, is scarcely enough to infer damages for my loss by him. It may be enough, indeed, to say that he has acted fraudulently, for that is a definite and unelastic word. But it is not enough to say that he has acted negligently—I must allege gross negligence—*crassa negligentia*. Nor is it enough to say generally that he has acted wrongfully—to charge him with *culpa* or fault—I must allege *culpa lata*, or gross fault. For it is only these which share in the moral quality of fraud or crime so far as to found a claim for reparation.*

Fraud and negligence may therefore be said to be the two great heads under which practically arises the personal responsibility of directors. I shall take each of them in its order. Both were sustained as grounds of action in the earliest Western Bank case, and both, as we shall see, were referred to in those which followed it. But in three actions which appeared and reappeared in the Court during the seven years after 1858, relating either to the National Exchange Company of Glasgow or to the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, only one of these charges, that of fraud, was brought forward. We may therefore look at them first. In the case of the former company (which, by the way, was not exactly a bank), the Lord President (Colonsay) had occasion in 1860 to charge a jury as to what amounted to false and fraudulent representations in reports.† He pointed out that the statements made by the directors as to the value of the bank's securities, though they turned out to be quite false, were not contradicted by the bank's books. To get at the truth the directors must have sifted the value of these securities by a process outside the books, and that they had not done so did not in itself necessarily amount to fraud. But if they grossly neglected

* Culpa lata equiparatur dolo. *Dolus* is the moral quality of crime.

† 27 July, 1860 (23 Dunlop, 1).

the investigation of this sort which they ought to have carried on, and at the same time falsely published to the company that they had made such investigation, and professed to give the results, then such representation was probably not only false but fraudulent. In the first Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank case* the issue sent to the jury was much the same with that just mentioned, only instead of charging false and fraudulent representations generally, it demanded whether fraudulent representations were made 'that the bank was flourishing when it was in reality insolvent;' and both forms of inquiry have been since approved and employed. This bank appeared in the Courts for the last time in 1865,† when the judge whom I have last mentioned, dealing with the same form of issue, instructed the jury as follows:

'If a person makes a statement which he knows to be false, or which he believes to be false, or if, being in a position of trust and confidence, he makes a statement which he does not believe to be true, and if he makes that statement with a fraudulent purpose, intending to deceive and mislead others into a course of action which might be injurious to them, and if they are by these means induced so to act, and by so acting suffer loss, he would be guilty of falsehood and fraud, and might be made liable accordingly for the consequences.'

This is rather a long story; but one alternative in it, making a statement 'which he believes to be false, or which he does not believe to be true,' was repeated by the same authority in the same year in another form, and went to the House of Lords. This was in a case against the Western Bank,‡ and what the late Lord President then said was this:

'If the case should occur of directors taking upon them to put forth in their reports statements of importance in regard to the affairs of the bank, false in themselves, and which they did not believe, or had *no reasonable ground* to believe, to be true . . . that would be a misrepresentation and deceit, and in the estimation of law would amount to a fraud.'

This ruling was excepted against in the Edinburgh Court, but was unanimously confirmed; and in the House of Lords, the phrase 'reasonable ground' caused a difference of opinion, or at least of expression of opinion, between the then Lord-Chancellor Chelmsford and Lord Cranworth.* Lord Chelmsford held the ruling good, and laid no weight upon the objection that an honest though false belief might be entertained by directors, and that the jury, under this ruling, would have to sustain its reasonableness. 'Supposing,' he says, 'a person makes an untrue statement, which he asserts to be the result of a *bona fide* belief of its truth, how can the *bona fides* be tested except by considering the grounds of such belief?' And if it be 'destitute of all reasonable grounds,' how can it be honest? Lord Cranworth takes the other side. He puts it thus:

'If persons in the situation of directors of a bank make statements as to the condition of its affairs which they *bona fide* believe to be true, I cannot think that they can be represented as guilty of fraud because other persons think, or the court thinks, or your lordship thinks, that there was no sufficient ground to warrant the opinion which they had formed. . . . If they are guilty of fraud, it is on account, not of their having stated as true what they had not reasonable ground to believe to be true, but of their having stated as true what they did not believe to be true.'

I think it plain that the question between the two learned lords was a question of words, and probably the verbal misapprehension was rather on the side of Lord Cranworth. 'Reasonable ground,' as used by Lord Colonsay, was not equivalent to the other

* *Dobbie*, 4 March, 1859 (21 Dunlop, 624).

† *Cullen*, 10 July, 1865 (3 Macpherson's Reports, 935).

‡ *Addie*, 9 June, 1865 (3 Macpherson, 899)

* 20 May, 1867 (5 Macpherson, 80).

phrase into which Lord Cranworth translates it, 'sufficient ground to warrant the opinion.' For the opinion, *ex hypothese*, is one false in point of fact; and there can be no sufficient ground for a false opinion. But there is a sense in which there may be a reasonable ground for a false opinion: *i.e.*, ground may be conceived on which a reasonable man may honestly entertain it. If there is no such reasonable *or at least conceivable* ground, the jury will no doubt find him guilty of deceit; and they will do rightly. But they are not in that case making themselves judges of the false opinion in itself; or of the sufficiency of the grounds for that opinion in itself. They merely inquire whether there were sufficient grounds for the false opinion existing *in another's mind*; *i.e.*, I think, whether there were grounds sufficient for honesty; and this comes round to Lord Cranworth's own view, which is no doubt substantially correct, that the whole question is as to the *bona fides*. Good faith, however, as we have seen, is denied by Lord Colonsay not only where a man says what he believes not to be true, but where he says what he does not believe to be true. And I shall close this section by an important commentary upon and qualification of that statement by Lord Colonsay's present successor in the chair of the Court. In a trial well remembered in Edinburgh, in connection with the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, which happened in 1861, the judge charged the jury on the personal responsibility of bank directors, as follows:—

'If a man makes a statement, believing that it is not true, although not absolutely knowing that it is not true, that is still a personal falsehood, and it is falsehood within the meaning of this issue, because it plainly implies dishonesty in the person who makes the statement. But, gentlemen, the person making the statement may not be in the condition of believing the statement to be untrue, and yet he may be in this condition that he does not believe it to be true—for there is a material distinction between these two things. Now when you come to that case—of a party making a statement, who does not actually believe it to be true—that is a mere negative state of mind, and it will depend then upon the relation of the party making the statement to the fact which he states, and to the person to whom his statement is addressed, whether it is dishonest in him, in these circumstances, to make the statement or not. If I make a statement upon an indifferent subject without having any belief in its truth, and without caring whether it is absolutely accurate or not, there is no dishonesty at all: I am not seeking to mislead anybody. I may be making the statement rashly; but there is no harm done. But if you find a person who is in a position of acquiring knowledge in reference to the fact of which he is speaking; who has the means, and peculiar means, of acquiring knowledge upon the subject; and if he makes a statement which is in point of fact not true, and in the truth of which he has no personal belief himself, then that is dishonest also—there is no doubt about that, especially if it is done for the purpose of deceiving another, it would be dishonorable to make it even although there were no direct purpose of deceiving another, it will then become dishonest and fraudulent.'*

So much as to the side of fraud. And now as to the other, of neglect of duty—including, of course, and *a fortiori*, violation of duty. This ground of liability, as we said, was laid down in the opinion of the Court in the first of the Western Bank cases, and it was applied in the decision of the last of them. And in these, and the intermediate Western Bank cases, we are to look for our chief authority in the northern part of the island, as to what amounts to neglect of duty, and how it is to be made out. One of the earliest cases against the Western Bank directors† was laid exclusively on fraud, but distinctions of great importance were there admitted between one director and another, distinctions which

*From Mr. Irvine Smith's shorthand report of the trial, published in 1861.

† *Inglis*, 16th February, 1861 (23 D. 561).

pointed to what must be done when another kind of case should come up. What was alleged here, was that the reports contained representations that the bank was prosperous when it was the reverse. This statement was found relevant against the directors who were present at the meetings where the documents were prepared and approved of, and who signed the reports and the dockets at the ends of the balance-sheets. But it was not sustained against directors who did not sign them, and who were not present at the meetings where they were prepared. To make people responsible for false representations they must be shown to have made or authorized them, and the mere fact of being directors at the time they are issued by the board is not enough. But that only means that it is not enough for an action on fraudulent representations. Plainly, while staying away from the board may obviate the imputation of fraud, it is not the way to escape the imputation of negligence. And accordingly the next action was one which demanded two and a half millions of money from a couple of directors,* upon charges which ultimately amounted only to gross neglect. Originally, indeed, the action had another shape. It was against the whole fifteen directors. And it charged them, both with excess of power and wrongful acts on the one hand, and with fraudulent concealment of losses on the other, putting in neglect of duty merely as an alternative under both heads. As the case went on some of the defenders were left out, and the graver charges in the summons were dropped, leaving only the averments, first, that the directors had neglected their duty, and thus allowed the whole management to fall into the hands of a manager who was guilty of the excess of power and the wrongful acts; and secondly, that the directors were guilty of gross negligence in failing to ascertain and disclose the losses which the bank had made. It does not appear to have been questioned by the Court that such averments, if competently made against individuals, might found liability. But it was found that the existing action was not constructed with that view, and indeed, the statements in it had apparently been rather intended to support a joint case against the directors as a whole. Such a case, the Court expressly found, was competent against directors, even as a body. They may be accused not merely of individually neglecting their duty, but of agreeing or conspiring to neglect it, and to delegate to a manager the duties they profess to perform. This is negligence, but negligence systematized and prepared; and, indeed, is a sort of fraud. In the Western Bank it was alleged that the directors, as a whole, had made themselves so liable by allowing the manager to set up a firm in America, to embark the funds of the bank in American discounts and speculative investments; and the Court found it a good charge against the directors as a body. But though such a case is possible against directors in slump, it is not one which it will be very easy to prove against them all. And if you fail to prove it against one of the number, you lose your action against all. It is much better, the Court suggested, to try the case as against particular directors, specifying, with regard to each, the act or class of acts of which he is accused, with dates and circumstances. In such a case, of course, you don't conclude for millions as you do against the whole, but for the particular sums or balances which you can show to be connected with the wrong actings alleged against the particular man. And the particular actings or negligences may vary exceedingly. In that very case, and with reference even to a joint liability, the Lord Justice Clerk Inglis referred to the varieties of negligence which directors may cultivate:—

* Western Bank, Bairds, 20 March, 1862 (24 Dunlop, 859).

'Some may never come to the bank at all, but content themselves with hearing by letter from the manager that everything is going on well; others may, after accepting office, go abroad, and beyond the reach even of correspondence; others may visit the bank occasionally, or even at stated times, and assume all the airs of bank directors, and take their seats at a Board, but without ever really performing any duty. I do not dispute that in such a case all may be liable for joint negligence, and possibly each *in solidum*. But,' he added, 'I give no opinion what may be the liability of a person so absenting himself, and keeping beyond all knowledge of the conduct of the bank's affairs by his brother directors, after undertaking the duties of a director. I only say such a case is not to be found in this record.'

A very fair commentary on the imaginary case, which was not found in that record, may be found in a later, where a Western Bank director was charged with gross neglect, first, during two years in which he attended the meetings of directors, and second, during two following years in which he did not attend them at all. One would think that last fact was enough. And so it is, to prove gross negligence. But then you must show that the gross negligence led to your loss: you must in some way connect it with specific losses which it occasioned. And this was found, rather to the scandal of Scotch law, though perhaps to the credit of the ingenuity of Scotch lawyers, to be exceedingly difficult. For example, one of the things that was found in a general way to infer liability was this—'the making of reckless advances of enormous amount, by way of discounting bills of exchange, to four firms—the bills for the most part being known to be accommodation bills, and the obligants being alleged to be for the most part unworthy of credit.'* One observes this is a matter of degree—often therefore a delicate and sometime a difficult question. All advances by way of bill of exchange are not reckless. But it is possible to make such reckless advances on bills of exchange. So as to overdrafts on accounts. Overdrafts are things usual, legitimate, and profitable, and so the Court expressly found. But there may be overdrafts which are otherwise.

'If, under the colour of an advance on open account, continuous drafts are made without any payments to credit over a long period, or if the accounts are manipulated so as to conceal the true balance, or if large drafts are made in single sums without any counterpart, in such cases it will be difficult to maintain that these form legitimate advances merely because they appear in an open account.'*

Now in the Western Bank the overdrafts and bills were extravagantly wrong, and that during the very period in which one gentleman of great wealth, while a director, had not attended the meetings at all. If he had been sued by the bank or by any shareholder at the end of that period, he would apparently have been held liable for the loss as caused by neglect. But the bank did not break, and the action was not brought for five years after he ceased to be a director. And during those years the bank dealt with the same customers, and trusted them to an enormous amount (or to an amount which we before 1878 used to think enormous), for the balance of £340,000 grew into £1,400,000. The old balance was obliterated, and the Court

'could see no principle of justice on which, at the termination of such a period of speculation, during which the balance of 1852 became entirely absorbed and merged in operations of such magnitude, the bank can be permitted to revive this claim, after the position, the assets, and the liabilities of the customers had undergone changes so material.'†

These, we see, are in a certain sense difficulties of proof—difficuties in connecting the director who has admit-

* 20 March, 1862 (24 Dunlop, 860).

* 22 November, 1872 (11 Macpherson, 113).

† 22 November (11 Macpherson, 117.)

tedly neglected his duty with results in the shape of loss. But we must not forget a prior principle, that mere want of knowledge of many facts about his bank does not always show negligence in a director. I closed the former branch of our enquiry by a severe passage from a judge of great authority to the effect that a man is fraudulent, not merely if he says what he knows not to be true, but if he says what he does not know to be true—provided he has peculiar means of knowing the truth, and makes the statement to those who have no such means, and who, he is aware, rely upon him in regard to it. Now that strong statement requires qualification or explanation, as applied to bank directors, and it was so explained or qualified in the same jury charge, in a passage a summary of which may close this second branch, of *neglect of duty*. In the first place, the learned judge remarked, the directors are not paid officers of the company; they get a small fee every board day, but that is nothing. In the next place, they have generally business of their own to attend to, and those who elect them know that they are bound to attend the bank meetings with some regularity, and to give advice and assistance in the business and exercise control over it. But they 'cannot be expected to make themselves familiar with the books of the bank;' they must take results from the books, and not details. They check the states by comparing them with the balances; but that is, or was, done quarterly by committees appointed for the purpose; and apparently that was thought quite a fair method of dealing. Then with regard to such matters as old debts due to the banks, the judge at that trial was by no means prepared to say how far it was the duty of *each* member of the board to look individually into and make up his own mind upon the solvency of every debtor, and the value of the securities held for each debt. Some one director, by his training, might have a much greater knowledge of some classes of these things—say, for example, of railway securities—than the others; and it might be gross neglect of duty in him not to look carefully into that, and give the bank the benefit of his knowledge. But another director is not bound to educate himself for that special department. In short, such a question, he concluded, must always be judged with a reference to the individual director in question, as well as with a regard to the 'general run of the duties of bank directors,' which he assumed to be better understood by the community of Scotland than by any other in the world, and by a Scotch jury better than by a Scotch judge.

My English readers will observe that down to this point I have given the Scotch law almost without reference to that of England. I hope they will think that there may be some advantage, or at least some compensation, in doing so. Theoretically, if you can find a jurisprudence which builds itself up in a question of this sort, on 'the common law of the world,' but within a definite and limited period, its self-development makes a specially interesting subject of study. Of course the Northern lawyers, while professedly finding their repository of equity as much in the law of Rome as in that of England, have not been neglectful of the magnificent work done by the professors of that science where it has been studied separately and specially. And in some cases it has been forced upon their attention by public events, even during the period I have considered, as in the Royal British Bank case (which no doubt was on the criminal side) in 1858. Still, down to about 1865 English law contributed much less than afterwards, while, very curiously, the subsequent law of Scotland on the subject is a blank, broken by only one case in 1872. One result of the course that things have thus taken is, that in now completing a sketch of what is common to both countries from ex-

clusively English sources, we can afford to lay aside much that might be gathered from the latter even by incompetent and foreign hands, from the the period before 1865, and may refer chiefly to findings added since that date; findings which the equitable law of a small adjacent country must receive with the deepest respect.

There are two points which we have not yet noticed on which English law is clear and strong. One is the inadmissibility of those who, like directors, are in the position of trustees, making any personal profit from their position, or even entering into a valid contract including such profit. But Scotch law on this matter is also clear, and indeed one of the leading cases always founded upon in the English Courts is a Scotch appeal in the House of Lords. It requires at present to be noticed only in relation to the two branches of fraud or misrepresentation, and violation or neglect of duty. Allegations under both heads, in themselves inadequate, would assume a more conclusive aspect if the wrongful acts of the directors or officials attacked were complicated with the motive of the receipt of such moneys, or even with the receipt of them. According to the rules of both countries it would seem that such moneys are to be paid back *ante omnia*, leaving thereafter to all parties their remedies. A matter on which English law, however, is conspicuously strong is that of *ultra vires*. It holds it indeed

'no mere canon of English municipal law, but a great and broad principle which must be taken (in the absence of proof to the contrary) as part of any given system of jurisprudence, that the governing body of a corporation which is a trading partnership—that is to say, the ultimate authority within the society itself—cannot, in general, use the funds of the community for any purpose other than those for which they were contributed.'*

And on this principle the law founds a personal liability distinct from any that is based on fraud or misconduct. This was explained and applied in 1870,* but was based upon a previous case in which directors, 'apparently with perfect *bona fides*, but being misled by a false table on which they had calculated their profits,' had made dividends really out of capital. The proper order was held by the Lords Justices to be that they should personally pay back the money they had improperly paid to the shareholders, without prejudice to their recovering it back from the shareholders to whom they had paid it. But this is qualified by the important doctrine that 'shareholders may ratify an act which is *ultra vires*;' † that is probably, as the Scotch law more pedantically but accurately puts it, they may 'homologate' it, or ratify it so far as they are concerned. And it appears settled that 'a shareholder is bound by the acts of the directors if he had the means of knowing that they have acted beyond their authority, and he does not interfere.'

But the chief English authorities during the period we are considering, on the heads of fraud and negligence respectively, are probably the cases connected with the catastrophe of Overend, Gurney & Co., which opened that period. On the former matter, that of fraud and misrepresentation, the question arose, what is the effect of concealment or omission in prospectuses and reports? It was held that mere non-disclosure of material facts (though it may be a ground for setting aside an allotment or purchase of shares) is not in itself a ground for an action on deceit or for proceedings in equity such as those with which in this paper we deal. But though it is not necessarily a ground for the latter, it may

* V.-C. Wickens in *Pickering*, 1872. 14 L. T. Equity, 322.

* By V.-C. James. 22 Law Times (N.S.), 839.

† Phosphate of Lime Co., 25 L. R., 636. Mr. Justice Willes, however, refers in this case, not in a reassuring way, to certain 'sapient persons' in the House of Lords.

become so in special circumstances, and was held to be so in the case in hand. The Lord Chancellor Chelmsford states it thus :—

'It is said that the prospectus was true as far as it goes, but half a truth will sometimes amount to a falsehood ; and I go further, and say that, to my mind, it contains positive misrepresentations. The language of the prospectus must be read in the sense in which the respondents must have known it would be understood.'

And Lord Cairns, following him, puts it with great exactness that to ground an action in the nature of an action for misrepresentation,

'there must, in my opinion, be some active misstatement of fact, or, at all events, such a partial and fragmentary statement of fact, as that the withholding of that which is not stated makes that which is stated absolutely false.'*

On the other side, of neglect of duty, the law of personal responsibility was in the Overend, Gurney & Co. case discriminatingly lenient, as on the side of fraud it was discriminatingly severe. It was held in Chancery, and confirmed by the House of Lords, in 1873, that

'imprudence in the exercise of powers undoubtedly conferred upon directors will not subject them to personal responsibility ; the imprudence must be so great and manifest as to amount to gross negligence.' †

In this case the directors were authorized to purchase a business. It turned out to be ruinous. But 'unless that character was obviously apparent when the purchase was made,' the directors making it were not responsible. And in closing my notice of a subject on which the law of different parts of one country must be substantially one, I find a valuable contribution from the Irish Court of Chancery seven years ago.* It makes important distinctions, and deals especially with the relation of those who are merely negligent, to others who are fraudulent, a case which will be found to be the ordinary one raised. The distinction is between directors who have been *active* in breaches of trust, and others who have been *passive*, and are liable by reason of negligence only. 'Presence without dissent,' it was held, 'at a board meeting where any of the objectionable resolutions were passed is an active participation in such breach of trust.' On the other hand, 'where knowledge of such breach of trust is first actually acquired when it is too late for remedy, though with due diligence and knowledge it might have been acquired sooner, this is only passive participation therein.' But, at the same time, a warning suggestion was thrown out, that if such knowledge is acquired by a director while remedy is still possible, neglect to enforce such remedy may be held to be active participation in what was previously done.

The preceding pages, I believe, include the principles upon which bank directors in any part of the United Kingdom can be held to incur personal responsibility, while they refer specially to the law in Scotland. But they treat of personal responsibility in its wider sense, as exposing to a claim for pecuniary reparation or damages. They make no attempt to discriminate or to deal with that more limited class of cases which infer also a criminal responsibility. No such attempt must be made until the close of a criminal trial for which we in Scotland wait.

* Peek v. Gurney, 6 L. R. (H. L. Cases), 377.

† Overend, Gurney & Co. v. Gibb, 5 L. R. (H. L. Cases), 480.

* V.-C. Chatterton. 19 Weekly Reports, 923.

CANADIAN IDYLLS.*

BY W. KIRBY.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

INTERLUDE FIRST.

'When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On the sunshine holyday.'

— L'ALLEGRO.

UNHASTING and unresting from his height
The sun slid down the slope of afternoon,
An avalanche of glory for an hour.
One fleecy cloud o'erhead that flecked the blue
Lay fringed with silver like an angel's robe
Afloat upon mid-air, too bright for shade;
While in the south the gods of summer showers
Let down their golden ladders and in haste
Watered the mountain edge and plain above
The heights of Queenston, column crowned, where lies
Our country's darling on his bed of fame,
Speaking brave words for ever to our land
As spake his death on that October morn
Made glorious in our annals ever more.†
It thundered once beyond the echoing woods,
Like laughter of the gods who held the shower,
Nor let a raindrop touch the festive grove
Where sped the pastimes of the Queen's birthday.

The roaring of the distant Falls was heard—
Resonant—deep—abysmal—deeper still;
Like throbbings of earth's very heart it came,
The old time monody, old as the world,
The lullaby of man when he was made,
And morning stars together sang for joy!
The shadows in the grove crept eastward now,
Weaving their woof and warp of light and shade
In new and quivering patterns, that defied
All art of schools to match their tapisserie.
Upon the grass a round of dancers wheeled
In graceful measure to the violins,
The flutes and tambourines, that filled the grove
With music such as stirs the blood, and sets
The feet unconsciously to beat the bars.

* [The reader is referred to page 414 of Vol. VI. for the Prelude and the first of these Canadian Idylls.—ED. C. M.]

† General Sir Isaac Brock, Governor of Upper Canada, killed at the Battle of Queenston, 13th October, 1812.

May listened eagerly—while on her cheek
The dimples went and came, quick as her smiles.
True woman she! who gave the sighs where due
The old French thorns—the love that went astray—
Then put the grief aside. Her eyes shone out,
Washed by a tear; the brighter for th' eclipse
Of sorrow, and a love-grief not her own.
She took the proffered hand of one she liked;
With liking almost loving, sooth to say;
A youth who worshipped her—as well she knew,
And pleased to think so—for it seemed her due,
The right divine of woman to be loved,
And be herself heart free, if so she chose—
Mistrusting little how her strength might fail
Just at the moment of its least avail!
As there was one who once did 'wilder him,
Who wrote the tale—loved him perhaps—nay more,
Knelt by his side at the Castalian spring,
And, dipping with both hands the water pure,
Gave him to drink of immortality—
And kissed him into death, of all beside,
To live with him in verse for ever more.

May joined the dancers, while a merry tune,
In triple time of lilting airs they loved,
Greeted her coming—for where all were fair
May was the fairest, with her tossing hair,
And thousand charms in motion everywhere.
Her waving robe revealed two dainty feet
Light as a plover's tripping on the grass,
And scarcely touching it, as she danced through
The joyous set and then renewed it, too!—
Her dimpled smiles and merry glances caught
Reflections of themselves in every face
That turned to her, as she flew gaily past.
And so May danced without a single care,
Until her thought reverted to a scene
Like this, her favourite poet had described,
A happy hour of others' joys, forbid
To him who wrote the story—to relieve
The weary night thoughts, and forget the pain,
The want—the isolation, and the strain
Upon the heartstrings, until one by one
They snapped, and silent lay the broken harp,
But not the music; which had been set free
To float forever in the heart of May,
And those who, like her, loved the poet's lay.
The girl had in her heart of hearts, a fount
Perennial, hid from eye of garish day;
Ideals of love and duty—words of prize
From poets gathered, many, rich and wise—
And most from him whose book she loved the best;
That old unprinted volume, whence she drew
Day dreams of fancy, tender, lovely, pure,
Illumed by hope, and warmed by youthful fire;
And in them lived the life of her desire.

Amid the meadows and beside the brook
The lake's lone shore—or by the winter fire,
She filled the varied scene with forms she loved
Flowers—trees—cascades, rocks, castles in the air;

A Beulah where true love was always sure
Of its fulfilment, for in that bright land
Of her imaginings, all came to pass—
Just as she wished it ; never died a flower—
Nor failed a fountain of its overflow
Nor lost the grass its verdure, and where seed
Life-germinal, first sown in heaven, appears
On earth in new creations—of its kind,
And not another's to the evermore ;
Whence comes the newness and in time, the old.—
In that fair land Love drank its fill secure—
No heart of man or maid was ever sore—
No cross between them ever marred their joy.
But all things right and happily befell,
As she would have it. And with start, half joy ;
Half fear, would sometimes flush to think one day,
Perchance to her might happen in the way
Of others to be wooed by thrilling clasp
Of hands, that catch her haply unawares,
And hold her, not unwilling it might be.
What then? Why all her glorious fancies raised
To topmost height, were feeble to express
The hopes—the joys—the tremulous distress
Of that sweet change from fancy to the real
Which finds in love the crown of its ideal.

The dancing ceased awhile—the dancers walked
By twos and threes beneath the shade, and talked
With zest and relish of the things they knew
Things easy, common, not too high or low—
Familiar as the stools whereon they sat.
None stumble over them—nor fear to trip—
By too much wisdom—so gay talk and song
Succeed the dance amid the joyous crowd.
May, flushed and happy, with disordered hair
She shook into its place—her arm half-bare,
She covered blushingly, rejoined the few
Beside her uncle, who sat book on knee
And bade her choose a tale and read it too.
She said : 'Good uncle ! There is one sweet tale
I love, and fain would read—Not that ! nor that!'
She turned the leaves in haste—'Not that ! just now,
That melancholy tale which tells of one
Poor maid forlorn and crazed, who died for loss
Of her young bridegroom on their wedding morn—
In the wild whirlpool where he ventured in
To rescue drowning men—and was himself
Caught by the swirling eddies ringed with foam,
And borne away in sight of his young bride !

'All the day her cries to heaven rose up in vain,
Heaven gave no sign—albeit the Father's ear
Heard all in pity—ordering for the best
Th' eternal providence of life and death—
Of death, whose gloomy masque conceals the grace
Of God beneath it—hides the beauteous face
Of Life's great angel, sent to all in turn
To summon each of us in name of him
Whom we call Death, but who is Life eterne.
Three days her bridegroom with uplifted arms,
Stark stiff in death, besought her as he whirled

In vast gyrations slowly round and round
The watery circles, each one with a well
That swallowed all things in it—bodies, trees,
Tall masts on end—disgorging them again
In sport of giants—so three days she gazed
Upon her bridegroom in the whirling tides,
Now sinking, now emerging—till she crazed.
And still they say her ghost is seen o' nights,
When winds roar up the gorge, and moonlight falls
With flickering beams amid the shaking pines
That overlook the whirlpool. On the rocks
There, with pale face and claspèd hands, she sits
Peering into the chasm, where he whirls
With arms outstretched—two hapless ghosts forlorn,
Each on the other calling—till the dawn.

'I like not that!' said May—and turned the leaves
Impatiently—'nor this! No! Neither this
Grim story of the rebel's bones! Although
You always laugh to hear it, uncle dear!'
'Why, yes;' he answered, smiling as he spoke—
'It makes one laugh—the story is so odd—
So true, besides! for my own eyes have seen
How an uneasy rebel—killed and laid
In Navy Island could no quiet find
Even in his grave. No rest had Beebe's bones
Oft as men buried them and beat them down,
Earth cast them up again! Year after year
His bleached disjointed frame next morning lay
Upon the grass beside his open grave,
Which seemed not dug, but scratched by demon claws,
As if the great arch rebel Lucifer
Had claimed his own—A weird, uncanny tale!
Beyond the wit of any to explain!*

'The tale of Beebe's bones is all too grim
For you, dear May! although you are, I know,
Courageous as your mother—who, that night
Of battle round the hill of Lundy's Lane,
Passed through our ranks, amid the lines of fire,
And carried water to our thirsty men,
Who drank to victory—and won it then!
Canadian women loyal, tender, true,
In all the charities of life, possessed
A man's heart for their country in those days,
As you have in your bosom now, dear May!'

'Praise not my courage, uncle! lest it fail!'
She laughing said—'I feel it failing now!
My man's heart is a woman's after all!
A tale of peaceful life and happy love—
Or love unhappy, so it end in bliss—
Prefer I to the records of grim war:
Such I will choose, and such will read, if you,
My dear companions, round this witness-stone
Will listen patiently—for it is true

* Beebe, a 'sympathiser,' killed in the bombardment of Navy Island, 1837.
In 1846, nine years after the occurrence, the writer, with a friend still living, visited Navy Island, then densely wooded and uninhabited. Curiosity led us to the south-east corner of the island to see the grave of Beebe. We found it open, and his bones lying beside it on the ground, as described.

As poetry for ever is—more true
Than old dry knowledge without music's beat,
That never tastes the sweetness of th' ideal
Nor shakes the dust of earth from off its feet !
Old Clifford smiled. 'We are alert to hear
Your tale so wisely prefaced, dearest May !
That poet in your heart I think, and you
Who love him, and have caught his spirit too,
Will fail not in the reading—for I know
That when the heart is in it, nothing fails !'
May smiled approvingly, but answered not ;
She turned the faded leaves, and quickly found
The story treasured, and so often read—
Indeed by heart she knew it, and the book,
With his firm writing on it, only gave
Her looks more animation, and her tongue
More emphasis of keenest sympathy
That wound round every fibre of the tale—
She smoothed her ruffled hair, drew in her robe,
And pulled her kerchief tighter round her heart
Unconsciously—to stay its beating—while
She sat upon the stone of witness, and—
With voice clear, soft and flexible—began

THE BELLS OF KIRBY WISKE.

Temp. Geo. IV., 1820.

'The airy tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.'
—Comus.

It was their autumn—fifth amid the woods,
Yet in their primal solitude, remote,
Vast and unbroken, save where came a few
Brave pioneers—the first, to Balsam Lake,
From English villages and breezy wolds,
Led by John Ashby, who in many wars
In every clime, and last in Canada,
Had served the King with honour, and received
These lands in gift, which he as freely gave
To his poor hardy people—their's in fee—
To build, to plant, and make themselves a home—
A home of plenty, peace and sweet content ;
A home of loyal, brave and godly men,
The heirs of English freedom—their's by birth ;
Not free by license of a lawless will,
Or breach of kinship or allegiance due ;
But free by right of commonweal in all
The franchises of her Imperial State ;
Whose public conscience is the law of God,
Source of her power and greatness—that alone
Builds up a State—without it none can stand,
All else is but the house upon the sand,
Foundationless, that in the tempest falls.
The equinoctial gales had ceased among
The balsams, pines and hemlocks, bough to bough,
Locked in a phalanx with a forest grip ;
That linked the hills together in a chain—
The calm of Indian summer had set in—
Mornings of hoar frost—smoky, sleepy noons—

Beheld the sun shorn of his beams. His face
Ruddy with festal joys, as of new wine—
For all things ripened now. The wild grapes hung
In purple clusters. Acorns uncupped fell,
With mast of beech upon the leafy ground—
While far as eye could see, the maples blazed,
Like distant camp-fires in the piny woods,
Breaking the solemn gloom of evergreen
With touch of light and warmth. The glassy lake
Dotted with rocky islets overgrown
With mimic forests—each a fairy land
And empire of itself for Fancy's dreams
Held in its bays—the vast migrating flocks
Of wild geese, swans and mallards, with a clash
Of wings and trumpetings. High up the stream
In solitary pools, the beavers worked
With quiet industry—and one for all
And all for one—improving lessons gave
To selfish man, to teach him how to live!

This afternoon two sisters—lovely both,
Each lovelier than the other—people said,
As rose or lily was preferred—so they—
Unlike in aspect, as a ray of light
Upon a diamond's facets in the sun,
Refracted variously is still the same—
Sat on a fallen tree—one with a book
Upon her lap, one busy with the threads
Of varicloured wool, half work, half play
Conversing, reading, musing, as it chanced.
Their language soft as summer brooks that slide
O'er mossy stones was interrupted oft
With breaks and sweet elisions, that made
Unspoken words more clear than utterance.

Their quiet lives amid the woods to-day,
With some unusual news had been aroused—
Next Sunday was to bring to Balsam Lake,
A Sabbath such as never had been seen
In these new settlements; for word had come
To good John Ashby, and, retold, had passed
From house to house throughout the wilderness—
Leagues inward, where the woodman rested on
His polished axe, or ran the ploughman in
To tell his good wife, overjoyed, the news:
A godly missionary come from home,
Yea—from their very country side—their own
Old pastor, would before next Sunday be
At Balsam Lake, with services that day!
And for the first time in this wilderness,
Set out the holy table of the Lord,
For blest communion of the Sacrament,
In memory of Him who died for all!

For good John Ashby, while he never missed
In rain or shine, or heat or cold, to read
God's word with prayers upon the Sabbath day,
To all his neighbours, who to worship came—
Nor hesitated, in the need there was,
To christen babes, born in their forest homes,
Into God's kingdom, there as everywhere;

And as a magistrate, for good of peace
And people's quiet rule and government,
Commissioned by the broad seal of the king,
Would marry all who came with good intent,
And lawful hands to be in wedlock joined—
Yea—earth to earth and dust to dust—interred
In graves of peace beneath the solemn pines,
Such as fell by the way and died—no shrine
Of holiest repute in Eastern lands,
Glowing in sunshine by the lofty palms
That cut the clear blue sky, was nearer heaven
Than those green graves beside the Balsam Lake,
Yet—moved by scruples—over-nice may be,
As fearing to transcend, what use forbade ;
Not Christ expressly—and as if unsure
Of all, the depth and meaning of this gift
Of love divine left in the Sacrament,
John Ashby ventured not to break the bread,
Or give the testamental cup, in those
Pure elements, that represent the sum
Of all God's grace—past, present, and to come.

'Great is the mystery of godliness !'
Not less than chiefest of Apostles said,
Unfathomable as the reach of space,
Than man's most searching plummet deeper yet,
However deep the eternal mystery,
Upon its waters floats the ark of life—
The Word divine. Amid the winds and wash
Of angry waves, we hear the Saviour's voice,
Say, 'Peace be Still ! O fear not, it is I !'
'Do this in my remembrance !' Blessed words !
Enough to save the world, if but believed.

Eve Ashby held her sister's hands, and sat
With far off-look and parted lips, intent
To catch a haunting sound from memory's depths
That floated up, and in her startled ears
Renewed the music of the by-gone years.
'O, listen Hilda ! Hear you not,' cried she,
With lifted hand that touched her startled ear ;
That old familiar chime float in the air !
The bells of Kirby Wiske are ringing—ringing—
Have in my ears all day been ringing low.
Their triple cadence as on Sunday morns
It came across the meadows, where the thrush
Sang in the hedges and the sky-lark rose
Above us in mid air, as we passed on,
Or stood upon the bridge to watch the fishes
With their own shadows playing in the brook—
Across the corn-fields, where the beaten foot-paths
Cut by the stiles, led to the distant village
Where stands our ancient church, gray with the ages,
That in the nook of its old massive tower,
As loving as a mother holds her children,
Keeps safe the graves of all our kith and kin ;
The solemn bells above them chiming sweetly—
Ever repeating till the judgment day :
"Blest are those servants whom the Lord finds watching
When He shall come !" His servants ! blest are they !'

Eve Ashby, after silence for a moment,
Embraced her sister fondly, and went on,
'"Twas always said, you know, my darling Hilda!
To hear those bells in dreams or fantasy,
Was certain sign that God was calling in
Some weary soul to rest from earthly labour,'
As they to-day are haply calling me!'

A light of joy flashed up, and then she paled
To see her sister tremble, full of anguish,
For Hilda too believed the legend hoar
Told of the bells of Kirby Wiske,—Whoever
Heard them, in dreams or reverie, knew well
That God required the soul for whom they rang.

Eve Ashby, pure of mind as fair of face—
In each you saw the other—long had given
Her soul to God, and loved of all things else
Communion with His spirit by His Word,
Which quickened in her every power beside.
Her father's wisdom, culled in many lands,
In war and peace, converse with men and things
With ripe experience of a varied life,
Was the rich heritage she made her own;
She read her father's books—the choicest lore
Of past and present—loved on them to pore,
Extracting gold whatever in them was.
From his wise conversation learned to sift
Truth's wheat from chaff, and garnered in her mind
A thousand things she loved to hear and know.
She learned how grand was England's heritage
Of minds immortal—from the nation's dawn—
When Caedmon, in his dreams, preluded first
In English tongue, up in the Angle-land—
Our earlier Milton—not unworthy him,
Who after came with thunderous harmonies,
And closed the song which Caedmon first began.
No vain romance sang he, but things divine
Of truth and righteousness, God's Word made plain
To our great, rude forefathers. Such the seed
First sown on English ground. Thank God for that!

Sang none before our Caedmon. After him
Came first a few—then more—then many, as
Unwinds the roll of centuries, until
A mighty host goes forth at last, renowned
As sages, poets, some with laurel crowned,
To all the earth's four corners, high a flood
With English speech and deeds of Englishmen,
And their true lineage here and everywhere,
That, when the world's great Babel crumbles down,
Their's may remain at last the only tongue!

The sun was setting slowly in a blaze
That filled the valley of the Balsam Lake;
Whose undulating shores were melted in
The bright effulgence of the western sky.
The sisters sat———Eve, eldest of the twain,
Bright chestnut-haired, with eyes cerulean blue,
Clear as the sky of Asgard—tall and lithe—
With features sculptured by a master-hand,

Straight as Iduna's, who with apples fed
The Eddic gods of her ancestral race.

She spake to Hilda smilingly, whose eyes
Still wet with tears, tried vainly to respond
To Eve's unwonted ecstasy—to her
The culmination of the dread of years,
To Eve a hope more bright than any fears.
She drew her sister's face to hers, and said:
'My Hilda! There is cause for joy to-day,
Our frequent prayers are answered in these wilds
Of woods, and waters little known to man,
But dear and near as Paradise to God.
On Sunday all our people, far and near,
Will come to meet our Pastor, and receive
From his good hands the supper of the Lord.
Here hungering for the precious bread of heaven,
We long have prayed to see Christ's messenger,
Ordained and sent and clothed for righteousness,
Like to the Saints, in linen fine and white,
Who follow Him, whose name is "Word of God."'
More had she said, but touched by Hilda's tears,
Was silent, and she heard the chime renewed
More near and clear of those forewarning bells,
That never lied to God or man, in all
The centuries they rang for quick and dead,
Up in the hoary tower, whose shadow falls
Of summer mornings on the graves she loved—
Her mother's, flush with fairest flowers of spring,
And many a hillock with its mossy stone,
Of kindred dead, laid with their kindred dust,
With one who might have been more near than all,
Whose grave her feet had left, but not her heart,
For there reposed her life's abiding trust.

That old gray church, built when Plantagenets ruled
Our England with a kingly hand, o'erlooked
The broad, flat meadows and the gentle stream
Not wider than a girl can throw a stone.
Where stood the village butts of olden time,
And sturdy yeomen learned to draw the bow
Of Cressy, Agincourt and Flodden field,
In those brave days when battles had no smoke,
And men their foes encountered eye to eye.
There, Roger Ascham, stout of arm and brain,*
Archer and scholar, learned in every lore,
Taught men to shoot, and think, and speak the truth
With wit and wisdom, as he nobly trained
The regal mind of great Elizabeth.

Or later, by a century and more,
One lived in this old Danelagh by the Wiske,
Who felt, he scarce knew why, the Viking blood
Stir in him, till his learned, laborious hand
Restored to English letters—almost lost,
The heirlooms of our race—the ancient tongue
Of Woden, and the Eddas once our own.
Brave, loyal, godly Hickes, without a See,†

* The learned and famous Roger Ascham was a native of Kirby Wiske. A fine memorial window was, a few years ago, placed in the church to commemorate that distinguished scholar.

† George Hickes, D.D., Dean of Worcester, and suffragan Bishop of Thetford. A distinguished non-juror, deprived for refusing the oath of allegiance to William III. He was born in

A bishop rich in conscience as in lore ;
In spirit poor to God, but not to man,
Remains without a stone or carvèd line
In those old walls he loved, which honouring him
Would have an equal honour done themselves.

And he who these old faded leaves transcribes
Will add what surely had been writ therein
By our dead poet, had he lived to see
That monumental marble raised to one
Of England's dead who fell at Isandule
Far from his happy home and native seat—
*Pulleine, who when the hosts of savage foes
Surrounded him, nor hope of life remained,
Bade two take horse and save the colours, quick !
Who saved the honoured flags, but not their lives !—
While he turned calmly to his men, and spake :
'Men here we stand—and here we fight it out
Unto the end !'—and he and all of them,
True English hearts ! together closed their ranks,
And died upon the field they could not win !
The Christian soldier, on the arid plains
Of Africa, had heard the solemn bells
Of Kirby Wiske ring on that fatal day !

Eve rose in haste, 'Come, Hilda !' cried she, 'come !'
Her voice was clear of flaw as is the note
Of the glad oriole full tuned in spring.
'Come ! sister, come ! We must prepare the things
Are needed for the Sabbath day, and deck
With evergreens our upper room. It will
Be more than filled with people come to see
Their ancient pastor, wearing robe and stole,
Repeat the sacred prayers, and after years
Of spiritual fast, receive from him
The sacrament ordained by our dear Lord.'

Rose Hilda quickly, for like Martha she,
Housewifely to the core, and proud of it to be,
Was cumbered with much serving, more than Eve,
Who sat like Mary at her Saviour's feet,
Pouring on them the ointment of her heart.
Eve chose the one thing needful—that good part,
Which none could take away—the love that lives
For ever happy in the Master's eye,
And does His bidding without asking : Why ?

But ever Eve was conscious of the bells
That rang forewarningly—and she was glad
And whispered under breath, 'His will be done !

the parish of Kirby Wiske, 1642 ; died 1715. His great work on the old Northern languages, entitled '*Thesaurus Grammaticus et Archeologicus linguarum veterum septentrionalium*,' restored to England the knowledge and study of the Danish and Anglo-Saxon foundations of our language.

* At the massacre of Isandula, 22nd of January, 1879, Colonel Pulleine, of the 24th Regiment, being completely enveloped by the main army of the Zulus—with his amunition exhausted and no hope left of saving the lives of himself and his men—bade Lieutenants Melville and Coghill mount and save the colours. These two gallant officers fought their way through. They saved the colours, but both perished in the struggle. Colonel Pulleine then turned to his men with the following speech :—'Men of the 1st 24th ! We are here ! and here we stand to fight it out to the end !' They all fell fighting to the last man. Colonel Pulleine was the eldest son of the late, and brother of the present rector of Kirby Wiske, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

My Lord is calling me to enter in
His kingdom, where my heart has gone before!
Where He awaits me, who that summer eve
When Wiske ran rippling by our lingering feet,
Heaven's countless stars for witness, pledged his love
With this betrothal ring again to come,
At Christmas tide, the gladdest yule to be
For both of us! which came—but never he!
Alas! the day! when Swale in winter flood
From fells and moorlands overflowed his banks,
And buried all the fords in deluge wide.

And he, for love of me, rode rashly in,
To keep his word and set our wedding day.
Ah! me! his lifeless body stark in death,
His lips sealed with a smile as hard as stone,
With open hands that seemed to say, farewell,
Was all they brought me of my Lionel!'

AN ÆSTHETIC PARTY.

BY 'GOWAN LEA,' MONTREAL.

IN the dimly-lighted chamber
Hung with crimson and with gold,
See the radiant maidens sitting,
Dreaming of the days of old.

'Yonder,' says one, glancing upward
To the portraits on the wall,
'Yonder are the grand old masters
Looking down upon us all:

'Michael Angelo and Turner,
Raffaelle and Socrates,
Mozart, Byron—all the poets,—
O that ours were days like these!

'Might we but commune in spirit
With the great heroic band!
Might their lofty genius lift us
Into their ideal land!

'Ah! the tapers flicker dimly,
Light and life burn to decay,
But the world of Art and Beauty
Opens to an endless day.'

THE POWER OF DISALLOWANCE AND ITS NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

BY THE HON. JAMES COCKBURN, Q C., EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA.

WHEN the scheme of Confederation was discussed in the Legislature at Quebec, there was a marked anxiety on the part of the leading politicians to follow all the good features of the federal plan of union adopted by the United States of America, and to avoid all the weak points which that system had disclosed, and which had become, as it were, prominent landmarks for our own guidance. The question of 'Sovereign State Rights' was one which in its applicability to our Provinces had previously caused much anxious consideration at the Quebec Conference, held in October, 1864, and again in the two Houses of the Legislature, when the Address was voted to the Crown, in February, 1865, praying for an Imperial Act to legalize and confirm the new Constitution. All the leading minds of the two great political parties, Liberal and Conservative, were united in the opinion that the supreme power must remain with the Dominion or Federal Government, and that the legislation of the Provinces must be made subject to disallowance by that power. The debates both of the Canadian Legislature and the Imperial Parliament shew that the consideration of this important question in all its various bearings was gravely and thoughtfully entertained, the result being that the clearly expressed desire of the people of the British North American Provinces on this question of sovereign power was embodied in the Act of Union.

By reference thereto, we find that inasmuch as Acts passed by the Parliament of the Dominion might—sec. 56 of the Union Act—be disallowed by the Queen in Council within two years, so Acts passed by the Provincial Legislatures might—sec. 90—be disallowed by the Governor-General in Council within one year. It may be well to give the section of the Statute verbatim as it stands to-day. See section 56, as read in connection with sec. 90 :

> 'When the Lieut.-Governor assents to a Bill in the Governor-General's name, he shall, by the first convenient opportunity, send an authentic copy of the Act to the Secretary of State for Canada, and if the Governor-General in Council, within one year after receipt thereof by the Secretary of State, thinks fit to disallow the Act, such disallowance (with a certificate of the Secretary of State of the day on which the Act was received by him) being signified by the Lieutenant-Governor by speech or message to the Legislature of the Province, or by proclamation, shall annul the Act from and after the day of such signification.'

This, then, is the constitutional authority for the exercise by the Governor-General in Council of the power of disallowance. No one, indeed, can question that the power exists, and no one who is at all acquainted with the history of the Canadian Confederation can for a moment doubt that the power was so conferred in accordance with the earnestly expressed desire of the Canadian people.

The recent disallowance of the Rivers and Streams Bill passed by the Legislature of Ontario has given rise to much acrimonious disputation which

would seem in a measure to challenge the wisdom of this provision of our Great Charter. It is said that the exercise of the power of disallowance would destroy the autonomy of the Provinces, and be wholly at variance with the exclusive power given to them to legislate upon certain classes of subjects set forth in sec. 92, and notably upon 'Property and Civil Rights.' But the answer to this contention is that the autonomy and exclusive power of Legislation conferred on the Provinces was expressly granted *subject to this power* of disallowance reserved to the Central Government; and whilst it is competent for the people of any Province to question the policy of exercising the power in any particular case, it is not competent for any one under the Constitution to question the power itself. That power can be constitutionally exercised at all times by the Governor-General *in Council, i. e.*, with the aid and advice of his Ministers, who are responsible to the people of the Dominion for this as well as for any other Ministerial act. Mr. Blake, while Minister of Justice in 1875, took the true position on this question, when the Colonial Minister claimed that the power of disallowance should be performed by the Governor as an Imperial officer without asking for, or acting on the advice of his Canadian Ministry, Mr. Blake repudiated the pretension successfully, and insisted, as he was entitled to insist under the law, that the disallowance of the Acts of a Provincial Legislature could only be legitimately performed by the Governor-General with the advice of his Canadian Ministers, and that they were responsible for such advice to the people of Canada in the Parliament of the Dominion.

It is not necessary to my purpose to discuss the propriety of disallowing this particular Act:—it may have been, and no doubt was, retrospective in its operation—an objectionable feature, but not fatal to its constitutionality. It may have affected a subject matter which was *pendente lite*; also an objectionable feature, but still leaving it within the power of the Local Legislature, and it may have totally disregarded the principles which customarily govern the laws of property; but the subject matter is included in those enumerated in section 92, and therefore it is competent for the Provincial Legislature to deal with it.

The Bill may be a good Bill and quite within the jurisdiction of the Ontario Legislature, or it may be the reverse, and still be within its jurisdiction. In either view, I wish to draw public attention to the importance of the principle of disallowance in the abstract. The jurisdiction may for the purpose of my remarks be in all cases conceded, for if that is overstepped, the Act, being *ultra vires*, is void, and the Courts when called upon will hold it void, and will practically disallow it. The power given by section 90 to the Governor-General in Council to disallow clearly extends to cases within the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature, otherwise there would have been no need of any limitation, as the Courts of law could have effectually settled all such questions.

The true position, then, is this, that the Governor-General, by the advice of his Ministers, may disallow Acts of the Provincial Legislature which are quite competent for it to pass, as well as those in respect of which it has no jurisdiction.

The policy, then, of the particular measure must necessarily be considered by the Governor-General and his advisers, to whom careful supervision will thus become a necessary duty.

Sir John Macdonald, in 1868, laid down some excellent rules to be followed in the carrying out of this special duty, which have not, however, always sufficed; nor was it to be expected that they should suffice in all cases that might arise thereafter. The disallowance of a Provincial Act should, of

course, depend very much on the merits, or rather demerits, of the particular measure under consideration; but many other matters of public interest may, it is conceived, have also to be considered in connection therewith. That the 'Streams Bill' was objectionable, according to well understood principles of legislation, has been already pointed out, but that such objections should prevail to the extent of disallowance is a question fairly open to discussion. And yet in the controversy over the merits of the Bill and the need of its enactment, we must not lose sight of the far more important constitutional principle which has become indirectly involved, namely, the continuance intact of the power of disallowance which must stand unimpeached under the Constitution.

But in the arguments used in the House of Assembly and in the press, it has been contended that there should be no supervision over the Acts passed by the Provincial Legislatures, that so long as they were legislating within the limitations prescribed in section ninety-two, they should be subject to no veto power. This is, in effect, a demand for a change in the Constitution of an extremely revolutionary character, and, with all deference, it is submitted that it would not be in the true interests of the people of the Dominion, that such unlimited powers of legislation should be conferred on the Provinces. There is no sound reason why the Provincial Government should be made to occupy the anomalous position of Sovereign States, even though they be limited to the subjects mentioned in the ninety-second section. Are there, it may be asked, no dangers touching the public interests of the Dominion at large to be guarded against, no hasty legislation to fear, no possibility of conflict with the laws of other Provinces, or with the laws of the Dominion, and especially where concurrent powers exist with the Dominion Parliament? It should be the paramount duty of Canadian statesmen to assimilate and render uniform, so far as it is possible, the civil laws throughout the Dominion, for nothing can be more hurtful to the interest and prosperity of the people, or more injurious to the progress of the country at large, than that there should be different and perhaps conflicting laws regulating property and civil rights in the different Provinces. How, also, it may be asked, can these or any one of these objects be securely attained without the power of disallowance, and of supervision being placed in the hands of the general government? True, it may be said, that the country, up to the present time, has not suffered from any of these evils, and it is gratifying to know that, with fifteen years' experience of our system of Federal Government, the occasions for the exercise of the power of disallowance have been few and far between.

But it has, in the course of the recent discussions, been contended, by way of refuting the warnings drawn from the Civil War in the United States, that the importance of the Constitutional doctrine as to State Rights has now passed away, and that the danger of any such conflict arising in the Dominion was exaggerated, and obtained an undue importance, in the eyes of those statesmen who planned and framed the various clauses of our Union Act. This is a view which, it is submitted, is entirely incorrect, for, on the contrary, the thinking men of the neighbouring Republic feel keenly to-day the dangers of disintegration which arise from their system of independent State government. A recent paper in the January number of the *Princeton Review*, entitled 'Anti-National Phases of State Government,' puts these dangers before its readers in a very clear and comprehensive manner; the writer says:

'These various State codes, and methods, and systems, that flow through the very arteries of social and independent life are widely diverse, and are often in sharp conflict with each other. This discordance and conflict between the laws and institutions of the differ-

ent States present one of the greatest evils in our Government; the wrongs resulting from it are hostile to the interests and growing national spirit of the people, and they are wrongs without a remedy; there is no organized instrumentality for their correction within the four corners of our system of government. For these reasons the evil has appealed to revolutionary methods for its cure, and the fact suggests grounds of apprehension for the future.'

These dangers do not threaten us, so long as we hold fast to our written Constitution, inasmuch as we have there provided a condition—this power of disallowance—which protects us from similar divergences, discordances, and conflicts. But we must be careful that we do not lightly abandon a wise safeguard, which was adopted to secure the peace and the permanence of the Dominion.

It is submitted that if Canada is to become a powerful nation (always under the British Crown) her people must cling to the great principle of a central supreme power in the government of her vast territories. Her sons cannot recognise the idea of seven different allegiances, where there ought to be but one—to Canada alone. The man who would be loyal only to his own Province takes a narrow, and at the same time erroneous, view of his duty as a citizen of a larger constituency. So circumscribed a field would hardly suit the vaulting ambition of our young race of politicians, nor yet would it harmonize with the patriotic sentiments that have but recently been eloquently expressed on the subject of Canadian loyalty in the pages of this Magazine. Let us then be equal to the occasion, and deal with this and other cognate questions in the larger, manlier, and more national spirit.

INTRUDING THOUGHTS.

BY R. S. A., MONTREAL.

O THOUGHTS! why will you come to me
To call up choking, blinding tears,
To open wounds I thought were healed
By the long lapse of weary years?

Why will ye never cease to come
As guests unwelcome and unbid?
Why bring to light what I had deemed
In dark Oblivion's caverns hid?

Through Mem'ry's corridors ye stride,
And fling wide open every door,
Revealing treasured word or glance
Fast locked away in days of yore.

Did I but know when ye were nigh,
I'd double lock each entrance gate,
But ere I rush to bolt and bar
Ye stand within—It is too late!

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.

BY GEORGE SIMPSON, TORONTO.

THE beginning of the sixteenth century was characterized by the development of mighty forces that had long remained latent. They were not confined to one mode of manifestation. The older forms of civilization, the previously-existing modes of thought, as embodied in religion and civil government, were distinctly face to face with a new order of things. The unending conflict between reaction and advancement came into clearer light. The cause of learning had become obscured by empty mannerism and the inane jargoning of casuists. Barbarism in art, morals, religion, and life had cast a withering blight over society. In that age the pulsations of awakening life were beginning to be felt. The genial influences of a new spring-time became diffused. Earnest minds, feeling the unsatisfactoriness of existing conditions, penetrated beneath the accretions of ages and sought to drink at the primal springs of truth and light. Instead of the dreary and purposeless speculations of the Schools, they sought the revival of learning. The purity of classic culture possessed for them the most fascinating attractions. In Germany and Italy the spirit of modern progress was awakened. In the former land, in accordance with the characteristics of the Teutonic mind, there was deeper earnestness and more steadfastness of purpose. The morning star of this great movement in Germany was John Reuchlin, a native of Pforzheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. With all the aptitude, enthusiasm, and tastes of the scholar, his aspirations were providentially directed. Favourable conditions enabled him to prosecute his studies at the University of Paris His linguistic acquirements would have been remarkable in any age, but at that time they were regarded with the utmost wonder. The troubles of the time and the intolerance of opinion led to his many removals. The rising universities of Tübingen and Wittemberg were thus for a time enabled to secure his services. His growing fame and influence speedily provoked the bitter hostility of the monkish brood. Unable to cope with him in argument or in scholarship, they had recourse to their more genial weapons—virulent abuse, branding him with the name of heretic, and committing his books to the flames. Those most distinguished for sincerity and intelligence espoused the cause of enlightenment, championed as it was by one with lofty aims, remarkable genius, and a blameless life. Thus arose the struggle with the Obscurantists, which has left a lasting monument in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, the authorship of which is still a matter of learned curiosity.

In thorough sympathy with the movement for the revival of learning and church reform, another star of the first magnitude and the clearest lustre arose and shone with steady light for nigh half a century. In that age, with the exception of Martin Luther's, no other name in the republic of letters is more conspicuous than that of Erasmus of Rotterdam.

A man of good family, of the name of Gerhard, living in Gouda, had

formed a deep and passionate attachment for the daughter of a Rotterdam physician. His friends, however, were anxious that he should enter the priesthood, to which he seems to have had an aversion. Gerhard and the youthful Margaret loved well, but not wisely. The former went to Rome, and the latter gave birth to a son, whose name, in keeping with the pedantry of the age, was classicised into Desiderius and Erasmus. He was born at Rotterdam on the 28th October, 1467. Gerhard's relatives had made him believe that in his absence his beloved had died. He then in despair took holy orders. Returning afterwards to Holland, he discovered the deception that had been practised upon him. The parents' purpose henceforth was the careful training of their son, whose love of learning was early displayed, for, while attending the School of Sinthemius, at Daventer, that enthusiastic pedagogue, embracing him, exclaimed that 'that child will attain the highest summits of learning.' The young scholar was early bereft of his parents. Before he had reached his fifteenth year, they both died. His relatives were then anxious to shut him up in monastic seclusion. But this was distasteful to him, though, subsequently, his repugnance to the proposal was partially overcome. In his seventeenth year he became an inmate of the monastery of Emaus, near Gouda. The bishop of Cambray, pitying his case, soon after granted his release. Still his friends did not yet relniquish their desire for his entrance on the service of the Church; they were able to persuade him to become a priest. In order to extend his literary and theological knowledge, he now went to study at the University of Paris. Like many other devotees of learning, while in that centre of intellectual activity, he had to contend with the deepest poverty. But he moved in an ideal world. Beyond the sordid realism of every-day life, he beheld the splendours of that realm of learning where his future princedom lay. As long as he could pick up a precarious pittance by private tuition, so that he could buy a book or an old manuscript, he was content to feast on the plainest fare, and to be indifferent, though his garments were not fashioned after the latest models. Young Erasmus, for about five years, lived a life of intellectual toil in Paris. Among his pupils were certain well-to-do English youths whom, in the capacity of tutor, he accompanied to their own country. The continental scholar met with a most encouraging reception in England, royalty itself favouring him. His first visit to England, however, was a short one, he having soon returned to Paris, whence he set forth on a prolonged journey to Italy, with a view to extend his knowledge, and to reap the benefits which travel and converse with the leading scholars of the age were fitted to impart. Ecclesiastical life had no charm for him; he preferred being a citizen of the world to remaining a member of a sacred guild. An application to Pope Julius II. procured him release from the obligation of his priestly vows. In his Italian journey he was accompanied by a natural son of James IV. of Scotland, who, with his father, subsequently perished on the fatal field of Flodden. The wandering scholar, wherever he went, was received with the most flattering distinctions. The universities of Venice, Parma, and Rome, vied with each other in offering him inducements to take up his abode at these respective seats of learning. Flattering offers of preferment were held out to him by the chief dignitaries of the Papal Court. Cardinal Grimani, Pope Julius, and Giovanni de Medicis, his destined successor as Leo X., were lavish in their attentions. At a time of life when brilliant expectations were in the ascendant, Erasmus did not seem to experience much difficulty in deciding to decline these advantageous overtures, though

at a later period he gave expression to his regret that he had suffered such golden opportunities to elude his grasp. Before leaving England he had promised his friends there that he would return. The succession to the throne of Henry VIII. seemed to him an auspicious time for the fulfilment of that promise. Through life Erasmus was distinguished by the most persevering and painstaking industry and application. He did not suffer the long and tedious methods of travelling in those days to interrupt his studies. It is said that, on his journey from Rome to England, in 1509, he composed the greater part of the work on which his literary fame rests, 'The Praise of Folly.' On his return to England the same enthusiastic reception he had previously had, awaited him. Sir Thomas More gladly received him as his guest. While residing under the roof of the English Lord Chancellor, Erasmus published the *Encomium Moriæ*, in the title of which some of his critics imagine they perceive a compliment to the name of his illustrious host. Still, after the novelty of his visit had passed away, Erasmus did not find himself freed from pecuniary care. He had to subsist. For a time he filled the Greek chair in the University of Oxford, but the income from this source was so meagre that after a short incumbency he threw it up in disgust. He again returned to the continent, and after various wanderings, took up his abode at Bâle, in Switzerland, at that time a centre of intellectual light and activity. There Frobenius, the printer, had set up his establishment, in association with whom he found a congenial and helpful friend. It was here that the last years of his life were spent in learned research and diligent labour.

Constitutionally inclined to peaceful pursuits, and keenly relishing the quiet efforts of literary toil, Erasmus would have shrank from the eager controversies which raged with virulent intensity during the Reformation period. Though conscious that by disposition he was unfitted for becoming a hero in the strife, he was often reluctantly drawn into the polemics of the time. The leaders of the Reformation and the Papal authorities were alike anxious to enlist him under their respective banners. With more or less success, however, he inclined to a middle course, one at all times of considerable difficulty, but peculiarly hazardous when opposing parties are engaged in the struggle for very existence. His life-work was incomparably more favourable to the cause of the Reformers than any direct services undertaken on behalf of the Papacy ever benefited that system. His bold alliance with the friends of the Renaissance, his unsparing exposures of the corruptions of priests and monks, his publication of the revised text of the Greek New Testament, gave a powerful impetus to the cause of the Reformation. There is considerable truth in the contemporary saying : 'Erasmus laid the egg that Luther hatched.' Yet he never withdrew his allegiance to Rome. When Luther was in the thick of the fight with Papal, Imperial and Regal foes, Erasmus suffered himself to be inspired by the Vatican to enter the lists against his former friend. His famous *De Libero Arbitrio* was the result of papal persuasion. At the time of its publication he occupied the highest eminence in the world of letters. He wielded an almost undisputed supremacy, being the arbiter to whom the scholars of the day deferentially appealed. Yet the contest with Luther was not lightly undertaken. He was more concerned about the opinions of the leader of the Reformation than he was about those of all other critics beside. When Luther's rejoinder, *De Servo Arbitrio*, made its appearance, though decried on account of the bitterness of its tone and its stinging home-thrusts, the recluse of Bâle, contemporaries inform us, winced under the castigation he had needlessly provoked. That con-

troversy, over and done with long ago, was mainly concerned with the interminable dispute in which sages, and others not so sage, have—

> 'Reason'd high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate ;
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ;
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.'

It has long been the fashion to give the laurel of victory to Erasmus in this contention. Let it, however, be remembered that the contestants approached the subject from somewhat different standpoints. Erasmus treats the freedom of the will more in the light of a philosophical speculation ; Luther discusses it as a practical theological question. It is significant to observe that German philosophical divines are now inclining favourably to Luther's views, as the best approximation to a partial solution of a probably insoluble difficulty.

No sooner had the illustrious scholar come forth from the contest with the no less distinguished Reformer than he had to confront more virulent, though far more dangerous, assailants. Because Erasmus identified himself with the scholarship of the age the monks regarded him with implacable hatred. They eagerly awaited the opportunity to show their feeling, which during the captivity of Francis I., after the disaster of Pavia, they thought had arrived. The nascent reform in Paris had been well nigh crushed out. The spirit of persecution had gained the ascendancy. Lecouturier, a Carthusian, commenced a furious onslaught on Erasmus, which was participated in by the more influential, though not less bigoted, Beda. So vigorous was the attack, and so speedily did his enemies avail themselves of the opportunity to strike, that the danger to Erasmus was imminent and menacing. He set himself with all his accustomed energy and concentration to avert it. He addressed earnest remonstrances to the ablest men of the Sorbonne, to the captive Francis I., and to Charles V. By the interposition of these powerful friends the storm was allayed and the scholar was permitted to return to his peaceful pursuits.

On the other hand the progress of the Reformation again temporarily disturbed the repose of Erasmus. He now feared the opponents of Rome. The intrepid Farel, and the milder Œcolampadius, had been steadily proclaiming the doctrines of Evangelical Christianity in Bâle. Between these leaders of Church reform and the prince of scholars there was no bond of sympathy ; on the contrary, there was unhappily mutual distrust. Towards the close of 1528, a strong popular movement secured the overthrow of Roman Catholicism in Bâle, and the result sadly discomposed Erasmus. He resolved to quit the city, and for a time made his residence in Friburg. When popular feeling in Bâle partly subsided, the exiled scholar returned to his wonted occupations and to his former friendships. Thereafter the years glided more peacefully away, but the harassing labours and the conflicts of those stirring days had told on a frame never robust. Great as were the eminence and the influence to which he had attained, his later years were clouded with unavailing regrets and querulous complainings. He grew aged before his time. His enfeebled health became increasingly burdensome to him. The genial summer with its perennial beauty returned, but it did not bring healing to Erasmus. Surrounded by his friends and solaced by their devoted care, he passed away on the 12th July, 1536, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. In those days of strong partizanship it was customary to represent the deathbed scenes of the distinguished in the most contradictory manner, but it is tolerably certain that though Erasmus did not repudiate the Church of Rome, he entirely disowned its gross abuses and superstitions, and died in the hope of a glorious hereafter.

History reveals to us the passions and conflicts of that eventful age, but

the same influences that wrought with such intensity then, are, under various modifications, still operating in the affairs of to-day. It is not without interest, therefore, to take an occasional glimpse of the past, and to endeavour to form some correct estimate of those who played an important part in the struggle for the achievement of modern intellectual and spiritual freedom. Erasmus occupied not only one of the most prominent positions of the time, but in his own special sphere contributed largely to the advance of modern enlightenment. The cause of civil and religious liberty owes him a deep debt of gratitude. His name will not soon be forgotten.

The collected edition of the writings of Erasmus, published at Leyden, in 1606, comprises ten volumes. While his letters are highly prized by scholars, the works most generally known are his edition of the Greek Testament, 'The Praise of Folly,' and the *Colloquia,* which last, from the elegance of its Latinity, the pungency of its satire, and its merciless exposure of ecclesiastical abuses and priest life, is generally regarded as his masterpiece. It was condemned by the Sorbonne, prohibited in France, and publicly burned in Spain.

Erasmus possessed many admirable personal qualities. One of these was the generous encouragement he was so ready to extend to impecunious but promising scholars. He never forgot his own early struggles in life. Yet there is one exceptional instance, noted chiefly because of the illustrious man who made an appeal to his generosity in vain. One of the most unselfish heroes of that age was the brilliant but unfortunate Ulrich Von Hütten. Worn, wasted and dispirited, he came to Bâle seeking shelter, which the distinguished scholar denied him. The chivalrous knight keenly felt the rebuff, and resented it with a stinging bitterness, natural under the circumstances. But Erasmus did not pretend to be a hero. His was not the composition of which martyrs were made. The contrast between him and Luther in this respect was great. It finds fitting illustration in two characteristic scenes. Erasmus, in an interview with Frederick, Elector of Saxony, was asked his opinion of the Monk of Wittemberg. With a pawkiness worthy of a Scotchman, after some fencing, he said, 'Luther has committed two grievous sins: he has attacked the Pope's crown and the monks' bellies;' Luther confronting alone the assembled powers of the empire and the papacy at the Diet of Worms, spoke these unforgetable words! 'Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise.'

In the portrait gallery of the past the calm earnest face, the searching, lambent eyes, the mouth, around which the light of a playful satire lingers, of Erasmus of Rotterdam, will be looked at, not unlovingly, by generations of scholars yet to come.

CONFESSIONS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

IX.

FOR I had looked and lost or found my soul
But one rare moment when, from out a heap
Of indolent embers, sprang with many a leap
Fantastic, all uncertain of its goal,

A gleaming beam of firelight. On it stole,
Stirring the darkening room from gloaming sleep,
Kindling the violet cold and crimson deep
Of curtains, touching last the clear blue bowl
Of yellow roses—Ah! too restless ray,
The nearer, dearer beauty of his gift,
Through thee to my fond heart does so belie
The outer golden glory of the sky,
I look no more without nor choose to lift
My soul up to the brightness of the day!

X.

I sometimes think that if they said to me
'Child, are you blind? This man (be sure we mean
The one you care for) loves you! This we glean
From watching of his eyes that wearily
So long watch yours, *too full*, he thinks, *of glee
For loved and loving eyes*, and we have seen
His hand stray close to yours when you have been
Together with a book, why, all can see
He loves you, are your senses holden quite?'—
I straight would wildly break from them and go
Where I could weep and wring my hands and pray
To prove them wrong. For in the noble fray
Of this compelling age, do I not know
You need a wiser comrade for the fight?

XI.

A wiser comrade? Yes, I meant it then,
But now my mood (a woman's) knows a change.
O if you loved me, would I dare exchange
What you had dared to find so precious when
You chose me for the mind that other men
Perhaps might look for? O 'tis sad, 'tis strange
That woman's wisdom is of lower range
Than that of her companion! Hold your pen
Like Dora! (poor, pathetic little thing,
With yet her share of wisdom) well, I can,
Be sure, do more than that, and if some day
You care for me, I think that on your way
My smaller life may cheer you. Though a man
O listen to the songs my soul will sing!

XII.

My soul will sing of home and happy fires
And harvests gathered. Yet my woman's heart
Bears witness how, in all my woman's part
Of keys and bells, and maids and meek desires
About the house, my nature still requires
Some larger interests of Life and Art,

Some sweet excited share in the gay mart
Of your man's world! When, therefore, your soul tires
Of other women, as I know it must—
For love like mine must make you mine, if power
There be in loving, you will turn and give
Your hands to me and I will gently shrive
Your weary soul, Belovèd, in its hour
Of need—O give me soon this sacred trust!

FINIS.

THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN BOUNDARIES AWARDED TO ONTARIO.

BY PARLIAMENTUM.

OVER two hundred years ago the ministers of the Sovereigns of England and France commenced a controversy respecting the boundaries of the territories which are to-day the inheritance of the people of Ontario. From the time of the desertion to the English of the two French Canadian *coureurs de bois*, Pierre Esprit Radisson and Medart Chouard Des Groseilliers, in 1667—which led to the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670(*a*)—there was a 'disputed territory' about the shores of Hudson's Bay and to the westward—a troubled arena of piratical raids, of capture and recapture by the adventurous soldiers or subjects of the respective sovereigns; a chronic subject of diplomatic dispute, negotiation and treaty—until the conquest of Canada, in 1760, and the Treaty of Paris, of 1763, closed the controversy, and ceded to the British crown, in full right, 'Canada with all its dependencies, and the sovereignty and property, possession, and right, acquired by Treaty or otherwise,' and fixed the limits between the British and French territories in North America, 'by a line drawn along the middle of the river Mississippi from its source'(*a*).

The Crown of England having succeeded to the sovereignty and territorial rights of the displaced French power, established Provincial governments which, by the territorial descriptions in acts of state, became the heirs of the French proprietary rights, as against the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company; and to-day the controversialists on the disputed boundaries of Ontario have to go back to the time of the French *régime* to ascertain the territorial limits of the French and English crowns in Canada, so as to decide whether Ontario as heir to the western portion of Canada or *Nouvelle France*; or the Dominion,

(*a*) Ontario Boundary Documents, pp. 109, 112, 250, 280, 356.

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 18.

as purchasers from the Hudson's Bay Company, is entitled to the 62,000,000 acres of land, forest, and mine, awarded to Ontario in 1878, over and above the territory admittedly hers.

This heirship of Ontario was first claimed by what is now Ontario and Quebec in 1857; and by what is now Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in 1869. In 1857, the late Province of Canada claimed heirship to the French possessions in Canada, and asserted that on the west her territorial domain and civil government extended to 'the White Earth River, the first waters of the Mississippi,' or to 'the summit of the Rocky Mountains; and that on the north she was 'bounded by a few isolated posts on the shore of Hudson's Bay.'(*a*)

In 1869, the Dominion of Canada claimed that her own and Ontario's boundaries were those of old French Canada, and that on the west they extended to 'the country between the Lake of the Woods and Red River,' and 'the whole of the country known as Winnepeg basin and the Fertile Belt,' and on the north to 'the whole region of Hudson's Bay'(*b*). And now Ontario, as heir of the old Provinces of Quebec, and of Upper Canada, claims the title and territorial rights which the French had west of the now Province of Quebec, and westward and southward of the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, 'to the utmost extent of the country commonly called or known by the name of Canada'(*c*), and which, as the Law Officers of the Crown stated in 1857, 'could have been rightfully claimed by the French, as falling within the boundaries of Canada or *Nouvelle France*'(*d*).

(*a*) Report of Commissioner of Crown Lands, No. 17 B. 1857; Boundary Documents, p. 260.

(*b*) Sess. Papers, Canada, 1869, No. 25. Boundary Documents, p. 335.

(*c*) Proclamation of 1791; Boundary Documents, pp. 388. 390, 411.

(*d*) Opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, 1857. Boundary Documents, pp. 202, 330.

Long prior to the cession of Canada, both crowns exercised rights of sovereignty by granting the northern territory about Hudson's Bay to their respective subjects. On the 29th April, 1629, the French king, Louis XIII, granted to the *Compagnie de la Nouvelle France* (*a*), 'the fort and territory of Quebec with all the said country of New France, called Canada, as far along the coast as Florida, which the royal predecessors of His Majesty had caused to be inhabited, and close along the shores of the sea as far as the Arctic circle in latitude; and in longitude from the island of Newfoundland, starting west as far as the great lake called *Mer Douce* (Huron), and beyond and within the lands and along the rivers which flow through it and discharge into the river called St. Lawrence, or the Grand River of Canada, and along all the other rivers which flow to the sea, and all lands, ores, mines, posts, and harbours, streams, rivers, ponds, islands, islets, and generally all the territory, so much and so far as they are able to spread and make known the name of His Majesty'(*b*).

On the 2nd May, 1670, Charles II. of England granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, 'the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the straits, commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds aforesaid, that are not already possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state;' and by the same charter constituted the Com-

(*a*) This Company was succeeded by others up to 1763, the last of which was '*La Compagnie des Indes*,' referred to in the 25th article of the Capitulation of Canada, 1760. See Boundary Documents, p. 135, note †

(*b*) Edits, Ordonnances Royaux du Canada, pp. 1, 7. Boundary Documents, p. 111.

pany 'the true and absolute lords and proprietors of the same territory, limits, and places aforesaid'(*a*).

Both grants overlapped, and both were indefinite as to boundaries.

The treaties, under which Canadian territory was granted to or ceded by the respective sovereigns of England and France, diplomatically declared that there should be 'a Christian, true, sincere and perpetual peace, and friendship between His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty, as well as by sea and land in North America,'—a harmless piece of political rhetoric, disregarded, if not forgotten, as soon as the ink of the signatures was dry;—for the subjects of both crowns during times of peace, captured and recaptured the forts at Hudson's Bay. Three of the treaties provided for the settlement of the territorial limits of the respective sovereigns in North America by commissioners. The provisional treaty, of 1687, provided that commissioners on behalf of France and England, should 'fix the bounds and limits of the colonies, isles, islands and countries, under the dominion of the two kings in America' (*b*). The Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, provided that 'commissioners should be appointed on both sides, to examine and determine the rights and pretensions which either of the said kings hath to places situated in Hudson's Bay' (*c*). By the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, it was 'agreed on both sides to determine within a year by commissioners, to be forthwith named by each party, the limits which are to be fixed between the said Bay of Hudson, and the places appertaining to the French; which limits both the British and French subjects shall be wholly forbid to pass over, or thereby to go to each other by sea or by land' (*d*). Boundary Commissioners were appointed by the respective sovereigns; but they accomplished nothing. Each side accused the other of endeavouring to avoid the settlement of the 'boundary question.' In 1720, the English alleged that the French 'knew we came prepared to reject all their demands, and to make very considerable ones for ourselves' (*a*); the French contended that the pretension of the Hudson's Bay Company to all the territory which belonged to France by the Treaty of Breda, between the sixtieth and forty-ninth degrees of latitude, was 'a novelty of which no mention was made in the articles of the Treaty of Peace of Utrecht' (*b*).

'History repeats itself,' and recent events seem to indicate that the policy of the English commissioners of 1720 now infects the rulers of the Dominion; and that the grasping propensities of the Hudson's Bay Company have come, with the purchase of their rights, to the same authorities.

Urgent diplomatic words for an early settlement of the 'disputed boundaries,' were spelled out in all the treaties. The Hudson's Bay Company also were repeatedly urgent that their limits should be settled 'without delay' (*c*). Urgent diplomatic words for an early settlement of the "disputed boundaries" of Ontario are also set forth by the Dominion Order in Council, dated 28th November, 1871: that the fixing of the boundary line 'should be as far as possible *expedited;*' and again in another Order in Council, dated 9th April, 1872: that 'both Governments would feel it their duty to settle *without delay* upon some proper mode of determining in an authoritative manner the true position of the boundary' (*d*).

The Treaties between the crowns of

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 33.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 15.

(*c*) Boundary Documents, p. 15.

(*d*) Boundary Documents, p. 16. In the 'General Plan of Peace,' it was proposed that the commissioners were to ascertain 'the boundaries of Canada or New France on one side, and of Acadia, and of the land of Hudson's Bay on the other.' *Ibid.* p. 145.

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 367.

(*b*) Ibid, p. 369.

(*c*) Ibid, p. 359.

(*d*) Ibid, p. 342.

England and France provided that the question of the disputed boundaries should be settled by commissioners, or in other words by arbitrators; and in accordance with such precedents and the practice of modern diplomacy, the political sovereignties of Canada and Ontario, in 1874 and 1878, agreed by Orders in Council, to which each pledged the good faith and honour of the Crown to refer to arbitration the controversy, which, among all civilized nations, is essentially one of public and diplomatic law: the controversy as to the territorial boundaries of their respective political sovereignties. Both appointed arbitrators, and both pledged the good faith and honour of the Crown, that the determination of the arbitrators should 'be final and conclusive upon the limits to be taken as and for each boundary respectively' (*a*). But to-day, through the arbitrators on the 3rd of August, 1878, adjudicated upon the controversy referred to them and made their final award, the sovereign power of Canada says, that the faith of the Crown shall not be made good to the sovereign power of Ontario, and contends that the final award is waste paper.

The Ontario Order in Council of 1874, proposed, 'that the question concerning the Northern and Western boundaries of the Province of Ontario should be determined by a reference to arbitrators to be mutually agreed upon, and whose standing and ability might readily be expected to secure for their decision the confidence alike of the people of Ontario and the people of the Dominion.' The Dominion Order in Council of 1874 concurred 'in the proposition of the Government of Ontario to determine, by means of reference, the Northern and Western boundaries of that Province relatively to the rest of the Dominion.' The Orders in Council of both Governments of 1878 affirmed the same, and finally named as arbitrators Chief Justice Harrison on behalf of Ontario, Sir Francis Hincks on behalf of the Dominion, and Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington, 'on behalf of the Governments of the Dominion and Ontario.'

(*a*) Ontario Sessional Papers, 1879, No. 42.

The tribunal of Arbitration met at Ottawa on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd August, 1878; and after the argument of counsel (*a*), made and published their award as follows:

'The undersigned, having been appointed by the Governments of Canada and Ontario as Arbitrators to determine the Northerly and Westerly boundaries of the Province of Ontario, do hereby determine and decide that the following are, and shall be, such boundaries, that is to say:—commencing at a point in the southern shore of Hudson's Bay, commonly called James' Bay, where a line produced due north from the head of Lake Temiscaming would strike the said south shore, thence along the said south shore westerly to the mouth of the Albany River, thence up the middle of said Albany River and of the lakes thereon to the source of the said river at the head of Lake St. Joseph, thence by the nearest line to the easterly end of Lac Seul, being the head waters of the English River, thence westerly through the middle of Lac Seul and the said English River to a point where the same will be intersected by a true meridional line drawn northerly from the international monument placed to mark the most northwesterly angle of the Lake of the Woods by the recent boundary Commission, and thence due south, following the said meridional line to the said international monument, thence southerly and easterly following upon the international boundary line between the British possessions and the United

(*a*). The counsel for Ontario were, the Hon. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., M.P.P., Attorney-General of Ontario, and Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., M.P.P., for West Elgin; and for the Dominion, Mr. Hugh MacMahon, Q.C., of London, Ontario, and Mr. E. C. Monk, of Montreal, Quebec.

States of America into Lake Superior.

'But if a true meridional line drawn northerly from the said international boundary at the said most north-westerly angle of the Lake of the Woods shall be found to pass to the west of where the English River empties into the Winnipeg River, then and in such case the northerly boundary of Ontario shall continue down the middle of the said English River to where the same empties into the the Winnipeg River, and shall continue thence in a line drawn due west from the confluence of the said English River with the said Winnipeg River until the same will intersect the meridian above described, and thence due south, following the said meridional line to the said international monument, thence southerly and easterly following upon the international boundary line between the British possessions and the United States of America, into Lake Superior.

'Given under our hands at Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, this third day of August, 1878.

(Sd.) Robt. A. Harrison,
" Edward Thornton,
" F. Hincks.'

It is a chronic practice on the part of defeated litigants to complain that the Court was not a learned one; that it did not give due consideration to the leading facts on their side, or that its decision was a compromise. The Dominion rulers in their despatch of the 27th January, 1882, say that the proposal of 1874 'that the dispute should be referred to arbitration *does not seem* to have been treated by either government as a mode of seeking an *authoritative decision* upon the question involved as a matter of law, but rather as a means of establishing a conventional line without first ascertaining the true boundary. *In corroboration of this view* it is to be noted that of the three gentlemen who made the award, *two were laymen and only one of the profession of the law.*'

Argument or evidence in support of this pretence there is none. Tersely put it reads: 'It does not seem that either government sought an authoritative decision on the boundary question as a matter of law, because two of the arbitrators were laymen, and only one a lawyer.' Two statements answer this pretence: (1) The settlement of undefined national boundaries involves the consideration of mixed questions of fact, and of international and municipal law, and was referred to an appropriate tribunal composed of an Ontario judge, a British diplomatist, and an ex-Minister of the Dominion; (2) The clear, precise, and formal words of the Orders in Council of 1874 and 1878 show that each government referred to the Arbitrators the determination of 'the northern and western boundaries of Ontario relatively to the rest of the Dominion'(*a*).

No charge is made against the Arbitrators of their being parties to this supposititious theory; yet it is their adjudication and their award that is covertly impeached.

The latest writer on International Law says: 'An arbitral decision may be disregarded in the following cases: —when the tribunal has clearly exceeded the powers given to it by the instrument of submission; when it is guilty of an open denial of justice; when its award is proved to have been obtained by fraud, or corruption, and when the terms of the award are equivocal' (*b*).

The award cannot be impeached on any of these grounds.'

The Dominion asks Ontario to re-litigate the boundary dispute before one English lawyer, or before three or four English lawyers in London, or before six Canadian lawyers at Ottawa. What is this but a re-arbitration? And as no new evidence has been discovered or proposed, it means a re-arbitration

(*a*) Ontario Sessional Papers, No. 42, 1879.

(*b*) Hall's International Law, p. 307.

on the evidence which was before the arbitrating tribunal of 1878.

The reference to any one of the tribunals now proposed by the Dominion rulers would pledge the good faith and honour of the Crown as fully as the same were pledged in 1874 and 1878. And if the former pledges of the good faith and honour of the Crown are to be violated in 1882, what security has Ontario that the present or future rulers of the Dominion may, as against any future award, violate the Crown's pledge to the people of Ontario?

When a similar reference to the Privy Council was proposed in 1857, Sir R. Bethell, Attorney-General, and Sir H. S. Keating, Solicitor-General, advised the Crown that such a reference would be 'a quasi-judicial inquiry,' (*i.e.*, an arbitration), and that the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council '*would not have any effect as a binding judicial determination*' until confirmed by a 'declaratory Act of Parliament.' (*a*)

Ontario has by various statutes confirmed the award of 1878; and has established civil courts within the awarded territory. After these acts of sovereign legislation which have been 'assented to on the part of the Crown, and to which the Crown therefore is a party,' (*b*) to recede now would be an admission by Ontario of a wasteful exercise of legislative authority, and a renunciation of sovereignty over the territory which is hers by virtue of the award, and the Crown's prerogative.

It is said that the award establishes a 'conventional line.' The term 'conventional' applied to a boundary line ordinarily means a boundary according to a treaty. Such was the boundary the arbitrators had to determine. By the treaties between the English and French, it had been agreed that commissioners or arbitrators should determine the 'boundaries between the Bay of Hudson and the places appertaining to the French'—*i. e.*, Canada; and the Crown, by giving to Upper Canada all the western country 'to the utmost extent of the country called or known by the name of *Canada*,' revived the boundary dispute between the French and the Hudson's Bay Company. The arbitrators were, therefore, in the position of the former French and English Commissioners, and had to decide what were the conventional or treaty boundaries between the old French and English possessions about Hudson's Bay and the west. And their award, without the partizanship of national influences, determines what were the boundaries intended by the former treaties and conventions, and therefore what are the 'legal boundaries' of Ontario.

Bearing in mind that the award finds Hudson's Bay and the Albany River the northern, and the Lake of the Woods the western, boundary of Ontario, the leading facts affecting the question of the boundaries may be stated as follows:

Prior to the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, the French claimed the territory about Hudson's Bay, called by them *La Baye du Nord du Canada*. Louis XIV., in a letter to M. de la Barre, Governor of Canada, dated Fontainebleau, 5th August, 1683, said: 'I recommend you to prevent the English, as much as possible, from establishing themselves in Hudson's Bay, possession whereof was taken in my name several years ago; and as Col. D'Unguent (Dongan), appointed Governor of New York by the King of England has had precise orders on the part of the said king to maintain good correspondence with us, and carefully avoid whatever may interrupt it, I doubt not the difficulties you have experienced on the side of the English will cease for the future.' (*a*) The

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 202.

(*b*) Lord Chancellor Cairns on provincial legislation in *Théberge* v. *Landry*, L. R. 2 App. Cas. 102, 108.

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 106.

French King at this time claimed that prior to the Company's charter these territories were his, *i.e.*, 'possessed by another Christian Prince or State,' and were not therefore within the power of the English Crown to grant to the Hudson's Bay Company.

There are statements and counter-statements of the early explorations of the French about Hudson's Bay: that of Jean Bourdon, Attorney-General of Quebec, in 1656; of Père Dablon and Sieur de Vallière, in 1661; of Sieur de la Couture, Sieur Duquet, King's Attorney for Quebec, and Jean L'Anglois, in 1663; (*a*) but the fact, or the extent, of their explorations has been questioned. (*b*)

But no doubt exists as to the fact of the surrender by the Indians to the French, at Sault Ste. Marie, in 1671, of the territory occupied by seventeen Indian nations, 'including all those of the Ottawas and of the entire of Lake Huron, those of Lake Superior, of the whole northern country, and of Hudson's Bay, of the Baie des Puans (Green Bay), and of the Lake of the Illinois' (Lake Michigan); (*c*) nor as to the fact of a similar surrender to the French at Lake Nemiskau, in 1672, of the Indian territory on the east side of Hudson's Bay. (*d*) Neither the Crown of England nor the Hudson's Bay Company ever acquired the Indian title in those territories.

The Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, recognised the French title to nearly the whole of Hudson's Bay. It provided that 'commissioners should be appointed on both sides to examine and determine the rights and pretensions which either of the said kings had to the places situated in Hudson's Bay; but the possession of those places which were taken by the French during the peace which preceded the present war, and were retaken by the English during this war, should be left to the French.' (*a*) This gave the French king *all* the forts at Hudson's Bay except York Fort (Bourbon), at the mouth of the York or Nelson River; but this fort was taken by the French the same year; while Albany Fort, which should have been given to France under the Treaty, was retained by the English. (*b*) The Hudson's Bay Company complained that 'their interest was not comprehended in the Treaty of Ryswick,' and that by this surrender 'they found their condition much worse than it was before,' and that they were 'the only mourners by the peace.' In 1700, they proposed to the English Government to ignore the treaty, and to ask that 'the boundaries between the French and them should be Albany River on the west, and Rupert's River on the east, or 53° North latitude. (*c*) In 1701, they again sought to evade the Treaty as to the French forts north of the Albany River, and submitted the following proposals of limits between them and the French at Hudson's Bay:

'1. That the French be limited not to trade by wood-runners or otherwise, nor build any house, factory, or fort to the northward of Albany River, vulgarly called Checheawan, in the west main or coast.

'2. That the French be likewise limited not to trade by wood-runners or otherwise, nor build any house, factory, or fort to the northward of Hudson's River, vulgarly Canute River, in the east main or coast.

'3. On the contrary, the English, upon such an agreement, do engage not to trade by wood-runners, nor build any house, factory, or fort to the southward of Albany River, vul-

(*a*) Boundary Documents, pp. 109, 111, 250.

(*b*) Mr. Ramsay's Report, pp. 9, 24.

(*c*) Boundary Documents, pp. 61, 112.

(*d*) *Ibid.*, p. 104.

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 15.

(*b*) The Forts at Hudson's Bay to which the French became entitled under this Treaty were: Fort Rupert, at Rupert River; Monsippi, or Moose Fort, at Moose River; Albany, at Albany River (retained by the English); Severn, at Severn River; Churchill, at Buttons Bay. See Mr. Mill's Report, p. 145.

(*c*) Boundary Documents, p. 123.

garly called Checheawan, in the west coast, on any ground belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company.

'4. As also, the English be likewise limited not to trade by wood-runners or otherwise, nor build any house, factory, or fort to the southward of Hudson's River, vulgarly called Canute River, on the east coast, in any ground belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company.

'5. That all the islands in the said Bay and Streights of Hudson, lying to the northward of Albany River, on the west coast, and of Hudson's River, vulgarly called Canute River, on the east coast, shall be and remain to the English.

'6. Likewise that the islands on the said Bay of Hudson, lying to the southward of Albany River, in the west coast, and of Hudson's River, vulgarly called Canute River, on the east coast, shall be and remain to the French '(*a*).

The Company added a 'without prejudice' clause, that 'should the French refuse the limits now proposed, the Company think themselves not bound by this or any former concessions of the like nature.' Whatever may have been the rights of the Company before the Treaty of 1697, their claim to the whole of Hudson's Bay after that treaty, and after the French had, or were legally and by treaty entitled to, the possession of all the forts formerly held by the English on the shores of the Bay, was a most untenable one.

In 1712—the French being still in possession of the forts at Hudson's Bay, the Company advanced their pretensions southward, and proposed that the boundary should be through Lake Miskosinke or Mistoveny in 51½° north latitude, and that the French should surrender York Fort (Fort Bourbon), 'together with all forts, factories, settlements, and buildings whatsoever, taken from the English, or since erected or built by the French, together with all other places they are possessed of within the Bay and Streights of Hudson' (*a*).

Following this demand came the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, by which it was provided that the French should 'restore' to the English 'the Bay and Streights of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, sea coasts, rivers and places situate in the said Bay and Streights, and which belong thereto, no tracts of land or of sea being excepted which are at present possessed by the subjects of France,' all of which, together with any buildings or fortresses 'there erected, either before or since the French seized the same,' were to be given up within six months from the ratification of the Treaty (*b*).

Then for the first time the Hudson's Bay Company proposed that their boundary should be extended southward to latitude 49°(*c*). But in the instructions to the British Commissioners, while they were expressly directed to claim to line 49°, they were advised that in agreeing with the French, 'the boundaries be understood to regard the *trade* of the Hudson's Bay Company only.' (*d*). What is now commonly called the 'Height of land,' is the invented boundary of late years(*e*). For after the French had given up their posts on the shores of the Bay, and the Company had declared itself satisfied, the French continued to hold, without complaint, their posts of Temiscaming, Abbitibbi, Nemiskau, St. Germain, near Churchill, and one on the Moose river—all north of the Height of Land, as well as their posts in the west, until Canada was ceded in 1763 (*f*). The French up to the close of negotiations in 1720 vigorously contended that 'the term restitution, which has been used in the Treaty, conveys the idea clearly,

(*a*). Boundary Documents, p. 124. The award makes the Albany river the northern boundary of Ontario.

(*a*). Boundary Documents, p. 129.
(*b*). *Ibid.*, p. 16. (*c*). *Ibid.*, p. 132.
(*d*) *Ibid.* p. 363.
(*e*) 'The Heights of Land' runs down to 47½° on the east, and up to 50½° on the west.
(*f*). Mr. Mills' Report, p. 181.

that the English could claim only what they had possessed ; and as they never had but a few establishments on the sea coast, it is evident that the interior of the country is considered as belonging to France ' (*a*).

A widely scattered fringe of trading posts on the shores of the Bay was all that the Company occupied there between 1670 and the cession of Canada in 1763. The French kept north of the Height of Land, and had penetrated into the interior, built forts, and carried on an extensive fur trade with the Indians. Officers of the Company stated before a Committee of the House of Lords in 1749 : 'There was a French settlement up Moose River at a distance of 50 miles at Abbitibbi Lake.' 'The French went further in the country first, and are better beloved ; but if we would go up into the country, the French Indians would trade with us.' 'The French had a settlement at about the distance of 100 or six score miles from Churchill.' 'The French draw the Indians from Hudson's Bay. The creating settlements up in the country would be the most proper method to increase the trade' (*b*). All these were north of the 'Height of Land' In *Bowen's Geography*, published in 1747, the occupation by the French about Hudson's Bay, at Moose River, Fort Nemiskau, on Rupert River, is admitted, and the author adds: 'The English who trade here have no plantations or settlements within land, but live near the coast within their forts or little houses or huts' (*c*). In Robson's *Account of Hudson's Bay*, published in 1753, it is stated : 'The Company have for sixty years slept at the edge of a frozen sea. They have shown no curiosity to penetrate further themselves, and have exerted all their wit and power to crush the spirit in others.' 'The French live and trade with the Indians within the country at the heads of the rivers that run down to the English factories.' 'In consequence of this narrow spirit of self-interest in the Company, the French have been encouraged to travel many hundred miles overland from Canada, and up many rivers that have great waterfalls in order to make trading settlements ; and there they carry on a friendly intercourse with the natives at the head of most of the rivers westward of the Bay, even as far as Churchill River, and intercept the Company's trade' (*a*). And Governor Pownall, in his report to the British Government on the French Posts in North America, in 1756, states that the French had 'throughout the country sixty or seventy forts, and almost as many settlements, which take the lead in the command of the country ;' 'they have been admitted to a landed possession, and are become possessed of a real interest in, and a real command over, the country' (*b*).

Admissions by the Hudson's Bay Company are the best evidence. In their statement printed in 1857, and furnished by them to the Dominion for the purposes of the arbitration they say : 'As long as Canada was held by the French, the opposition of wanderdering traders (*Coureurs des Bois*) was insufficient to induce the Company to give up their usual method of trading. *Their servants waited at the forts built on the coast of the Bay*, and there bought by barter the furs which the Indians brought from the interior. But after the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1763, British traders, *following the track of the French*, penetrated into the countries lying to the north-west of the Company's territories, and by their building factories brought the market for furs nearer to the Indian settler' (*c*). And the Chair-

(*a*). Boundary Documents, p. 372.

(*b*). *Ibid.*, p. 395.

(*c*). *Ibid.*, 371.

(*a*). Robson's Account of Hudson's Bay, pp. 6, 7.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 380.

(*c*) *Ibid.*, p. 402.

man of the Company in 1876, reporting to the Dominion Government the result of his researches into the records of the Company, says ; 'At the time of the passing of the Quebec Act, 1774, the Company had not extended their posts and operations far from the shores of Hudson's Bay. Journals of the following trading stations have been preserved bearing that date, namely : Albany, Henley, Moose, East Main, York, Severn and Churchhill(*a*). To these may be added the conclusions of the Dominion ministers in 1869 : 'The evidence is abundant and conclusive to prove that the French traded over and possessed the whole of the country known as the Winnipeg basin and Fertile Belt from its discovery by Europeans down to the Treaty of Paris'(*b*).

It has been argued that the Hudson's Bay Company by taking possession of the mouths of certain rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay became entitled to all the lands watered by those rivers. The answer to this is (1) that by agreeing to refer the question of the boundaries of their territories to arbitration in 1697 and 1713, their possession was not protected by the law of nations: (2) That a charter with indefinite boundaries and without possession does not by the municipal law, or the law of nations, give a title or right of property in the soil(*c*) : (3) That if the Company had a title which could be recognised, they waived it by allowing the French to occupy the territory and to form settlements and posts inland along and at the heads of the rivers flowing into the Bay. 'It may happen (says Vattel), that a nation is contented with possessing certain places, or appropriating to itself certain rights in a country which has not an owner, without being solicitous to take possession of the whole country. In this case, another nation may take possession of what the first has neglected' (*a*).

In view of the Company's limited occupation of the shores of Hudson's Bay, and of the French occupation of the territories south and west of the bay, the French construction of the Treaty of 1713, may be referred to. M. D'Auteuil, Attorney-General of Canada, was recalled to Paris in 1719 as one thoroughly master of the facts affecting the settlement of the boundaries. In his memoir to the French Boundary Commissioners, he states : 'It is well to remark that the English in all the places of the said Bay and straits which they have occupied, have always stopped at the border of the sea, while the French, from the foundation of the colony of Canada, have not ceased to traverse all the lands and rivers bordering on the Bay, taking possession of all the places and founding posts and missions. They cannot say that any land, or river, or lake belongs to Hudson's Bay, because if all the rivers which empty into this Bay or which communicate with it belong to it, it might be said that all New France belongs to them, the Saguenay and St. Lawrence communicating with the Bay by the lakes. The English cannot pretend to anything except a very small extent of the country adjoining the forts which they have possessed at the bottom of the Bay. Nevertheless their pretensions amount to nothing less than to overrun nearly all the north and west of New France. The Treaty of Utrecht speaks only of restitution ; let the English show that which the French have taken from them and they will restore it to them ; but all that they demand beyond this, they demand without any appearance of right.' (*b*).

The contention of the French was

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 442.

(*b*) *Ibid.* p. 335.

(*c*) Lords of Trade to the King, 8th Sep. 1721; Mr. Mills' Report, p. 119. See also *Menard* v. *Massey*, and *Maguire* v. *President Tyler*, post.

(*a*) Vattel's Law of Nations, p. 171.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 368.

that 'Canada' or *Nouvelle France*, extended to Hudson's Bay, and that as 'Canada' was not named in the Treaty, no part of its territory could be claimed by the Crown of England. France being the ceding power was entitled, where the treaty was capable of two interpretations, to such an interpretation as would be most favourable to her. In deciding a case of a conflict between the Spanish and American copies of the Treaty of 1819, which ceded Florida to the United States, it was held by the United States Supreme Court that the interpretation most favourable to Spain should govern: 'The King of Spain was the grantor, the treaty was his deed, the exception was made by him, and its nature and effect depended upon his intention expressed by his words. The Spanish version was in his words and expressed his intention, and though the American version showed the intention of this government to be different, we cannot adopt it as the rule by which to decide what was granted, what excepted, and what reserved.'(*a*).

But the conquest of Canada ended the controversy respecting the 'disputed boundaries;' and by the Treaty of Paris, the English King succeeded to the assertion of title, the sovereignty, the prerogative rights and the public property of the French King about Hudson's Bay and the western country. This dual sovereignty was thereafter to be exercised by the English sovereign, in such a way as would best maintain the titles and possession, and rights of property of his new subjects. Succeeding to the French sovereignty over the people residing and claiming possessory titles within this 'disputed territory,' and to the public property of the French crown there, the crown of England had the right to claim against the Hudson's Bay Company and all others, the French sovereignty as if the French authority was itself seeking to enforce its own, and its subjects' territorial claims. The doctrine of succession to the sovereign rights of a displaced power has been explained by the late Lord Justice James, while Vice Chancellor, thus: 'I take it to be clear, public, universal law, that any government which *de facto* succeeds to any other government, whether by revolution or restoration, conquest or re-conquest, succeeds to all the public property, to everything in the nature of public property, and to all rights in respect of the public property of the displaced power.' 'But this right is a right of succession, is the right of representation; it is a right not paramount but derived, I will not say under, but through the suppressed and displaced authority, and can only be enforced in the same way and to the same extent, and subject to the same correlative obligations and rights, as if that authority had not been suppressed and displaced, and was itself seeking to enforce it' (*a*). 'The conqueror (says Vattel) acquires the public and political rights of the sovereign he displaces' (*b*).

No estoppel could have operated in favour of the Hudson's Bay Company as against the crown, on the acquirement of the French sovereignty and title under the Treaty of 1763. Both their grant and their possession were indefinite and doubtful. On the question how far a grant, without defined boundaries, made by a prior government is valid, the United States Supreme Court has held (1) that upon the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, the latter government succeeded to all the powers of the governors and intendent-generals of French Louisiana, and could give or withhold the completion of all imperfect titles at its pleasure; and (2) that a concession or grant of territory having no defined boundaries made by the Governor of Louisiana, before such transfer to the United States, but not surveyed, could not be

(*a*) *United States* v. *Arredondo*, 6 Peters, 741.

(*a*) *United States* v. *McRae*, L. R. 8 Eq. 75. Wheaton's International Law, p. 42.

(*b*) Vattel's Law of Nations, p. 574.

considered as property, and as such protected by courts of justice (*a*). And in another case the same Court held, 'that a grant by the French Government of territory, subsequently acquired by the United States, but without any sufficient boundary lines, making a definite parcel of land, so as to sever it from the public domain, created no right of private property which could be asserted in a court of justice; and that as between two claimants setting up distinct imperfect titles to the same territory, under grants from a former government, the Courts have no jurisdiction to determine the controversy; the political power alone is competent to determine to which the perfect title shall be made' (*b*).

These cases, and the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, given in 1857, before referred to, also show that the settlement of the question of 'undefined boundaries,' belongs to the political or executive department of the Government, and not as 'a matter of Law' to its judicial department.

(*a*) *Menard* v. *Massey*, 8 Howard, U. S. 293.

(*b*) *Maguire* v. *President Tyler*, 8 Wallace, U. S. 650.

(*To be continued.*)

A FEW WORDS ON UNIVERSITY CO-EDUCATION.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

IT would seem as if the vaunted progress of the age were somewhat crab-like in its character—subject to reaction or retrogression, rather than proceeding in a steady and even course. At least, this seems the only explanation why, some three hundred and fifty years after ladies were allowed to sit in the professorial chairs of the most famous universities of the world, there should still be a serious question in the minds of many as to the propriety of admitting them as pupils to university class-rooms; and why, after one of our Canadian Universities has already tried, with perfect success, the experiment of throwing open its classes without restriction as to sex, another, our National University should shrink from admitting the female portion of the nation to its privileges, lest such a step should prove subversive to 'due order and discipline.' Such an opinion must imply, it would seem, a very unflattering estimate of either our young women or our young men—or indeed both; an estimate which, it is humbly submitted, there are no facts to warrant. Every one will remember how anxiously King James' puzzled courtiers tried to solve the problem why a sturgeon, put into a full vessel, would not cause it to overflow, until one bethought himself of enquiring what was really the fact! Now if we have any facts bearing on this theoretical subversion of 'due order and discipline,' why should we not give them a reasonable amount of weight? What are the facts then, as

testified by the experience of those universities in which the experiment has been fully tried? From one and all comes the same testimony—much of which has already been given in this Magazine, in the very words of the authorities,—that so far from subverting good order and discipline, the presence of ladies in college class-rooms has promoted order, quiet, gentlemanly conduct, and even stimulated faithful study among the young men. At Michigan University in particular, where there is a large body of female medical students attending the general medical classes, the presence of ladies has a perceptible beneficial effect on the demeanour of the students at the clinical lectures, — the severest test to which the system of co-education can be subjected.

But, in addition to this testimony from our neighbours, we have the experience, to a small extent, of one of our own universities, Queen's University, Kingston. For some years its class-rooms have been open to female students, and that they continue so, after a fair trial of the experiment, is itself a sufficiently significant testimony that no detriment has yet arisen to good order and discipline. In fact, the presence of several young ladies in various classes in Arts makes absolutely *no* difference, except that, in the opinion of the young men themselves, it decidedly promotes order. 'It makes the students conduct themselves in a more gentlemanly manner.' 'There is perfect quiet now, where sometimes there used to be rude calls and jokes.' Such is the testimony of male students, without any natural bias on the subject; the only drawback apparently experienced, so far, being that some of the young men feel a little shyness about reciting before the young ladies, a feeling which would naturally lead them to more careful preparation, that they might acquit themselves *well!* Lecturers who come to the University from a distance give exactly the same testimony to the perfect order and tranquillity in the halls, utterly undisturbed by this dangerous feminine element! The male and female students do not come into contact at all, although the entrances are common. They do not necessarily even become acquainted, and as one student naively, but significantly, said, 'we very seldom meet in the street, because their studies keep them busy.' In fact, they see just as much or as little of each other as they do at church—*less*, if anything; and, to be consistent, those who oppose the presence of young women in University class-rooms on the score of propriety, should advocate the 'Quaker meeting' principle of arrangement in churches, and should discountenance all public evening lectures which young men and women can attend in company, if so disposed. Their attendance together at the ordinary University classes is, indeed, the more completely unobjectionable of the two. And if premature falling in love be an evil to be dreaded, and discouraged, young men are much less likely to fall in love with young women whom they meet only under the disenchanting influences of class-room competition than with those they meet in ordinary 'society.'

What has been proved to be not only harmless but useful, tried on a small scale, might reasonably be expected to be found equally harmless on a much larger one, since the presence of a larger number of young women would naturally prove a more powerful influence for good, while it would be a greater safeguard to the individuals composing it, making still smaller the chances of personal contact between students of different sexes. But it is very unlikely that there would ever be any very large number of female students crowding to our universities. For the great majority, circumstances and the ordinary chances of life will be far too strong. Young women will always require some strong mental 'vocation,' some cherished and definite aim, to overcome

the many 'lions in the way,' and the many counter attractions of life, and nerve them to submit to the somewhat rigorous discipline and steady, protracted work of a University course. Against those who have this strong mental tendency, this earnest aim, is it not both hard and unjust that a National University should close its doors? And it will be long, in all probability, before the number of female candidates for university privileges will warrant the establishment of a separate university as highly and fully equipped as that which shuts them out.

Some of the objectors in our Legislature argue against University co-education, as if it implied a coercive re-modelling of our female education generally. For, on no other supposition is there any relevancy in assuring us that men and women have, *as a rule*, different spheres in life, and differing capacities and tastes to enable them suitably to fill these. Granted fully; but neither all men nor all women are formed in one unvarying mould. There is far too much interaction of the characteristics of the sexes for any such regularity of type. How often does it happen that a daughter inherits the intellectual endowments and tendencies of her father, while a son inherits the emotional nature of his mother. It is by no means a very rare phenomenon to see little boys who love dolls, and little girls who do not care for them. Nor is it very rare to see girls who are much more enthusiastic and earnest students of Greek and Latin than their brothers. The predominance of mathematical talent, indeed, is much rarer among women than among men, yet there are women remarkably endowed in this respect, fitted to attain high excellence. Where such exceptional talent exists, should not a wise State make provision for its proper training and development? Or is it to be suppressed and wasted because it happens to exist in the brain of a woman? As a rule, men and women will fall in love and marry, and anything which would unfit woman for this, her natural and divinely appointed function, would be indeed a calamity. But this, too, is a rule which has many exceptions, and it is hard on the exceptions--on the many women who cannot possibly marry—if society is to ignore them in its arrangements, and restrict them in the highest development of which their natures are capable. Moreover, it has yet to be proved that the highest development of which any woman's nature is capable can possibly do anything to unfit her for fulfilling any duty of married life, should that be her lot. A distorted and one-sided development might well do so, and of this more will be said presently. But the more truly cultivated a woman is—according to the powers and capacities God has given her—the more truly fitted she will be for any work or duty to which He calls her. Neither is there any greater incompatibility between the 'liberal arts' and 'falling in love,' than there is between love and arithmetic or thorough bass. The two belong to different sides of our nature, and though devotion to any study or serious pursuit will act as a safeguard against a very common tendency to find refuge from *ennui* in perpetual 'flirtation,' it will never so alter a woman's nature as to render her proof against answering with her whole heart when the right voice calls. Sappho, whose name has stood to all ages as the embodiment of female genius and ancient Greek culture, fell in love, as we all know, like the simplest and most unlettered maiden, and so far as we can judge inferentially, with a very ordinary and unappreciative young man. But now that the mists that once clouded her name have been cleared away, and the suicide story exploded, we can see her, having overcome with womanly dignity this luckless passion which, doubtless, inspired some of her finest poems, married eventually to a man who seems

to have made a good husband, and admiringly saluted by her contemporary, Alcæus, as 'Violet crowned, pure, sweetly, smiling Sappho.' And, later still, we find her, having been left a widow, with one daughter, the centre of a sort of female literary society, teaching the arts of music and poetry to the young Lesbian maidens and receiving almost divine honours from a people who worshipped intellectual power. And, to come down to the days of the Renaissance, we find Olympia Morata, one of the most renowned of mediæval learned ladies—appointed at sixteen to lecture on Cicero, at the University of Ferrara—becoming as passionately devoted a wife, and as faithful a housewife as she could have been had she never learned anything beyond her native tongue. Mrs. Browning and Mary Somerville are distinguished examples of the same truth in our own day. So much for the figment that there is anything in the highest cultivation, or in devotion to the highest pursuits, to unfit a woman for womanly duties, and the happiness which she is so constituted as to find most truly in the life of the affections. As a rule, the nobler the pursuits to which a woman devotes herself, the nobler her character must be supposed to be, and true nobility of character and mental discipline naturally imply a greater degree of self-command, thoroughness in work, and faithfulness to the duty of the hour. If there are 'blues' who are careless and slovenly in feminine duties, it is because of a one-sided, not because of a thorough, cultivation. Other things being equal, the woman whose mental powers have been most fully disciplined, and who has been accustomed to habits of accuracy and of economy of time, will be not only a more intelligent companion, but a more efficient and prudent housewife than she who has drifted through life in aimless trifling, with morsels of gossip as the only food for her mental vacuity, and 'parties' as her most absorbing interest.

But there is another 'rock ahead.' It is not often put into words so candidly as it was by a young student of more than average intelligence and culture :—'I don't think I should care to marry a girl who knew more than I did.' 'It is not to be supposed you would,' was the reply; 'but if you should happen to care very much for a girl who knew more than you did, don't you think it might stimulate you to study harder?' 'I think it might,' the young man very honestly replied. Human nature is the same all over the world, and we need not be surprised to find a western modification of the reasoning of the Hindoo Sahibs who objected to their wives being taught to read and write, because they would know more than their husbands, and they would no longer look up to them. But the Sahibs gradually found out that it would be better for them to advance in knowledge than to keep their wives in ignorance; and as they learn the value of education for themselves, they are not merely willing but anxious to secure its benefits for their wives. Our ambitious young women must therefore decide the question for themselves whether their devotion to study is so great that they are willing to lessen their matrimonial chances for the sake of this dangerous knowledge which may make them formidable in the eyes of the average Canadian *parti.* But the danger really concerns *no one else*, for the most inane young man will always find a sufficient number of inane young women among whom to choose a wife; and in the long run the higher intellectual status of even a fraction of our young women must inevitably tend to raise the tone of social life, and with it the intellectual aspirations of our young men. And our Canadian youth, as a whole, is not so highly cultivated or intellectual in its tastes that it will not bear a good deal of raising, with great benefit to its

physical, intellectual and moral characteristics.

This naturally leads to the consideration of another objection—that concerning the physical effect of higher education upon young women. Some rather singular statements were made in this connection in the discussion in the Legislature. One was, that the ability to win medals and honours was not the result of superior intelligence, but of superior physical endurance! If this were so, we should find that college honours and medals were invariably or usually taken by the biggest and strongest young men, quite irrespective of their intellectual qualities. This may be true in athletic sports, but certainly is not in any other branch of competition. There are a few other things besides physical endurance that have fully as much to do with winning university distinctions. Some of them are quickness of perception, power of memory, perseverance, steadiness of aim and purpose, self-control, and in these qualities young women not infrequently surpass their masculine contemporaries, while they are entirely free from certain habits, such as smoking and drinking, which do not tend to promote either study or physical endurance. In these ways, they more than make up for any deficiency in physical endurance, though of this, also, women not seldom show more than men. But they are not asking for medals and honours, of necessity, but simply for their right to pass through the ordinary University course, which is not too great a strain for any healthy and properly prepared female student. If they should go too far in their ambition to win distinction, that is an evil which must be left to cure itself, just as it is in the case of male students.

Further, we are told that the extent to which higher education for women has been pushed in the United States is responsible for the lack of health, of beauty, of symmetry, in American women. One might well stop here to interpose a query as to facts. Certainly American women, in their youth at least, are generally admitted to be, as a class, the most beautiful, if not the most symmetrical, women in the world. And if in the matter of health there is very much to be desired, there are a hundred other causes to which this deficiency is usually and reasonably attributed. High-pressure life under unnatural conditions, climatic peculiarities, unwholesome diet, dissipation of all sorts, are quite sufficient to account for the general lack of health and vigour so common among Americans of both sexes, and of all classes. Even granting that in the matter of education, as in other things, their superabundant nervous energy goes to extremes, the percentage of female graduates even there, is far too small and too recent to produce any generally appreciable effect. But so far as facts have been collected concerning the healthfulness in later life of women who have graduated in American colleges, the evidence has all been in favour of the healthful, not the unhealthful, tendency of such a course of study. American women, as a rule, live far too fast in all walks of life. The careful housewife is almost as apt to fall a victim to her excessive industry and household ambition, as the fashionable woman to her extravagant round of dissipation; and an improvement can be hoped for only when a more thorough education shall have implanted hygienic and sanitary principles more firmly in the minds of women of all classes. To this end higher education is doing something, and will yet do much more.

But there is something to be said about the question of lower female education also, and to this, in the present writer's opinion, some of the reasoning which is irrelevant to the question of higher education might, with great benefit, be applied. The question of common-school education for girls does require some serious reconsideration. There are much greater

dangers and drawbacks attending co-education in the earlier than in the later years of study, and one serious drawback is the laying down of a uniform plan of study for boys and girls, This is a coercive measure, practically, while the admission to University privileges is simply the removal of a restriction, and coerces no one. But in all places, except large cities and towns, girls must take the common school education as now arranged, or go without. And this system of education does not make the faintest attempt at any provision for fitting girls for the special duties of womanhood. Not a single womanly art is taught in our common schools, not even the most necessary and important one of plain needlework, which old-fashioned girls' schools taught as a matter of course, and which no woman —married or single—can afford to dispense with. Not only is there no provision made for it, but there is no time given, under the present 'cramming' system, to allow them to learn this or any other household art during the very years when it can be most easily and most thoroughly acquired; and the natural result of this is that the neat, thorough 'plain sewing' and darning of our mothers and grandmothers, is fast becoming a lost art. Dressmakers, who receive pupils fresh from the common schools, complain grievously that they can hardly find one who can accomplish respectably the simplest seam. Girls, of course, generally manage to pick up some 'fancy work' when their school days are over, and many of them cultivate 'crewel work' extensively, in place of the old-fashioned ottomans and slippers. But under the present *régime*, an accomplished plain needlewoman will soon be a rarer phenomenon than a good female mathematician, and one wonders where the women are to come from who are to patch, and darn, and 'gar auld claes look a'maist as weel as th' new,' for a future generation? Not, apparently, from our common schools.

Had ladies some voice in arranging the system of education for their own sex, as seems only natural, this deficiency would hardly have been allowed to exist so long; though doubtless in country schools where there can be but one teacher—and that a man—there might be a good deal of practical difficulty in providing for it. But one thing might be done even there, to obviate the evil. While we should not like to see the elementary studies of girls less thorough than those of boys, a smaller number of studies might be made compulsory in their case, and certainly a much smaller number of 'ologies' might be made compulsory for female teachers. It is of much more consequence that a woman should have the gift of imparting knowledge, and should be able to teach girls to read, write, cipher and sew well, than that she should be able to give them a smattering of many things which in most cases they never will follow up. '*Multum non multa*' should be the motto, instead of the reverse. Yet we often see inexperienced girls promoted over teachers of tried efficiency simply because they can pass a higher examination in branches quite superfluous to a good elementary female education. By lessening the number of studies that girls have to learn at school, time might be given them to learn needlework and housewifery at home, and if plain sewing could not be taught by the teacher, as it used to be by all female teachers, prizes offered for proficiency might at least encourage the cultivation of this most necessary art.

The health question ought to come in here also. The excessive study enforced under the present system on girls under sixteen, is far more injurious than overstudy in the later years when growth has ceased and the physical powers are comparatively matured. Young women at least, *know better* than to endanger their health by overstudy. Growing girls of twelve and thirteen *do not*. It is here that

the brakes should be applied; to put them on later is of little use, when most of the mischief is done. It has been abundantly shown that girls of tender age are so over-burdened with study in and out of school hours, that they have no time for needful exercise, and in not a few cases has serious and fatal disease been the result of the nervous strain of the cramming and forcing process, intensified by the periodical competitive examinations. Charles Kingsley addressed an able plea to Englishwomen on the subject of encouraging girls to engage in the exercises that are so necessary for developing a healthful and beautiful *physique.* But our girls have no leisure left for these,—hardly indeed for taking a little fresh air, unless on their daily walks to and from school. It is here that reform should begin. After girls have been encouraged to give their whole time and strength to the same studies with their brothers, it is rather hard to stop them short at the gates of the University, and tell them that they may not carry their studies further, to some practical end!'

What the female students of Ontario are asking is—not that the whole course of education for both sexes be assimilated;—this is indeed, as we have said, too much the case already;—nor that a course of university education should be in any way *prescribed* for young women, but simply that those exceptional young women who have the taste, the aptitude, the means and the perseverance, for taking a university course, should have the privilege of doing so. And as this is impossible in present circumstances without opening to them the ordinary classes, they ask for admission to these, at least until it shall be proved that the results are more injurious than they have yet been proved to be where the experiment has been tried. In a word, they simply ask for equal educational rights from a national provision for education; no very unreasonable request, and one which, we believe, will not be long denied.

YOUNG PEOPLE

A STEAM CHAIR.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I DON'T like Mr. Travers as much as I did. Of course I know he's a very nice man, and he's going to be my brother when he marries Sue, and he used to bring me candy sometimes, but he isn't what he used to be.

One time—that was last summer—he was always dreadfully anxious to hear from the post-office, and whenever he came to see Sue, and he and she and I would be sitting on the front piazza, he would say, 'Jimmy, I think there must be a letter for me; I'll give you ten cents if you'll go down to the post-office'; and then Sue would say, 'Don't run, Jimmy; you'll get heart disease if you do'; and I'd walk 'way down to the post-office, which is pretty near half a mile from our house. But now he doesn't seem to care anything about his letters; and he and Sue sit in the back parlour, and mother says I musn't go in and disturb them; and I don't get any more ten cents.

I've learned that it won't do to fix your affections on human beings, for even the best of men won't keep on giving you ten cents forever. And it wasn't fair for Mr. Travers to get angry with me the other night when it was all

an accident—at least 'most all of it, and I don't think it's manly for a man to stand by and see a sister shake a fellow that isn't half her size, and especially when he never supposed that anything was going to happen to her even if it did break.

When Aunt Eliza came to our house the last time, she brought a steam chair; that's what she called it, though there wasn't any steam about it. She brought it from Europe with her, and it was the queerest sort of chair, that would all fold up, and had a kind of footstool to it, so that you put your legs out and just lie down in it. Well, one day it got broken. The back of the seat fell down, and shut Aunt Eliza up in the chair so she couldn't get out, and didn't she just howl till somebody came and helped her! She was so angry that she said she never wanted to see that chair again, 'And you may have it if you want it, Jimmy, for you are a good boy sometimes when you want to be.'

So I took the chair and mended it. The folks laughed at me, and said I couldn't mend it to save my life; but I got some nails and some mucilage, and mended it elegantly. Then mother let me get some varnish, and I varnished the chair, and when it was done it looked so nice that Sue said we'd keep it in the back parlour. Now I'm never allowed to sit in the back parlour, so what good would my chair do me? But Sue said, 'Stuff and nonsense that boy's indulged now till he can't rest.' So they put my chair in the back parlour, just as if I'd been mending it on purpose for Mr. Travers. I didn't say anything more about it; but after it was in the back parlour I took out one or two screws that I thought were not needed to hold it together, and used them for a boat that I was making.

That night Mr. Travers came as usual, and after he had talked to mother a while about the weather, and he and father had agreed that it was a shame that other folks hadn't given more money to the Michigan sufferers, and that they weren't quite sure that the sufferers were a worthy object, and that a good deal of harm was done by giving away money to all sorts of people, Sue said:

'Perhaps we had better go into the back parlour; it is cooler there, and we won't disturb father, who wants to think about something.'

So she and Mr. Travers went into the back parlour, and talked very loud at first about a whole lot of things, and then quieted down as they always did.

I was in the front parlour, reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and wishing I could go and do likewise—like Crusoe, I mean; for I wouldn't go and sit quietly in a back parlour with a girl, like Mr. Travers, not if you were to pay me for it. I can't see what some fellows see in Sue. I'm sure if Mr. Martin or Mr. Travers had her pull their hair once the way she pulls mine sometimes, they wouldn't trust themselves alone with her very soon.

All at once we heard a dreadful crash in the back parlour, and Mr. Travers said Good something very loud, and Sue shrieked as if she had a needle run into her. Father and mother and I and the cook and the chambermaid all rushed to see what was the matter.

The chair that I had mended, and that Sue had taken away from me, had broken down while Mr. Travers was sitting in it, and it had shut up like a jackknife, and caught him so he couldn't get out. It had caught Sue too, who must have run to help him, or she never would have been in that fix, with Mr. Travers holding her by the wrist, and her arm wedged in so she couldn't pull it away.

Father managed to get them loose, and then Sue caught me and shook me till I could hear my teeth rattle, and then she ran up-stairs and locked herself up; and Mr. Travers never offered to help me, but only said, 'I'll settle with you some day, young man,' and then he went home. But father sat down on the sofa and laughed, and said to mother:

'I guess Sue would have done better if she'd have let the boy keep his chair.'

I'm very sorry, of course, that an accident happened to the chair, but I've got it up in my room now, and I've mended it again, and it's the best chair you ever sat in.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE CANOE AND THE CAMERA.

BY MYRON ADAMS, ROCHESTER.

The canoe and the gun we know, and the canoe and fly-pole: but what is this new combination? It is, all

things considered, one of the best co-partnerships yet made. Canoe and camera come sweetly together in every way. 'I thought,' says Judd Northrup, author of charming vacation books, 'shooting and fishing had exhausted or engaged all my latent enthusiasms of the boyish sort, but amateur photography has gone down deeper than all the rest.'

A camera tucked conveniently in your pocket (or carried like a field-glass in a leather case), with the legs of the same packed in the compass of an umbrella, is a fishing tackle with which the canoeist can catch anything, from clouds and mountains down to a glimpse of a little lake with a string of speckled trout hung in the foreground.

The reader, cherishing, perhaps, fond recollections of summer tramps in woods, with rod and gun, or possibly, if a lady, with sketch-book and plant-case, begs to know how the thing is done; and the writer begs the privilege of telling how, principally in order that many others may share a delightful recreation in which he has had a little experience. The outfit consists of (1.) a camera, which with lens and legs weighs not more than two pounds; (2.) say half a dozen boxes of prepared dry plates; the boxes each about three inches square by one deep, and containing in all seventy-two plates; (3.) three (or better four) plate-holders. The plate-holder is a very compact and ingenious contrivance for the exposure of the plates, and holds two, for separate exposures. (4.) A very small ruby lamp.

Suppose, gentle reader, you are spending your summer leisure in the North woods. Enchanted with the views which abound, you are determined to get them 'to have and to hold' from that time on. Accordingly, at night, by the light of your ruby lamp (if in the day-time, you adjourn to some dark cellar, or rig a small and light-tight tent of blankets), you transfer half a dozen plates from one of the boxes to the plate-holders. Stepping into your canoe in the morning—the early part of the day is preferable—you row, or a guide rows you, to a spot of the right sort; you go ashore, set up the camera in a twinkling, focus upon the scene you admire until it is clearly defined upon the screen, then you put its small cap upon the lens, insert the diaphragm in its place, draw the slide of the plate-holder, remove the cap, deliberately count three (or more or less, according to conditions), replace the cap, thrust the slide to its place in the plate-holder, and you have that scene. This operation you repeat in various localities until you have exhausted your supply of plates, which are returned to their boxes, and when your vacation is over you go home with about the best part of it in your carpet-bag.

When you have leisure—there need be no hurry; any time will answer except the 30th of February—you go into a dark closet with your plates, and your 'developer,' and a pitcher of water, light the ruby lamp and lock the door, take a plate from a box, put it in the developing pan, pour the compound ferous oxalate over it, gently wave the fluid to and fro over the plate, and shortly the beautiful summer scene which charmed you grows out on that plate: as by magic, the familiar trees, lakes, mountains and camps, distinct even to a leaf, are there before you. The process of 'fixing' follows, and is simple; and afterward the printing from the negative. Taken altogether, that is an amusement fit for the nineteenth century! It gives abundant opportunity for the cultivation of artistic taste; it stimulates the faculty of observation; and it gives you a most graphic record of your vacation days. Moreover, it is very inexpensive.

You will probably make some mistakes at first; but if you begin in the right way, carefully following the printed directions, they will be few.

The writer hopes that some of the readers of this magazine will find as much, or half as much, genuine recreation and enjoyment in amateur landscape photography as he has had, and he will feel sure he has helped somebody a little.—*Christian Union.*

The foreman of a Montreal paper is in trouble. In making up his forms, he mixed an article on Catholic advances in Africa with a receipt for making tomato catsup, and the following is the combination: 'The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances in Africa, particularly in Algeria, where they have one hundred and eighty-five thousand adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years, they have obtained a firm footing

in the interior of the continent, and have sent forth several missionaries into the equatorial regions. They are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping-pans and bake them till they are tender. Then you will have no difficulty in rubbing them through a sieve, and will save them by not being obliged to cut them in slices and cook for several hours.'

BOOK REVIEWS.

Studies in the Life of Christ. By the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Airedale College, Bradford. New York: D. Appleton; Toronto: N. Ure & Co., 1882.

It is, unfortunately, so rare to find in a volume of Sermons anything possessing the slightest literary or philosophical value, that we are apt to forget, what is, nevertheless, perfectly true, the paramount importance to our literature of a few great sermon-writers. It is true that these may be counted on the fingers of one hand; but with John Henry Newman, for beauty of diction and charm of logical force; with Robertson, of Brighton, and Dean Stanley, for broad human sympathies, and a spirit of fair play to opponents, we are disposed to rank the author of this very remarkable book. The object of these sermons, or rather philosophical essays, is to enable us to see Christ as others saw Him during His human life on earth. The conditions of that life are fully investigated, and the true position of the various sects or parties which then entered into the national life of Judæa are expressed in terms of modern thought, with vivid picturesqueness, but always in a manner earnest, loving, and reverent. The author shows the marvellousness of the Central Figure in the Gospel, and argues that none of the conditions or surroundings of His time or people can in any way account for this. The reasoning is convincing, it has been urged by Canon Liddon, in his Bampton Lectures, and is applied with much force, and with the fittest variety of illustration, in the volume before us.

Principal Fairbairn is well versed in German theology of the sceptical and rationalistic schools, whose arguments he handles in a spirit of fair-play, and with an appreciative, philosophic insight only too rare in orthodox writers. For Dr. Fairbairn is orthodox; he sees that Christianity cannot be rationalized by paring away here and there a prophecy or a miracle; that it must stand or fall with its central miracle of the Resurrection.

The Life of the Founder of Christianity, he shows to be too profoundly human to be sublimated into a myth; he proves also that it is an essentially supernatural life, not that of a mere dead Prophet, on whose grave the Syrian stars look down. Assuming, what Strauss and Renan grant, that 'never man spake like this Man,' that in Jesus Christ we possess the supreme religious ideal, Dr. Fairbairn reasons that none of the conditions under which Jesus lived are adequate to explain the mystery of His character and His teaching. We quote a passage from the Sermon on the Historical Condition.

'Contrast Christ's day with ours. We are free, the children of a land where a man can speak the thing he will, but He was without freedom, the Son of a people enslaved and oppressed. We are educated, enlightened by the best thought of the past, the surest knowledge of the present; but His were an uneducated people, hardly knew the schoolmaster, and when they did, received from him instruction that stunted rather than de-

veloped. We live in a present that knows the past, and is enriched with all its mental wealth, the treasures of India, from its earliest Vedic to its latest Puranic age—of China, of Egypt, of Persia, of Assyria ; the classic treasures of Greece and Rome, the wondrous stores accumulated by the Hebrews themselves and deposited in their Scriptures—all are ours, at our feet, in our heads, there to make the new wealth old wealth never fails to create. But Jesus lived in a present closed to all the past, save the past of His own people.'

We greet these sermons as a valuable contribution to literature as well as to theology. In Canada, there is no disguising the fact of a growing alienation between pew and pulpit, especially in a Church in which, as a rule, the priesthood, magnifying the thaumaturgical functions of their office, care little about the humbler, but to the laity more important, work of pulpit efficiency. It was different in the old Evangelical days, it is different now with the Broad Church minority. But in general it may be said that the clergy of the Episcopalian denomination are no exceptions to the law that intellectual excellence is in inverse ratio to the growth of ecclesiasticism. It were devoutly to be wished that, instead of the dismal and often second-hand pietistic dulness dealt out to us from certain pulpits, a good reader, lay or cleric, could be induced to read to one of our city congregations such sermons as those of Dr. Fairbairn. The proposal is, it is true, as old as Sir Roger de Coverley, but it is one which the laity, at least, would approve.

Mary Stuart : a Tragedy. By ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE. New York : R. Worthington ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

In this the concluding drama of the series of three in which, after the model of Greek tragedy, Swinburne has treated the story of Mary Stuart, the poet rises to an elevation of tragic power and to a well-developed ascending series of dramatic situations which he has not attained in either of the former dramas, rich as they were in poetic beauty. In *Chastelard*, he had described the court of Mary Stuart in the full moon of its voluptuous indulgence. Chastelard, the noble French knight and poet, is won from his allegiance to the Queen by the truth and purity of Mary Beaton's love. He dies on the scaffold, Mary Beaton praying that his blood may not be unavenged. In *Bothwell* the tragedy of Mary Stuart's life deepens. The death of Rizzio is followed by the murder at the Kirk i' the Fields, the dark clouds cling heavily over the sunshine. *Mary Stuart* begins with the conspiracy of Babington, with the discovery of Mary Stuart's implication therein by the evidence of her secretaries under the torture. Meanwhile, Elizabeth, dreading the effect on public sentiment of the fall of a royal head on the scaffold, hesitates to execute her rival, and unsuccessfully endeavours to get Sir Amyas Paulet to connive at assassination. Meanwhile, in a scene of striking power, Mary Beaton who all those years had followed the Queen's fortunes, is so stung by the exceeding heartlessness with which Mary Stuart speaks of the dead Chastelard, that she half resolves to send to Elizabeth a letter in Mary's handwriting in which the virgin Queen's flirtations are roughly handled. Mary Beaton then sings a song—it is a French *ballade*, exquisite as any lyric of De Musset or Victor Hugo, which Chastelard wrote in the days when he loved Mary Stuart. But the selfish Queen had forgotten the very name of the writer. So the fatal letter is sent to Elizabeth. The result is, of course, the execution at Fotheringay, which is described in a scene, the power and pathos of which, we think has been surpassed in no English drama, not excepting the last scene of the Cenci. But not the least remarkable in this work is the care with which a great poet has investigated the historical character both of Mary Stuart and Elizabeth. All the details of Elizabeth's unchastity, as described in the fatal letter, are fully borne out by the account lately made public in an article in '*Les projets de Mariage d'une Reine d'Angleterre*,' by M. de La Ferriere, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

In the last scene when the better side of Mary's nature is revealed, Mr. Swinburne has given us a rendering of some beautiful Latin verses which Mary Stuart composed at the time. We quote from an old collection of Latin hymns this poem, a gem of pure lyrical genius, of 'Maria, Regina Scotorum,'

O Domine Deus
Speravi in Te!
O care mi Jesu!
Nunc libera me!

O Lord my God
I have trusted in Thee!
O Jesus, my dearest One,
Now set me free.

In durâ catenâ, in miserâ pœnâ
Gemendo, petendo et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

In direst oppression, in sorrow's obsession,
I adore thee, I implore thee,
Deliver thou me.

The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics. By J. B. STALLO. The International Scientific Series. New York: Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. 1882.

This work is a two-fold criticism, from the point of view first of physics, then of metaphysics, of what the author calls the Mechanical Theory of the Universe. It is thus an attack on the first principles of the modern evolution philosophy, which, in the part of the book devoted to physical science, is of a kind to be fully appreciated only by scientific experts. When the physical speculation is such as to be within the scope of ordinary observation, we fail to find Professor Stallo's reasoning conclusive. For instance, when he argues that the 'mechanical theory' must necessarily regard the elementary unit of a mass as *inelastic*, 'because elasticity involves motion of parts,' and then proceeds from the Kinetic theory of gasses (*i. e.*, the theory that gas consists of innumerable solid particles whose velocities and directions are changed by mutual encounters) to argue that the atoms must be elastic. Surely elasticity does not in its simplest form 'involve' the motion of parts. Elasticity is potential motion, and, one would think, must be regarded as an inalienable attribute of the primitive atoms by the advocates of the 'mechanical theory.' In a similar manner Professor Stallo attacks every point in the evolution system, especially the atomic cosmical theory, and Laplace's, or rather Kant's, Theory of the Heavens. The second portion of Professor Stallo's work is more available for the non-scientist. The author accuses the mechanical theory of being a revival of mediæval realism, of putting thoughts for things, of mistaking concepts for realities. He reasons from the on-all-sides-admitted relativity of human thought against evolutionists, who, he asserts, unintelligibly, we must confess, to us, hold the cognizability of the absolute. We always thought the reverse, remembering Spencer's remarks on that subject in his 'First Principles.'

There is an interesting chapter on that strangest phase of mathematics, 'transcendental geometry,' which tells of the finiteness of space and the universe, of a point at which parallel lines, if produced, meet, Euclid to the contrary notwithstanding; and of beings *with more than these three dimensions.* The animals we know, have *three* dimensions only, length, breadth, and thickness; and some of these 'beings' of three dimensions are quite as much as we can manage. A being of *four dimensions* might be awkward as a partner in business or in matrimony, and we are thankful that these are banished to a land where the propositions of Euclid are untrustworthy and where parallel lines meet.

The Poetical Works of Mrs. Leprohon (Miss R. E. MULLINS), 1 vol. 12mo. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

To many of the older readers of Canadian periodical literature, Mrs. Leprohon's name must be well and favourably known. She was a valued contributor to the *Literary Garland*, the pioneer magazine of Canada, which was owned and published by Messrs Lovell & Gibson, Parliamentary Printers, and edited by Mr. John Gibson, of that long-familiar firm. The collection before us is published as a memorial volume of a gifted and patriotic woman, who did much in her day to aid the intellectual life in Montreal circles, and to promote the love of letters thoughout the country. Mrs. Leprohon was of Irish birth, and had all the qualities of head and heart that give distinction to Irishwomen of culture, and which so frequently find expression in song. Montreal, in Mrs. Leprohon, Isidore G. Ascher, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Charles Heavysege, and John Reade, has had representatives of the muse of more than local fame, and whose productions the chief city of Canada would be ungrateful indeed were she readily to let die. In this beautiful little

volume there are many national themes treated which should be more widely known by Canadians of the present day, and whose hearty, patriotic ring we have much need, in this matter-of-fact-age, to stop and listen to. Would that the national ear was more fain to catch their rhythmic sounds, and to respond to the heart-beats which gave them birth! There is a charming local colour also about many of Mrs. Leprohon's poems, which must endear them to every Canadian, and a sweetness of expression and melodious rhythm which will commend them to every attuned ear. In candour, we must add, that there is not a little in the volume which, from a literary point of view, had better have been left out. But as the collection is a posthumous one, we suppose this defect must be lightly dealt with. Much, however, remains to entitle Mrs. Leprohon to favourable notice, when the history of Canadian poetry comes to be written.

Seneca and Kant; By Rev. W. T. Jackson, Ph. D., Dayton, Ohio. United Brethren Publishing Room, 1881.

It is exactly a hundred years since German Philosophy, led by Emmanuel Kant, invaded and conquered all previous forces of European thought. That philosophy came into the field with wholly new tactics, strange and complicated movements, and arms of precision in the use of metaphysical terms unknown before. Eleven years previous to the publication of Kant's great work, the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' that sensualist materialism which had been developing itself for two centuries in England and France, had said its last word in the publication of the *Système de la Nature* of Baron Holbach, of 1770. Belief in God was henceforth to be banished from the horizon of human thought; Consciousness and Ideas were as much products of the brain tissues as bile was of the cells of the liver! Kant tells us how he was led to see the necessity of a revolution in the methods of Philosophy in language whose dignity fits the subject. As Copernicus had seen that the phenomena of astronomy could not be accounted for on the old theory that the sun and stars move round the earth, and thence was led to construct a new theory of the heavens. So Kant had found that the doctrine of all our knowledge being traceable to experience, does not account for the phenomena of human thought. He was thence led to his 'Critical Examination of the Reason,' which he considered made three aspects, each determined by the ideas which are its subject matter: The Sense-Faculty (he called it the æsthetic), the Understanding which takes cognizance of the ideas supplied by the sense faculty, and the Pure Reason, which considers ideas transcending, or going into a higher region than these, as God, Immortality and Duty. In criticising the contents of the Sense Faculty and of the Understanding, he shewed the existence of certain necessary forms, such as space and time, which are supplied by the mind itself, and are not given by experience. These, which he called in his strange and repellant terminology, 'Synthetic Judgments *a priori*,' were conceived by man as necessary and universally true, and this Kant proved by the self evident truth of the pure mathematics. Whether or not we are justified in saying that these judgments, true to our reason, are also true to the reason of other possibly existent beings, Kant does not appear to determine: and herein, according to many thinkers, is a weak point in his system. But at least to us, as we reason, and to all our possibilities of thought and science, these 'Synthetic Judgments' *a priori* are valid.

Another weak point in Kant's Philosophy, according to some recent exponents, notably Dr. Noah Porter, in a lucid and most readable essay on the Kantian Centennial (*Princeton Review*, Nov. 1881,) is his apparent denial of the possibility of our cognition of the *noumenon* as a 'thing in itself.' By *phenomenon* are meant the transitory, the uncertain, the contingent, the apparent: by *noumenon*, the permanent, the universal, the true. In its highest form the noumenon is equivalent to the absolute, to the idea of God; and the relation of this thought to mere phenomenon is nobly expressed in a passage in St. Augustine's Confessions, 'The Unchanging, Thou changest all things; with Thee of all things unstable the stable causes exist, and of all things mutable and transitory, the immutable causes abide.' But Kant was unable to see ground for belief in the noumenon as God in the speculative reason, although he claimed that

we possess such ground in the moral or practical reason.

Noumenon considered as the conscious soul, it seems strange that Kant should have denied our right to predicate existence. Does not his whole system pre-suppose our power to judge of Reason as a reality immediately known to us? The ethical side only of Kant's philosophy was made known in England by Coleridge and Carlyle. Its pure and lofty tone had a great influence with the earlier generations of Liberal and Broad Churchmen whose leaders were Kingsley and Frederic Dennison Maurice. As a philosophical system, the Kantian metaphysics have been evolved in various directions by Schilling, Fichte, and Hegel; and by Mansel and Hamilton in England. At present there seems to be in England and America a tendency to return to and re-interpret Kant, with perhaps a leaning to the development of his system known as Absolute Idealism, as against the denial of the knowability of the Absolute, by Herbert Spencer. Of this school, the work on Kant by Professor Watson, of Kingston, lately reviewed in these columns, is an example which deserves, and has already commanded, attention.

To the earnest student of Metaphysics, the position of Kant among the supreme thinkers of Europe will always furnish a reason for at least attempting to form some idea of his system as set forth, not by commentators, but by himself. The translation in Bohn's library gives some help in the notes, but it may be safely maintained to be *impossible* for any student to understand the text unaided by an expert or by ample notes. The difficulty of understanding Kant is no doubt in part due to the inherent difficulty of the subject. But all recent commentators seem agreed that it is still more owing to the strange terminology which Kant borrowed from Wolf and his predecessors, who derived it from the scholastic writers of the Middle Ages. And to this terminology Kant assigned new meanings of his own, which was gradually adopted during the twenty years in which this Sphinx of Metaphysics meditated over the riddles given to the world in 1781. Again, it is fully admitted that Kant himself got at times confused and involved. Also, the German language of a century ago was in a chaotic state as regards clearness of style, which put Kant at a great disadvantage. He was at times a forcible, clear, and even eloquent writer; witness his account alluded to above, of the origin of his 'Critique of Pure Reason;' also his marvellous anticipation of modern evolution in his Theory of the Heavenly Bodies, which, by the way, has been erroneously ascribed to Laplace. But the 'Critique' needs not so much to be commented on by commentators who have generally pet theories of their own, as to be re-written before it can be understood by the English reader. With the exception of Locke, modern philosophical writers in our language have enjoyed the advantage of a clear and intelligible style, and this is eminently true of Mill and Spencer, whose speculations, treating as they do of the most recondite questions of Thought, and involving complex detail of illustration, have a terminology that explains itself, and can be readily understood by any educated reader, even if untrained in Metaphysics. Kant's work should be not simply rendered into boldly literal English, but translated in the same spirit of free yet faithful rendering by which the French version of *Dumont* made Jeremy Bentham intelligible.

Kant is pre-eminently a writer whom modern Thought cannot afford to neglect. It is very remarkable to what an extent he anticipated, a century ago, several of the leading ideas of our own age. In his book on 'The Philosophy of the Heavens,' Kant promulgates the theory as to the genesis of the stellar universe, which, fifty years afterwards, was preposed in a modified form by Laplace. In the same work Kant gave the explanation more currently received, of the rings of Saturn. He also distinctly anticipated the Darwinian theory. Mr. Jackson's little book takes too arbitrary a title when it professes to give an account of the 'Philosophy of Kant.' Mr. Jackson only treats of 'Kant's System of Ethics'—the simplest and easiest part of Kant's system. Of the more difficult and more important metaphysical investigations in the Kantian Metaphysics, Mr. Jackson tells us nothing whatever. But on the merely ethical question his *brochure* is well put together, and deserves a good word.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

TO KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.*

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Sweet Singer, would I had the power
 To write but one verse worthy thee;
To thy bright garland add one flower,
 To thank thee for thy minstrelsy.

Thy songs are music in the night,
 Or earnest thoughts for solemn hours;
Or, when our hearts are gay and light,
 Thy graceful verses seem like flowers

Of the bright Spring, or sunny June,
 When Nature all an anthem sings;
So fresh and pure, so sweet the tune,
 No chiming bell more softly rings.

Like murmur of a summer brook
 Melodious winding through the glen,
The rhythmic pages of thy book
 Flow in sweet numbers from thy pen.

We cannot choose but weep with thee,
 With thee rejoice when thou art glad,
Our hearts go out in sympathy,
 One moment gay, the next one sad.

God bless thee, Singer, give thee grace
 To warble till He calls thee home,
Then, may the shining of His face,
 Light the dark valley's gathering gloom;

And, when earth's sounds grow faint and dim,
 Angelic voices greet thine ear,
And bear a sister seraphim
 To sing in Heaven from singing here.

Some visitors were going through a great house recently, and at length paused before a fine painting representing a handsome, black-bearded man clad in gorgeous attire. One of them inquired of their guide whose portrait it might be. 'Well, sir,' replied the housekeeper, 'I don't rightly know; but I believe it is the Dowager Venus!' 'But,' said the visitor, 'I scarcely think that the Dowager Venus would be represented with a beard. Perhaps you will be good enough to look in the catalogue?' She did so, and the Dowager Venus proved to be the Doge of Venice.

* Author of 'The Coming of the Princess, and other Poems.' Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

People without tact do a great deal of mischief. They seem actually merciless at times. They never know what is best to say or do. They tread upon people's toes, and open the closet where family skeletons are kept so often that they earn the reputation of being spiteful. They ask over and over again questions which are obviously unpleasant to answer, and make remarks that are seen at once by all save themselves to be offensive.

An English judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at that time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness. 'Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from the gate?' 'I mean to say, sir,' giving the judge and then the jury a sly look, 'the ass was Missing.'

A parish in the county of Fife had for a minister a good man, remarkable for his benevolent disposition. Meeting one of his parishioners one day, he said, 'Jeanie, what way do I never see you in the kirk?' 'Weel, sir,' replied Jeanie, 'to be plain wi' ye, I haena a pair o' shoon to gang wi.' 'A pair o' shoon, Jeanie! Jeanie, I'll no let ye stap at hame for that; what would a pair cost?' 'About four shillings, sir.' Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave Jeanie the money, and went his way. Some time after, meeting her again, he said, 'Dear me, Jeanie, I've never seen ye in the kirk yet. What way is that?' 'Weel, sir,' replied Jeanie, 'to be plain wi' ye, when the weather is guid, and I hae time, I prefer gaun to Dumfarlin' to hear Mr. Gillespie.' 'Oh, indeed, Jeanie, lass, that's the way o't, is't? Ye might hae gi'en me the first day o' the shoon, ony way, d'ye no think?'

FOR SOME ONE.

BY CECIL GWYNNE, MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

OH heart that is bruised and wounded,
And aching with hopes and fears;
Oh hands that are empty and helpless,
Through the barren and dreary years.

The years that have brought no blessing,
But are bearing thy youth away,
Faded, and withered, and useless,
Like leaves on an autumn day.

Sit not by the roadside idle,
Grasp *something* before it goes by!
Better to struggle and suffer
Than helplessly sink down and die.

The way has been rough and stony,
And the journey seemed all up-hill;
But there's One who is near in the darkness,
Whose hand shall uphold thee still.

And some time in the dim hereafter,
Some time in the years to come,
Thou shalt lay down thy weapons forever,
At rest, in thy hard won Home.

Charity taken in its largest extent is nothing else but the sincere love of God and our neighbour.

Whatever you have to do, do it with all your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.

'Don't stand on ceremony; come in,' said a lady to an old farmer, as she opened the door. 'Why, my goodness! Excuse me, ma'am. I thought all along I was standin' on the door mat.'

Two bees—a honey and a drone—alighted, towards sunset, upon the trunk of a tree. Muttered the drone to the busy bee, which was laden with honey, 'I have been looking for you all over the place. I am starving, and you might help me with a little of your substance.' 'Why so?' asked the other. 'I have had the pleasure of toiling all the day for it. Add the virtue of independence to the dignity of labour, and gather for yourself.' 'Say you so,' rejoined the drone, 'then I must take it by force.' But as the drone had no sting, the struggle was vain; and he soon lay legs uppermost, a helpless tit-bit for a watchful robin. Moral.—The lazy and the 'loafing' will waste as much time and energy over scheming 'how not to do it' as would suffice to gain an honest living, and come to a troublesome end for their pains.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

C. E. M., MONTREAL.

Every life has its December,
Full of sad repining,
Yet December's darkest heaven
Hides a silver lining.

May will bring, on some sweet morrow,
Rosy light and laughter;
Longest grief must have an ending,
If not here, hereafter.

Old party—'What d'ye mane by snowballing o' me, yer young wagabones? Ain't yer got a father o' yer own to snowball?'

A well-fed hog rose up in his sty and dropped a regretful tear. 'The beautiful snow has come,' he said, 'and slaying will soon be here.'

'How do I look, doctor?' asked a painted young lady of the family physician. 'I can't tell, madam, till you *uncover* your face,' was the cutting reply.

Mrs. Maloney—'That's a foine child ov yours, Mrs. Murphy. How ould is he?' Mrs. Murphy.—'He'll be two years old to-morrow. He was born on the same day as his father.'

An enterprising American firm, to prevent the destruction of their cheeses by rats in their transit to England, packed them in iron safes. It is stated that the rats eat their way through the safes, but found the cheeses too much for them.

REVELATION.

I trod the rustling carpet of the earth,
When winter winds had bared the forest trees;
Hushed were the myriad sounds of insect mirth,
That erst had floated on the summer breeze.
No voice of bird was heard in warblings sweet,
No pleasant murmur of the growing leaves.
'Death, death,' I said, 'on every side I meet;
And Nature for her buds and blossoms grieves.'

Anon I saw the earth apparelled new;
Greenness and growth did everywhere abound;
The skies bent over all the summer blue,
And grand old hills with bounteousness were crowned.
The air was stirred with waves of happy strife.
Where'er I turned, I saw the eternal seal.
'Life follows death,' I said; 'through death to life,
Doth nature thus the spirit's law reveal.'

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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APRIL, 1882.

THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON:*

THE "LONG WHARF" OF THE DOMINION.

BY JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, F.S.S., THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IN choosing as the subject of my Paper an important island on the Atlantic coast of Canada, I feel that I am assisting to carry out the praiseworthy object the Geographical Society has in view. The second article of the Constitution expressly informs me, a new member, that the society desires above all things: 'To study and make known our country in relation to its productive forces; especially to bring into notice its agricultural, forest, maritime, industrial and commercial resources, with a view to augment its riches and the well-being of its population.' A great society like that in London may appropriately, as the parent and prototype of all similar associations elsewhere, follow the explorer into Arctic seas or tropical jungles, and search the wide globe for fresh accessions to the treasures of knowledge which have been amassed under its auspices. Ours necessarily must be a more humble task in the early days of this association; but while it may be less ambitious, it cannot be said to be less useful, from a Canadian point of view. A country like ours, embracing the greater part of a Continent, containing resources still in the infancy of their development, affords a fruitful field of research for the earnest student desirous of furnishing his quota of geographical lore. Amid the bleak regions of Hudson's Bay, or the fastnesses of the mountains that bar the road to the Pacific coast, there is yet much to attract the adventurous traveller and explorer. Even in the older sections of this wide Dominion, there are 'fresh woods and pastures new' to

* A Paper read before the Geographical Society of Quebec.

be brought within the ken of those anxious to inform themselves of the topographical features and natural resources of this country, now an energetic competitor for emigration from the Old World. Only fourteen years have passed away since the different provinces of British America formed themselves into a Confederation, and it cannot be said that all sections are even yet as well informed as they should be of the respective characteristics of each other. The name of the island of which I propose to give you a brief sketch to-night is quite familiar to your ears, and all of you remember how important a part it has played in the early history of this Continent; but it is, nevertheless, quite safe to assert that its natural features are still comparatively unknown to the majority of persons residing in old Canada. Yet in the days of the French *régime*, the possession of Cape Breton was considered indispensable in the accomplishment of that grand scheme of French aggrandisement which embraced the acquisition of this whole Continent. Louisbourg was for years a menace to England, and promised to be a place of as great importance in a commercial and national point of view as the ancient capital itself. But with the disappearance of French dominion, the grass soon won possession of the dismantled walls of Louisbourg, and the fisherman's shallop became the only tenant of the noble harbour where the *fleur-de-lys* once floated from many a stately frigate in those memorable days of last century, when an ambitious town looked out on the broad Atlantic. From the day when Wolfe and Boscawen won the fortress, Cape Breton fell into obscurity, whilst Quebec still continued to fill no unimportant place in the fulfilment of the destinies of Canada. There the tourist in search of the picturesque, or the historical student desirous of discovering memorials of the past, has always found attraction. Here statesmen have met in council and laid the foundations of the liberal system of representative government that we now enjoy. Here commerce has flourished, and the shipping of all nations has floated on the waters of the noble river which carries to the great ocean beyond the tribute of the West. But for Louisbourg there has only been, during a century and more, neglect and desolation. The history of Cape Breton has been one of placid rest, only disturbed by insignificant political contests which have not seriously ruffled the great body politic, or disturbed the social foundations of British North America.

As the Island of Vancouver in the west guards the approaches to the Pacific coast of the Dominion, so the Island of Cape Breton on the eastern shores stands like a sentinel at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Both these islands must necessarily, from the vantage ground they occupy, exercise an important influence on the commercial and national future of these dependencies of the Empire; but of the two, Cape Breton is vastly the more important in point of area, population, and capabilities. By reference to a map you will see that Cape Breton is an island of very irregular form, lying between the parallels of 45° 27′ and 47° 3′ north, and the meridians 59° 47′ and 61° 32′ west, and is bounded on the north-east and south-east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south-west by St. George's Bay and the Gut of Canso, and on the north-west by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its total length from north to south is about one hundred and ten miles, and its total width, from east to west, eighty-seven miles. The Gut of Canso, or Fronsac, as it was first known, when Acadie was a French colony, separates the island from the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and is navigable for the largest class of vessels—its length being some fifteen miles, and its average width about a mile.

The island is naturally separated into two great divisions by the Bras

D'Or Lake, to which I shall make fuller reference further on. These two divisions are also remarkable for certain natural features which give to each a distinctive character. The western division extends from Cape St. Lawrence to St. Peter's on the south, and is noteworthy for its ranges of hills and bold scenery. All the high lands in this division consist of syenite, gneiss, mica slate, and other metamorphic rocks of old date, with the exception of the southern end of the range lying between the Gut of Canso and the valley of the River of the Inhabitants. The valleys and low country generally between the hills, are made up of sandstone, shale, limestone and gypsum, of the lower carboniferous system. Beds of the carboniferous system occur between Margarie and Port Hood, and between the Gut of Canso and St. Peter's, but in the latter district they appear to be of small value. There are few harbours of importance on the coasts of this division—from Cape St. Lawrence in the north to the extreme end of this division on the south, Port Hood, Port Hawkesbury, and Arichat are navigable on the western side; on the north-east are St. Ann's and the great entrances of the Bras D'Or. The scenery around St. Ann's and Inganish is particularly grand, lofty precipices, rocky gorges and ravines meeting the eye in every direction. On parts of the coast, as far as Cape North, rocky precipices rise abruptly from the sea, to heights varying from six to twelve hundred feet.

The eastern division, which is bounded by the Bras D'Or and the Atlantic Ocean, is remarkable for its valuable mines of coal and the fine harbours of Sydney and Louisbourg. It contains only two ranges of hills of considerable elevation, consisting of syenite, granite, and metamorphic rocks. The land on the coast nowhere reaches a greater elevation than three hundred feet, except at the head of Gabarus Bay. The low hills on the coast consist chiefly of metamorphosed Devonian and Upper Silurian rocks; the low country in the interior, as we have said, are of sandstone, shale and limestone of the carboniferous system. Off the Atlantic coast, on the south-east, lies the Island of Scatari, whose shores are strewn with the wrecks of vessels of every class. Its coast consists alternately of rocky headlands and sand or gravel beaches, guarded by reefs and inclosing ponds. Small fishing hamlets nestle in the coves, thronged during summer by fishermen from all the surrounding country; but not more than eight or ten families spend the winter in this lonely spot, against which the waves of the Atlantic fret and foam without ceasing. Some of the bays, Gabarus especially, on the eastern division of Cape Breton, are conspicuous for splendid beaches of the finest sand, where the surf, as it rushes up tumultuously, presents occasionally a spectacle of great sublimity. The total area of Cape Breton is put down by the best authorities at 2,650,000 acres, exclusive of the Bras D'Or Lakes. It is estimated that about one-half of this area is fit for cultivation, the richest soil being found on the alluvial lands watered by the largest rivers. The varieties of trees common to such latitudes grow upon the island, but the spruce prevails, and the vegetation near the coast is for the most part stunted, and very little building timber of value can now be cut. Apples, plums, pears, and other hardy fruits flourish well in favoured spots, and ordinary field crops are grown without difficulty. But it is from its coal deposits that the island must always derive the chief part of its prosperity. The rocks of the carboniferous system cover about one half of the whole area of the island; the other half, so far as known, consisting of igneous, metamorphic and Silurian rock. The Sydney coal field is the most extensive and valuable portion of the carboniferous area of the island. It extends

from Mira Bay on the east to Cape Dauphin on the west, a distance of thirty-one miles. It is bounded on the north by the sea-coast, and on the south by the Millstone Grit formation. This tract of country occupies an area of about two hundred square miles, and is intersected or indented by several bays and harbours, where we see exposed sections of the coal measures in the cliffs, which, with the exception of a few sand beaches, extend along the whole coast from Mira Bay to Cape Dauphin. The total thickness of the Sydney coal measures is not yet ascertained to a certainty, but so careful an observer as Mr. Brown, for many years connected with the Mining Association, a gentleman of high scientific attainments and practical knowledge, concludes in a work on the subject that from Burnt Head, near Glace Bay, where the highest known bed occurs, down to the Millstone Grit, it is not much under 1,000 feet.

No section of the Dominion of Canada presents more varied scenes of natural beauty, attaining true grandeur in many localities, than this island, with its imposing hills and precipices, its smiling valleys and rocky coasts, its noble harbours, where all the navies of the world may safely anchor, its calm rivers and oft storm-swept bays, whence the great ocean, in all its sublimity, stretches without a break to the shores of other continents. The vast plateau, or table land, which extends from Margarie and St. Ann's to Cape St. Lawrence, the most northern extremity of the island, is elevated in some places between 1,000 and 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is bounded by lofty cliffs and precipices, affording a magnificent panorama of land and water. There are numerous rivers running through the island : the Margarie, the Bedeque, the Wagamatacook, the Inhabitants, Mabou, and the Denys, water the western division ; while the Sydney or Spanish River, the Mira, and the Grand River flow into the ocean through the eastern section. Of all these rivers, however, Spanish River is by far the most important, as it runs through a fertile district of the most important country, and discharges itself at last into Sydney harbour, which in expansiveness and safety has no superior, if indeed an equal, among the many magnificent harbours of this Continent.

Fresh water lakes are very numerous in the island, the largest being Ainslie Lake, which covers an area of twenty five square miles, and forms the source of the southern branch of the Margarie River. But the most remarkable natural feature of the island is what is commonly called the Bras D'Or Lake, which is in reality a Mediterranean Sea in miniature. This lake, which is actually divided into two stretches of water, called the Great Bras D'Or and the Little Bras D'Or, is connected with the Atlantic Ocean by two straits, one of which admits the passage of the largest ships. These lakes occupy an area of some 450 square miles in the heart of the island, and are fed by several rivers, besides abounding in picturesque islands. One of these, of considerable size, called after the Marquis de la Boularderie, is situated at the entrance, and it is on either side of this island that vessels now find their way from the east into the splendid sheet of water which gives such unrivalled facilities for trade to the people of Cape Breton.

The Bras D'Or Lakes occupy deep basins, excavated in soft carboniferous strata, encompassed by hills of syenite and other pre-Silurian rocks, flanked here and there by newer sediments. They are connected with each other by Barra Strait, generally known to the people as the Grand Narrows, and find an outlet to the sea at St. Peter's, on the southern coast, by a fine ship canal, which has been at last completed to the satisfaction of the people of the island, who commenced agitating for the work many years previous to Confederation. The maximum depth of the smaller lake is fifty-four,

that of the larger forty-six fathoms; the extreme length of the Great Bras D'Or Lake is forty-four miles; its width from Portage Creek to Soldier Cove, twenty-one miles.

For variety of beautiful scenery this inland sea cannot be surpassed in British America. The stranger who wishes to follow the most attractive route through the island should pass through the Little Bras D'Or, which is very narrow in many places, and resembles a beautiful river. It is full of the most delightful surprises, for you think yourself perfectly land-locked, when suddenly you come to a little opening and find yourself, in less than a minute, shooting into a large bay. The banks are wooded to the very water's edge, whilst shady roads wind down, in most perplexing fashion, to some rude wharf, where you will always find moored a fisherman's boat or coasting schooner. Fine farms are to be seen on every side, and now and then you catch a glimpse of a tall white spire. We pass within reach of wooded islets and anon shoot out into the Great Bras D'Or itself, where the land at last becomes quite indistinct. Far to the northward we catch glimpses of the highlands which terminate in the promontories of Capes North and St. Lawrence. It is not the height and grandeur of the hills, nor the wide expanse of water, that gives to these lakes and their surroundings their peculiar charm, but the countless combinations of land and water, which afford new scenes of beauty at every turn. Variety is everywhere found in the irregular shore; in the bold, rocky head-lands which roll back the lazy waves; and in the long, graceful outlinesof the sand and shingle beaches up which they sparkle, until they break into white quivering lines of surf upon the shore. There the restless motion of the Atlantic, and the thunder of the waves that encircle the island, are unknown; and in the sheltered bays, on a calm day, the whole surface is alive with bright-coloured medusæ and jelly fishes of every size, expanding and contracting their umbrella-shaped discs as they move in search of food on the warm, tranquil water. Cod and mackerel, herring, skate and halibut are caught on the banks and shoals; oysters of excellent quality are found in the bay sand ponds; and in the brooks which flow into them on every side, salmon, trout, smelt and gaspereaux abound.

For some years a steamer called at Whycocomagh or at West Bay, at the head of the lakes, and the tourist found his way over land to the Strait of Canso or the Gulf Shore, whence he was conveyed to Pictou. Now the opening of the St. Peter's Canal, and the completion of a railway to the Strait, opposite Port Hawkesbury, will largely add to the facilities for travel through the island. But the visitor who desires to see something of the most picturesque section of Cape Breton, should go to Whycocomagh, and drive to the sea-coast at Port Hood. He will, in all probability, have to be satisfied with a very primitive vehicle, but he will soon forget the absence of easy springs and soft cushions in view of the exquisite scenery that meets the eye wherever it wanders. Those who have travelled over Scotland cannot fail to notice the striking resemblance that the scenery of this part of Cape Breton bears to that of the Highlands. Indeed, the country is chiefly inhabited by the Scotch who, as a rule in this district, are a well-to-do class. Some of the best farms in the Province are here to be seen, proving conclusively the fine agricultural capabilities of this section of the island. As we pass along the mountain side we overlook a beautiful valley, where one of the branches of the Mabou River pursues its devious way, looking like a silver thread thrown upon a carpet of the deepest green. Every now and then we pass groups of beautiful elms, rising amid the wide expanse of meadows. No portion of the landscape is tame or monotonous, but all is remark-

ably diversified. The eye can linger in exquisite sylvan nooks, or lose itself amid the hills that rise away beyond until they disappear in the purple distance—

You should have seen that long hill range,
With gaps of brightness riven,
How, through each pass and hollow, streamed
The purpling light of heaven.

There are only two towns of importance on the island. Arichat is built on the small island of Madame, on the southern coast of Cape Breton, and contains several important fishing establishments owned by Acadian or Jersey merchants. It is the chief town of the County of Richmond, and the majority of the population are French Catholics, who have established a convent, where a good education can be obtained. Sydney is the important town of the island, and is situated on the harbour to which reference has previously been made. The only disadvantage that attaches to this remarkably fine port is the fact that it is frequently ice-bound during the winter months. The mines of the Mining Association of London are at the entrance of the harbour, and are connected by rail with the place of shipment which is, in local parlance, known as 'the Bar'—quite an enterprising place, with some fine shops and churches. Six miles further up the river is the capital of the island, the old town of Sydney, which is built on a peninsula. For many years Sydney led a very sluggish existence. In former times Cape Breton was a separate colony, and Sydney had a resident Governor and all the paraphernalia of a seat of government. Society was in a constant state of excitement on account of the squabbles between the officials, who on more than one occasion called out and shot each other in the most approved style of the older communities of Europe. A company of regular troops was stationed there for many years, but the old barracks are now the only evidence that remains of those gay days when Her Majesty's forces enlivened the monotony of the ancient town. With the disappearance of the troops, and the decay of trade, Sydney for years became one of the dullest places in British America. Some ten or eleven years ago, however, additional life was given to the town by the expenditure of considerable capital in building railways, piers and other works necessary for the accommodation of the coal trade, which suddenly assumed considerable importance. Sydney is situated in the centre of the finest carboniferous district of British America. English, American and Canadian companies have mines in operation at Cow Bay, Glace Bay, Lingan and North Sydney, and had we reciprocity in coal with the United States, and new avenues of trade opened up, a great commercial impulse would necessarily be given to the old town, which appears to be again comparatively at a stand still.

Louisbourg, which is some twenty-four miles from Sydney, by the old carriage road that crosses the beautiful Mira River about halfway, will be always one of the first places visited by the tourist. When I last stood on the site of the old town, some time ago, the scene was one of perfect desolation. The old town was built on a tongue of land near the entrance of the harbour, and from the formidable character of its fortifications was justly considered the Dunkirk of America. The natural advantages of the port of Louisbourg, immediately on the Atlantic coast, very soon attracted the attention of the French in those days when they entertained ambitious designs with reference to this Continent. As an entrepot for vessels sailing between France and Canada, and for the large fleet annually engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, the town was always considered of great importance by French statesmen. Louisburg was first taken by Warren and Pepperell, the latter a merchant of New Eng-

land, who was the first American colonist to receive the honour of a barcnetcy in recognition of his eminent services.* The success of the colonial troops naturally attracted a great deal of attention throughout England and was achieved very opportunely for the Mother Country. At the time the Colonists were gathering laurels at Louisbourg the British troops were being beaten on the Continent of Europe. 'We are making a bonfire for Cape Breton and thundering for Genoa,' wrote that old gossip, Horace Walpole, 'while our army is running away in Flanders.' By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton fell once more into the hands of the French, who immediately renewed the fortifications ef Louisbourg. At the time the negotiations for this treaty were going on, the French Court instructed its envoy to take every care that Cape Breton was restored to France, so important was its position in connection with the trade of Canada and Louisiana. Peace between France and England was not of long duration in those times, and among the great events of the war that ensued was the capture of Louisbourg. Great were the rejoicings when the news reached England. The captured standards were borne in triumph through the streets of London and deposited in St. Paul's amidst the roar of cannon and the beating of kettle drums. From that day to this, Cape Breton has been almost entirely forgotten by the statesmen and people of England. Fifty years after the fall of Louisbourg, Lord Bathurst actually ordered all American prisoners to be removed from Halifax to Louisbourg, as a place of safety. He was entirely ignorant of the fact that soon after the capture of the town, its fortifications were razed to the ground, and a good deal of the stone, as well as all the implements of iron, were carried to Halifax. As the visitor now walks over the site, he can form a very accurate idea, if he has a map with him, of the character of the fortifications, and the large space occupied by the town. The form of the batteries is easily traced, although covered with sod, and a number of relics, in the shape of shells and cannon balls, can be dug up by any enterprising explorer. The Governor-General, during his visit of the past summer, among other things, came across an old sword which he has recently presented to the Geological Museum just opened at Ottawa.

The country surrounding the harbour is extremely barren and uninteresting, from the absence of fine trees and the lofty hills which predominate in the north-western section of the island. As one wanders over the grassy mounds that alone illustrate the historic past, one is overcome by the intense loneliness that pervades the surroundings. Instead of spacious stone mansions, we see only a few fishermen's huts. A collier or fishing boat, or wind-bound coaster, floats in the spacious harbour, where the fleets of the two great maritime nations of Europe once rode at anchor. The old grave-yard of the French is a feeding place for the sheep of the settlers. The ruined casemates, the piles of stones, the bullets that lie at our feet, are the sole memorials of the days when France and England contended for the possession of a town which was an ever-present menace to New England. As we stand on this famous historic spot—

—— We hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.

The harbour, which is two miles in length and half a mile in width, with a depth of from three to six fathoms, communicates with the open ocean by a

*The colonel commanding the Connecticut regiment, at that time Speaker of the Provincial House, was Andrew Burr, whose direct descendant is Mr. J. B. Plumb, Member for Niagara.

channel only half a mile in length and one-third of a mile in width, with a depth of from six to ten fathoms. A vessel arriving on the coast with a favourable wind can reach safe anchorage in a few minutes after passing the lighthouse. This easiness of access in summer and winter without any intervening bay or roadstead, was probably one of the principal reasons why Louisbourg was chosen in preference to other harbours, like St. Ann's or Sydney. Vessels can ride at anchor with safety in all parts of the harbour when the rocky coast outside and the islands at the entrance, not more than half a mile distant, are exposed to the unbroken fury of the waves, and enveloped in immense sheets of surging foam. It is certainly strange that Louisbourg, notwithstanding its great advantages as a port, should have remained so many years in obscurity when commerce is always searching out the most available *entrepots* for traffic between the Old and New World. Since the revival in the coal trade of Cape Breton, a railway has been constructed between Sydney and Louisbourg, with the object of making the latter the winter port of the island. The consequence is that a few new buildings have been erected around the harbour, and preparations made for considerable traffic in the future. Steamers engaged in the European trade must sooner or later make the old port a stopping place for coal and passengers. The distance of the ocean voyage from Louisbourg to Liverpool is 2,255 miles, or some 700 miles shorter than from New York to Liverpool—a great advantage in the winter season. The difference of time would be at least thirty hours in favour of Louisbourg, if a steamer could connect with a continuous rail route to New York. It would also take between seven and eight days to reach Quebec from London *via* Louisbourg.* At present there is a rail connection from Quebec to the Strait of Canso, and the only line that has to be constructed is one from the Strait to Louisbourg—a distance of some eighty miles over a country which offers every facility for railway construction. The Strait of Canso must of course be crossed by means of a steam ferry, constructed with a special view to carry cars and combat the heavy ice which bars the passage at certain times of the year. Looking then at the advantageous position of Louisbourg on the Atlantic, and its accessibility to the great coal mines of the island, it is easy to predict that the time is not far distant when it must become the eastern terminus of the Dominion system of railways, and one of the most flourishing cities on this Continent.

Wherever you go in Cape Breton you come upon traces of the French occupation. Many of the old names, are, however, becoming rapidly corrupted as time passes, and their origin is forgotten. One would hardly recognise in 'Big Loran' the title of the haughty house of Lorraine. The river Margarie, remarkable for its scenery and the finest salmon fishing in the Maritime Provinces, is properly the Marguérite. Miré has lost its accent and become Mira. Inganish was originally Niganiche. The beautiful Bras D'Or still retains its euphoneous and appropriate name, and so does Boularderie Island, at the entrance of the lake. Port Toulouse is now known as St. Peter's—the terminus of the canal. The present name of the island is itself an evidence of French occupation. Some of those adventurous Basque mariners and fishermen, who have been visiting the waters of the Gulf for centuries, first gave the name of Cape Breton to the eastern point of the island, after 'Cape Breton,' near Bayonne.

Many interesting relics are now and then turned up by the plough in the old settlements. I remember seeing some years ago, a fine bell which was discovered at Inganish, and which

* Report of Committee on Shortest Route to Europe, House of Commons Journals, 1873, Appendix 5.

bore, in accordance with the custom in France, the following inscription: '*Pour la Paroisse de Niganiche jay été nommée Janne Francoise par Johannis Decarette et par Francoisse Vrail parain et maraine—la fosse Hvet de St. Malo ma fait An*, 1729.'

No one can travel for any length of time through the island without seeing the evidence of its being behind other parts of British America in prosperity, despite the many elements of wealth that exist in its soil and surrounding waters. As a rule the people are by no means enterprising. The great majority are Scotch by descent, and many of them exhibit the thrift and industry of their race. Many of the younger men go off yearly to the United States and those of them who return generally come back imbued with more progressive ideas. The descendants of the old French population are an industrious class, chiefly engaged in maritime pursuits. A portion of the inhabitants consists of the descendants of American loyalists and the original English settlers who came into the country after the capture of Louisbourg and the foundation of Sydney. Agriculture is largely followed by the people, and with some measure of success in the fertile lands watered by Spanish, Miré, Bedeque, Mabou and other rivers. On the sea coast the fisheries predominate, though all the people even there, more or less, till small farms. The collieries absorb a considerable number of men in the county of Cape Breton, which is the most prosperous and populous section of the island. A good many persons are engaged in the coasting trade, especially at Sydney and Arichat, though ship-building has never been pursued to any extent—Sydney in this respect offering no comparison with the great ship-owning towns of Yarmouth and Hantsport in Nova Scotia proper. The island is divided into four political divisions—Cape Breton, Richmond, Inverness and Victoria, which return five members to the House of Commons, besides giving three senators to the Upper House of Parliament.

The total population of the island may be estimated at ninety thousand souls, and as an illustration of its trade. I may add that last year the number of vessels that entered inwards at the ports of Arichat and Sydney alone was nearly 1000—the great majority entering at the latter port for supplies of coal and comprising many steamers and craft of large tonnage.

There are about five hundred Indians on the island, all belonging to the Micmac tribe, which has continued to dwell in Nova Scotia since the days when De Monts and De Poutrencourt landed on the western shore of Acadie and founded Port Royal. The majority now live at Escasoni in a very picturesque section of Cape Breton in the vicinity of the Bras D'Or Lake, where they have some fine farms and worship in a large chapel.

No part of British America is richer in natural resources, and in all those elements necessary to create wealth and prosperity, than this noble island; but unfortunately its progress so far has been retarded by the want of capital and the absence of speedy communication with the rest of the Continent. The collieries are numerous, but the output of coal is still relatively insignificant—over 500,000 tons a year—when we consider the wealth they could send forth were there a larger market open to this great source of national prosperity.

The island stands on the very threshold of the finest fishing grounds of the world. Quarries of marble, gypsum, limestone and other valuable stone abound, and oil is also known to exist in the Lake Ainslie district. The natural position of the island is remarkably advantageous for trade of every kind. It stands at the gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a splendid entrepot of commerce in times of peace, and an invaluable bul-

wark of defence in the days of war. Whether we consider its geographical relations to the rest of Canada, or its prolific natural resources, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the tide of prosperity which is now flowing so steadily in the direction of all parts of this Continent cannot continue much longer to pass by its too long-neglected shores, but will sooner or later lift the island out of the isolation and obscurity which now overshadow its progress, and enable it at last to take its proper position among the industrial communities of the Dominion.

'WE'RE TO MEET AGAIN.'

WE'RE to meet again, this week or next,
And I'm sorely troubled, my dear!
To know *how* we'll meet—for we parted—
Well—somewhat like lovers last year.

Since you have written no letter
I could not, it was not my place;
I scarce know if by this I'm supplanted
By a prettier figure and face.

I, being a girl and more constant,
Thought often of dropping a line
To inquire of your health and enjoyments,
And ask—where you usually dine:

If, just as of old, on your Sundays
You go to the Tompkins' to tea,
And dine with 'Old Hector and Madame,'
And talk of the dreadful 'N. P.':

Get up late in the mornings, etc.,—
Well, I thought I would write of these things;
But such resolutions, 'dear Frederick,'
Are borne on the flimsiest wings!

Miss Jones, your old love—what about her?
Did you mind her engagement with Brown?
I heard that the way she still flirted,
Was the talk of your virtuous town.

I wonder how I shall meet you,
If *you* will be formal and stiff,
You *are* very often, I've noticed,
And then if you are—dear me!—if—

If you are, why I shall be likewise,
And mask all my gladness—and that,
And watch you sit prim in the parlour,
And twirl your moustache and your hat.

If you're stiff I'll be stiff, and tell you
In ladylike fashion, the news,
Be sure not to strike on old chords,
Which might all our manners confuse.

I'll talk of the latest Receptions,
And touch on the news of the day,
The 'troubles in Ireland,' then 'Patience,'
A word for the Opera and Play.

Talk like this, with the family present,
Will sound very proper and nice,
If you're stiff and cold, my 'dear Frederick,'
I, too, can be—*veriest ice.*

If you're formal, Ah, me, I'll be sorry,
I vow I shall cry for a week,
Look æsthetic and pale and despondent,
Not a word to a soul will I speak.

I'll read 'Owen Meredith's' verses,
I'll languish, pout, probably sigh,
Till I'd wake in a stone even—pity,
And afterwards, most likely (?) die.

I'm filled with despair at the picture
I've drawn of the close of my life,
How different, 'dear Frederick,' it might be,
If you came to our house for a 'wife.'

You'd find me all smiles and all blushes,
Your proposal would give me a—shock ?
Yet 'twould make very happy a maiden
Who abides in the most dismal 'Block.'

I should not appear over eager—
Oh no, I should not be like that,
I—but why am I writing this rubbish,
You'll see it no more than the cat !

If you did, it might alter my prospects,—
However, next week will decide
Whether 'Frederick' ask or don't ask me
To be 'Mr. Smith's' 'blushing Bride.'

A. L. M.

ELLERSLIE GRANGE.

BY 'ESPERANCE,' YORKVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

ELSIE GRAEME lay on the low couch before the blazing hearth fire, one arm thrown above her head as it rested on the back of the couch. The red fire-light fell brightly on the wavy dark-brown hair, and the brown eyes were full of quiet thoughtfulness. She was singing softly to herself the old love-song of 'Claribel,' gazing thoughtfully at the flames meanwhile. 'I am content to be living in the shadow if only the sunlight fall brightly o'er thee,' she sang, and the words fell softly from her lips. Unperceived by her a young man had entered the room and now stood watching her, perhaps admiring the pretty picture she made—a young man with dark eyes very much like Elsie's own, and clustering curls, which shone in the firelight and were in reality of a golden brown. 'I believe you would!' he soliloquises, as he listened to Elsie's song. 'I believe you would, wee Elsie, small and fragile as you look! Not at all formed for winter winds and storms, but I think you would brave them if it benefit the man you learn to love, and I do not think you would mind them so much if only he was not buetted by them—but time may show!'

This was sober thinking for Reginald Ellerslie, who was one of the happiest and best-hearted fellows in the world—with a smile ever ready on his lips, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and a step that told of utter freedom from all that savoured of care or trouble.

'Good evening, cousin mine!' he said gaily, as he advanced to the fire.

'Reg! *you* returned! When did you come!'

'When do you suppose, ma'am? Was I at the tea-table? It isn't so long after tea-time *now!*'

'I mean, have you *just* come—you must be cold, it is freezing outside. Whew! it makes me shiver to think of it!'

'I am content though the north wind be cruel!' sang Reginald, suggestively.

'Oh Reg! were you listening? What a spy! But one doesn't always mean what one sings!' Nevertheless, the pale pink deepened in her cheek. 'Have you seen aunt and uncle?' she continued hastily.

'No! I saw the glow of your fire on the outside, and catching a glimpse of what looked like a young lady on the sofa I thought I would come in and let you give me my first welcome home—but a spy deserved death, so I suppose——'

'Sit down and warm yourself while I go and call them!' interrupted the girl, and she left the room.

Reginald's eyes followed her to the door, and, as he did so, he mentally ejaculated: 'My stars! she's prettier than ever—a very little witch!'

Ere long a lady and gentleman entered the room, both middle-aged, the first much like her son, with the same coloured hair and eyes—the latter tall and portly, and somewhat dignified. Both parents gave their son a hearty welcome home, and then came anxious inquiries as to whether he was not cold, tired, and *of course* he was *hungry!*' And so the bell was rung, and tea ordered for 'Master Reginald.'

'And also a fire in my bedroom, Martha, please,' added Reginald, of his own accord.

First he relieved himself of his great coat and muffler, and deposited both on the hall rack; then he came back and took his seat again at the fire, resting his feet on the fender to warm them, declaring that they were 'half-frozen?' Of course sympathy and consolation were showered upon him! What less could doting parents do for an only son? But Elsie sat demurely by the fire and smiled to herself. Then tea came in, and Reginald turned to discuss it with hungry zest, whilst Elsie moved to the table to pour out his tea.

'Home for the holidays!' exclaimed Reginald presently—'*Won't* we have have some fun now, Elsie?'

'I don't know,' responded that imperturbable maiden.

'Don't know? You called me spy—beg pardon, madam, but I must return the compliment by calling you traitoress! Why, *I* am here!'

'What difference will that make?'

'What difference? A great difference, *ma cousine.* I am Reginald Ellerslie—and Reginald Ellerslie is *somebody*—at least in his own opinion.'

'Ah!' This from Elsie.

'Yes!' continued Reginald, in nowise abashed, 'and moreover somebody who is especially partial to fun and generally finds it; so to-morrow, Miss Doubtful, we'll begin by having a skate—shall we?'

'Yes, only—' and she looked comically at the little feet resting on the rug—'unfortunately my ambitious feet have grown entirely beyond all possibility of fitting into my sole pair of skates, and—'

'That can be easily arranged!' interrupted Reginald. 'We can get a pair on our way to the rink. Is that your only objection?'

'Yes; thank you. I have been intending to get a pair for some weeks past, but I have not, for I have had no one to skate with.'

'No one to skate with! Where's Clair?'

'Clair Thorold? Don't you know? He went to California—went two weeks ago!'

'*Went to California!* What *ever for?*' And Reginald's tone was full of astonishment.

'How should *I* know!' retorted the girl, so peevishly, that both her aunt and uncle looked up. Reginald looked keenly at her as she poured out his third cup of tea.

'When did he go?' ho asked.

'I told you—two weeks ago. Won't you have anything else, Reginald?'

'No, thank you,' answered the young man, but he was wondering what was the matter between these two—his pretty cousin and his dearest friend, his friend from boyhood and his chosen companion when at home now. 'I wondered he didn't write!' he said half to himself after a long pause, during which the tea-tray had been removed.

'What? on that subject still? exclaimed Elsie. 'Do try to think of something else! Tell me of your college-doings. Any escapades?—any reprimands?—and what prizes have you won?'

'No—to the first two questions—and three prizes have fallen to the share of your obedient servant,' laughingly responded Reginald, rousing himself out of his abstraction and abandoning the former subject of conversation in deference to his cousin's evident dislike to pursue it; but once alone in his room, he thought of it again, and wondered to himself' what could have happened—Clair to be gone and Elsie speaking so lightly of it! Did they understand each other? *No*—or Elsie would not have been so fretful. There was something the matter—that was certain—but what was it? Well, thinking would not mend the matter to-night, so for the present to bed!' and Reginald was not long in falling asleep despite his perplexity and curiosity

One week after, a man, not over twenty-three or four, with fair clustering curls and clear gray eyes, with a broad manly figure and a face that would win one's trust at first sight, stands in the open doorway of one of the numerous poor impromptu habitations on the gold-fields of California. In his hand is a letter which he is reading. 'What was the cause of my sudden flight?' 'Why did I go?' he repeats aloud. 'Ah, why did I?' he exclaims, dropping the letter, and looking up at the rosy sunset clouds which flood the sky opposite him with crimson light — 'Ah, why did I, Elsie? Because I could not bear to live near and never speak to you! What did I do, dear love, that you should send me from you?'

The rosy light fades and dies away, and the evening shadows steal into the skies, but Clair still stands there, framed in the low broad doorway, with a weary look in the honest gray eyes and lines of pain about the well-formed mouth—lines which are doomed to deepen and grow plainer ere the hand of returning joy shall brush them away for ever.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS morning broke, bright and sunny. The snow lay thickly on the winter world, but the sky above was darkly blue and in the naked branches of the maples and amid the evergreen foliage of the firs, the last stray robin sang a gladsome welcome to the birthday of the Saviour of mankind. Peace and happiness were abroad. The very little beggar-children joined in with blither voices to wish each other 'A Merry Christmas!' The evening before had been cloudy and snowy, but during the night, in excited preparation for the morn, the wind had brushed the shadows from the sky and left it glad and smiling for the coming day. Later on, the streets were thronged with people going to church and chapel—old and young, men and women and little children—all were out to-day, with the unity born of one common purpose, one common joy. Amid the throng were Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie, their son and niece. Wrapped up in her dark furs and scarlet cloud, Elsie looked a veritable robin—a spot of crimson amidst the surrounding whiteness. There was a dull pain in the girl's head and heart that greatly damped her pleasure—but the mere thought of the reason for which she had sent Clair Thorold away on that day when he came to ask her the question she had anticipated with such different feeling before, roused her wounded pride again, and made her laugh and talk to hide the sore pain of insulted love which was burning at her heart. Reginald walked beside her, and as he wondered at her strange gaiety and indifference, he felt a curious, vague feeling of half-pleasure in the thought that, after all, he had been mistaken in thinking she cared for Clair. He looked down at the little hand upon his arm, and was conscious of a new feeling of pride and pleasure in having his little cousin by his side. Merrily, merrily, the bells rang out, and just as the last echo died away upon the winter air, they reached the porch and went in. Then for two whole hours the streets were still and silent, and the snowbirds and the robins with the little vagrants who would not venture inside the gaily decorated churches, all dirty and ragged as they were, had them all to themselves. But at last the crowd came out again, and the crisp snow crunched and crackled beneath the tread of many feet; the feet of those who were returning to warm comfortable homes and well-spread tables, and the little Arabs watched these more happily-favoured fellow-mortals and gazed in longing awe at the rich warm fur and woollen winter dresses, and wondered where each one lived

and what he or she was returning to. Elsie had been comforted by the service, and she felt a degree of quiet hopeful happiness to which she had been a stranger for two weeks and more.

'Reginald,' she said, as they walked home together, 'have you made any plan for the afternoon?

'No. Why do you ask?'

'Because I wish you would go with me to see some poor people I always visit on Christmas day. I know you never have cared for such visiting; but if you do not mind very much, I would like you to go with me—will you?'

'Why, of course I will, little Cousin!' replied Reginald, laughing; 'only don't take me into any back alleys and by-lanes where one is almost suffocated for want of air and sunshine—promise?'

'No—because I *must* go into one back alley, and that's just where I want you particularly to go with me!'

'Ah me!' and Reginald resigned himself to his fate with a *mock* groan. He remembered how last Christmas Clair Thorold had dropped in for the afternoon, and on Reginald's protest against accompanying his cousin on her charitable visiting, had eagerly offered *his* services which were thankfully accepted. Elsie, too, remembered this, and in her inmost heart she felt a strange pleasure in going again on that day to the same places *he* had gone to with her. Luncheon over, for dinner was always late on Christmas Day, Elsie went up stairs and returned equipped in furs and muffler, with a basket over her arm, and a bundle in her hand, of both of which Reginald took possession, and then the two started off. First they went to see an old Scotchwoman who was lame and decrepit, and who earned her living by knitting and any other little task she could obtain from the families round about. To her Elsie read and talked, and on her departure left behind gifts which drew down blessings on her 'bonnie head' from the pleased old woman. Many other cottages were visited, when at last Elsie turned to Reginald and said:

'Now I am going to that back alley—will you come?'

'Lead on, I follow!' replied the young man in a martyr tone; and Elsie *led* on—down a narrow, *rather* dirty street, into a still narrower and *very* dirty alley, with three or four storied houses on either side to obstruct the sunshine, a dirty pavement under foot, and all around the snow lying black and stained with refuse and ashes. Reginald picked his way in a gingerly manner over the pavement, whilst his whole face expressed something very like disgust. Elsie looked up at him and felt rather sorry she had asked him to come with her.

'I could not come here alone, you know,' she said apologetically; 'I am sorry it is so bad, but I could not pass poor Annie by; she needs help and comfort more than any one of the others!'

'O, I don't mind!' And Reginald assumed a more pleasing expression, and manfully walked straight on for the rest of the way without picking and choosing his steps. At last they reached a house, if possible, more dirty and dingy than its neighbours. Elsie knocked, and the door was opened by a broad-shouldered, slovenly, but rather good-natured looking woman, who, in answer to Elsie's inquiry as to whether she might see Annie Burns, replied: 'Yes, to be sure ye may! walk right up! She's been very bad the night, but she's easier now. I don't guess as she can last long though, anyhow!'

In obedience to this permission Elsie ascended the dirty uncarpeted stairs, Reginald following. Reaching the upper landing she turned into a doorway and then ascended a second flight which led up to a large, roomy attic, lighted by a dirty, fly-stained window, in the sloping roof, and save a bed, two chairs, and a ricketty table, void

of all furniture. Here lay the object of their visit—a girl with a thin, emaciated face, and large, dark eyes which shone with an unnatural brilliancy. Her long, unkempt hair strayed in disorder over the coverless pillow, and the one hand which was flung out upon the coverlet was little more than skin and bone. She tried to raise herself in her eagerness to see Elsie, but fell back again from sheer inability. Elsie hastened forward.

'Annie, Annie, you should not try that!' she said, kindly. 'How are to-day? Your hand is hot—do you feel too warm?'

'It is one of my bad days, Miss Elsie, and the pain and weakness makes me feverish,' answered the sick girl. 'But,' she said, breaking off, 'who is that?' and she feebly raised her finger towards Reginald as he stood at the small, dark, window at the head of the stairs.

'That is my cousin—Mr. Ellerslie,' answered Elsie.' 'He came with me because I asked him.'

The girl looked up at her curiously.

'I suppose he would go pretty near any where you asked him, wouldn't he?' she said quietly.

'He? O no! he is very fond of his own way, Annie; you don't know him!' replied Elsie, laughing and blushing.

'No?' said Annie, looking over at Reginald, and Elsie thought she read in the look and tone a wish on the sick girl's part to speak to her other visitor, so she said, 'shall I tell him to come here?'

'If he will,' was the answer.

'Reg!' said Elsie, raising her voice, 'won't you come and take this other chair? It will tire you to stand there.'

Reginald turned and came towards the bed.

'This is Annie Burns,' said Elsie, 'whom I told you I was coming to see.'

Wonder, and a strange compassionate tenderness, were in Reginald's heart as he took the hand the sick girl held out to him—wonder that there could be such wretchedness and suffering in a world which had ever been to him so bright and sunny, and a deep tenderness and compassion for this poor desolate invalid girl, whose home was a cold, cheerless garret, almost void of furniture, and under the roof of one by whom she was valued only for the sake of the rent paid for her room by a kind-hearted friend. Where were all the comforts which his home afforded? Where the care and loving attention which had always surrounded him? In that moment, Reginald felt more truly thankful for all his blessings than he had ever felt in his life before.

'I am *sorry* you are so ill!' he said earnestly, and he meant it!'

'You are kind—and good-hearted,' added the girl after a moment's pause —'I am glad you are, because I want to like all her friends—she is so good, good to me, sir, so *very* good!'

Reginald looked at his cousin.

'Then she had been a little home-missionary all this time, and he had not known it!'

A tinge of remorse came over him as he thought how he had refused, or *almost* refused to accompany her on visits just a year ago to-day.

'I am afraid I am not worthy of your praise,' he said, 'nor yet worthy to be your kind friend's cousin. I am not in the least good to any one, I assure you.'

A rare smile lighted up the sick girl's face as she said:

'You must not say that! You were good to me, just now. A kind word is worth a good deal, I can tell you, sir, to one who has so few friends;' and the smile died away as her tone became more earnest. Then she turned to her other visitor. 'Ah, Miss Elsie,' she said, 'it is indeed a loss to such as I am to lose so good a friend as Mr. Clair—I don't know what I shall do without him—he always came *once* a week to see me, and it seemed as if the whole world was changed whilst he was here. It was one of my great-

est pleasures to look forward to his next visit. He and you are my dearest friends on earth, and now I only have you !'

Elsie was silent.

'I remember,' said the sick girl, presently after a pause, during which she had been looking at Elsie curiously, 'I remember the last time he came, just before he went away. The time before that he had brought me these two beautiful blankets, and O, I was so cold before that ! Now I am always warm. As he came up the last time, he said, "Well Annie, how are you?" "I'm feeling so well to-day sir," I answered, "and O, you don't know how warm these blankets make me!" "I'm glad of that," he said quietly, and then he sat without speaking for a long time, until at last I ventured to say : "Mr. Clair, what is the matter?"

"I am going away, Annie," he said gravely.

"Going away ?" I exclaimed, and I almost rose up in bed in my excitement. "Annie, Annie, that was wrong!" he said, as he rose and bent over me to arrange the blankets again—he was as tender and thoughtful as a woman in anything of that kind. Then he sat down in the chair again and bent his head upon his hands. "O Annie!" he said, so hoarsely I hardly heard his voice—"pray for me, for I need it sorely ! Do you know," he exclaimed, and he raised his head and looked at me, "sometimes I am tempted to think that there is no God ! or if there is why does He let His creatures suffer so ?"

'I stared at him in astonishment. He who had taught me all that I know of God and Heaven to speak in this way ! "O, sir !" I said, "please don't speak so ! You make me feel as if something dreadful was going to happen ?" He was calm and quiet again directly. "Forgive me Annie," he said, "I was wrong to speak so under any circumstances, but especially before you—may God forgive me for my wickedness and distrust ! But it is gone now, Annie, only it is very hard to bear !" "What is ? Won't you tell me, Mr. Clair !"

"I cannot, Annie," he said, "only I must go away, and it is what has made me determine to go that is so hard. But now let us speak of something else, because this is the last time I shall see you ere I go." He stayed for an hour after that, until it began to grow dusk, and then he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Annie," he said, "I may never see you again on earth, so it is a long good-bye ! Only one thing can bring me back again and there seems no hope of that ever happening ! If it does I shall come back. Pray that it may come to pass, Annie. Good-bye!" and he was gone. O, Miss Elsie, all that was worth living for seemed to go with him ! all the light, and life, and kindness in the world ! What can it be ?'—and tears were rolling fast down the thin cheeks by this time—'What can it be that has taken him away, Miss Elsie—do you know ?'

What a question for Elsie to be asked ! The colour rushed to her cheeks which had grown deathly pale during the preceding recital, but she remained silent. The sick girl misconstrued her silence.

'Ah, I am wrong to ask,' she said, 'when he would not tell me himself ! 'Forgive me, Miss.' And Elsie was glad to let the matter rest so. It was growing quite dusky in the poorly-lighted attic now and she rose to go.

'Good-bye,' she said, trying to steady her voice, 'I shall come again soon, Annie.'

'Good-bye ;' replied Annie. 'It has done me good to see you. I did not know whether you would come, and it seemed lonesome on Christmas day to see no friendly face. Good-bye, sir, thank-you for coming—it was very kind !' She hesitated for a moment, and then said : 'No doubt you know Mr. Clair, sir, as you are Miss Elsie's cousin ; perhaps you write to him. It would please me much to hear about him sometimes. Is it too much I'm

asking, sir, that when you hear from him you'll tell Miss Elsie how he is? and then you'll tell me when you come, won't you, Miss Elsie?'

Elsie gave a confused promise and then, after bidding a second good-bye, she followed her cousin down both flights of stairs and out into the narrow dirty street. Not a word was spoken until they gained the road leading towards home. A wild conflict was raging in Elsie's heart. A great yearning to recall him—this man who seemed so broken-hearted by her rejection of him—came over her. 'Yet if he felt it so—if he loved her why had he— !' But here she stopped. Not even to herself could Elsie bear to mention that which had awakened her from the brightest day-dream she had ever known. Once more she cast all softer feelings from her mind and thought only of the 'terrible deception' he had carried on, of 'the cruel way' she said to herself 'in which her trusting love had been abused. Knowing what she did, having seen what she had, she could not believe, for any length of time, that it was sorrow at her rejection of him which had made him speak so sorrowfully to Annie Burns—or at least his sorrow was not caused by love for her! How could he love her and — ? O what could have been his purpose in feigning for her an affection which he could not have felt? What had been the plans the failure of which had so vexed and distressed him?' Elsie's anger rose at the thought that she had been made a dupe of—that she had ever by word or deed shown this man, who may have despised her for the very fact that she loved him—ay, with all her heart and soul!' '"Pray that it may be so?" Yes, of course,' thought the girl, 'pray—O what blasphemy!—that all might come right again for his scheme (whatever it was). It was because he had been foiled that he had gone away. And yet'—Ah, woman's excuses! born of a woman's love!—'and yet every one thought him so good and kind, so noble and worthy of respect! Instance Annie Burns and his kindness to her.' But reason as she would, Elsie could not find an honourable solution of the affair which had so changed her opinion of Clair Thorold. At last she gave up the struggle to do so. It must stay as it was, she thought, a mystery she could not fathom. She must leave it for time to unravel, and meanwhile, (ah, meanwhile!) she must tear his image from her heart, she must forget him as he had forgotten, or at least deserted her! A brave and wise resolution, no doubt, this was! Nevertheless, the little heart was strangely sore and sad as Elsie, without speaking, trudged along by Reginald's side, until they turned the corner leading to the Grange, then Reginald broke the silence with:

'Elsie, if any one knows why Clair Thorold went away, you do! Why did he, won't you tell me?'

Elsie stopped, and placing both her hands on her Cousin's arm, said coldly:

'Reginald, I know you will never give me any peace until I have told you, so I may as well do so at once. This is why Clair Thorold went away, or at least I presume so: he asked me three weeks ago to be his wife and I refused him, Now may I ask that you will drop that subject for ever, and his name with it!' And Reginald did so. From that day, until Elsie herself broke the compact, Clair Thorold's name was never mentioned between them. To himself, Reginald wondered why Elsie felt so keenly on the subject. 'She might feel sorrow and pity for the man whose life, for a time at least, she had made dark, but why speak so sternly about the matter? and why wish his name to be dropped in this manner?' And for Elsie, she thought: 'I will never tell one man how shamefully another has treated me. He will do as I ask him, be silent, and perhaps—perhaps I shall get over it in time!' But a quick-drawn breath, which might have been

a sob had it been allowed development, showed that the wound was far from being healed yet. Two weeks after, Reginald, sitting in his college-room, received an answer to his letter to Clair Thorold. Descriptions of California life and scenery occupied the first part of the letter, but at the last, as if reluctant to speak upon the subject, Clair wrote: 'You ask me why I left U—? I will tell you, Reginald, if ever man loved woman I loved your cousin Elsie. I never dreamt that my love was not returned! Open and guileless as a child, Elsie (forgive me that I still call her so) never attempted to conceal her affection for me. I have rejoiced to see the glad light spring into her eyes at my approach! It has sent my pulse throbbing to feel her little hand laid confidingly in mine! And yet, when one evening I went to the Grange and asked her to be my wife, she said, No! But that is not all. If she had said it kindly I should have been astonished, for I always thought that she liked me, but I should have concluded that I had been mistaken, and that she did not care for me after all—not in that way, I mean; but she refused me scornfully, angrily—and when I sought a reason for her conduct, she said that "I needed no explanation, or at least I ought not! Did I think she was willing to be made a toy, a plaything of by any man?" I was more than ever puzzled; I almost for the moment thought that some great excitement had turned her brain, but finally I became convinced that she really had some reason for her angry rejection of my suit. I pleaded with her for an explanation. "How have I made you a toy or a plaything, Elsie,?" I asked, "What have I done to merit this accusation and your anger?" But she looked at me in utter scorn as she said: "You are a clever actor, Mr. Thorold, an adept in the profession. But I have learnt too much to be again deceived! You may as well spare yourself the trouble of pleading your cause further! Once"—and I am positive her voice trembled as she said, "Once I deemed you the soul of honour; I have been mercifully undeceived before it was too late!" All further entreaties on my part were useless. At last she stamped her little foot and said: "Go! every moment you stay is an insult!" I went, Reginald, and one week after I left the town. That I am entirely innocent of all she believes me guilty is my only comfort, for some day or other my innocence must be proved! Of one thing I am positive: she did like me before she heard, as she must have, that which made her so angry with me. Reginald, her conduct on that day did not anger me. I never dreamt of blaming the woman I loved better than all else on earth! She had a reason—that reason if I knew it, would, I know, justify her conduct in my eyes. But as I left the house, bitter anger was in my heart at the hard fate which had been portioned to me, at the cruel mistake, whatever it was, which was to blight my whole future life—for I knew not how to set it right. But time brought a calmer frame of mind. I learnt to bow to that which in mine anger I had called fate, but which was really the will of God. But, nevertheless, I did not swerve from my determination to leave the town, for I could not bear to remain and never see her, Reginald: life is very dark to me without seeing or speaking to her! I shall never love another woman—I never can. Take care of her, old boy, for you are always near her and can; and pray for me, Reg., that my trouble may be righted at last. Yours in love, CLAIR THOROLD.'

Reginald threw down the letter when he reached the end. 'Stars! but it's all a mystery?' he exclaimed, 'Clair's innocent, that I'll wager! But Elsie doesn't think so. I'd show her this letter only for that promise and the fact that it wouldn't alter her opinion of him in the least, for she

heard enough from that sick girl, and she was not at all softened, judging by her words afterwards. If I thought she would tell me I would ask her the reason of her cruelty to that poor fellow, but that she wouldn't is certain, or she would have told me then. Time only can right the wrong, I suppose. Poor Clair! I will take care of her—for you,—old boy.'

Why did Reginald hesitate at the 'for you?' Why did a feeling of disappointment at the conviction which forced itself upon his mind: that after all he had been right in thinking Elsie liked Clair, come over him? Ah, why? Reginald did not care to answer these questions—the answer seemed so traitorous to Clair's trust. But this is anticipating! Reginald had returned to College when he got Clair Thorold's letter, and when we left him before that he was on his way home from Annie Burns's with Elsie. New Year's Day came and went. On New Year's Eve, Elsie and Reginald stood together on the veranda of the Grange, Elsie muffled in a shawl which defied the biting frost that set her cheeks tingling and glowing with its breath. Not the whisper of a breeze was abroad in the winter night. The stars hung their silver lamps low in space, whilst above them, the sky was deeply, darkly blue. The world was one high-vaulted chamber, carpeted in white, with the moonlit heavens for a roof. Suddenly from a dozen steeples the mingled chimes rang out—O such a gladsome peal to usher the New Year in! but O! by far too glad a peal considering that the poor Old Year was dying—would soon be dead! The old year with all its sorrows, with all its joys, its tender memories and hopes—and who could say what the New Year would give to all? Who could say that its gifts would be as welcome, its deeds as kind, as those of the Old Year had been? But still, fickle as the hearts which guided the hands that rung them, the bells rang on, and finally the midnight chimes joined in and the New Year had forever taken the place of the Old. The bells gradually died away into silence and then Reginald turned and caught both his Cousin's hands in his, and said: 'A Happy New Year to you, Cousin mine, and many, many of them, too!'

'Thank you!' answered the girl laughing; but somehow the laugh seemed strangely forced and constrained! As the bells were ringing, her thoughts had flown to another place where it was also New Year's Eve, and where because of her, one heart was dark and lonely when all the world beside was making glad. Elsie had softened moments sometimes—moments when the old, wild love came uppermost and swept away all other feelings, or if rebellious pride and anger did assert their claims, their voices were drowned for the time being in the tempestuous rush of tender recollection. Such a moment was that in which Reginald found her, coiled upon the sofa, singing softly to herself before the fire. Such a moment as this to-night had brought the tears to her eyes and made her heart yearn strangely after the absent wanderer. 'What if she had been mistaken! If after all she had blighted his life and her own for nothing!' And then she felt her hands imprisoned and heard Reginald wishing her a 'Happy New Year!' and so she turned to answer him.

'Thank you!' she said, 'the same to you!'

'I am wondering if the New Year will bring me what I want,' said the young man, looking down at the little figure before him.

'And what is that?' asked Elsie, feeling compelled to say something.

'Oh, I cannot tell you now, but I will some day—if it is right to do so, that is!' he added cautiously.

Elsie did not press the matter further, she had hardly listened to his words, and now she let them pass and forgot them. But by the time the girl laid her head upon her pillow at

night all the softer actions of the evening had given place to a feeling of angry pain that he could have acted so—he whom she had deemed a king among men, too noble to be mean, too good to do evil—and in her loneliness and grief, Elsie sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE months fled by after Reginald went back to College. Easter came and he with it, and then a second leaving home, and again the months fled by, until at last, one fair evening in the latter part of June, Reginald, springing from the cab which had brought him from the station, caught his Cousin's hands in his as she stood on the veranda to welcome him and exclaimed: 'Three delicious months of freedom, Cousin mine! Give me joy of my emancipation, little Dot! Aren't you glad to see me?'

Elsie smiled as she said: 'Glad? of course I am. I have watched for you since noon—I thought you might come by the midday train.'

'And I disappointed you. That was too bad! Well, I am glad you looked for me; it is nice to be welcomed so.' And Reginald kept the little hands in his and watched the rosy sunset hues tinting the wavy dark-brown hair, and painting a pink flush on either dusky cheek. Elsie wondered that he did not stoop to kiss her as had been his wont at every coming-home and going-away. 'He had not done it at Easter!' she remembered; perhaps he thought she was growing too old for such demonstrations of affection! Yet she was only his cousin, so that could not be! Perhaps he expected her to kiss him first! so, without a second thought, Elsie lifted up her face towards Reginald's in the old-time style, and was fully confirmed in her opinion that he had waited for her when he let go one of her hands to draw her to him and press an earnest kiss upon her upturned face.

Elsie laughed heartily when he released her, and said: 'Now it's Auntie's turn! She and Uncle are in the garden. Shall we go and find them?'

Together they went round the house to the quaint, old-fashioned garden. Dr. Ellerslie saw them approaching.

'Maggie,' he said, 'here is Reginald! Look, wife, aren't they a hand same couple? I do wish they would make a match and settle down before we have to leave them!'

'Don't set your heart upon it, Dick,' answered his wife; 'to all present appearances such a thought has never entered either of their heads.'

And then Reginald and Elsie came up to them. Very swiftly the golden summer days passed by to Reginald—very swiftly and happily until the holidays were almost over, and each day was precious because there were so few to come. But before Reginald went back to College again he had made his parents' hearts happier by the announcement that he had asked Elsie to be his wife and she had said him 'Yes.' So she had—but why?

When Reginald had asked her the question she had put out her hands before her with a quick cry of pain: 'O, no! O, no!' she had exclaimed.

'Elsie, Elsie! what do you mean?' was Reginald's cry of disappointment.

'O, I don't know! Not what I said! Give me time to think!'

'Do you need time?' It was sorrowfully said, and Elsie's answer was pleadingly apologetic.

'Only a week—just a week! It is a serious question, Cousin Reginald.'

And Reginald was obliged to be content. So Elsie had shut herself up in her bed-room and fought a battle between love and sympathy. 'Could she cut off thus all possibility—if there was any—of future happiness? But was there any? Seven long months, and not a word or sign from Clair! He had given her up easily, and then,

besides, of course he could, he ought to be nothing to her after that. And, again, why should poor Reginald's life be made miserable because hers was? Two lives instead of one?' And so Elsie did not wait her week, but went straight down into the hall, as she heard Reginald coming in, and, going up to him, she gave him both her hands, saying: 'I do not need a week; I will do as you ask me, dear.' And Reginald, not noticing the quiet sadness of her tone, caught her in his arms and kissed her, and rejoiced in his great good-fortune. In that moment he forgot his mental acceptation of Clair Thorold's trust, but even had he remembered it, he would not have deemed that he was acting in treachery to that trust. Long ago he had decided that either Elsie had never cared for Clair or that, whatever the reason for which she had sent him away, it had been sufficient to destroy any love she might once have entertained for him. For Elsie was not one to 'wear her heart upon her sleeve;' on the contrary, she strove to appear gayer and more light-hearted than before, that none might guess the secret pain and wounded pride. 'How could I bear,' she thought, 'that people should deem me suffering from disappointed affection? No, if they have noticed anything at all about the matter, they shall believe now, if I can teach them, that he is the sufferer, not I! But never, never shall they suspect how the matter really stands!' And so she laughed and talked gaily until Reginald, as well as every one else, came to believe that she had never cared for Clair Thorold, and to pity him for his ill-fortune. 'Why,' thought Reginald, when his friend's words came back to him that night, 'why, if she likes me, should I cloud her life and my own because I am the friend of a man whom she rejected? Clair cannot expect that much of me! If she had liked him I would have given her up to him without a word, considering only her happiness. If she liked him still, I would do the same; but since she chooses me, her happiness is involved in mine. If he loves her he must wish any one to do whatever would contribute to it. 'So Clair, old boy,' he said, crossing to the mantelpiece, over which hung a portrait of his friend, 'do not blame me for acting as I have! I would not have asked her had there been the slightest hope for you, but there is not, poor boy, and you would not blast her life because she has blasted yours! I know you, and how perfectly you can love, too well, poor Clair!'

The next morning another stood before that small hanging photograph. After Reginald had gone down town on business of his own, Elsie stole up stairs and into her cousin's bedroom. She went up to the fireplace and, clasping her hands upon the mantelpiece, looked with hungry, yearning eyes at the pictured face. But as she looked it seemed to her excited fancy that the frank, honest eyes gazed down at her with sad reproach. That instead of the old half-smile which used to be about the mouth, there had settled a hard, pained expression which it wrung her very heart to see. 'O, Clair, Clair,' she cried, and she raised her clasped hands beseechingly, 'it is all your own fault! I would not have sent you away if you had been as true to me as I was to you. O, why did you do it, love; why did you?' And the apologetic appeal ended in a wailing moan that trembled into silence like the sobbing of the wind among the trees.

'I do not love him,' she sobbed, with her face buried in her hands upon the mantel, 'and I never can! O, Clair, Clair;' and she looked up again at the photograph, 'why did you teach me to love you so, and then treat me so deceitfully, so cruelly? And now I have pledged my word to another, and all the heart I ever had to give is yours!'

Very long the girl stood there. So long that her aunt missed her, and

called her from the bottom of the stairs. Hastily Elsie brushed away the tears from her eyes and answered,

'Yes, Aunt, I am coming; in two minutes I shall be down.'

She went to her own room and bathed her eyes in cold water, but even then they were still red when she entered the dining-room, where her Aunt was standing, bending over a stand of flowers which filled the recess of a bay-window, so occupied that she did not look up when her niece entered the room.

'Elsie,' she said, without pausing in her work of clipping and pruning, 'do you know where the small watering can is? I have searched, and cannot find it.'

'It is in the greenhouse, Aunt,' answered the girl, 'I will go and get it.'

She hurried from the room, glad to escape observation. She did not return to the dining-room for some minutes, for she went to a side door and let the air blow upon her eyelids until they felt cool again, then she went back to her Aunt, with the can. But in the hall she encountered Reginald.

'What, home again?' she said, 'you have not been long.'

'Why, Elsie, mine,' he answered, gaily, taking both her hands in his, and looking down at her from his superior height of a foot or more, 'I have been three whole hours! Don't you call that long? I thought you would be looking for me. What have you been doing with yourself? Your cheeks are as pale as such gipsy-cheeks could be, and your eyes look heavy, my darling. You must take more exercise; I, your doctor, say so.'

But at his words such a quick tide of colour flushed into Elsie's cheeks that Reginald laughed and said—

'Why, you have missed me, too. Your cheeks are tell-tales, Miss Elsie, despite your distraught manner.' And, taking the can from her, he went with her into the dining-room, and delivered his light burden to his mother. One week after this Reginald bid good-bye to his home once more, and went back to College, and then, as time passed, the flowers in the Grange began to fade, and the grass to wither and grow sere; and later still the grim old sentinel elms that kept watch and ward at the gate, swayed their naked branches with a wailing moan over the leafy crowns that had fallen from them, and which now lay in withered fragments at their feet.

(*To be continued.*)

BUDS AND BABIES.

A MILLION buds are born that never blow,
That sweet with promise lift a pretty head,
To blush and wither on a barren bed,
And leave no fruit to show.

Sweet, unfulfilled. Yet have I understood
One joy, by their fragility made plain:
Nothing was ever beautiful in vain,
Or all in vain was good.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.*

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

IN a work the full title of which is given below, Mr. Stallo, of Cincinnati, a lawyer by profession, but, nevertheless, an accomplished physicist, as we are given to understand, has undertaken the serious task of proving that modern science is still largely in bondage to metaphysics, and that the materialism which 'claims to be a presentation of conclusions from the facts and principles established in the several departments of physical science' is wholly a product of misconception as to 'the true logical and psychological premisses of science.' The words we have quoted are taken from the preface of the book, and set forth pretty clearly its main object and purpose. The interest and importance of Mr. Stallo's undertaking are manifest at a glance. Whatever vitiates scientific enquiry will, more or less, pervert the whole course of thought; and it behoves us, therefore, to pay an earnest heed to any one of presumable competency who comes forward to assert that errors of a serious character are inherent in some of our fundamental scientific conceptions.

Mr. Stallo finds what he calls a 'materialistic theory of the universe' in tolerably firm, if not really secure, possession of the larger part of the scientific world. He quotes no authorities as pronouncing against such a theory, and he quotes many as pronouncing for it, amongst them such names as Kirchoff, Helmholtz, Clerk Maxwell, Wundt, Haeckel, Du Bois-Reymond, and Huxley.* The following passage from a recent lecture of Prof. Du Bois-Reymond is quoted as a particularly lucid and complete exposition of the aims of modern science and, indirectly, of the theory now in question :—'Natural science—more accurately expressed, scientific cognition of nature—is a reduction of the changes in the material world to motions of atoms caused by central forces independent of time, or a resolution of the phenomena of nature into atomic mechanics. It is a fact of psychological experience that whenever such a reduction is successfully effected, our craving for causality is, for the time being, wholly satisfied. The propositions of mechanics are reducible to mathematical form, and carry with them the same apodictic certainty which belongs to the propositions of mathematics. When the changes in the material world have been reduced to a constant sum of potential and kinetic energy, inherent in a constant mass of matter, there is nothing left in these changes for explanation.' In the words of our author, 'The mechanical theory of the universe undertakes to account for all physical phenomena by describing them as variances in the structure or configuration of material systems. It strives to apprehend all phenomenal

* *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, by J. B. Stallo. International Scientific Series. Vol. xxxviii. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

* Some of these names have been used by the author rather at random. One would judge that he regarded them all as in bondage to an unphilosophical materialism, whereas most of them only countenance materialism in so far as it furnishes a convenient mode of representing the sequence of phenomena,—not at all as affording a final explanation of the universe.

diversities in the material world as varieties in the grouping of primordial units of mass, to recognise all phenomenal changes as movements of unchangeable elements, and thus to exhibit all apparent qualitative heterogeneity as quantitative difference.' This theory, Mr. Stallo holds, should not be accepted without a careful examination of its proofs; and he therefore proceeds to enquire how far 'it is consistent with itself, and with the facts for the explanation of which it is propounded.' The chapters in which this enquiry is conducted form a very interesting—to the majority of readers, probably, the most interesting—portion of the book; but the fact should be noted that they are not vital to the author's purpose, as announced in the preface. What that purpose is we have already seen. It is to show that there are flaws in the logical and psychological premisses of the most widely-accepted constructions of modern physics. What we have in the chapters referred to is a demonstration, or an attempted demonstration, that some of the working theories of modern physics do *not* work, that they have no true interpretative power, and that in many cases their alleged explanations are more in need of explanation than the original facts. All this might be admitted, and yet 'the shallow and sciolistic materialism' which the author has it at heart to confute might continue to assert itself. Something further is, therefore, necessary to make good the thesis of the work; and this is supplied in chapter ix, dealing with 'The Relations of Thoughts to Things,' and chapters x., xi. and xii., which undertake to show how 'the mechanical theory of the universe' exemplifies certain radical metaphysical errors. The true centre of gravity of the work lies here; but before examining our author's argument at this vital point, it may be well to glance rapidly at the results claimed to have been established by the earlier chapters.

The mechanical theory of the universe may be said to repose in these days upon an assumed atomic theory, which undertakes to lay down what may be called the necessary modes of existence of the ultimate particles of matter. It advances the proposition that these ultimate particles, or as they are here called 'elementary units of mass,' are equal. It further postulates that they are absolutely hard and inelastic; and, again, that they are absolutely inert. Mr. Stallo contends that not one of these propositions affords us any real intellectual help; that if at one moment they seem to clear up a difficulty, at the next they will be seen to create one no less formidable, and that, in the end, they leave us more perplexed than if we had never called them to our aid. The first proposition, for example, that the elementary units of mass are equal, is convenient enough when we are simply studying the action of gravity, but when we pass to chemistry, it directly conflicts with the whole theory of atomic weights—a theory no less essential to chemistry than gravitation is to mechanics. The chemist cannot interpret, or in any way represent to himself, the phenomena of chemical combination, unless he is allowed to assume that atoms are of different weights. Thus the very science which, more than any other, involves the consideration of atoms rises up in protest against the assumption necessary to the integrity of the mechanical theory of the universe that all atoms must be equal and equivalent. To abandon the position so long occupied by chemistry on this point would, 'in the opinion of the most distinguished chemists of the day, throw the mass of chemical facts laboriously ascertained by experiment and observation into a state of hopeless, pre-scientific confusion.'

The proposition that the elementary units must be absolutely hard and inelastic comes similarly into conflict with the most pressing theoretical re-

quirements both of chemistry and physics. In the name of physical science, Sir William Thomson postulates not only elastic units but perfectly elastic units; and a great deal of ingenuity has been expended in attempts to deduce the elasticity which observed phenomena require from the inelasticity which the mechanical theory demands. Chapter iv. gives an account of some of these attempts, none of which, in the opinion of the author, meet the difficulty. 'There is no method known to physical science,' says Mr. Stallo, 'which enables it to renounce the assumption of the perfect elasticity of the particles whereof ponderable bodies are said to be composed, however clearly this assumption conflicts with one of the essential requirements of the mechanical theory.'

Chapter v., which deals with the physical doctrine of the inertia of matter, shows how hopelessly that doctrine is in conflict with the fact of gravitation, and how vain have been all efforts to explain gravitation in such a way as to save the credit of the theory that all force must be force of impact or *vis a tergo*. 'Once more, then,' observes Mr. Stallo, 'science is in irreconcilable conflict with one of the fundamental postulates of the mechanical theory. Action at a distance, the impossibility of which the theory is constrained to assert, proves to be an ultimate fact . . . the foundation of the most magnificent theoretical structure which science has ever erected—a foundation deepening with every new reach of our telescopic vision, and broadening with every further stretch of mathematical analysis.' (Page 65.)

We must pass over our author's discussion of the doctrine of the 'conservation of energy,' and his special criticism of the atomic theory as a whole, and of the 'kinetic theory of gases.' The line of argument is everywhere the same—that these theories simply land us in contradictions, as, whenever they seem to explain one set of phenomena, they do it at the expense of rendering another set absolutely unintelligible. These objections, if adequately sustained, would certainly go far towards proving that all the hypotheses in question were in their nature illegitimate. In the succeeding chapters direct proof of their illegitimacy is proffered, and to this portion of the argument we now address ourselves.

'It is generally agreed,' says Mr. Stallo, 'that thought in its most comprehensive sense is the establishment or recognition of relations between phenomena.' All perception is of difference; and two objects, therefore, are the smallest number requisite to constitute consciousness. On the other hand, objects are *conceived* as identical by an attention to their points of agreement; though *conception* may also be regarded as *perception* applied to a group of objects, so as to bring before the mind its class characteristics; the word well expressing the gathering into one of the several qualities or properties by which the group is distinguished from other groups. Conception is, therefore, the source of *ideas*, and the word *concept* expresses the union effected in the mind of those attributes or properties under which a given object is at any moment recognised. In other words, it is 'the complement of properties characteristic of a particular class.' If the class be a very special one the concept will apply to but few individuals; but the complement of properties which it will connote, will be a very comprehensive one. If, on the other hand, the class be a very wide or general one, the concept will apply to a much larger number of individuals, but it will comprehend fewer attributes or properties. As application widens, meaning narrows; until from an *infima species*, or in English a group of the most special kind, we rise to a *summum genus*, or a class in which only such properties remain as are absolutely essential to thought. The process by which

this is done is the process of abstraction, which consists in dismissing from consideration all properties not essential to the particular class which we may wish to form. Objects are known, it is further to be remarked, 'only through their relations to other objects,' and each individual object only 'as a complex of such relations.' No operation of thought, however, 'involves the entire complement of the known or knowable properties (or relations) of a given object. In mechanics a body is considered simply as a mass of determinate weight or volume, without reference to its other physical or chemical properties;' and, in like manner, every other department of knowledge only takes account of that aspect of the object which it is necessary for the purpose in hand to study. The mind cannot completely represent to itself at any one time all the properties or relations of an object; nor is it necessary that it should dô so, as they cannot possibly all be relevant to the same intellectual operation. Our thoughts of things are thus *symbolical*, because what is present to the mind at a given moment is not the object in the totality of its relations, but a symbol framed for the occasion, and embracing just those relations under which the object is to be considered. A concept in which all the relations of an object should be embraced is an obvious impossibility. We cannot stand all round a thing all at once; we must choose our side or, in other words, fix upon our point of view.

The above line of thought will be familiar to all students of philosophy, and particularly to those acquainted with the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. For some reason or other, however, Mr. Stallo abstains, not only here but generally throughout his book, from any mention of the relation of his philosophical views to those of other writers. He does not give us his bearings, so to speak, but leaves us to discover them for ourselves. We cannot think this policy a good one. To the general reader it is not helpful, as it may lead him to form an exaggerated idea of the originality of the views contained in the volume—a result, we are sure, at which the author would not consciously aim. Some special illustrations of what we are now remarking upon may present themselves before we close.

'All metaphysical or ontological speculation is based upon a disregard of some or all of the truths above set forth. Metaphysical thinking is an attempt to deduce the true nature of things from our concepts of them.' The last sentence presents us with a definition of admirable terseness and force stating as it does the whole case against metaphysics in a dozen words. For purposes of thought we analyze and abstract; but not content with deriving from these operations the logical aid they are calculated to afford, we fly off to the conclusion that what we have done in the realm of thought holds good outside of thought or absolutely. To apply this to the matter in hand: where the 'mechanical theory of the universe' asserts mass and motion to be the 'absolutely real and indestructible elements of all physical existence,' it overlooks the fact that mass and motion by themselves are really elements of nothing but thought, and are simply a kind of mental residuum after all the more special properties of objects have, by successively wider generalizations (as before explained) been mentally abstracted. As our author puts it, 'They are ultimate products of generalization, the intellectual vanishing points of the lines of abstraction which proceed from the *infimæ species* of sensible experience. Matter is the *summum genus* of the classification of bodies on the basis of their physical and chemical properties. Of this concept *matter*, mass and motion are the inseparable constituents. The mechanical theory therefore takes not only the ideal concept matter, but its two inseparable constituent attributes, and assumes each of them

to be a distinct and real entity.' Mr. Stallo sees in this a survival of mediæval realism; but it is really nothing else than the opinion of the multitude, now and in all ages, elevated to the rank of a philosophical doctrine. Men in general are materialists who temper their materialism to themselves by a supplementary belief in spiritual existences.

Not only is the mind prone to believe that its concepts are truly representative of external realities, but it readily assumes also that the order of succession in the world of thought must be the order of development in the external world. The effect of the latter illusion is completely to invert the order of reality. 'The *summa genera* of abstraction—the highest concepts—are deemed the most, and the data of sensible experience the least real of all forms of existence.' Because we arrive at the concept matter by leaving out of consideration all the properties that differentiate one form of matter from another, and because matter thus divested of its special properties forms a kind of rock-bed of thought, we conclude that similarly undifferentiated matter must form the rock-bed, or, to vary the figure, the original raw material, of the objective universe. But manifestly, in the scale of reality, the highest place must be given to things as they are, to individual objects with their full complement of properties, and successively lower places to such objects robbed by abstraction of one after another of their essential attributes. When we come to *matter*, we have just enough left to think about and no more. The logical faculty, however, goes further, and performs the tremendous feat of sundering the elements, *mass* and *force*, the conjunction of which alone renders matter a possible object of thought; whence arise endless discussions as to whether motion is a function of matter or matter a function of motion. The first opinion is known as the *mechanical* or *corpuscular* theory of matter, and the latter as the *dynamical*. The true answer to these intellectual puzzles is that we have no business dealing with the mere elements of thought as if they were elements of things, and that so long as we do so we shall only succeed in landing ourselves in what Mr. Spencer calls 'alternative impossibilities of thought.'

The notion of the inertia of matter is similarly a product of abstraction, and by no means a representation of fact. Our author's explanation (page 163) is as follows:—'When a body is considered by itself—conceptually detached from the relations which give rise to its attributes—it is indeed inert, and all its action comes from without. But this isolated instance of a body is a pure fiction of the intellect. Bodies exist solely in virtue of their relations; their reality lies in their mutual action. Inert matter, in the sense of the mechanical theory, is as unknown to experience as it is inconceivable in thought. Every particle of matter of which we have any knowledge attracts every other particle in conformity with the laws of gravitation; and every material element exerts chemical, electrical and other force upon other elements which, in respect of such force, are its correlates. A body cannot indeed move itself; but this is true for the same reason that it cannot exist in and by itself. The very presence of a body in space and time, as well as its motion, implies interaction with other bodies, and therefore *actio in distans*; consequently all attempts to reduce gravitation or chemical action to mere impact are aimless and absurd.'

This whole passage is so completely on the lines of the Positive Philosophy, that to us it seems singular that the author could have penned it without making some reference to the precisely similar views of Auguste Comte, views which the scientific world in general has largely disregarded or ignored. 'Did the material molecules,' says Comte (Philosophie Positive, Vol. i. p. 550),

'present to our observation no other property than weight, that would suffice to prevent any physicist from regarding them as essentially passive. It would be of no avail to argue that, even in the possession of weight, they were entirely passive, inasmuch as they simply yielded to the attraction of the globe. Were this correct, the difficulty would only be shifted; the earth as a whole would then be credited with an activity denied to separated portions of it. It is, however, evident that in its fall towards the centre of the earth, the falling body is just as active as the earth itself, since it is proved that each molecule of the body in question attracts an equivalent portion of the earth quite as much as it is itself attracted, though owing to the enormous preponderance of the earth's attraction, its action alone is perceptible. Finally, in regard to a host of other phenomena of equal universality, thermal, electric, and chemical, matter plainly presents a very varied spontaneous activity of which it is impossible for us henceforth to regard it as destitute. . . . It is beyond all question that the purely passive state in which bodies are conceived to be when studied from the point of view of abstract mechanics becomes under the physical point of view a complete absurdity.' Nearly sixty years have elapsed since this was written; and yet, as Mr. Stallo's book proves, there is a necessity for repeating and re-enforcing it to-day. The same may be said of the doctrine that all our knowledge of objective reality depends upon the establishment and recognition of relations; or, in other words, that the properties of things by which we know them are their relations to other things. This doctrine lies at the very foundation, not only of the Positive Philosophy, but of all true philosophy, and yet, according to the statement of our author, it has been 'almost wholly ignored by men of science, as well as by metaphysicians, who constantly put forward the view that whatever is real must exist absolutely;' or, in other words, that nothing which does not exist absolutely can be real. Hence have arisen the endless discussions as to absolute motion and rest. That motion could be real, and yet only relative, has seemed, even to such eminent thinkers as Newton, Leibnitz, and Descartes, wholly impossible; yet far from there being any impossibility in the matter, the truth is that it is only relative motion that can have to our apprehension the character of reality. Absolute motion could in no way be distinguished from absolute rest.

Mr. Stallo has expended much ingenuity in combating the views of those who, to use his expression, *reify* space, and who devote all the powers of mathematical analysis to determining the several modes in which space can exist. The whole structure of so-called transcendental geometry he regards as purely illusory. Instead of crediting space with a fourth dimension, he does not allow it so much as one. Dimensions are properties of bodies, and if we seem able, mentally, to apply measurements to space, it is because the mind has acquired, by long practice, the power of thinking of the dimensions of bodies without taking into account their solidity. Our author explains the matter well: 'Space is a concept, a product of abstraction. All objects of our sensible experience present the feature of extension in conjunction with a number of different and variable qualities attested by sensation; and, when we have successively abstracted these various sensations, we finally arrive at the abstract or concept of a form of spatial extension.' A similar explanation is given in the Philosophie Positive (Vol. i., p. 353), where the conception of space is spoken of as resulting from one of the earliest efforts at abstraction made by the human mind; its formation having, in all probability, been greatly facilitated by the fact that the *impress* of any material object affords the same means of reason-

ing about its size and figure as the object itself.

In Chapter xv. Mr. Stallo touches upon the discussion as to the finitude or infinitude of the material universe, and shows its unreal character. 'We cannot,' he says, 'deal with the Infinite as with a physically real thing, because definite physical reality is coextensive with action and reaction; and physical laws cannot be applied to it, because they are determinations of the modes of interaction between distinct finite bodies. The universe, so called, is not a distinct body, and there are no bodies without it with which it could interact.' The following is also well put, and would have been warmly applauded by the author of the Positive Philosophy:—'The only question to which a series or group of phenomena gives legitimate rise relates to their filiation and interdependence; and the attempt to transcend the limits of this filiation and interdependence—to determine the conditions of the emergence of physical phenomena beyond the bounds of space and the limits of time—are as futile (to use the happy simile of Sir William Hamilton) as the attempt of the eagle to outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats.' We have in the same chapter an interesting discussion and criticism of the Nebular Hypothesis considered as a cosmological theory. As applied to the solar system, Mr. Stallo is not disposed to question the scientific legitimacy of the hypothesis, though he calls attention forcibly to the difficulties by which it is embarrassed. As applied to the universe at large, it becomes unmeaning.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Stallo tells us that while the atomo-mechanical theory cannot be, if his reasonings are correct, the true basis of modern physics, he is far from denying the, at least partial, usefulness of the theory considered as an aid to investigation. 'The steps to scientific, as well as to other knowledge,' he observes, 'consist in a series of logical fictions which are as legitimate as they are indispensable in the operations of thought, but whose relations to the phenomena whereof they are the partial, and not unfrequently merely symbolical, representations, must never be lost sight of.' In this way the circumference of a circle may be considered as made up of an infinite number of straight lines; and this hypothesis will serve for the determination of the area of the circle; while at the same time we know that the circumference and the diameter are radically incommensurable. In like manner the astronomer, no matter what bodies he may be dealing with, always considers the action of gravity as taking place between two mathematical points. The chemist in like manner, when dealing with chemical equivalents, is under no necessity of supposing that the formulas which experience has taught him to use, point to the absolute existence of atoms of varying weights. Enough for him that he has formulas which truly express the facts that take place under his eyes. To quote our author again: 'That no valid inference respecting the real constitution of bodies and the true nature of physical action can be drawn from the forms in which it is found necessary or convenient to represent or to conceive them, is illustrated by the fact that we habitually resort, not only in ordinary thought and speech, but also for purposes of scientific discussion, to modes of representing natural phenomena which are founded upon hypotheses long since discarded as untenable.'

If now we were asked to state in a few words the drift and purpose of the interesting and really able work which we have been passing in rapid review, we should say that Mr. Stallo has made, towards the close of the nineteenth century, a remarkable attempt to do what Auguste Comte so strenuously endeavoured to do towards the beginning of the century, viz., to per-

suade the scientific world that true science lies only in the region of the relative, that the search for causes is futile, that our knowledge can only be of laws, and that laws when grasped must be regarded as working hypotheses and not as affording any insight into the essential nature of things. Mr. Stallo aims at banishing metaphysics from science; such was also the passionate desire of Comte, a desire so frequently expressed as to give rise to Prof. Huxley's sarcasm that with Comte the word 'metaphysical' was simply a general term of abuse. No man, however, ever knew better what he meant by a word than Comte knew the sense he attached to the term in question; nor did any man ever use one term more consistently in the same sense. One or two out of the numberless passages in which Comte records his opposition to, and distrust of, metaphysics may perhaps be quoted. 'The fundamental character of metaphysical conceptions is to regard phenomena independently of the bodies which manifest them, to attribute to the properties of each substance an existence distinct from that of the substance itself. Once do this, and what does it matter whether you make of these personified abstractions controlling spirits or simply fluids? The origin is the same in either case, and is found in that habit of enquiring into the intimate (absolute) nature of things which characterizes the infancy of the human mind' (Phil. Pos. ii., p. 446). Again: 'Science being wholly unable to ascertain the first causes, or the mode of production of phenomena should concern itself solely with the effective laws of the observed phenomena; *and every hypothesis which aims at anything else is, by that very fact, stamped as radically contrary to the true scientific spirit*' (Phil. Pos. ii., p. 452). We do not think Mr. Stallo, though coming more than half a century later, has said anything better than this. And remember these are not *obiter dicta;* the whole stress and strain of the Positive Philosophy is in the same direction. Comte desired that science should abide in its lot—the relative —in order that it might become truly positive, that is affirmative and constructive, and that human thought might be spared the wanderings, and human society the confusion, which he saw to be inseparable from a science vitiated by metaphysics; in other words, by pretentious enquiries beyond its proper range—enquiries to which a character of reality could by no possibility be given. By his attitude towards such enquiries, which greatly strike the popular imagination, and bring much more glory to those engaged in them than merely accurate determinations of law, he incurred the hatred of the majority of scientific men of his day, a hatred which has not infrequent echoes even in our own time. Yet that the path which he indicated is the true path is to the best thinkers becoming daily more evident. We look to Mr. Stallo's work to help forward the demonstration. The question at issue is not one of merely technical interest; it is one of the widest and profoundest interest. 'The reaction,' (of fundamentally erroneous scientific views) says Mr. Stallo in his preface, 'upon the character and tendencies of modern thought becomes more apparent from day to day. . . . The utter anarchy which notoriously prevails in the discussion of ultimate scientific questions, so called, indicates that a determination of the proper attitude of scientific enquiry toward its objects is the most pressing intellectual need of our time, as it is an indispensable prerequisite of real intellectual progress at all times.' The wars and fightings in the intellectual realm come from the lust of forbidden, or rather impossible, knowledge, not from the difficulties of legitimate research. The evil is a moral, even more than an intellectual, one. Positive science is

humble; it works as the servant of human life. Metaphysical or transcendental science, on the other hand, is proud; its aim is not to serve, but to dazzle and govern; it scorns the relative and aims at solving the ultimate riddles of existence. Manifestly, therefore, only those who are willing to serve, and to take a limited view of their function as scientific workers, will embrace science in the positive sense. All who seek their own glory will repudiate limitations and grapple with the absolute. The battle between the two methods or conceptions is now in progress. Let all who realize the nature of the strife, and who see that the cause of the relative is the cause of humanity, range themselves distinctly on that side. We count the author of the book referred to in this article as an able and gallant ally; and some others, who in appearance are foes, are in reality not far from the kingdom.*

* Prof. Huxley for example, who has criticized Comte very severely, not to say bitterly, and who, judged by that criticism alone, might be considered as decidedly opposed to all that is essential in the Positive Philosophy, thus expresses himself at the close of his essay on 'The Physical Basis of Life:' 'There can be little doubt that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic forms and symbols. But the man of science who, forgetting the limits of philosophical enquiry, slides from those formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the *x's* and *y's* with which he works his problems for real entities, and with this further disadvantage as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.'

O DONNA DI VIRTU!

BY 'ALCHEMIST,' MONTREAL.

'O mystic Lady! Thou in whom alone
Our human race excelleth all that stand
In Paradise the nearest round the Throne,
That to obey were slow though ready done.'
—DANTE.

HOW oft I read. How agonized the turning,
(In those my earlier days of loss and pain)
Of eyes to space and night, as though by yearning
Some wall might yield and I behold again
A certain angel, fled beyond discerning.
In vain I chafed and sought—alas, in vain
From spurring through my world and heart, returned
To Dante's page, those wearied thoughts of mine;
Again I read, again my longing burned.—
A voice melodious spake in every line,
But from sad pleasure sorrow fresh I learned;
Strange was the music of the Florentine!

THE STUDY OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

BY THE REV. HUGH PEDLEY, B.A., COBOURG.

POLITICAL indifferentism is not the least of the dangers that menace the welfare of popular governments. It is rather an ominous fact that, both in this country, and in the United States, there are a great many respectable and intelligent people who refuse to have aught to do with politics. Speak to them about religious matters, and they are interested. Talk to them on commercial topics, and they become animated. Converse with them on the literature of the day, or discuss with them the last great hit of the stage, and they are charmed. But, the moment you introduce the subject of politics, they dismiss it with an impatient wave of the hand, and with 'Oh I never trouble my head about such matters.' They say this, too, not with any sort of shame, but with an air that plainly tells you, that, while in their eyes ignorance in other things is a sin, here it is one of the most fragrant virtues in the calendar.

This, we repeat, is a bad omen. It is the beginning of untold peril to a country when political ignorance comes to be regarded as a virtue, when people of the better class esteem it as one of the sacred privileges of that class to 'touch not, taste not, handle not' the, in their estimation, unclean thing politics. It is this that encourages the demagogue, and disheartens the pure-minded patriot. It is this that makes a nation prolific of Guiteaus, and barren of Garfields. It is this that magnifies the forces of evil, and minimizes the influence of good, until the country finds itself standing aghast upon the brink of a dark and fathomless abyss. For in the midst of our glorification of popular forms of government we must not forget that just as despotism has its abuses, so has freedom, and that, as the abuses of the one have involved nations in anarchy and bloodshed, so may the abuse of the other have a like terrible issue.

Therefore it will be a happy day when indifferentism in this direction is rated at its full value, when political ignorance is regarded as high treason, and the political ignoramus as an unspeakable ingrate. For surely he is that. Surely it is the height of ingratitude for a man to live under the ægis of Freedom, to possess all the advantages of a great social organism, to enjoy—nay to invoke—the protection of wise and just laws, and then turn with cold contempt from the source of all these blessings. Surely it is wrong that he should accept these privileges as an inheritance from the past, and have no care as to the means by which they are to be secured to his children after him. In this country, at least, it may well be said that, if a man will have nothing to do with the laws, then the laws should have nothing to do with him, that he who looks with contempt upon law-makers should be left to the mercy of law breakers.

But, even where it exists, the study of politics is often exceedingly careless and superficial. We catch up a paper, in all probability that of our own party stripe, and after a hasty glance at its contents throw it aside, and feel ourselves qualified to discuss the great questions of the day. Such a method of study is unsatisfactory, both to the student himself, and to those with

whom he converses. It is one-sided, shallow, and mischievous. It tends to the production of the noisy ranting politician—such an one, for example, as the 'Parlour Orator,' which Dickens has made the subject of one of his 'Sketches by Boz.' He is a red-faced man with a loud voice, and talks nonsense with such an air of inspired wisdom, that all the company in the little parlour mistake it for genius, except a little greengrocer who has penetration enough to see through the windy fraud. Irritated by a little contradiction, the oracle waxes wonderfully eloquent. Here is the description of the closing scene. "'What is a man?' continued the red-faced specimen of the species, jerking his hat indignantly from its peg on the wall. 'What is an Englishman? Is he to be trampled upon by every oppressor? Is he to be knocked down at everybody's bidding? What's freedom? Not a standing army. What's a standing army? Not freedom. What's general happiness? Not universal misery. Liberty ain't the window-tax is it? The Lords ain't the Commons, are they?' And the red-faced man, gradually bursting into a radiating sentence, in which such adjectives as 'dastardly,' 'oppressive,' 'violent,' and 'sanguinary' formed the most conspicuous words, knocked his hat indignantly over his eyes, left the room, and slammed the door after him.

'Wonderful man!' said he of the sharp nose.

'Splendid speaker!' added the broker.

'Great power!' said everybody but the greengrocer."

'Long live the greengrocer,' say we. Thank Heaven! there are such as he still, to be a protest against the bombastic ignorance of such an orator, and the servile ignorance of such an audience. But if we are to perpetuate the race of intelligent greengrocers, and eradicate from our national soil the 'Parlour Orator' type of politician, we must have a fairer method of study, and a broader way of looking at public questions than is customary at the present time.

It is the purpose of this paper to indicate in a general way, some of the conditions of an intelligent study of Canadian politics. It does not, by any means, aspire to be a guide to those who have leisure and opportunity to enter with scientific accuracy into the various branches of Political Economy. It is addressed in the main to those who have their regular occupation in the store, on the farm, or in the workshop, but who also have spare fragments of time which they are willing to devote to so honourable a pursuit as the study of the public affairs of the country in which they live.

The first qualification for the intelligent student of Canadian politics is to have a thorough knowledge of the geography of Canada. To no small extent the destiny of a people is determined by its geographical environments, by the size, shape, climate, geology, etc., of the country in which its lot is cast. The writer remembers standing on one occasion with a number of fellow students beside Dr. Dawson in front of the map of Europe. He pointed to Greece and Italy, the seats of the great empires of the past, and made the remark that, if some geologist of those ancient times had known of the existence and value of the great stores of coal and iron lying almost side by side in the British Isles, he might easily have prophesied that the day would come when the seat of power would be shifted from the South to these islands of the North. We speak of the Star of empire, but, after all, this brilliant luminary is in its movements only the humble servant of such homely masters as the ebony lumps that fill our coal-scuttles, and the rich mould of our farmers' fields. The glory and power of empires rest largely upon geological and geographical foundations. What Canada is to be nationally depends very much upon what Canada is physically, and he who

wishes to know the possibilities of her future must first know the latitude and longitude, the length and breadth of the country itself.

Draper, in his work 'Civil Policy of America,' shows his appreciation of this geographical factor in national life, by devoting nearly a third of the book to its consideration. He says in one place, 'it is necessary to examine the topographical construction of the country, to examine its physical condition, its climate, its products, for such are the influences that model the character and determine the thoughts of men.' The same writer emphasizes relation between climate and character in these words: 'It is within a narrow range of latitude that great men have been born. In the earth's southern hemisphere not one as yet has appeared.' In this respect we certainly have a good deal to be thankful for, seeing that we are within the magic influence of this narrow range of latitude. Stretching between 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks' of the ancient Acadie, and their forest sisters that sigh and sway upon our Pacific slopes, is a vast garden eminently fitted for the nurture of the noblest types of humanity. We are foolish to yearn for the orange-groves and perpetual summer of the south. We may not live between the isothermal lines of a uniformly mild temperature, but we do live in that belt of the world which has supplied modern history with its mightiest names. We are in the latitude that has given to us such men as Milton and Shakespeare, Pitt and Gladstone, Goethe and Luther, Webster and Longfellow, and we might well smile over an occasional frost-nip to be in such splendid company.

The size and resources of Canada are sure to have an enormous influence in determining the nature of its politics. Our great questions are not going to be as to how much life and wealth we can destroy in brilliant foreign campaigns, but as to how much we can sustain by the development of our internal resources. Our legislation will be of a practical and homespun character. The formation of new provinces, their connection by railways, the utilization of their natural wealth, their relations to one another, and to the central government,—these are to be the sober but absorbing questions of the future. But how can they be intelligently discussed by one who is ignorant of geography? How can a man discuss a Pacific Railway policy who scarce knows the difference between Lake Nipissing and Lake Superior, and cannot tell within 500 miles the distance between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains? How can he understand the merits of the debate on the Ontario Boundary Award, to whom the position of the Lake of the Woods is as much a matter of guess as the complexion of the man in the moon? How can he treat of the relative claims of the various provinces, who knows nothing of their size, little of their position, and less of their resources?

It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the intelligent student of Canadian politics should have a familiar acquaintance with Canadian geography. His newspaper studies should be accompanied and illustrated by the presence of the most reliable maps. It would be well for him, occasionally, to fancy himself buttonholed by some keen and questioning Frenchman or German, on the search for information concerning Canada. It would be a good thing for him to become a sharp catechizer of himself in some such fashion as the following:—What do I know about the Dominion? Have I in thought grasped the greatness of a territory whose shores are washed by three oceans? Have I any knowledge of the distances from point to point? Have I any clear idea of the nature of the various parts, of what the land is like in Nova Scotia, in Quebec, in Keewatin, in the great prairie expanses, and on the slopes of British

Columbia? What do I know of such great streams as the Saskatchewan, Nelson, and Peace, which may some day become the veins and arteries of a vast internal commerce? What account could I give of the resources of coal, iron, timber, fish, etc., which have already been discovered? What estimate have I made of the population which may some day find a home in this broad and wonderful land? These are the questions he needs to ponder over. These are the points on which he needs to be fully informed, before he is at all capable of taking anything like a statesmanlike view of the political affairs of his country.

Another qualification for the intelligent student is to have a familiar knowledge of Canadian history. We never feel that we really understand a man, unless we know something of his past. We are anxious to learn what sort of a father and mother he had, where he was born, what education he received, what were the forces that moulded his life, what record of achievement he has, before we consider ourselves in a position to form a right estimate of his character. As with the individual, so with the nation. In order to understand its present we must travel far back into its past. The history must be read before we can account for the parts into which the country is divided, or understand the relation of parties, or measure the various forces that are at work in the government.

Canadian history has, at least, one great advantage for the student—viz., its brevity. Ours are not Chinese nor Egyptian annals reaching back over thousands of years until lost in a realm of myth and mystery. The whole record is comprehended within a period of 350 years, and through all its length has had the incalculable benefit of the art of printing. There is nothing, therefore, in the way of immensity and and interminableness to daunt the student at the outset. The subject is a compact one, and may be mastered with tolerable ease.

The present condition of this country is the result of the confluence of two streams—the one finding its source amid the vine clad hills of France, and the other in that cluster of storm-blown isles which we call Great Britain. For a long time the first of these streams flowed on in solitude. We must not forget that Canada was for a far longer time under the French flag than she has been under the flag of England. From the year 1534, when Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, until 1759, a period of 225 years, Canada was in the possession of the Crown of France. For only 123 years has she been a part of the British Empire. For convenience' sake, it would be well for the student to break the history up into sections, taking the French period by itself, and then dividing the British period into two parts, the first extending from 1759 to 1841, and containing the story of the struggle for Responsible Government, and the second reaching up to the present time, and telling how the country fared after the victory had been achieved.

The period of French domination, though not, perhaps, the most important part of our history, from a political standpoint, nevertheless contains passages of marvellous interest. Through it all we seem to hear the astonished Eureka of men confronted for the first time by the vast wonders of mountain, river and lake which the New World disclosed to their view. We see armies of dusky warriors flitting through the depths of the primeval forest, and fleets of little canoes dancing upon the flashing waters of lake and stream. We see the pomp and power of the savage grow abashed before the greater pomp and power of the white man, so that they who had been for unreckoned centuries the lords of the forest, in a few short years, became the minions and tools of the stranger.

The story of Champlain's life is one of the romances of history. The labours and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries are almost without a parallel. And where in the annals of discovery could you find a more thrilling record than that of the French priest La Salle? Lachine is a suburb of Montreal, and Lachine is only the French for China. How comes it that we have a China there on the banks of our Canadian St. Lawrence? Why, because La Salle and others thought that by following up the great river they might find their way to the real China. He failed in that, but he accomplished a very wonderful feat. He sailed up the St. Lawrence to Kingston, then Fort Frontenac, coasted along the shore of Lake Ontario, touching at Toronto, then an Indian village, ascended the Niagara river, and gazed entranced upon the mighty cataract, after many delays and discouragements found his way along the great lakes to the foot of Lake Michigan, launched his canoes upon the Illinois river, entered the Mississippi, sailed for days and weeks down its mighty flood, through vast solitudes, until, at last, he looked with enraptured eyes upon the blue expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. Yes! in the year 1686, a man who had sailed from Quebec, pierced through the very heart of this continent, and, amid the chanting of *Te Deums* and the rattle of musketry, planted the standard of France at the mouth of the Mississippi. It is in this French period that Parkman has quarried the material for those fascinating histories which are his enduring monument, and there yet remains enough to make the literary fortune of some future Canadian Fenimore Cooper. The whole record is one of fascinating interest, while the dash and enterprise of these early Frenchmen may teach us what possibilities of action may lie hidden in the breasts of their ultra-conservative descendant, the French Canadian *habitant* of the present day.

But the most important chapter of our constitutional history was opened on the day when Wolfe's dying senses were saluted by the joyous cry, 'They run, they run,' the day when the proud old fortress of Quebec first saw above its grey ramparts the flapping folds of the British flag. Canada then became a colony of Great Britain. Her history from that period up to the year 1841 must for all time to come be regarded as one of deep and abiding interest. Whatever may be said of the ancient empires, it seems to be the destiny of all modern nations, at some time in their history, to pass from an aristocratic or despotic to a popular form of government. That transition was effected in Canada during the period just mentioned. On the one hand, there was an aristocratic party bearing the significant name of the 'Family Compact,' while, on the other hand, was a people gradually growing in self-respect, and in the desire to enter upon the duties of self-government. Those were days in which political meetings were prohibited, newspapers put under censure for criticizing the government, one-seventh of the land appropriated to the support of a single denomination, public moneys expended by Executive act irrespective of Legislative consent. It was then that such men as Baldwin, Hincks, Lafontaine, Papineau, and W. L. Mackenzie, sometimes unwise, perhaps, but always brave and earnest, fought for the introduction of Responsible Government. They gained their object, but not without the country receiving a baptism of blood to mark the great transition. It is the custom of some to speak with extreme harshness of the Rebellion of 1837, and of the chief actors in that movement. With reference to the men, it would, perhaps, be the part of true charity to forget the momentary folly into which they were betrayed by terrible provocation, and to remember the long years of brave and self-sacrificing toil which constituted their offering at the shrine

of Canadian freedom. As to the event itself, the great wonder is that the troubles were not greater. It is, indeed, a marvel and a blessing that a change so great should have been effected at a cost so slight; that change which, in England, deprived one king of his head and another of his crown, which, in America, was brought about with a loss to Britain of half a continent; which, in France, was accompanied by the unutterable horrors of the Revolution; which, in Russia, is attended by the assassination of kings, and the convulsion of society, should, in Canada, have been accomplished with so slight a ripple on the surface of our history as the Rebellion of 1837. At any rate, the change took place, and in 1841, under the direction of Lord Sydenham, our colonial government, to quote an expression of Lord Simcoe's which Mr. Alpheus Todd uses in this connection, became 'an image and transcript of the British Constitution.' It is needless to remark that the movements and transactions of which this 'image and transcript' was the final result form a fundamental part of our political history, and demand the keenest and most thorough examination.

The history of the last forty years to which Mr. John C. Dent has devoted his attention, is emphatically 'A History of Our Own Times.' We begin to tread upon familiar ground, and to hear the names of men whose faces we have looked upon. Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, George Brown, and others, some of whom are still in active service, stand before us as the chief actors on the stage of Canadian politics. The record of these men, the record of the parties which they led, the events which led up to Confederation, and its effects upon the political situation, the questions which have agitated the country since its consummation, must all be carefully studied before we can form any just estimate of the parties which are now confronting each other in our national capital.

Having laid a basis of geographical and historical knowledge, the next question that arises is as to the method of studying current political events. Here there is no small difficulty. In Canada we have the system of Party Government. Whether or not that is the best system under the circumstances this is not the place to discuss. That it exists is very certain. As the First Meridian cuts through all the circles on our globe, from the Equator down to its smallest sister at the Pole, so the party line cuts through and divides into hemispheres all our political institutions, from the Central Government, at Ottawa, down to the very least of the town councils of the land. All questions are discussed from the party stand-point. Our ears are for ever tingling with the affirmative and negative of national debate. The country is divided into two great camps, whose attitude towards each other is one of ceaseless defiance. Each session of Parliament is a campaign, and the intervening periods are filled with the hottest skirmishing. How, in the midst of all this turmoil and strife, are we to gain anything like a calm intelligent view of our national affairs?

The Press is our chief informant. It is by means of printer's ink in Blue Books, Hansard, or in the newspaper, that we keep ourselves acquainted with current political transactions. The medium on which we commonly rely is that of the newspaper, which is in reality a national history, issued to subscribers in daily parts. But it is far, very far, from being an impartial history. The events it records are seen not in the clear, colourless light of Truth, but through the disturbing and distorting vapours of party strife and prejudice. For our papers are as a rule special pleaders, doing their utmost to bring into prominence the strong points of their own side, and their utmost to hold up to

the general gaze the faults and weaknesses of the opposing side. If any one is troubled with the amiable weakness of believing all that the newspapers say, he has only to read both sides for a week, in order to effect a complete cure. Here are the *Globe* and *Mail*, of February 13th. Under the heading 'Enthusiastic Conservative Meetings at Brantford and Woodstock,' the *Mail* tells us that 'a large number of the electors of the County of Brant and the City of Brantford, assembled in the City Hall,' &c., &c., while under the caption, 'Mr. Meredith before the South Brant Tories,' the *Globe* volunteers the information that the meeting was a 'decided failure,' and that 'there were probably fifty Conservatives present, and, during Mr. Meredith's speech, enough Reformers to make up a hundred,' &c., &c. The *Globe* of February 15th, describing a reception given at Ottawa to Mr. Blake, says, 'The hall was well filled and the enthusiasm unbounded,' while the *Mail* informs us that the gathering 'was neither large nor representative. On the contrary, it was a somewhat tame and melancholy meeting.' Such extracts need no commentary. They tell their own story, and being only samples of what is habitual, ought to speedily open the eyes of any one disposed to place unquestioning reliance upon newspaper history. If a student intends to have an intelligent view of Canadian politics, he must lay it down at once as an axion, that wherever newspapers touch upon politics, a large discount on their statements must be made for party bias. He must also make up his mind, that to read only one newspaper, is no fairer than for a juryman to listen carefully to the arguments for the prosecution, and then put his fingers in his ears as soon as the counsel for the defence rises to his feet. Fairness imperatively demands that he read at least two newspapers, and, even then, he would almost need the acumen of a German critic to sift out the kernels of fact from the chaff of prejudice.

Having settled down to a fair examination of current politics, it is well to remember the necessity of giving to all matters their right relative emphasis. Political questions resolve themselves into two classes, the greater and the less. At the heels of the main army, there is generally a promiscuous multitude of camp-followers, and about the skirts of great questions, there are always hanging a lot of petty little squabbles, as, for example, to whether it was not public robbery of a certain official to receive an addition of $50 to his salary, or as to whether this honourable Minister was not guilty of a gross act of nepotism, in giving an appointment to his wife's forty-second cousin. It is not well to spend too much time on such matters, though they are not to be ignored. The burden of our study should be those great questions which have to do with the very structure of our Government, and with the welfare of society at large,—such questions as the building of the Pacific Railway, the enactment of a Protective Tariff, and the relation to each other of the Dominion Government and the Provincial Legislatures. To study these is an education for a man, and as he grasps or fails to grasp them, so shall his rank be in the world of political thinkers.

Perhaps the most important point of all for the student to remember is that the Inductive Method is the only road by which a man may become a well-equipped politician. His first enquiry should always be, 'What are the facts of the case?' Without these, he must either subside into the position of a stubborn dogmatist, or else be 'like a wave in the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.' To have the facts is to have the key to the position, and to be able to measure at their true value the assertions and arguments of either party. Joseph Cook tells the story that Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster were once

opposed to each other as lawyers, in a suit which turned on the size of certain wheels. Mr. Choate filled the air with rockets of rhetoric and dazzled the jury; but Mr. Webster caused the wheels to be brought into court and put behind a screen. When he rose to speak, the screen was removed, and his only reply to Mr. Choate's eloquence was: 'Gentlemen, there are the wheels.' A similar startling and conclusive effect is produced in the heat of a political discussion, by the man who can stand with calm certainty, and say, 'There are the facts.' It is wonderful how great blustering Blunderbore giants of general assertions shrink and cower before Jack the Giant Killer, in the shape of a fact; wonderful how splendid soaring balloons of oratory collapse into shapeless bags, when pierced by the sharp point of a fact. Having the facts, you are strong. You are in a position to stamp with their right value every editorial you read, and every speech you hear. You can smile at the rantings of the demagogue, and watch with infinite amusement the dust throwing of the sophist. The cardinal principle for the political student is, 'The facts, the whole of the facts, nothing but the facts, and keep a sharp look-out as to the use men make of the facts.' It is this, in effect, which Mr. Blake has in his mind when he rises in his place in the House, and says: 'I move for a return of all correspondence, documents, &c., relating to a certain matter.' He knows full well that he must master the facts before he dare cast the gauntlet of defiance into the arena of debate.

There is a department of study which may be just mentioned. We have been speaking of the past and of the present. There is a class of questions which have to do with the future of this country. They can scarcely be called burning questions, for as yet they lie rather in the region of speculation than in that of practical life. Still, as the speculative is always apt to become the practical, and that too with surprising suddenness, the true Canadian politician cannot afford to ignore these questions. The enquiry, 'What is to be the future of Canada?' opens up a vast realm of wonder and possibility. It is capable of at least four answers, viz.: that Canada remain as she is; that she become a member of a great Imperial Federation; that she be independent; and that she be merged into the neighbouring Republic. Whatever may be the verdict and choice of the future, it can do no harm for the student to take into account these questions of national destiny. Nay, it may do great good, for should they ever come out of the realm of speculation, and take form as living issues, they would find a people well-instructed, and prepared to give them a wise and honourable settlement. Therefore such books as Mr. Goldwin Smith's 'Political Destiny of Canada,' are well worthy of perusal, and the sentiments therein expressed deserve kindlier consideration than is bodied forth in the fierce invectives of the *Globe*, and the blackballing of a St. George's Society. We have nothing to lose, and much to gain by a free, fair, and full discussion of all matters pertaining to the unfolding of our national future.

Of one thing we may be moderately certain, viz.: that something great lies before us. The laws of nature, the laws that look upon us from every mountain side, and roll in every stream, and shine in every star, these are the steeds which even now are drawing us along the road to national greatness. There can be no question that with our vast extent of territory, our free institutions, our lakes and rivers, our forests and fisheries, our wealth of mine and soil, we are destined to occupy no mean place among the empires of the future. But peril keeps step with possibility, and national glory may be tarnished by national sin. Even now political parties are more or less animated by the baleful spirit of the cry, 'To the victors belong the spoils,' while

coming events in the shape of giant monopolies are beginning to cast their shadows before them. Democracies and despotisms alike find their material in human nature, and their choice between them is a choice of evils as well as a choice of blessings. In the soil of freedom, the thorns and the good seed are side by side, and it remains to be seen which shall prove the master. Our brightest hope is that home, and church, and school, shall give to us a race of virtuous, intelligent men, and that they may always be alive to their public duties. Morality and intelligence diffused, political indifferentism among the moral and intelligent classes abandoned—these combined are the guarantee that the crescent moon of Canada's glory shall wax until the shadow on the disc has passed away.

One quotation from Dickens has been given already. With another, this paper concludes. It is from 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, after their strange experience in America, are on the deck of the ship that is bearing them back to England, when the following colloquy ensues ;

'Why look ? What are you thinking of so steadily ?' said Martin.

'Why I was thinking, sir,' returned Mark, 'that if I was a painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it ?'

'Paint it as like an eagle as you could, I suppose.'

'No,' said Mark ; 'that wouldn't do for me, sir. I should want to draw it like a bat, for its short-sightedness ; like a bantam for its bragging ; like a magpie for its honesty ; like a peacock for its beauty ; like a ostrich for its putting its head in the mud, and thinking nobody sees it—'

'And like a Phœnix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults, and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky !' said Martin. 'Well, Mark ; let us hope so.' As Martin hoped for the land he was leaving, so may we hope for the land that we live in,—our own dear Canada.

SONNET.

LIKE sudden gleams from a beclouded sky,
That for a fleeting moment light the place,
Before the driving storm-clouds them efface,
Are the few transient friends that pass us by ;
Or like fair flowers that hold their blossoms high,
And waft their fragrance for a little space,
Then slowly, sadly droop in languid grace,
As if they knew their time was come to die :
But oh ! the constant friends that with us stray
Are as the glory of the noon-day light,
Casting a peerless radiance round our way,
Gemming our path with blossoms wondrous bright,
The amaranthine flowers, the perfect day
That shineth on, and never knoweth night.

—*Chas. Lee Barnes.*

CANADIAN IDYLLS.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY, NIAGARA.

THE LORD'S SUPPER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Bone pastor! panis vere!
Jesu! nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.

Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales,
Fac sanctorum civium.
—THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE Sabbath morning broke with noiseless calm
Of light suffusing all the empyrean,
Where unobstructed move the wheels of God
Amid the smoothness of all harmonies—
Foreshadow of the heaven of perfect rest,
Where sun and moon shine not—nor need of them
But God's own glory is the light thereof.

A silvery mist lay over Balsam Lake
Thin and diaphanous, of soft outline,
Like that which gathers in the vale of sleep,
When after day of playful happiness,
The children's drowsy heads the pillow press.
Above the mist, the tree tops in the clear
And rocky heads of promontories, bare,
Or cedar-crowned, stand brightening in the sun,
Like islands lifted from the vapoury sea.
A breeze, fresh as Aurora's breathing, came
Up with the moon, revealing azure spots
Of water—like a coy maid's eyes of blue,
That flash with sudden lifting of her veil,
And strike you with their beauty, through and through.

The grass was over webbed with tiny tents
Of spidery armies, resting for the night—
The bushes stood adrip with glistening dew—
And flowers that blossom last and are not spurned
Because they labour at the eleventh hour—
And deck God's footstool asking no reward—
Immortelles for the dead—the Gentian blue,
Bright golden rod, and late forget-me-nots,
The tiniest and last—give service sweet
When all the rest are gone—and close the year.
Christ loves the very laggards of his flowers,
And bids them sing in choir the requiem
Of summer's glory in our Forest land.

To-day was sabbath—and no stroke of axe
Resounded from the hollow woods. The smoke
Rose noiselessly from smouldering fires—unfed
Amidst the clearings. There was no crash
Of falling trees like thunder on the earth,
Awaking all the echoes far and near.
The ploughman's cheery voice drove not his team
Of patient oxen, midst the stubborn roots
Of new burnt land, rich with virgin soil
Of centuries. Nor walked the sower down
The steaming furrows, with next harvest's seed.

Deep, forest still—the silence lay on all—
Nor heard was aught except the insects' hum,
Or note of birds amid the yellow leaves.
The mill wheel by the Falls, up in the glen,
Stood idly in the creek's swift underflow.
Nor heard was screech of saws—nor mill-stones hoarse
Grinding the settlers' corn, for bread, well earned
By sweat of brow, that turns the primal curse
Of labour into blessing ; for as prayer
For daily bread goes daily up to heaven,
The Lord, who hears it, gives with gracious hand,
And only bids beware of evil leaven.

John Ashby's house, broad-windowed, on the lawn,
Stood like a tabernacle for the feast
Of Christ's Communion. Willing hands had decked
Its timbered walls with evergreen of fir,
Balsam, and cedar. All without—within—
Was purity and cleanliness—akin
And next to godliness—shown by the sign
And miracle of water turned to wine.

Upon an eminence, a lofty staff,
Tall as the highest tree, redoubled, stood
Bearing a flag, red cross on field of white—
Our nation's symbol—emblem of her great
Wide Christian empire—first in war and peace—
Not as in battle, streaming in the smoke
And roar of victory over sinking ships,
Or in the van of charging armies borne
Flew it to-day ; but like a dove of peace
With silver wings crossed with the blood of Christ ;
Most like the symbol was in heaven seen
By Constantine, that famous day, in which
He conquered—*In Hoc Signo*—meaning, that
By righteousness alone, do nations stand.
No other sword but that of justice ever
At last prevails on earth—it is the law
God gives the nations—breaking it they fall !
Not to the proud and godless, and unjust,
But to the meek, is earth's inheritance.
So England's banner flew to-day, in sign
Of Christian empire, over Balsam Lake.

Eve's hands, and Hilda's, all things had prepared
Were needed for the Supper of the Lord—
Wines, bread, and linen, finest of their store,
White as new fallen snow,—as conscience clear
Which God has cleansed. The table of the Lord

Was in an upper room, like that which he
Who bore the water pitcher, showed the men
Were sent to make all ready for the feast.
That upper room in good John Ashby's house
Was set apart for worship, and to teach
The children of the settlement—by Eve,
Who daily taught them—mingled with a few
Red children of the forest—drawn by love
Of her sweet charity—all things required
For use and ornament of simple lives.
She taught and trained them to be just and true
In word and thought and act—to let the law
Of God's Commandments be their rule of life,
Whose golden rule of love to God and man
Is core of all religion worth the name.
Man's education, lacking these,—is naught—
However rich in science, and in lore,
His knowledge boast itself. His swollen vein
Is heart destroying while it gluts the brain.

The people gathered in by families
From their sparse settlements from far and near—
Filled with a glad expectance—such as men
Who hear of hidden treasure—eagerly
Search after it, and with rejoicing find.
By land and water came they—some on foot
Through forests trackless, but for blazened trees
Marked by the woodman's axe to show the way ;
Some in their boats came coasting up the lake,
With flash of oars, or sails that noiseless crept
Upon the glassy water. Some had crossed
The gloomy cedar swamps by narrow roads
Walled in with densest thickets, bridged with logs
Across the pools, and thickly overlaid
With matted boughs. Amid these unkempt woods,
The first rude tracing of a King's highway—
Fit for a royal progress by and by—
The "*trinoda necessitas*" of yore.
Roads, bridges, and the land's defence, restore
In these wild woods, the primal duties laid
By common law upon the Anglian race,
When over sea from Scania's belts and fiords,
They came to settle in their English shires—
As now now their far descended progeny
Spread out in this Dominion of the West.

The people gathered in before the sun's
Grand dial in the heaven pointed noon.
Hilda and Eve with hospitable care,
Provided rest, refreshment for them all,
Who met the aged servant of the Lord,
With greetings fervent, as when children see
A long-missed father, at the door, returned
From years of absence in a distant land !

He stood amidst them—greeted on all sides
And greeting them in turn—with grasp of hands,
And endless questions—asked and answered, full
Of Old World memories, and things all new
To him and them, imparted mutually.
His age and silvery locks reminded all

How deep the love of their pastor was,
Which drew him over sea to minister
To their dear souls again—that none be lost
Of all whom he, as children, had baptized.
Their joy was great, but not tumultuous,
For they were men of native mood austere,
Who wore not on their sleeves their hearts for show
Or weakness—such the temper of their race—
Men and their wives had trudged for many a mile
Unweariedly. Some of them in their arms
Their little children carried—to behold
The first time in their lives, oft spoken of,
But never seen, God's minister attired
In seemly gown and stole, reading the prayers
From that old rythmic book that's half divine—
God's word its texture—in our mother tongue,
As Tyndal wrote it ; Cranmer, Latimer,
And Ridley, died for it—and in the flames
Of martyrdom, that glorious candle lit
Which, by God's grace, shall never be put out
In England to the very end of time.*

The upper room with worshippers was filled,
Range after range by families they sat
In their best raiment, neat and kept with care
For church and holiday. A ribbon, ring,
The chief adornment of the comely wives,
Whose native bloom craved no factitious help,
For they were pure in race, of that old stock
Of Angles, fair as angels—which the world
Wins by its beauty—as its men by power—
Their pretty children, rosy, flaxen-haired,
Clustered about them, of all ornaments
Most beauteous were and best ; the husbands grave
In their demeanour, sat like men intent
Upon the serious business of their lives.
All spoke in whispers only, as their eyes
Turned reverently towards the table spread
With snowy linen—where the cup and dish,
Of silver, heirlooms of John Ashby's house,
Stood with the elements of bread and wine,
The sacred symbols of the mystery
Of Christ's Communion of His flesh and blood,
As they rose glorified and made divine—
His all-redeeming love that fills the heart,
His truth in faith to those who holily,
In His remembrance, eat and drink the same.

A sunbeam through the open window shed
A glorious radiance round the cup and dish
Of burnished silver, till they shone like stars—
Or revelations of the Holy Grail—
The very dullest apprehended that
To-day was heaven come quite near to them.
The table made a chancel where it stood,
In that plain upper room, so unadorned
With carved or cunning work—and east or north—

* 'Be of good courage, Master Ridley, and play the man ! We shall to-day light such a candle in England as, by God's Grace, shall never be put out !' These words of brave old Latimer to his fellow-martyr, at the stake, were the mightiest, in all their results, of any ever spoken in England.

No matter how it stood—for everywhere
The Lord is eastward to His worshippers
However they may face—hears and forgives ;
Wide is the earth—but heaven is wider still
And God the Omnipresent is round all.

The aged minister stood up, and all
Rose with him—as he read the primal law
Of our salvation and God's mercy. 'When
The wicked man turns from his wickedness
That he hath done, and doeth what is right
And lawful, he shall save his soul alive.'

The spiritual look—the loving voice, the tall
And saintly presence, grey, and full of years
And holiness—the very dress grown strange,
Once so familiar—and the gracious words
Of unforgotten harmony—awoke
A thousand memories intensified
Of home and kindred in their native land.
The lips of strong men quivered--women wept
For very gladness, at the gracious words
Of their old pastor in these distant wilds,
Where they had come to rear their virtuous homes
Of peace and industry. The services
Went on in rhythmic words and prayers that meet
The primal needs of every human soul.
God's word was read, with liturgy and psalms,
Devoutly said or sung with harmony
Of men's and women's voices. Over all
Eve Ashby's, like an angel's, quivering rose
Above the organ's notes, and died away
In heaven's portals, where her heart to-day
Went with her song ; such joy her bosom filled
That even Hilda's failed to comprehend.

Ended the prayers appointed. Each one sat
Still as a stone, expectant of the text
And sermon, which, in homiletic wise,
Not long but weighty—heated to a glow
Of ardent love, with gems of wisdom set,
That score the heart and memory, they knew
Would follow. For it was their pastor's way,
And always had been on Communion day.

'My children!' cried he—with appealing hands
Outstretched in fervour, after many things
Of godly exposition of his text—
'"Do this in my remembrance!" children whom
My arms have held before the font, and signed
With the baptismal cross—to make you His
By covenant of water's cleansing sign—
Do this in His remembrance—all of you—
The rich and poor—the simple and the wise—
We all are equally in sight of God
Heirs of his promises—and poor alike,
Save as He gives as gifts of His own grace—
And pardon for our sins, if we repent—
And make this golden rule of life our law!
He whom no temple built with earthly hands,
Whom not the heaven of heavens can contain,

Is in the fulness of His Godhead, power,
And whole redemption, in this holy Act,
Through which we know Him, as upon the day
When He arose victorious over death—
The two of Emmaus, and He the third,
Together journeyed, and the two knew not
The Lord of Life—until He entered in
Their lowly home—constrained to sup with them,
And, in the breaking of the bread, Himself
Made known, and vanished from their raptured sight.

And so, my children ! when in low estate
Your eyes are holden, and your hearts grow cold—
False lights delude and faith begins to wane,
Remember then, those brighter moments, that
By certainty of faith in hope and love,
In breaking of the bread, you saw the Lord !
Although He vanish for a little while—
Yet in a little while again you see
More near and clear—and your weak hearts will grow
Strong in their sole dependence on the Lord.'

His words sank in their hearts, as April snow
Melts softly in the earth's warm bosom, when
The flambent sun ascends the vernal sky ;
Austerely then repeated he, aloud,
The Ten Commandments, one by one, which God
Once spake on Sinai, and with finger wrote
On tables twain—as now on consciences—
And all the people answered with a prayer
For mercy—and the writing of these laws
Upon their hearts—to keep them evermore.

The solemn rite went on in ancient wise—
The bread was sanctified to holy use,
And broken in remembrance of the Lord—
The cup was blessed in thankfulness, that He,
Who shed His blood of this New Testament,
Has shed it for redemption of us all.
Then reverently their pastor gave the food
That feeds the soul, and in the act they knew
How Christ dwelt in their hearts, and sanctified
Their lives henceforth to live for Him alone.

A silence, only broken by the voice
Of their old pastor, held their souls in awe,
As if in presences unseen, of powers
Communing with them in the sacred rite ;
But while all felt the influence, none beheld,
Save Eve, the vision of angelic forms
In shining raiment—beauteous, yet diverse—
Revealed commingling with the worshippers—
God's ministers sent out to minister
To heirs of His salvation. Only one,
Eve Ashby, kneeling motionless, her face
Uplifted, with clasped hands beneath her chin,
Beheld with opened eyes, and vision cleared,
The inner world of life, substantial, real—
The substance of the shadow here below,
That lasts, when this fades out, the spirit land
Of man's true origin and last abode—

Around us—in us—and God's Kingdom is,
Where are the mansions of eternal rest
For those who love the Lord and do His will.

Pale with expectance, Eve's amazed eyes
Beheld the flood of light pour in a stream
From topmost heaven—and amidst it, lo !
A golden stair, broad-slanting, easy, straight
Went up in triple flight—and rose, and rose
Higher in long perspective to the sky—
Till in the effulgence of glory lost,
It vanished mid the heights inaccessible
Of vision and of thought. Its highest flights
Seemed rarely trod. The inmost Paradise
Of souls snow-pure and white, that never sinned,
With knowledge—but are perfection in God's love—
As babes who live and die in grace—receives
But few in these last days of sinful time.

But other heavens open—glorious—vast
And comprehensive as the universe
Of stars that fill immensity. In these
New heavens dwell the souls purged clean of sin,
The Lord's redeemed from every nation, tongue
And people under heaven. Every one
According to his works done in the flesh,
For sake of God and of His righteousness,
Receiving his reward forever more.

The lower flight of that immortal stair
Of golden steps that lead to heaven's abodes,
Where each one finds the path leads to his own,
Was thronged to-day with angels, bright in robes
Of all celestial hues, with flowing hair
Oft diademed, and sandalled feet, that seemed
To glow with the good tidings that they bore—
Red, blue or golden, was their rich attire,
While some were dressed in white with crimson fringe,
Saints there from bloody tribulations come,
And martyrdoms—who died for sake of Christ.

A waft of air came with them, cool and pure
As winds on mountain tops, that filled the room
And every heart with breath of holiness,
Till all perceived and felt, they knew not how,
In touch with heaven, brought near to them to-day.
Eve still knelt motionless, and Hilda looked
With wonder what might mean the sudden change—
Her face of marble purity had caught
A glow as of the morning's dawning red
When Eden's Cherubim with flaming swords
That guard the tree of life from touch profane,
Cleave through the east a pathway for the sun—
She still knelt motionless, with fingers clasped
Across her heart, listening in silent joy.

The bells of Kirby Wiske ring out again
A louder peal of silver chime and clang—
None heard them else—for her alone they rang—
She listened eagerly, but made no sign
Save by the spirit. Then her vision cleared

Still more and more, as she an angel saw
In sapphire robe and golden sandals, dressed,
With flowing hair that heavenly odours shed—
A shining one, in youth's eternal bloom,
Who swiftly came and knelt down by her side
In the Communion. In his perfect hand,
Snow-white with all good works, he held a wreath
Of blooming roses fresh, and wet with dew
Of Paradise upon them, which he placed
With loving reverence on her head—nor knew
She yet the radiant youth's immortal guise.
Her eyes were dazzled, and she had forgot
That spiritual life grows never old,
But younger ever in th' eternal home ;
Where time is not—nor age—where only love
And wisdom fill the soul, and beautify
With infinite diversity of charm ;
Where those grow loveliest who most do love.

He knelt beside her, glorious in form
And beauty, bright with new-born happiness—
For he was one, had found celestial joys
Unsatisfying, lacking his betrothed—
And counted time, by hours unused in heaven,
Till she should come. Eve, lost in ecstasy,
Knelt breathless at the vision, wondering
What it might mean, and still she knew him not,
Until the aged pastor bade her take
And eat Christ's body in the Sacrament.
The angel's hand touched her's upon the dish,
And by the broken bread was instant known !

The veil of mist that held her eyes was rent
As by a lightning flash, and Eve beheld
The loving face of her own Lionel !
Out of the depths of heaven he came, to fetch
His bride long waiting, and she had heard his voice,
In words—no longer fancy—calling her :
'Rise up, my love ! My fair one. Come away !
The flowers appear—the singing time of birds
Is come—the turtle's voice is in the land—
Heaven's gates of pearl to-day will open wide
For thee to enter in—my love ! my bride !'

At that dear voice she stood in spirit up,
And gave her hand with perfect faith and trust
To go with him wherever he would lead.
Again the bells of Kirby Wiske rang clear
Their aerial chime—and clearer than before—
A joyous peal as on a marriage morn.

Transfigured, purified, set free from bonds
Of earthly life, Eve, robed in blue and white,
Stood saintliest among the shining throng,
With one light foot upon the golden stair
Prepared to go with him who held her hand ;
Yet looking back, with pity for the grief
Of her dear father, who her lifeless form
Held in his arms—of Hilda's anguish, seen
In tears, and cries and kisses of despair,
As she clung to the prostrate knees, once Eve's,

But her's no longer—in the evermore.
Confusion reigned in all that upper room—
With women's cries—until the pastor's voice,
In loving sympathy and power divine,
Invoked a blessing on the blessed one,
Thrice blessed in dying with the Sacrament
Of Christ upon her lips. A dove flew in
The open window—and a moment sat
Upon the table—as Eve waved adieu—
And hand in hand with Lionel ascend
The golden stair, and vanished into light!

Above them shone a star, that led the way—
Like that, the wise men led to Bethlehem,
While troops of shining ones in waving robes—
Before—behind—with harps and clarions
Attended them, and sounded jubilees
Of silver trumpets till the heavens rang—
Chanting the angels' song—when Christ was born
'*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*' ever—
And songs of inspirations always new,
In heavenly tongue, which all the angels know;
Not learned by painful iterance, as men
On earth acquire their mother tongue, but known
Through breathings of the Spirit—as with fire
Of Pentecost—all knew—and spake as one,
The tongue which all in heaven understood,
As Paul once heard in vision, when caught up
In words unlawful for a man to utter.

L'ENVOY.

May closed the book. A mist was in her eyes,
As when one, breathing on a mirror, dims
Its brightness for a moment; while her voice,
Respondent to her mood, was full of ruth,
That verged on wishing for a gracious death
Like Eve's, who fell at her Redeemer's feet
Crowned with the roses bloomed in Paradise.

'I knew,' she said, 'how that sweet story closed,
And never thought it sad!—To be beloved,
Betrothed and waited for—to leave the earth
Clasping the hand of one we love supreme,
Were life not death! O! to have waited long
For one in heaven, to find him when we die!
As I have learned from this old book of truth—
Quite sure of this, one would not care to live!'

'Why May! you are too wise by half to-day!'
Explained old Clifford, smiling. 'So much love,
In one who never had a lover! Nay!—
Blush not—nor be offended with me—May!—
"It is not so! and many love you!" Well!
I only jested. Sooth! It is that book
Of our dead poet makes you wish that he
Were waiting for you—for no other swain
Like him, will ever touch your heart and brain!'

May pouted for a moment—blushing red
As salvias, to her temples—when she heard

Her secret fancies so turned inside out
By her rough uncle, whom she pardoned still
For truth of what he said, yet woman like
To show the contrary, and give him choice
To judge him either way. She answered not,
But pressed the book more closely to her breast,
And then began to sing in wilful mood
A ballad gay, that drew the Chorus up
To join in the refrain—the music too
Refreshed by rest and mugs of ale, struck in,
And every thought of sadness brushed away
Like dust,—and so sped on the holiday.

THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN BOUNDARIES AWARDED TO ONTARIO.*

BY PARLIAMENTUM.

BY the Treaty of the 10th February, 1763, French Canada became a British possession ; and on the 7th October, 1763, the Crown of England by a proclamation under the Great Seal established within narrow limits, the first Province of Quebec, extending from near the River St. John, in Labrador, to Lake Nipissing, thence south-east to the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, at line 55°, and along the highlands to the Bay of Chaleurs. These narrow limits left out of the control of civil government the French forts and settlements in the west and south-west of Canada.

In 1773 two petitions were sent from Canada to England : one from the English-speaking subjects of the Crown praying for the calling of a Legislative Assembly (*a*); the other from the French Canadians praying for (1) the restoration of their 'ancient laws, customs, and privileges;' (2) 'the re-annexation of the coast of Labrador which formerly belonged to Canada ;' (3) the appointment of a Council, as the colony was 'not yet in a condition to defray the expenses of its own civil government, and consequently not in a condition to admit of a General Assembly;' and (4) the extension of the Province to 'the same boundaries it had in the time of the French Government,'—setting forth: 'that, as under the French Government our colony was permitted to extend over all the upper countries known under the names of Michilimakinac, Detroit, and other adjacent places, as far as the River Mississippi (*et autres adjacents, jusques au fleuve du Mississippi*), so it may now be enlarged to the same extent. And this re-annexation of these inland posts to this Province is the more necessary on account of the fur trade which the people of this Province carry on to

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* Continued from page 313.

(*a*) Maseres' Proceedings of the British in Quebec to obtain a House of Assembly, 1775, pp. 11, 16. These and other petitions were laid before Parliament ; see 46 Commons Journal, p. 227.

them; because in the present state of things, as there are no courts of justice whose jurisdiction extends to those distant places, those of the factors we send to them with our goods, to trade with the Indians for their furs, who happen to prove dishonest, continue in them out of the reach of their creditors, and live upon the profits of the goods entrusted to their care' (*a*)

Mr. Francis Maseres, formerly Attorney-General of Quebec, was then acting as agent in London of the committee of British residents who had petitioned for a Legislative Assembly; and in his published report of the above proceedings, and of the passing of the Quebec Act of 1774, he stated:

'It is easy to see that the foregoing petition of the aforesaid French inhabitants of Canada has been made the foundation of the Act of Parliament above recited'(*b*). A comparison of the Quebec Act with the French Canadian petition will confirm this statement.

Lord North, the Prime Minister, also practically confirmed Mr. Maseres' report—that the petition of the French Canadians was the foundation of the Quebec Act—by stating, during the debate, 'the annexation of the country westward of the Ohio and the Mississippi and a few scattered posts to the west, is the result of the desire of the Canadians, and of those who trade to those settlements, who think they cannot trade with safety as long as they remain separate' (*c*).

The preamble of that Act recites:—'Whereas by the arrangements made by the said Royal Proclamation [of 1763], a very large extent of country, within which there were several colonies and settlements of the subjects of France, who claimed to remain therein under the faith of the said Treaty, was left without any provision being made for the administration of civil government therein;' it was therefore enacted that 'all the territories, islands and countries in North America,' bounded by a line from the Bay of Chaleurs running along described lines through Lake Champlain, River St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, River Niagara, Lake Erie, to the northern boundary of Pennsylvania, 'and thence along the western boundary of the said Province until it strike the River Ohio, and along the banks of the said river westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and *northward* to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay . . . be and the same are hereby, during His Majesty's pleasure, annexed to and made part and parcel of the Province of Quebec'(*a*).

Six months after the passing of the Act, the Crown, on the 27th December, 1774, issued a Commission appointing Sir Guy Carleton, Governor-General of Quebec, and describing the limits of his government (as in the Quebec Act) to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, 'and along the bank of the said river [Ohio] westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and *northward along the eastern bank of the said river* to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay.' (*b*) The Commission appointing Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor-General, in 1777, described the same boundaries. (*c*) So that if the Quebec Act left the western limits indefinite, the Crown, in the undoubted exercise of its prerogative, made the Mississippi river the western boundary.

Notwithstanding these acts of the Crown, the Dominion contends that the term 'northward' in the Quebec Act meant 'due north.' The law

(*a*) Maseres, pp. 111, 131.

(*b*) *Ibid.*, p. 181.

(*c*) Cavendish Debates, p. 9, 10; Boundary Documents, p. 299.

(*a*) 14 George III. c. 83.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 46.

(*c*) *Ibid.*, p. 47.

officers, in 1774 (*a*), advised the Crown on the boundaries; and the Crown, as it had the prerogative right so to do, interpreted the term as northward along the Mississippi river—the boundary line insisted upon by the British Government and obtained from the French by the treaty of 1763. This 'due north' line, if thought of or acted upon in 1774, would have left out of civil government a long and narrow strip of territory containing the principal French posts and settlements, and, perhaps, cutting a fort or a settlement into two parts, or leaving it just outside the 'due north' line. On the ground, and within this 'disputed territory,'—between the 'due north' line and the Mississippi river,—there were, in 1774, the following French trading posts and settlements:— Kaskasias, Crevecœur, St. Nicholas, Bonsecour, Prairie du Chien, St. Croix, La Pointe, Kaministiquia, St. Pierre, St. Charles, and others—the population of which amounted to about 2,000 persons. (*b*)

The decisions of the Courts of Upper and Lower Canada on the term 'northward' in the Quebec Act conflict, and leave the point practically undecided.

In May, 1818, one Charles de Reinhard was tried at Quebec for the murder of Owen Keveny, at Rat Portage, on the Winnipeg river; and Sewell, C. J., and Bowen, J., ruled at *Nisi Prius*, that the term 'northward' meant 'due north from the junction of the rivers Ohio and Mississippi;' that Fort William, formerly the French Fort Kaministiquia, was three quarters of a degree (about thirty-four miles) to the *westward of the western limit of Upper Canada*, and therefore within the Indian territories (*a*).

In October of the same year, one Paul Brown and another were tried at the York Assizes by virtue of commissions issued by the Governor and Council of Lower Canada (Sewell, C.J., being a member of the Council), before Powell, C. J., Campbell, and Boulton, JJ., for the murder of one Robert Semple, at the junction of the Winnipeg and Assiniboine rivers. At the trial, the Attorney-General (Robinson), without giving his own opinion, contended that the Court should instruct the jury whether the place in question was without Upper Canada and part of the Indian territories. Powell, C. J., declined to rule, but reserved the question 'whether the locality was within the Province of Upper Canada or beyond the boundaries' (*b*).

The *Nisi Prius* ruling in the De Reinhard case seems to have been disregarded by the Courts of Upper Canada. At the York Spring Assizes, in 1819, two civil actions were tried, and verdicts rendered against Lord Selkirk for false imprisonment of the plaintiffs at Fort William; and Chief Justice Powell, in reporting the proceedings to the Lieutenant-Governor, stated that the imprisonment had occurred 'at Fort William in the Western District.' (*c*).

Thus according to Sewell, C. J., Fort William was thirty-four miles outside the western limits of Upper Canada; but according to Powell, C. J., it was part of the Western District, and therefore within the limits of Upper Canada.

(*a*) Earl Bathurst, Lord Chancellor; Mr. Thurlow (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Attorney-General, and Mr. Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Solicitor-General.

(*b*) 'As to the new boundary, it was said that there were French settlements beyond the Proclamation limits [of 1763] who ought to have provision made for them, and that there was one entire colony in the Illinois,' i. e., the country adjoining the Mississippi.—*Annual Register*, 1774, p. 76.

(*a*) Trial of De Reinhard *et al.*, p. 449; Report Boundary Committee H. of C., 1880, pp. v., 206. This ruling was not followed by Monk, J., in *Connolly* v. *Woolrich*, 11 L. C. Jurist, 197 (1867), who held that 'Athabasca,' a territory 900 miles west of Fort William, was part of French Canada ceded to Great Britain in 1763.

(*b*) Trial of Brown *et al.*, p. 217.

(*c*) Commons Papers, Red River Settlement (Imp.), 1819, v. 18, pp. 286, 287.

In 1819, Mr. afterwards Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson, then Attorney-General, in reporting on certain illegal proceedings of Lord Selkirk, advised the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, that the same had occurred 'at Fort William, in the Western District of this province' (*a*). And at the Spring Assizes at York (Toronto), and at the Autumn Assizes, at Sandwich, the Attorney-General indicted Lord Selkirk, Miles McDonell, and others, for misdeameanors committed by them at Fort William, in resisting writs issued by the Court of King's Bench for Upper Canada, in 1816, and then being executed there by the deputy-sheriff of the district (*b*).

These opinions of the Chief-Justice and the Attorney-General of Upper Canada, given in 1819, are in direct conflict with the *Nisi Prius* ruling of Sewell, C. J., and destroy its effect as a judicial decision that 'northward' in the Quebec Act meant 'due north.'

Against this 'due north' contention, the law may be thus stated: 'In case of doubt, every country terminating on a river is presumed to have no other limits than the river itself, because nothing is more natural than to take a river for a boundary; and wherever there is a doubt, that is always to be presumed which is most natural and most probable.' (*c*) 'In great questions which concern the boundaries of states, where great natural boundaries are established in general terms with a view to public convenience and the avoidance of controversy, we think the great object, when it can be distinctly perceived, ought not to be defeated by those technical perplexities which may sometimes influence contracts between individuals.' (*a*)

(*a*) Commons Papers, Red River Settlement (Imp.), 1819. v. 18, p, 281; Act U. C. 38 George III. c. 5, s. 40.

(*b*) Trial of Brown *et al.*, p. 200; Commons Papers (Imp.), 1819, v. 18, p. 265.

(*c*) Vattel's Law of Nations, p. 121.

The Crown, in 1786, after the cession of the south-western portion of the Province of Quebec to the United States, had to give another interpretation to the boundary limits in the Quebec Act, and issued a commission appointing Sir Guy Carleton, Governor-General, in which the limits of his government in the west were described as extending through the great lakes and 'to the Lake of the Woods, thence through the said lake to the most north-western point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the River Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the Merchant Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay' (*b*). This description to and beyond the Lake of the Woods, overlaps the 'due north' line of modern days.

These Commissions from the Crown were political acts of state within the prerogative powers of the Crown, and vested in the governors of Quebec the civil government of the French Canadian territory to the Mississippi river and the Lake of the Woods. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the determination of a controversy respecting indefinite national or state boundaries belongs to the political department of the Government as a political act of state, or as we would say, as a prerogative act. Chief Justice Marshall has thus stated the law: 'In a controversy between two nations concerning national boundaries, it is scarcely possible that the Courts of either should refuse to abide by the measures adopted by its own government. After acts of sovereign power over the territory in dispute, asserting a construction of the treaty by which the government claims it, to maintain the opposite construction in its own Courts would certainly be an anomaly in the history and practice of nations.

(*a*) *Hadley* v. *Anthony*, 5 Wheaton, U. S. 696.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 47.

If the political departments of the nation have unequivocally asserted its right of dominion over a country of which it is in possession and which it claims under a treaty; if the legislature has acted on the construction thus asserted, it is not in its own Courts that this construction is to be denied. A question like this, affecting the boundaries of nations is, as has been truly said, more a political than a legal question, and in its discussion the Courts of every country must respect the pronounced will of the government'(*a*). And in a case which involved the question of the disputed boundaries between Rhode Island and Massachusetts, the State court said: 'The defence assumes to bring in question the eastern boundary of this State. Where that line is *de jure*, is a political question with which the Court of the State will not intermeddle. Sufficient for them is it, that the State has always claimed jurisdiction up to the limit named, and exercised it in fact. The Courts are bound to take cognizance of the boundaries in fact claimed by the State'(*b*).

The Province of Quebec continued until 1791; and during that year the King informed Parliament of his intention to divide the Province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, making the Ottawa river and a line due north from Lake Temiscaming to Hudson's Bay, the dividing line between the two provinces; and, with a number of petitions and other documents, laid before Parliament a paper containing a 'description of the intended boundary between the Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada,' (*c*) describing the boundaries of Upper Canada as follows: 'To commence at a stone boundary on the north bank of the lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Pointe au Bodet in the limit between the Township of Lancaster and the Seigneurie of New Longueuil running along the said limit in the direction of north 34° west to the westernmost angle of the said Seigneurie of New Longueuil, thence along the north-western boundary of the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil running north 25° east until it strikes the Ottawas river, to ascend the said river into the Lake Tomiscanning, and from the head of the said lake by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line to the utmost extent of the country commonly called or known by the name of Canada' (*a*).

By the use of the French name 'Canada,' and by declaring that the limits of Upper Canada on the north should extend to Hudson's Bay, the Crown adopted the contention of the French king as to that boundary. An Imperial Order in Council was passed on the 24th August, 1791, authorizing the division of the Province of Quebec 'according to the line of division described in the paper' presented to Parliament, adopting the above described boundaries as the territorial limits of Upper Canada, and empowering the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec to issue the necesssary proclamation for the commencement of the Act within the two provinces. On the 18th of November of the same year, General Alured Clarke, then Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, issued the proclamation fixing the 26th of December, 1791, as the day on which the two provinces should be constituted (*b*).

The Commissions to the Governors of Upper Canada, from 1791 to 1835, adopt the same description of boundaries. From 1838 to 1846, the term, 'strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay' is changed to 'strikes the shore of Hudson's Bay,' or 'reaches the shore of Hudson's Bay' (*c*).

(*a*) *Foster* v. *Neilson*, 2 Peters, U. S., 306, 308.

(*b*) *State* v. *Dunwell*, 3 Rhode Island, 127.

(*c*) 46 Commons Journal, 227, 228.

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 411.

(*b*) *Ibid.*, pp. 27, 388.

(*c*) *Ibid.* pp. 48-52.

These acts of the Crown were 'acts of sovereign power over the territory in question;' and whether as prerogative acts, simply dividing the Province of Quebec, or enlarging the provincial boundaries of the new province, or exercising, under what may be termed the dual sovereignty, the prerogatives of the displaced French power, they are binding upon the governments subsequently created, and upon the judicial tribunals of those governments (*a*).

The term 'Canada' used in the paper presented to Parliament, and in the Proclamation of 1791, comprehended at the time an indefinite territory to the west. The Treaty of 1763 ceded to England as 'Canada,' the territory up to the River Mississippi; and had the territories to the south of the lakes remained a possession of the Crown, they must have formed part of Upper Canada. In dealing with titles there, the United States Supreme Court has held 'that the United States succeeded to all the rights *in that part of old Canada which now forms the State of Michigan*, that existed in the King of France prior to its conquest from the French by the British in 1760' (*b*).

The capitulation of Canada, signed at Montreal in 1760, referred to the Canadians and French 'settled or trading in the whole extent of the Colony of Canada,' and to the 'posts and countries above;' and the map produced by the Marquis de Vaudreuil at the time of the capitulation, on which he had traced the boundaries of Canada, showed that its then western boundary extended to Red Lake—a lake immediately south of the Lake of the Woods(*c*) At that time there were on Lake Superior, Pigeon River, Lake of the Woods, the lakes in the Red River territory, and even westward, posts and settlements belonging to the French, which were subject to the French governors of Canada(*a*). Had any dispute arisen between England and France as to the extent of the western territory included under the term 'Canada' in the Treaty, the French could not have disputed the English right to Red Lake (Lake of the Woods), the limit marked by De Vaudreuil on the map; nor that the French posts at Nepigon, Kaministiquia(*b*) (now Fort William), St. Pierre, on the Pigeon River, St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, formed part of 'Canada.'

Shortly after the new Government of Upper Canada was organized, a Proclamation, dated 16th July 1792, was issued under the Great Seal, dividing the Province into counties, and describing one thus: 'That the nineteenth of the said counties be hereafter called by the name of the County of Kent, which county is to comprehend all the country, not being territories of the Indians, not already included in the several counties hereinbefore described, extending northward to the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory of the westward and southward to the same line, to the utmost extent of the country, commonly called or known by the name of Canada,' 'and that the said County of Kent as hereinbefore described shall and may be represented in the said House of Assembly by two members' (*c*).

The Surveyor-General of Upper Canada in his 'Topographical Description of Upper Canada,' drawn up for the first the Lieutenant Governor, reported that Upper Canada on the west

(*a*). 'Where the Government of the United States had plenary jurisdiction over the subject matter of boundaries, the State Government, as its successor, is bound by its Acts.'—*Missouri* v. *Iowa*, 7 Howard, U.S. 660.

(*b*). *United States* v. *Repetigny*, 5 Wallace, U.S. 211.

(*c*). A copy of this map was appended to the Dominion case used at the Arbitration.

(*a*) Sir Alexander Mackenzie's 'General History of the Fur Trade from Canada to the North-West.' 1789–1793, pp. lxv, lxxiii.

(*b*). 'Where the French had a principal establishment, and was the line of their communications with the interior country.' Boundary Documents, p. 108.

(*c*) Statutes of Upper Canada, 1781–1831, p. 26.

extended to the Lake of the Woods and the Mississippi river (*a*.)

Thus by the action of the Imperial and Provincial Governments, when the new Province of Upper Canada was constituted, the northern limit of Upper Canada was placed at Hudson's Bay, and the western limit at the Lake of the Woods—the boundaries fixed by the Award (*b*). But the Dominion ignores these prerogative acts of the Imperial Government —which, at the time the acts were performed, 'had plenary jurisdiction over the subject matter of these boundaries.'

The Dominion despatch of the 27th January, 1882, accepts and approves of the findings of the report of a Committee of the House of Commons, made in 1880, as follows :—

'In reference to the award made by the arbitrators on the 3rd August, 1878, a copy of which is appended, your Committee are of opinion that it does not describe the true boundaries of Ontario. It seems to your Committee to be inconsistent with any boundary line ever suggested or proposed subsequent to the Treaty of Utrecht (1713). It makes the Provincial boundaries run into territories granted by Royal charter in 1670, to the Merchant Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay; and it cuts through Indian territories which, according to the Act 43 George III., cap. 138, and 1 and 2 George IV., cap. 66, formed no part of the Province of Lower Canada or Upper Canada, or either of them ; and it carries the boundaries of Ontario within the limits of the former colony of Assiniboia, which was not a part of Upper Canada.'

(*a*) Surveyor-General Smith's Upper Canada, 1799, p. 3.

(*b*) The extent of Ontario may be thus stated:—Area of Ontario within the limits claimed by the Dominion viz. : a line drawn due north from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on the west, and the height of land on the north:—100,000 square miles, or 64,000,000 acres. Area of Ontario under the Award of the Arbitrators, 3rd August, 1878 :—197,000 square miles, or 126,000,000 acres—an addition of 62,000,000 acres. After the award was published in 1878, *Britannicus*, a correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette*, estimated the land value of the disputed territory at $65,000,000. At the Detroit Trade Convention, in 1866, the Hon. James Skead, estimated that there were 60,800 square miles of pine timber in the territory drained into Lakes Huron and Superior ; and during a late debate (1882), in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, Mr. J. C. Miller, M.P. P., estimated the value of the timber within the disputed territory at $125,000,000.

The answers to these allegations are :

1. That the French claimed that the boundaries of Canada or *Nouvelle France* extended to Hudson's Bay ; and it was shown to the arbitrators that the French had built and occupied forts near to the Bay, after the Treaty of Utrecht.

And the award finds in favour of the French 'suggested or proposed' boundary line.

2. That as a matter of prerogative law, the Crown had the right to extend the civil government of Upper Canada over any territories granted to its subjects, or granted to the Hudson's Bay Company; or had the right to assert the French sovereignty, which it had displaced, as against the Company's claims. The subjects of the Crown in those territories were entitled to the benefits of the Crown's government And a further answer to this report may be found in the opinion given by the Law Officers of the Crown in 1857 : 'With respect to any rights of government, taxation, exclusive administration of justice, or exclusive trade otherwise than as a consequence of a right of ownership of the land, such rights could not be legally insisted on by the Hudson's Bay Company, as having been legally granted to them by the Crown' (*a*).

The award also finds in favour of the Crown's prerogative right to extend the civil government of Upper Canada to the shores of Hudson's Bay.

3. The Act of 43 George III., ch. 138 (1803), was passed in consequence of crimes committed in the Indian territories ; and those territories can only be ascertained by reference to the localities where the crimes referred to in the Act had been committed prior to its passing. Lord Selkirk, shortly after the occurrences, gave a detailed account of the crimes, and referring to the Act stated: 'This vague term, "Indian territories" has been used without any definition to point out the particular territories to which

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 201.

the Act is meant to apply. There are, however, extensive tracts of country to which the provisions of the Act unquestionably do apply, viz. those which lie to the *north and west* of the Hudson's Bay territories, and which are known in Canada by the general name of Athabasca. It was here that the violences which gave occasion to the Act were committed, and these are the only districts in which a total defect of jurisdiction described in the preamble of the Act was to be found' (*a*). But the Committee ignores Lord Selkirk's testimony.

4. The reference to the 'colony of Assiniboia,' illustrates the questionable value of the findings of the Committee. This pseudo 'colony' was a trading district of the Hudson's Bay Company, originally established by Lord Selkirk (*b*), under a grant of territory from a squatter company called the North-West Company, which, without any grant or charter from the Crown, had intruded into the western territory previously occupied by French traders prior to the conquest. Lord Selkirk sold his title to the Hudson's Bay Company, and they re-granted to him in 1811. In 1814, Mr. Miles McDonell issued a 'proclamation' setting forth that the Hudson's Bay Company had ceded the territory called Assiniboia to Lord Selkirk,—the limits of which he set out—and that he (Miles McDonell) had been 'duly appointed Governor' (*c*). In 1839, the Hudson's Bay Company declared the territory to be the 'district of Assiniboia.' Such was the origin of the so-called 'colony,' the

(*a*) *Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America*, pp. 85-6. This statement is confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Mills (p. 27); Mr. D. A. Smith (p. 52); and others before the Committee.

(*b*) In the proceedings before the Boundary Committee, the following was stated by an ex-officer of the Hudson's Bay Company: Q. 326. 'Did Lord Selkirk get any charter from any power? A. Lord Selkirk was an usurper.'

(*c*) Report of Boundary Committee, House of Commons, pp. xix, and 48; Boundary Documents, p. 28.

'limits' of which the Committee report have been intruded upon by the award.

This so-called 'proclamation' describing the boundaries of the 'colony of Assiniboia,' was produced in Toronto, in 1818 (*a*), at the trial of Brown and others for the murder of 'Governor' Semple, a predecessor of 'Governor' Miles McDonell; and Powell, C. J., facetiously observed as to his title: 'You may call him, or they may call him, just what you or they will: Landlord, Master, Governor, or Bashaw' (*b*). Mr. Sherwood in his argument for the prisoners said: 'This issuer of proclamations might as legally have issued a proclamation forbidding the people of Yonge Street to come to York Market' (*c*).

The Committee struggled to get evidence that the Crown had recognized this 'colony'(*d*). One witness stated

(*a*) Trial of Brown *et al.* p. 98.

(*b*) *Ibid.*, p. 80. (*c*) *Ibid.* p, 92.

(*d*) This is illustrated by some questions and answers given in the report. One witness was asked:

277. I understand you to say Assiniboia was a Crown colony? Not precisely, except as being under the Crown as delegated to the Hudson's Bay Company.

278. It was fully recognized as a Crown colony? It was recognized as a colony.

Another witness was thus examined:

417. Do you know of the existence of the colony of Assiniboia? Yes; Lord Selkirk's colony.

418. This colony was a regular Crown colony? No; it was not.

419. You do not admit it was? No; it was a local establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company; the Crown had nothing to do with it.

420. It was first Lord Selkirk's colony. In 1838 it was adopted by the Hudson's Bay Company, and then it was treated in some measure as a Crown colony? I must say there was no Crown colony established by the Crown in Assiniboia.

421. Are you aware it was recognized as a Crown colony, and that Recorders were appointed, having civil and criminal jurisdiction under commissions issued by the Crown in England? Recorders were appointed under commissions issued by the Hudson's Bay Company.

422. Yes; under their charter from the Crown of England, as they claim? The Crown appointed no officers with civil or criminal jurisdiction in Assiniboia.

that it was so recognized because the Duke of Wellington had sent troops there in 1846, 'so that in view of any trouble in respect of the Oregon question, they might be made available on the other side of the mountains;' and again, 'most certainly the Duke of Newcastle recognized as a possible event that the Crown of England *might make* a crown colony of it. *I believe it was a mere accident that it was not done.*' On such evidence the Committee report that, 'the colony of Assiniboia was to some extent recognized by the Imperial Goverment,' and that 'it was never treated as part of the Province of Upper Canada' (*a*).

To students of Crown law it will appear novel that the Crown's Proclamation of 1791 could be revoked or limited, or affected, by a grant or sale of a squatter's claim, or by a 'proclamation' issued in 1814, by the bailiff of Lord Selkirk, or subordinate of a trading corporation, calling himself 'governor of Assiniboia.' An act of co-ordinate power was performed within the same territory by M. Louis Riel in 1869, when he assumed the equally executive title of 'President;' and under an equally effective assumption of prerogative, issued a proclamation establishing the 'Provisional Government of Assiniboia.' Riel's government displaced the 'governor' who held his position by virtue of his succession to the title inaugurated by Mr. Miles McDonell in 1814. And the Hudson's Bay Company, which had constituted the territory as a 'colony,' and created the office of 'governor,' abandoned its powers of government, and recognized Riel and his confederates as a legal government 'within the territorial limits of the colony of Assiniboia' (*b*). The Committee are silent on the analogy between these two historic acts of co-ordinate prerogative assumption. But the logic of their finding as to the invasion of the Ontario boundaries on the limits of Assiniboia is that a proclamation by a bailiff of Lord Selkirk or of the Hudson's Bay Company, did limit or interpret the territorial operation of the Crown's Proclamation, of 1791. The converse proposition: whether Lord Selkirk or the Hudson's Bay Company by the so-called 'proclamation' had not intruded upon the Crown's limits of Upper Canada, was not considered by the Committee.

The agreement between the two political sovereignties of Canada and Ontario, referring this question of the disputed boundaries of Ontario to arbitration became binding on each government when approved as Orders in Council, by the Representatives of the Crown in the Dominion and Province respectively, and pledged the good faith and honor of the Crown that the agreement would be carried out; and therefore for the purposes of this arbitration, must be treated as subject to all the incidents of a Treaty between two independent states.

In a similar case of an agreement between subordinate governments in India, the English Court of Chancery thus held: 'It is a case of mutual treaty by persons acting in that instance as states independent of each other; and the circumstances that the East India Company are mere subjects, with relation to this country, has nothing to do with that. That Treaty was entered into with them, not as subjects but as a neighbouring independent state, and is the same as if it was a Treaty between two sovereigns' (*a*).

It is a rule of International Law that 'where a nation has tacitly or expressly conferred upon its executive department, without reserve, the right of treating with other states, it is considered as having invested it with all

(*a*) Report of Boundary Committee, House of Com., 1880, pp. xxi. and 96.

(*b*) Report on the Difficulties in the North West Territories; Journal of the House of Commons, 1874, Appendix, p. 26. Statement of claims consequent upon the insurrection in the North-West Territories.—Canada Sessional Paper, No. 44. 1871, pp. 29-30.

(*a*) *Nabob of Carnatic* v. *East India Company*, 2 Ves., Jun. 60.

the powers necessary to make a valid contract. That department is the organ of the nation; and the alienations by it are valid, because they are done by the reputed will of the nation' (*a*).

Treaties when made by the competent power, and Awards made in pursuance of such Treaties, are, according to the ethics of nations, obligatory and binding on states as private contracts are binding upon individuals. If the Treaty requires an Act of the Legislature to carry it into effect, 'the Treaty is morally obligatory upon the legislature to pass the law; and to refuse it would be a breach of public faith' (*b*). 'No nation can violate public law and public faith without being subjected to the penal consequences of reproach and disgrace' (*c*).

In the future of Canada and of the several Provinces, territorial and financial disputes may occur, which may appropriately be referred to tribunals of arbitration. For the safety of their future, and for the faithful observance of the pledged faith and honour of the Crown in their Governments, Ontario cannot afford to waiver in holding firmly and fairly by the Award. In this controversy with the Dominion she stands forth as the representative of all the Provinces, and any abandonment by her of this Award would establish what to other Provinces might form an inconvenient precedent for a future 'breach of public faith,' or—repudiation.

The able state paper of the 18th February, 1882, which sets forth Ontario's reply to the Dominion despatch, earnestly and temperately discusses the long and unexplained delay of the Dominion rulers in announcing their repudiation of the Award. It shows the uselessness and delay of a new arbitration and declines it; and then pleads for the sake of 'the development and settlement of the territory, the maintenance of order, and the due administration of justice therein,' the 'just course' of obtaining, without further delay, the Parliamentary recognition of the Award as a final adjustment of the boundaries of the Province, adding:—'the evils already endured are beyond recall; but the continuance or aggravation of them from this time forward is in the hands of your [Dominion] Government' (*a*)—words which will find many an echo throughout Ontario.

(*a*) Kent's Commentaries, vol. i., p. 167.

(*b*) Kent's Commentaries, vol. i., p. 166. Treaties have been confirmed by the following Imperial Acts, 22 Geo. III. c. 46; 2 & 3 Vic. c. 96; 7 Vic. c. 12; 15 Vic. c. 12; 25 & 26 Vic. c. 63; 31 & 32 Vic. c. 45; 33 & 34 Vic. c. 52; 35 & 36 Vic. c. 45; 38 & 39 Vic. c. 22; 39 & 40 Vic. c. 80.

(*c*) Kent's Commentaries, vol. i., p. 182.

(*a*) Ontario Sess. Papers, No. 23, 1882, p. 24.

THE 'ANTIGONE' OF SOPHOCLES.

BY WILLIAM H. C. KERR, M.A., BRANTFORD.

THE representation of a Greek play on the stage of a Canadian University theatre marks an era in classical culture amongst us deserving of something more than a passing notice. It may, moreover, excite some interest in the approaching performance of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the tragedy selected for representation, if we present in popular form a brief outline of the play, with some account of its author and his influence on Greek tragic art.

Sophocles was born at Colonus, a village situate about a mile from Athens, about 500 B.C. To be strictly accurate, our poet first saw the light five years after the dawn of the fifth century before the Christian era, and left 'the upper air' five years before its close. His long life was, therefore, passed in the most momentous and eventful epoch of Grecian history. His early childhood witnessed the heroic struggle of his countrymen against the repeated attacks of the Persian monarchy—a struggle in which public liberty and individual progress were matched against Oriental despotism and slavish subjection, and which, fortunately for the destinies of Europe and the history of mankind, terminated signally in favour of the former. He was scarcely five years old when he saw the return of the victorious Athenians from the glorious field of Marathon. It reads like the exploits of a fairy tale, that on that memorable plain a little band of ten thousand Greeks, with 'footsteps insupportably advanced,' met and defeated an invading host numbered by hundreds of thousands, the flower of Median chivalry. Yet the researches of Dr. Schliemann's spade on Mount Athos have somewhat weakened the sweeping charge of mendacity brought by the the Roman satirist against the Greek historians. But whatever may have been the numbers engaged, it sufficiently illustrates the spirit-stirring patriotism of the age that here the warriors of a single Greek city, aided by a contingent of 800 hoplites from Platæa, fought and won, against overwhelming odds, the most decisive battle of historic times.

The poet Æschylus, the illustrious predecessor of Sophocles on the tragic stage, distinguished himself at Marathon, and, ten years later, from the Grecian lines, saw the destruction of the proud armament of the barbarians off 'the sea-beat isle of Ajax.' It was in this same year (480 B. C.) that Euripides was born; and so we have the names of the Greek tragic triad associated with the most notable events in their country's history. When the exultant Athenians, after the disastrous overthrow of the invaders at Salamis, were marching in procession to the shrine of Minerva and making the temple crowned Acropolis ring with shouts of 'Io Kallinike!' it was the comely son of Sophillus, then only in his sixteenth year, who stept to the front as leader of the garland-bearing train of youths who chanted the song of triumph in celebration of the victory. What an auspicious introduction to Athenian society! Hitherto, he had only given satisfactory evidence of his having profited by the excellent education his father had provided for him by

carrying off the bays from his youthful compeers in musical contests and in the exercises of the palæstra, but now, on a great public occasion, Sophocles is brought prominently before the notice of a quick-witted people, who were ready to detect genius, if they were often capricious in their recognition of it. It is said that great occasions produce great men. If, then, a great age is favourable to the production of great men, Sophocles lived in a great age. It was great not only in the field of military glory, but in the domain of art. It was great at Thermopylæ and Salamis, at Marathon and Platæa. But it produced not only Leonidas and Miltiades, Cimon and Themistocles. It was the age of Pindar and Simonides in lyric poetry, of Æschylus and Euripides in tragedy, of Eupolis and Aristophanes in comedy, of Anaxagoras and Protagoras in philosophy; of Thucydides and Xenophon in history; of Socrates and Plato in dialectics; of Lysias and Isocrates in oratory; of Zeuxis and Parrhasius in painting; of Phidias and Polycletus in sculpture. The architecture of Athens at this period has been at once the admiration and the despair of the builders of all succeeding ages; while in works of plastic art the masterpieces of Phidias tower above the best efforts of modern sculpture, like his own Minerva among the treasures of the Parthenon. In a word, it was the age of Pericles, when Athens not only took the lead of Greece, but the intellectual hegemony of the world.

Now of all the great names which illustrate the page of Grecian story in this brilliant era, no artist attained greater lustre than did Sophocles in his especial sphere—that of tragedy. 'Sophocles,' says Hare, 'is the summit of Greek art; but one must have scaled many a steep before one can estimate his height: it is because of his classical perfection that he has generally been the least admired of the great ancient poets; for little of his beauty is perceptible to a mind that is not thoroughly principled and imbued with the spirit of antiquity.' His contemporaries, however, fully appreciated him. Twenty times he carried off the first prize at the great Dionysian festivals when new tragedies were exhibited, and ten times he took the second prize. He wrote one hundred and thirteen tragedies in all. Choerilus presented one hundred and fifty pieces of dramatic composition; Æschylus and Euripides about a hundred each. With such astonishing facility were works of surpassing power flung from the burning grasp of inspired intellect in the early ages of the world! Of Sophocles' plays seven only survive to us. Of these, the *Antigone* is first in point of time, if not in order of merit. This play was exhibited in 440 B. C., and it is said that some judicious allusions in it to Pericles procured him a government appointment, in pretty much the same fashion as a discreet manipulation of the columns of a newspaper in modern times paves the way to political preferment. For before the invention of the printing-press, the stage frequently fulfilled the offices of the fourth estate in affording opportunities for indulging in favourable or adverse criticisms of the statesmen and the measures of the time.

Of the remaining six tragedies of Sophocles, two others besides the *Antigone*, the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Œdipus at Colonus*, relate the misfortunes of the House of Labdacus. These plays, however, were not represented together, for Sophocles departed largely from the custom which prevailed before his time of presenting trilogies.

It will materially assist the understanding of the *Antigone*, if we have a clear conception of the old national legend connected with the family of Œdipus. The story is one of the oldest in Grecian mythology—old even in Sophocles' time—the happening of these supposed events dating back as

far before the birth of Sophocles, as he preceded the Christian era. This tragic tale comes down to us, therefore, with various embellishments from the ruddy dawn of Hellenic antiquity, but its main features, according to the most authentic traditions are, concisely, as follows: Laius, the son of Labdacus, reigned in Thebes, about the commencement of the millennial epoch preceding the birth of Christ. His wife, Jocasta, was the daughter of Menœceus, and sister of Creon. This city was so unfortunate as to possess one of the most eminent soothsayers of antiquity, Teiresias by name, whose ill-omened prognostications were continually working or unfolding mischief. He informed King Laius that he should die by the hands of his expectant heir; so, as soon as the child was born, they bound its feet together and left it to die on Mount Cithæron. A shepherd in the employ of the Corinthian king, Polybus, found the exposed infant there and brought it to the palace. The kind-hearted monarch received the child and brought him up as his own son, naming him Œdipus ('the swoln-footed'), from his feet being swollen by the cruel bands. On attaining manhood a report reached his ears, that he was not the son of his putative father, so he set out for Pytho's rock to consult the oracle, whose unwelcome response was that 'he should slay his father and marry his mother.' To avoid so fearful a catastrophe he determined not to go back to Corinth, but took the road for Thebes, and on the way met his real father, Laius. In an enconnter which took place between them as to the right of way, Œdipus in a rage slew both Laius and his charioteer. Unconscious of the parricidal character of the deed just perpetrated, Œdipus wanders uncomforted among the glens and rocky defiles of Bœotia, a self-exiled outlaw, brooding over his untoward destiny and taking measures (*si qua fata aspera rumpat*) to avoid it. At length this fugitive knight-errant of fate appears before Thebes and finds the people in great distress by reason of the ravages of the Sphinx, a she-monster who propounded a riddle to the citizens and destroyed all who were unable to guess it. The Thebans had issued a proclamation offering the kingdom of Laius and the hand of Jocasta in marriage to any one who should solve the enigma. Œdipus made the lucky guess, which resulted in the overthrow of the Sphinx, and thereupon ascended the throne of his father and married his mother, Jocasta. The fruit of this unfortunate alliance were two sons and two daughters: Eteocles and Polynices, Antigone and Ismene. All went well for a time. But the deity, awakening to the necessity of punishing this incestuous marriage, began, after the approved fashion of antiquity, to destroy the people for the misdeeds of their rulers. In this respect the Hellenic Zeus was neither better nor worse than the tribal God of the ancient Hebrews, who about this time, according to the received chronology, was decimating the land of Israel 'year after year' with famine, on account of the excessive but mistaken zeal of Saul. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

It is just at this point in this tragic fate-fable that the Œdipus Tyrannus opens. The suppliant people headed by a priest present themselves before the palace and beseech the king to exhaust every means to prevent the ravages of the plague. Œdipus despatches his brother-in-law Creon to the shrine of Apollo, and the oracle makes answer that the presence of the murderer of Laius is the cause of the calamity. Œdipus thereupon denounces fearful imprecations upon the murderers, and sends for Teiresias to assist in his discovery. The old soothsayer discloses that Œdipus himself is the murderer, and the secret of his birth is unfolded. The *denouement* is tragical in the extreme. Jocasta hangs herself, and Œdipus in his frenzy,

with her gold embossed brooch-pins, puts out his eyes.

Antigone now appears on the stage in the *Œdipus at Colonus*, as the guide and comfort of her aged and stricken parent. Expelled from Thebes by Eteocles and Polynices, his wretched sons, who fell to quarrelling amongst themselves about the government, unhappy Œdipus wanders towards Athens, and, reduced to beggary and utter destitution, seeks refuge in the consecrated grove of the Furies. Here the sweet character of our heroine appears in the most amiable light. We are at a loss whether most to admire her exalted piety and filial affection or her sisterly regard and forgiving disposition towards her brother. She has been compared to Shakespeare's Cordelia, but the character of Antigone, as set forth in this play, and the tragedy under review which bears her name, more nearly approaches the ideal perfection of the Christian religion. In remarking upon this comparison, the talented author of 'Characteristics of Women' has well observed, that 'as poetical conceptions the characters of Cordelia and Antigone rest on the same basis—they are both pure abstractions of truth, piety and natural affection; and in both, love as a passion is kept entirely out of sight—for though the womanly character is sustained by making them the objects of devoted attachment, yet to have portrayed them as influenced by passion would have destroyed that unity of purpose and feeling which is one source of power, and, besides, would have disturbed that serene purity and grandeur of soul which equally distinguishes both heroines. The spirit, however, in which the two characters are conceived is as different as possible, and we must not fail to remark that Antigone, who plays a principal part in two fine tragedies, and is distinctly and completely made out, is considered as a masterpiece, the very triumph of the ancient classical drama; whereas there are many among Shakespeare's characters which are equal to Cordelia as dramatic conceptions and superior to her in finish of outline, as well as in the richness of poetical colouring.' The prolonged lament of Antigone and her sister Ismene for the loss of their father at the conclusion of the *Œdipus at Colonus* has been unjustly condemned. The Greek audiences did not wait, like our modern theatre-goers, for a concluding tableau which would sum up the catastrophe and then rush for the doors. Had the play ended with the disappearance of Œdipus in the mysterious grove without the dutiful threnody of the sisters, the morality of the piece from the lofty Greek stand-point would have suffered. As it is, there is something exceedingly touching in the grief of Antigone. It is the sacred outpouring of a spirit that finds no relief in the reflection that life with her outcast father, reduced from the loftiest estate to abject penury, begging for herself and the blind old man a precarious livelihood from door to door, might well be regarded insupportable. She wishes to see her father's grave and die there.

> 'O, I was fond of misery with him,
> E'en what was most unlovely grew beloved,
> When he was with me. O my dearest father,
> Beneath the earth now, in deep darkness hid,
> Worn as thou wert with age, to me thou still
> Wert dear, and shalt be ever!'

Unable to procure permission to visit the spot where her father fell, she prays to be sent back to Thebes that she may try to prevent the slaughter of her brothers.

We have been digressing a little, but I trust that we have not lost the thread of our story. We have seen that the two sons of Œdipus quarrelled, and the result was that the younger, Polynices, was expelled from Thebes. Polynices fled to the court of Adrastus, King of Argos, where he was received with favour and married a daughter of Adrastus. The Argive King, in

order to restore his son-in-law to the Theban throne, undertook the famous expedition known in Grecian story as the 'Seven against Thebes,' which is the subject of one of the Æschylean dramas. Eteocles defended himself with great bravery, and when matters fared badly with the heroes who accompanied him, the Thebans proposed that the contest should be decided by single combat between the brothers. Polynices accepted the challenge, and in the fierce duel which followed both the combatants fell, and the war was ended.

Creon, the brother of Jocasta, thereupon assumed the reins of government; and now we come to the events which are related in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and which form the closing chapter in the sad Œdipodean tragedy.

Eteocles fell fighting for his country, and is accorded the honours of a public funeral, but the rites of sepulture are denied to Polynices because he had banded with his country's foes against Thebes. A very limited acquaintance with ancient mythology will suffice to account for the overpowering emotion and concern with which Antigone learned of this cruel edict of the new king in regard to the remains of her unhappy brother. For the repose of his soul it was necessary that the last sad offices should be performed for the unburied corpse of Polynices, and it was regarded as an imperative religious duty, binding on the conscience of every passer-by, to accord burial rites in such cases, which would be sufficiently discharged by 'the scanty present of a little dust' thrice cast on the deceased. This pious custom still survives in the Christian formula: 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' When, therefore, Antigone hears that Creon has forbidden the rites of burial to her fallen brother, her indignation knows no bounds, and she resolves at once to disobey the king's commands, although death were the penalty of her disobedience.

The scene of the *Antigone* is laid at Thebes, in front of the royal palace. The preface to the Oxford annotated edition presents us with a concise analysis which will be helpful to any of our readers who may intend to witness the approaching representation at Toronto University. 'On the left hand is seen a street leading into the city; on the right, in the distance, a plain skirted by hills, which has lately been the scene of battle. Time, daybreak on the morning after the battle, and retreat of the Argive host, which had been beleaguering the city.'

In the first scene, Antigone enters, followed by Ismene. Antigone declares her intention to disobey Creon's decree for bidding funeral rites to Polynices, and invites her aid. Ismene tries to dissuade her, but is answered with indignant scorn. Antigone leaves to execute her purpose. The Chorus of Theban elders sing a pean in honour of the victory over the Argives, but are interrupted by the entrance of Creon, who repeats and justifies his edict respecting Polynices. Meantime, Antigone has succeeded in scattering a few handfuls of dust over her brother's body, sufficient to satisfy the requirements of religion. While the Chorus is tamely submitting to the behests of Creon and making excuses for the act of Antigone, the second scene closes with the arrest of Antigone discovered in the pious act of again casting earth upon her brother's corpse.

In the third scene, Antigone justifies her conduct and triumphs in it. Her sister, Ismene, seeks to share in Antigone's punishment, but her sister refuses her any participation in the the suffering, as she had selfishly refrained from assisting in the deed. The Chorus declaims against impiety.

The fourth scene opens with the entrance of Creon's son, Hæmon, who is in love with Antigone. Hæmon advises his father to beware of acting cruelly towards our heroine, who is a great favourite with the people on account of her piety and nobleness of

heart. Not being able to move the king by these considerations, Hæmon resolves on self-destruction if Antigone is put to death. Creon, disregarding his son's threats, orders Antigone to be immured in a rocky cavern and left to perish. In the fifth scene, Antigone is led forth to punishment, and, amid half-hearted consolations from the Chorus, apostrophises her tomb. The tragedy closes with the introduction on the stage of the old soothsayer Teiresias, and fearful calamities are pronounced upon Creon for his impiety, which find their fulfilment in the death of Antigone and the suicide of her lover, his son and heir to his throne, and also of his wife Eurydice. Creon gives himself up to paroxysms of despair, and the Chorus concludes by exhorting to acts of reverence and piety.

In the concluding scene, a startling stage effect is produced by a contrivance called the Ἐκκύκλημα, which opens and discloses to the view of the spectators the dead body of the self-murdered Eurydice.

An accomplished writer in the *Century Magazine* for November last, in an article upon 'The Costumes of the Greek Play at Harvard,' is in error in saying that in the Greek theatre there was no scenery, 'no creaking stage machinery, nor noisy imitation of Nature's music.' On the contrary, the most ingenious appliances were successfully employed in the representation of Greek plays—not only in scene painting, but in machinery for the introduction of deities, by arrangements for the uplifting of an actor to the cloud-encircled θεολογεῖον, and for representing water on the stage. By a tackling of ropes and pulleys, Bellerophon was made to rival the wonders of the flying trapeze. Revolving prisms disclosed the appropriate scenery for the play. Bladders filled with pebbles rolled over sheets of copper represented thunder as successfully as the 'noisy imitation of Nature's music' produced by rattling sheets of zinc in the modern theatre, while lightning was made to flash across the stage by polished mirrors reflecting the rays of the sun; for these representations were held in the day time and in the open air, in a theatre hewn out of the hill-side rock, capable of accommodating 30,000 spectators, or considerably more than the entire adult population of the City of Toronto! Altogether, the Greek theatre is the most wonderful outcome of intellectual culture which the world has ever known. It is difficult to set bounds to our admiration for a people who could worthily appreciate such exalted sentiment—who could sit day after day, from sunrise to sunset, at their religious festivals witnessing such representations, listening to

> 'What the lofty, grave tragedians taught
> In chorus, or iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence,——
> High actions and high passions best describing,'

and spend their evenings in criticising the plays exhibited, in canvassing the merits of the actors and the decisions of the judges.

The prevailing sentiment underlying the *Antigone*, as in others of Sophocles' plays, is reverence for the gods. The heroine maintains that the immutable decrees of Heaven are not to be capriciously contravened or abrogated by merely human ordinances, in language exceedingly sublime. When the irate monarch asks her why she disobeyed the royal mandate, she replies that 'no such mandate ever came from Jove, nor from Justice, nor could I ever think a mortal's law of power or strength sufficient to override the unwritten law divine, immutable, eternal, not like these of yesterday, but made ere time began!' To her unwavering constancy in obeying the dictates of religion and in acknowledging the superior obligation of the laws of a Higher Power in matters pertaining to conscience, the chaste and severe Antigone falls a martyr, and faces her doom with unflinching

heroism. In one of the choruses in this play, the futility of fighting against the omnipotence of the Everlasting God, who dwells in light unapproachable, is described with a majesty and power of diction scarcely ever equalled and never excelled in the whole range of sacred and profane literature.

'O Jove, what daring irreverence of mortals can control thy power, which neither the sleep which leads the universe to old age ever seizes, nor the unwearied mouths of the Gods? Through unwasting time, enthroned in might, thou inhabitest the glittering blaze of heaven!'

Whatever may have been the character of our poet's life—and as to this there is the widest divergence of opinion—he everywhere inculcates reverence for the omnipresent beauty and sanctity of existence, and the supreme authority of the eternal laws of duty and of right. Thus in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* the chorus offers a prayer, which has been very much admired in all ages, and which is imperfectly translated thus: 'O for the spotless purity of action and of speech, according to those sublime laws of right, which have the heavens for their birthplace and God alone for their author—which the decays of mortal nature cannot vary, nor time cover with oblivion; for the divinity is mighty within them, and waxes not old.'

From these brief extracts it will be seen that Sophocles sometimes successfully essayed the lofty flights of the Titan of the Greek stage, but though he could not equal Æschylus in adventurous daring—no poet ever did—he surpassed him in the sustained excellence, and in the harmonious beauty and consummate polish, of his compositions.

Sophocles lived, as we have seen, to a good old age; and down to the very close of his life, retained possession of his finely-balanced faculties. A story is told of him that, in consequence of his partiality for a grandson who bore his name, his son Jophon charged him before the proper court with dotage and incapacity to manage his property. The poet, in place of any other defence, read to his judges from his new play, the *Œdipus at Colonus*, which he had just finished, the beautiful chorus which extols the beauty of his native Attic deme, and demanded of his judges 'if that was the work of an idiot?' The judges, we are informed, broke up the court in admiration, and escorted the poet in triumph to his house.

This story, if, like most good stories, of doubtful authenticity, ought to be true, to the extent, at least, that it indicates a hearty appreciation by his fellow-countrymen of the beauty of the chorus recited. As it affords a very fine specimen of the descriptive powers of Sophocles, I make no apology for presenting the lay reader with Bulwer's spirited version of this famous passage.

The Chorus informs the blind old wanderer Œdipus that he has come to the silvery Colonus,—

'Where ever and aye thro' the greenest vale
Gush the wailing notes of the nightingale,
From her home where the dark-hued ivy weaves
With the grove of the god a night of leaves,
And the vines blossom out from the lonely glade,
And the suns of the summer are dim in the shade,
And the storms of the winter have never a breeze
That can shiver the leaf from the charmèd trees,
For there, Oh! ever there,
With that fair mountain-throng
Who his sweet nurses were
Wild Bacchus holds his court the conscious woods among!
Daintily ever there,
Crown of the mighty goddesses of old,
Clustering Narcissus with his glorious hues
Springs from his bath of Heaven's delicious dews,
And the gay crocus sheds his rays of gold.
And wandering there forever
The fountains are at play;
And Cephissus feeds his river
From their sweet urns day by day;
The river knows no dearth:
Adown the vale the lapsing waters glide,
And the pure rain of that pellucid tide
Calls the rife beauty from the heart of earth,
While by the banks the Muse's choral train
Are duly heard—and there Love checks her golden rein!'

There is one section of the community, at least, which, on reading or witnessing the *Antigone*, will gladly join with the Theban Simmias in casting immortelles on the grave of Sophocles. I refer to—the ladies. At a time when but little honour was accorded to women, when noble sentiments and heroic daring were ordinarily usurped by the sterner sex as their exclusive property, Sophocles exhibited the female character in its most glorious perfection. Euripides, the misogynist, at this very period, was traducing womankind, and denouncing matrimony as a lottery in which there were no prizes, but the choice lay between bad and worse, as the nature of women was wholly vile. However, the *Medea* of Euripides has its effectual antidote in the *Antigone* of Sophocles. While the fair ones are wreathing fresh chaplets for their champion, here is old Simmias' affectionate tribute :

'Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
Thus will thy lasting leaves with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul exalted by the god of wit
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.'

THE STORY OF ANTIGONE, AS TOLD BY SOPHOCLES.

BY FIDELIS.

THE presentation of the tragedy of *Antigone*, at the University of Toronto, will be a public benefit, if it awaken some thoughtful interest in the noblest productions of the dramatic genius of Ancient Greece. A degenerate public that cares only to be amused, and can enjoy night after night the coarse flippancy of *Operas Bouffes* or the inane trivialities of modern popular burlesques, might well feel ashamed of itself when brought face to face with the dramas that enchained the Athenian populace in the Amphitheatre in Athens' most brilliant days, and stirred their intensest enthusiasm to crown the victor in the dramatic contest. The tragedies of Sophocles are no facetious trifles or superficial melodramas, but earnest wrestlings with the deepest moral problems of human life—with the abiding mystery of wrong and its inevitable shadow, retribution,—

'questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Black misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised;'

and, notwithstanding some polytheistic alloy, breathing an atmosphere far higher and purer than much of the materialistic popular literature of the day. In that golden age of the ancient drama, the tragedian was, indeed, the preacher of righteousness, and a preacher who swayed his audience with a power scarcely to be over-estimated.

The choice of the Antigone is a happy one, since, while the story is one of the purest and most beautiful legends of heroic Greece, it appears to have been one of the masterpieces, if

not the *chef-d'œuvre*, of its author, winning for him the highest honours in the power of the State to bestow. And Sophocles, by the consent of competent judges, is counted *primus inter pares* of the three great tragedians of Greece. Less titanic and impetuous than Æschylus, he is also less mythological and more human. A greater idealist than Euripides, he is less rhetorical, and has greater strength and dignity. Professor Plumptre places Sophocles at the head of all Greek poetry, because his greatness is of a higher type than that of Homer himself, 'belonging to a more advanced and cultivated age, and showing greater sympathy with the thoughts and questionings of such an age, with its hopes and fears, its problems and strivings.' And if, as the writer believes, that is the noblest poet who most strongly moves men to the noblest ends, then we may readily accord to Sophocles the honour of being the greatest poet of ancient Greece, as he is also one of the few great poets of the world.

The tragedy of *Antigone*, then, presents not only Greek drama, but Greek poetry, at its best; and, taken along with the companion tragedies to which it is the sequel, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and *Œdipus at Colonus*, it is well worthy of a careful study. For the drama of *Antigone* is really only the closing act in the story of Antigone, which runs through the whole of these three tragedies, though divided as to their production by long intervals, the *Œdipus at Colonus* being written in the poet's old age. The tragic history of the house of Œdipus formed one of the great centres of Grecian legend and poetry, affording to the three great tragedians the theme of several of their finest dramas. To Æschylus it gave the subject of four, of which *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes* is the only one which survives. With it Sophocles was undoubtedly familiar, and traces of its influence on his mind appear in the first chorus of the *Antigone*. Euripides, contemporary with Sophocles, took from the same source two of his dramas, the *Phenissae* and the *Suppliants*, differing, however, in some important points from Sophocles, whose presentation of the story, as a whole, is by far the nobler and more complete. The self-devotion of Antigone, both as daughter and sister, gives us, under the the treatment of Sophocles, the highest conception of womanly heroism to be found in Greek literature, showing the more brightly for the dark background. As a pure white flower may grow and blossom amid the carnage of a battle-field, so the noble nature and the self-forgetting devotion of the Theban maiden gleam out with a more brilliant lustre amid the horrors of the catastrophe that overwhelmed the House of Œdipus. As a heroine, indeed, Antigone may take her place beside almost any in the whole range of poetry. As true as Cordelia, and perhaps more outwardly tender, as brave as Jeanne d'Arc, as devoted as Iphigenia, we may well regard her as the noblest conception of womanhood which the human mind could have formed four hundred and forty years before Christ. And even in our own day, with all that Christianity has done to elevate woman, and making due allowance for the somewhat different ethical standard of a darker age, Antigone may still keep her place as one of the ideals of feminine heroism which we cannot yet afford to lose.

We meet her first, in Sophocles, at the close of the dark tragedy of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, or Œdipus the King, Tyrannus being the word by which kings were significantly styled in republican Athens in the days of Sophocles. This tragedy gives us the catastrophe which closes the reign of Œdipus, with the terrible revelation that he, the honoured king and deliverer of the Thebes of Cadmus from the Sphinx, had unwittingly been guilty of parricide and incest. Driven to utter despair by the awful discovery and

the suicide of Jockasta, Œdipus, self-blinded and outcast, prepares to depart forever from the city over which he had so lately ruled in the pride of absolute power. He thus appeals to Kreon, his brother-in-law, in a passage which we give as translated by Professor Plumptre :

> 'But suffer me on yon lone hills to dwell
> Where stands Kithæron, chosen as my tomb
> While still I lived, by mother and by sire.
> * * * *
> And for my boys, O Kreon, lay no charge
> Of them upon me. They are grown, nor need,
> Where'er they be, feel lack of means to live.
> But for my two poor girls, all desolate,
> To whom their table never brought a meal
> Without my presence, but whate'er I touched
> They still partook of with me ; these I care for.
> Yea, let me touch them with my hands and weep
> To them my sorrows.
> —What say I? What is this?
> Do I not hear, ye Gods, their dear, loved tones,
> Broken with sobs, and Kreon, pitying me,
> Hath sent the dearest of my children to me?'

Then follows his pathetic lament over their sad and unprotected lot, and his appeal to Kreon—sadly suggestive in the light of late events—to act towards them the part of a father, and

> 'Look on them with pity, seeing them
> At their age, but for thee, deprived of all.'

But, notwithstanding his parting counsels, Œdipus seems, at the last, moved by a strong impulse, to take his daughters with him as the companions of his dark and lonely way. Kreon, somewhat impatient, exclaims, as a modern uncle might do,

> 'Go thou, but leave the girls.'

Œdipus replies with the entreaty,

> 'Ah, take them not from me ;'

and is answered somewhat roughly, with the intimation that he must not think to have his way 'in all things all his life.' The drama then closes with the lesson from the Chorus :

> 'To reckon no man happy till ye see
> The closing day ; until he pass the bourne
> Which severs life from death, unscathed by woe.'

The few graphic touches by which the poet brings out the father's tenderness for his daughters, set before us also the simple patriarchal domestic life of Grecian royalty, as we have it also painted for us by Homer. All who remember the charming episode of Nausikaa in the 'Odyssey,' can easily fill in from imagination the early life of Antigone, as a Theban princess, brought up to use the distaff, as well as to play at ball with her young companions, probably going, like Nausikaa, with a joyous train, to wash her garments in the 'fair fount of Dirke,' forming one in the processions that periodically went to perform the stated rites in honour of the gods—and withal, as we can gather from what follows, her father's dearest child and most sympathetic companion, as well as a sister whose love could be counted on when all others should fail, and should, indeed, prove to be 'stronger than death.'

How she overcomes Kreon's opposition to her going forth to share her father's lonely wanderings, we are not told. Perhaps her stronger will prevailed, when the weaker Ismene yielded to pressure and remained behind—another case of Ruth and Orpah. Or, perhaps, detained by force, she followed her father by secret flight. At all events, we can picture the blind old man and the graceful maiden threading their way through the wild mountain passes of Kithœron—the boundary between Bœotia and Attica—dependent for nightly shelter on the hospitality of the scattered shepherds' huts, and at last, approaching the white rocks and olive-groves of Colonus, whence they could behold afar, amidst the peaked hills surrounding it, the gleaming Acropolis of Athens, not yet

crowned with its tiara of temples, and beyond, the blue waters of the Sarome Gulf. Here the second drama opens, at Colonus, the birth-place of Sophocles, and the site of the sacred Grove of the Eumenides, who at Athens, instead of the implacable Erinyes, seem to become the 'gentle powers' of atonement and purification.

Œdipus, approaching the sacred grove, asks Antigone what country they are approaching, and

'Whose the city near?
Who will receive the wanderer Œdipus
And give him, day by day, his scanty meals,
He asks but little; then that little, less
Most times receiving, finding that enough,
For I have learned contentment; life's strange charm
Has taught me this, and time's unresting course,
And the stout heart within me.'

Antigone replies by describing what she sees: 'afar a city's towers;' nearer, a spot thick with clustering laurels and vines and olives, from whose depths the nightingales 'trill forth their songs,' evidently a sacred place. A passing stranger appears, who tells them that the spot is consecrated to

'The gentle Powers, all-seeing so they call them
The people here. It may be, other names
Befit them elsewhere.'

He tells them, too, the other sacred associations of the vicinity, ending with the words so characteristic of the piety of Sophocles:

'Such, stranger, is our worship; not in words
Shown chiefly, but much more in constant use.'

Theseus is the ruler of this land—Theseus, the hero of so many legends, the amorous knight-errant of the earlier tales, and the chivalrous ruler and statesman of the later writers,—a sort of combination of Lancelot and Arthur. In Sophocles' hands, he is Arthur, as might have been expected from a poet who said himself that he painted men as they ought to be, rather than as they were. Œdipus desires to see Theseus, that the latter, 'a little helping, much may gain.' While the stranger goes on to the city, Œdipus retires within the sacred grove, when a Chorus of old men approaches and challenges him for sacrilegious intrusion into a sacred spot. For the Chorus, so remarkable a feature in the Greek drama, always represents the 'spirit of the laws' religious, civic and social, and must ever sacredly guard the *right*. A parley ensues, in the course of which Œdipus reveals his ill-fated name, and the horror-stricken Chorus, desiring to avert from their land a possible curse, bids him begone. Antigone intercedes, and implores their compassion for one so unhappy, ending thus:

'By all that is most dear, I supplicate,
Thy child, thy wife, thy duty, and thy God;
Search where thou wilt, thou ne'er wilt find a man
With strength to flee when God shall lead him on.'

While Œdipus touchingly represents that he is a sufferer rather than a wilful wrong-doer, and appeals to the reputation of Athens as 'the one deliverer of the stranger-guest,' adding that he has come 'God-fearing, cleansed, bringing much profit to your people.' The Chorus, impressed, agree to await the coming and decision of Theseus.

In the meantime an unexpected apparition in the distance calls forth an exclamation from Antigone. In answer to her father's inquiry she gives us a pretty picture from ancient Grecian life:

'I see
Advancing near us, mounted on a horse
Of Etna's breed, a woman's form. Her head
Is shaded by a broad Thessalian hat.
* * * *
With clear bright glance
Advancing, she salutes me, and declares
It is mine own Ismene,—no one else!'

Ismene has at last made good her escape, attended by one faithful servant, and followed the wanderers, whom she passionately greets:

'O dearest ones. My father and my sister!
Of all names sweetest. Hard it was to find,
And now for weeping it is hard to see.'

She brings sad news of her brothers, quarrelling for the sovereignty of Thebes. The younger, Eteokles, has driven away Polynikes the elder, who has sought shelter in Argos, married the daughter of the Argive king, Adrastus, and now threatens his country with the invasion of a foreign host to redress his wrongs and place him on the throne of Cadmus. An oracle has declared that the return of Œdipus is important to the well-being of Thebes, and accordingly Kreon will soon come to endeavour to bring him back, living or dead. Œdipus indignantly denounces the selfish and unnatural conduct of his sons, predicting the destruction of both, and contrasting their heartless treatment with the tender faithfulness of his daughters, especially of Antigone:

'And these,
Girls as they are, with such strength as they have,
Give me my daily food;—from them I gain
Freedom from fear and every kindly help.
She since first
Her childhood's nurture ceased and she grew strong,
Still wandering with me, sadly evermore
Leads her old father through the wild wood's paths,
Hungry and footsore, threading on her way:
And many a storm and many a scorching noon
Bravely she bears, and little recks of home
So that her father find his daily bread.'

And Ismene, too, had come to him before, it would seem, to tell him of oracles concerning him.

The Chorus express their sympathy for the old man and his daughters, and counsel him to 'make atonement' by the customary symbolical libations, to the powers on whose bounds he has unwittingly trespassed:—

'The Gentle Powers, we call on them to meet
Their suppliant gently, and deliverance give.'

He is to pour libations from the pure and ever-flowing stream, out of urns crowned 'a young lamb's snow-white locks.' Honey is to be mingled with water, expressing the sweetness as well as the purification of forgiveness, but *no wine*, the symbol of mirth and revelling. There is to be earnest prayer, 'in a low voice speaking, not in lengthened cry,' no 'vain repetitions.' The language and the symbolism are striking enough, but the words with which Œdipus accompanies his request to Ismene to perform for him these acts which he in his blindness is unable to do, might well be classed among the 'unconscious prophecies' of antiquity:—

*'For one soul acting on the strength of love
Is better than a thousand to atone.'*

irresistibly calling the thought from one of Keble's most exquisite hymns:

'As little children lisp and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given.'

Ismene goes to fulfil the appointed task, while Antigone remains with her father. Œdipus is conversing with the Chorus, further unfolding to them the tale of his woes, when Theseus appears, and in a noble speech, assures the stranger of his readiness to befriend him. Œdipus thanks him and promises that good is to come to him and to Athens through the lonely exile coming there to die, but warns him of coming strife between Athens and Thebes (fulfilled in the second Siege of Thebes), forcibly pointing out the changefulness of human things:

'O Son of Egeus, unto God alone
Nor age can come, nor destined hour of death
All else the great destroyer, Time sweeps on.
Earth's strength shall wither, wither strength of limb
And trust decays, and mistrust grows apace
And the same spirit lasts, not among them
That once were friends, nor joineth state with state.'

Further mutual assurances follow, in the course of which Œdipus says,—

'I will not bind thee by an oath, as men
Bind one of lower nature;'

and Theseus replies,

'Thou should'st gain
No more by that than trusting to my word.'

Theseus then leaves Œdipus, assuring him that in his absence his name alone will guard him from all harm; and then the Chorus break forth into an exquisite lyric in praise of the beauty of Colonus, the poet's birthplace. They sing of its white rocks 'glistening bright' from 'thickets freshly green;' its 'clear-voiced nightingales,' 'by purpling ivy hid,' or amid the olive groves, of the 'fair narcissus,' and 'bright crocus with its leaf of gold' growing beside the wandering Kephisus; and then glide on into the praises of the 'mother city,' Athens itself, famed in 'goodly steeds' and 'bounding colts' and 'sparkling sea.' Antigone's voice recalls them to the practical needs of the present, as Kreon, with an armed escort, is seen approaching. All the worst points of Kreon's character come out in the following scenes. Fair spoken and plausible at first, he soon throws off disguise, taunts Œdipus with unjust and cruel harshness, and finally attempts to carry off his daughters by force. His seeming friendliness does not deceive Œdipus, who reminds him of his former harsh treatment, and predicts the calamities to fall on Thebes and his sons, uttering words that have a curious significance, taken in connection with the *mòtif* of the closing drama:—

'And these my sons shall gain of that thy land
Enough to die in,—that and nothing more.'

Some wordy warfare follows, in which we have some sharp repartees. Kreon says:—

''Tis one thing to say much, and quite another
To say the word in season.'

And Œdipus replies:—

'Thou of course
Speaking but little, speakest seasonably.'

Kreon soon assumes a threatening tone, and informs Œdipus that he has already sent Ismene back to Thebes, and commands his escort to seize Antigone and drag her off in spite of her cries, and the indignant protest of the Chorus, who vainly attempt to rescue her. Kreon taunts the old man and defies the Chorus, when Theseus appears, and learning what had just taken place, instantly commands the rally of his people, horse and foot, for the rescue of the maidens; while he indignantly reproaches Kreon for the attempt to gain his ends by violence, in defiance of the rights of another state, and all law—human and divine, suggesting, however, in his excuse, that old age had 'robbed him of his mind.' He peremptorily demands the restitution of the maidens on penalty of imprisonment. Kreon tries to justify himself by again taunting Œdipus with his unconscious crimes, which as Œdipus remarks, in a powerful speech, must recoil on the head of him who tells the tale of the terrible calamities—

'Which I, poor wretch, against my will endured.'

'Not knowing what I did, or unto whom,
How canst thou rightly blame the unconscious sin.'

Theseus reiterates his demand to restore the captives, and he sullenly and unwillingly complies, seeing that, as Theseus says:—

'Chance has caught thee, hunter as thou art;
For gains, ill-gotten by a godless fraud,
Can never prosper.'

But he does not yield without a parting threat:—

'When we reach home, we shall know what to do!'

And so he departs with Theseus, on whom Œdipus invokes a grateful blessing. The Chorus then sing an ode, following the rescuing party in thought, and praying for Divine aid. At its close, they announce the return of the expedition with the rescued maidens. Antigone rushes to her father with a cry of joy and gratitude to Theseus. Œdipus tenderly says:—

'My child, draw near thy father and supply
Support, unhoped for, to this feeble frame;'

and Antigone replies:—

'Thou shalt have what thou ask'st for,
Unto love—all toil is pleasant.'

He asks how the rescue was accomplished, and Antigone refers him to

'The best of men who brings us back to thee;'

when Œdipus breaks out into a grateful address, to which Theseus replies, generously saying that he shall not marvel or feel pain if Œdipus prefers his daughter's words to his, adding—

'For it was all my care to make my life,
Not by my words illustrious, but by deeds;'

and, without dwelling on the details of the rescue, passes on quickly to tell him that one near of kin to him, come from Argos, sat as a suppliant beside the altar of Poseiden. This Œdipus soon divines to be his unhappy son Polynikes. He shrinks from him, even from hearing the voice, 'hateful to a father's ear.' But Antigone pleads for the wronged and suffering brother:

'He is thy child;
And therefore, O my father, 'tis not right,
Though he should prove the basest of the base,
To render ill for ill. But let him be.
Others, ere now, have thankless offspring reared,
And bitter wrath have felt. But they, by words
Of friendly counsel, soothed their souls to peace.
Yield thou to us. It is not good to meet
With stiff denials those who ask for right,
Nor having met with good at others' hands,
To fail in rendering good for good received.'

After a sorrowful lyric from the Chorus, Polynikes appears, his coming announced by Antigone as—

'The stranger all alone, and as he walks,
The flood of tears pours down incessantly.'

He comes humbly, confessing his sins towards his father, asking forgiveness and appealing to his sisters to intercede for him. Antigone asks him to declare his errand, and he relates the wrongs he has suffered in the usurpation of the Theban throne by his younger brother, Eteokles, his taking refuge as a suppliant in Argos, and the muster of the confederate chiefs whose army has followed him to recover the kingdom. He has come to entreat his father to espouse his cause;—

'They say the side thou cleavest to, will win;
Wherefore, by all the fountains of thy house
And all thy household gods, we pray thee yield;
Poor and in exile we, in exile thou,
And thou and I, the same ill-fortune sharing,
Live hangers-on on others.'

But Œdipus, possibly suspecting his sincerity, is hard and unrelenting towards this Prodigal Son, who deserted him in the hour of distress, and drove him forth homeless to beggary and exile, uncared for, save by his two daughters:—

'No women they, but men in will to toil;
But ye are not my sons, I own you not.'

And then he adds the dark prediction concerning Thebes and the contending brothers:—

'It may not be,
That any man shall lay that city waste,
But he himself shall fall with blood defiled,
And so shall fall his brother.'

Polynikes sorrowfully submits to his father's bitter words, but as he departs he leaves his sisters a parting request, which has a sad significance, taken in connexion with the end of the story:—

'Give me honours meet,
A seemly burial, decent funeral rites;
And this your praise, which now you'll get from him
For whom you labour other praise shall bear,
No whit inferior for your love to me.'

Antigone replies by beseeching Polynikes to give up his designs against his country, in a brief but touching dialogue:—

A.—I pray thee Polynikes, yield to me.
P.—In what, thou dear Antigone? Speak on.
A.—Lead back thy host to Argos, slackening not,
Nor ruin both thy country nor thyself!
P.—It may not be. How, known as coward once,
Could I again lead forth an army?

A.—And why, dear boy, needs't thou the wroth again,
What profit hast thou in thy country's fall?
P.—Retreat is base, and base that I, the elder,
Should thus be mocked and flouted by my brother.
A.—And seest thou, how these his oracles
Go straight to their fulfilment, that you both
Should meet your death, each from the other's hand?
P.—His wish begets the thought. We may not yield.

Antigone's entreaties and remonstrances are of no avail. Polynikes says at last:

'Bemoan uot thou for me.'

And she replies:

'And who could keep from wailing, brother dear,
For thee, thus rushing on a doom foreseen?'

His closing words are

'These things depend on God, this way or that;
To be or not to be; but I for you
Will pray the Gods, that nothing evil fall
On you, who nothing evil have deserved.'

As he departs, the sky grows dark and distant thunder is heard. The Chorus look on in sympathetic compassion, but devoutedly observe:—

'I cannot speak of what the Gods decree
As done in vain. Time evermore looks on,
And sees these things, now raising these, now those.'

As a thunderbolt crashes above, Œdipus declares that the hour has come, which must lead his steps to Hades, and implores that Theseus be instantly summoned, so that he might fulfil his promise of bringing good to him and to his state, by imparting to him the 'mystic words' that he would utter to none else. Theseus arrives, and Œdipus departs in company with him and Antigone, to find the 'hallowed grave' in which it was decreed that his weary frame should rest at last. The description of his death recalls the *Morte d'Arthur*, of Tennyson. May it not have in part inspired it? No one but Theseus saw his end:

'That form of death
He died, knows no man, saving Theseus only.
For neither was it thunderbolt from Zeus,
With flashing fire that slew him, nor the blast
Of whirlwind sweeping o'er the sea's dark waves,
But either some one whom the Gods had sent
To guide his steps, or gentleness of mood
Had moved the Powers beneath to ope the way,
To earth's deep regions painlessly. He died.
No death to mourn for—did not leave the world
Worn out with pain and sickness; but his end
If any was, was wonderful.'

And so the storm-tost soul is at rest, though Ismene seems troubled by the thought that the oracle has been fulfilled, since he *died unburied*—none being beside to do this needful duty. The Chorus seek to console the desolate daughters, who desire to see their father's sepulchre, but Theseus tells them that he has been forbidden ever to reveal it to any mortal ear. The drama closes with Antigone's prayer, that Theseus will send them to Thebes, if perchance they may be able to end the strife raging between their brothers, which Theseus promises to do, the Chorus adding the reflection that all is 'fixed and cannot be undone.'

Between this drama and the next—the closing one of the series—intervenes the first Siege of Thebes by the Argive host—one of the most prominent events in the history of legendary Greece, on which Æschylus and Euripides have lavished much of their descriptive power. Sophocles refers to it only in the fine first Chorus in the Antigone. As a link between the *Œdipus at Colonus*, and the *Antigone*, Æschylus' drama,—the *Seven Chiefs against Thebes*, might be read with much interest, especially as Sophocles was doubtless familiar with it before he wrote the *Antigone*, which indeed seems like its continuation; since the drama of Æschylus, closes with the harsh man-

date of Kreon, that the corpse of Polynikes, together with those of the other invading chiefs, should be left unburied, and with the declaration of Antigone, that she herself would, despite the edict, pay the last sad duties to her brother. As there was no greater impiety known to the Greeks than the neglect of the rights of sepulture, especially to kindred—the Chorus, dreading both neglect of religious duty and rebellion to the constituted authority, is left divided in opinion, and so the drama closes.

And now in the *Antigone*, we approach the most painful act in the tragedy, as well as the noblest drama of Sophocles, considered so by himself. It is said that he died in the efforts of reciting it, in his old age. At all events it gave him the crowning triumph of his life—his appointment to a generalship in the Samian expedition. It opens with a dialogue between Antigone and Ismene, which places the situation before us. In this, as in the following Chorus, the writer quotes from an original translation, written before seeing that of Professor Plumptre. Antigone asks her sister if she had heard :

The new decree through all the city spread,
They tell me is just issued by the king,
Or is it hid from thee—the dreadful doom
To which our enemies condemn our friends?

Ismene replies, that she has heard no tidings, good or evil, since the fatal day, when her brothers fell by each other's hands. Antigone then tells her that Kreon, while honouring the shade of Eteocles with seemly rites of sepulture, had decreed that the corse of Polynikes should lie—

Unsepulchred, unwept,—a welcomed feast,
To evil birds that long to seize their prey,
Yes !—the good Kreon hath commanded thus,
To *thee* and *me* ; I say it—ev'n to *me !*
Nor doth he count it as a trifling thing,
But whoso dareth the forbidden deed,
May look for death by stoning as his doom,
Thus matters stand ; now must thou quick decide,
Whether thy soul deserves its high descent,
Or shames by cowardice its noble birth.

Ismene, divining her sisters meaning, shrinks in terror from the daring purpose which Antigone soon discloses :—

I will inter my brother—thine if such,
Thou yet will I call him—THINE as well as mine,
For I will not betray him in his need.

Ismene earnestly expostulates, reminding her sister of the calamities that had successively fallen on their house, ending with the fratricidal end of their brothers. They alone were left, and they, too, should

Miserably perish
If we should dare transgress the king's decree.
And, being women, too, we may not hope,
Unfitly matched, thus to contend with man,
* * * *
And thus, imploring pardon of the dead,
I will obey in this, since needs I must.

Antigone replies :

I bid thee not ; not even if thou shouldst wish
With all thy heart to share the deed with me.
Do what thou deemest best ; but I will go
To bury him ; for thus t'were sweet to die,
I shall be laid by him I love so well,
Beloved by him for this that I have done.
And longer shall I need the love of those
Who dwell below, than that of men on earth,
Since there must be my everlasting rest.
But do as pleases thee ; keep thy resolve
Not reverencing what the gods approve.

Ismene tries to excuse herself, and finding it in vain to dissuade her sister, she entreats her at least to keep her deed secret, promising herself to observe strict secresy ; but Antigone indignantly repels the offer, telling her rather to declare the deed, and thus cuts short her sister's entreaties :

Such words as these will never prove thy love ;
But rather should I, with my dying breath,
Call thee an enemy for speaking thus.
Suffer me to fulfil my mournful task,
Evil if so thou call'st it, and to bear
What lies before me. Nothing shall I suffer
So ill as not to die a noble death.

Ismene replies, sadly :

Go! since thy mind is such; yet, madly daring,
Dear to thy friends thou still shalt ever be.

The Chorus follows this dialogue with the fine ode, already referred to, describing the siege just ended. It is here rendered into an irregular *rhymed* measure, the writer believing that the aid of rhyme is required to give to a modern ear the lyrical effect produced by other means in the original Greek:

STROPHE I.

Bright orb of day! Thy golden ray
Touched Thebes' seven gates—more bright
Than any sun that drove away
In former times, the night.
Thou lustrous eye of day!
Rising, with thy cheering beams,
Over Dirke's silver streams,
Urging the Argive knight away
White shielded, in full panoply,
Spurring his panting, foaming steed
To a swifter flight at its utmost speed,
Who with his armèd band
Of crested warriors came,
When Polynikes spread the flame
Of war within the land;
As eagle darts on snowy wing
Down from the azure sky,
Making the distant echoes ring
With sharp triumphant cry!

ANTISTROPHE I.

The lances gleamed our home around,
Before our seven portals frowned
Their long and close array,
But ere their thirsty jaws could grasp
The longed-for Theban prey;
And ere the flame with deadly clasp
Had seized the towers that proudly stand
The guardians of our Theban land,
The furious din of war that rose
Behind the troops below.
Dispersed, with all his flying bands,
The deadly dragon-foe.
For Zeus regards, with angry eye,
The tongue that boasteth haughtily,
And, looking from his throne on high
He saw the stream of warriors near,
He heard their golden armour clash,
Their words of scornful cheer,
And swiftly with a lightning flash
He laid their leader low,
Even while his eager steps were bent
To scale the topmost battlement;
And shout forth to his men below
The cry of Victory!

STROPHE II.

'Down falling, with a quick rebound,
*The fierce fire-bearer struck the ground
And, raging, breathed his soul away.
Such things to these befell
Great Arès to the rest a differing fate
Decreed, and drove them with resistless spell,
Compelling victory. At every gate
Leader met leader matched in equal fight,
Leaving their armour trophies for the shrine
Of Zeus, the God of Might,
Owning his power divine;
But the accursed two
Who from one sire and mother drew their breath,
Their doubly-conquering javelins threw,
And shared the measure due
To each,—in common death.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But now since glorious Victory
Hath come to smile upon this joyful day
That greets our well-armed city, ye forget
The strife ye scarcely cease to hear as yet,
And in the temples meet
To pass the livelong night,
In choral dances with the measure fleet.
Bacchus ordains, who shook the city's might
With tread of joyous feet!
But hold, for Kreon comes, whom to the throne
The Gods have called but late,
Through change ordained by fate;
And he by herald hath his will made known
To call the old man to the council-gate.

Kreon comes to declare his edict respecting the disposal of the dead bodies of the brothers, as previously denounced by Antigone, death being the penalty of disobedience. While he is conversing with the Chorus, one of the guards appointed to watch the unburied corpse of Polynikes arrives, to tell, with much alarm for himself, that they had discovered the body sprinkled with earth, which was believed to be a sufficient performance of burial rites, when actual sepulture was impossible. Kreon angrily threatens death to the watch unless they

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* It is interesting to compare this Chorus with Æschylus' description of the 'Seven Chiefs' in the drama alluded to. Sophocles was, of course, familiar with it, and the allusion to the 'fierce fire-bearer' is evidently suggested by the lines describing Capaneus:

'On his proud shield pourtrayed, a naked man
Waves in his hand a blazing torch; beneath,
In golden letters, I WILL FIRE THE CITY,' &c.
—*Potter's Æschylus.*

discover the culprit who has dared to disobey him, and the guard in his self-gratulation at getting off for the present with a whole skin gives us the only gleam of humour—a rare thing with Sophocles—which relieves the gloom of the tragedy. After another short ode by the Chorus, the guard reappears, bringing in Antigone, caught in the act of sprinkling, from a bronze ewer, the 'three libations' over the dead, the scene being vividly portrayed by the guard. Antigone, as might have been expected, meets Kreon with haughty defiance, scorning any appeal to his clemency. The memories of her father's and brothers' wrongs were far too fresh and bitter to make it possible for her to show even apparent submission to Kreon, and she scarcely seems to remember that the death she fears so little concerns also her betrothed husband, Hæmon, the son of Kreon. But Ismene enters, Ismene, whose love for Antigone has at last conquered her fear, and she now claims a share in the deed and its penalty, which Antigone strongly denies, with some of the unconscious harshness of an overstrained heart. Ismene touchingly appeals to Kreon to spare his son's betrothed bride. But he, as when we saw him last, is hard and unrelenting, determined that while he lives, 'a woman shall not rule.' The Chorus pathetically lament the woes of the house of Œdipus and the haughtiness of man. Hæman then enters, at first seeking by gentle words to propitiate his father and reconcile his duty as a son with his love for his betrothed. But Kreon will listen to none of his pleadings, or even to the mild remonstrance of the Chorus. The haughty old man disdains to learn his duty from his son, and by his harsh words and harsher resolve, at last provokes his son to an angry altercation which closes by Hæman's declaration that, since he condemns Antigone to death, he shall see him no more alive.

We must hasten through the painful closing scenes of the tragedy, as our space is almost exhausted. Kreon commands that Antigone should be immured in a rocky cave, with just enough of food to appease the dreaded anger of the Gods and save the city from the stain of blood, grimly adding, that by invoking Hades, the God of her special worship, she may perchance escape, words darkly realised in the end. Antigone, led by on her 'last journey,' looking her last on the slanting rays of the setting sun, appeals to the Chorus in a touching lament on her sad fate, cut off from the hopes of life, for her, instead of nuptial rites or hymeneal song, only the vaults of the dead; yet unregretting that for her dead brother she had done that which even for a husband she had not dared, since a second husband had been possible, but, father and mother dead, no other brother could ever be hers;—a thought so characteristic of ancient as opposed to modern modes of feeling, that it is difficult for modern readers to appreciate its force.

Antigone has gone to her living tomb, but Kreon's turn is come. His stubborn will must bow at last. The augur Teiresias comes to warn him of fearful judgment from the Gods impending over a land defiled by unburied dead, impending imminent over his, Kreon's, own home and hearth. Kreon reluctantly yields to a pressure he cannot resist, and hastens with a band of men to inter the mangled remains of Polynikes and release Antigone from her rocky sepulchre. But for this he is too late. Death has already released the despairing maiden —hastened by her own hands, with 'twisted cords.' Hæmon in despair slays himself beside her corpse, and the old man returns—subdued at last, bearing in his arms the dead body of his only surviving son—the elder, Menakeus—having sacrificed himself during the siege for the deliverance of the city. But another blow yet is to fall on the head of the broken-hearted old man, sensible too late of his error. His wife,

Eurydike, overwhelmed by the death of her son is dead also, by her own hand. The drama closes with Kreon's mournful lament, that his punishment is greater than he can bear, and the significant reflection of the Chorus:

> Man's highest blessedness is—to be wise
> And, in all things that touch the Gods, to show
> Becoming reverence; since to man below,
> Great words of pride bring heavy penalties
> When life is past.
> The grey haired man learns wisdom at the last.

These words suggest other words, written ages before in Judea, about 'doing justly and loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.' To the Greek poet was not vouchsafed the fuller revelation, but his spiritual insight and his true heart gave him a glimpse of a truth that was greater than she knew.

WINE OF CHIOS.

BY E. T. F., QUEBEC.

CHIAN wine! The wine of Homer!
For the bard, while yet a boy,
Wandered through the groves of Chios,
Knew the wine-cup's thrilling joy.
Here the Mighty Mother taught him
How to strike the sounding lyre,
How to sing the songs of heroes,
Songs that set the soul on fire.
Crown the goblet, crown with roses;
Fill with Chian to the brim;
Let us drink to grand old Homer
In the wine that gladdened him.

Oh, the wonder and the rapture,
When the storm-wind swept the sky,
From the strand to watch the surges
Foaming, racing, thundering by.
Joy of joys! to front the darkness
Kindled by the levin's glow,
While the firm earth, as in terror,
Shook and trembled to and fro.

Or, in calm, how sweet to linger,
By the sea-flat, glassy still,
While the day-god, Hyperion,
Tinged with flame the western hill.
Silent all things, as if Nature
Listened, waiting evermore
For some Delphic inspiration
From some spirit-haunted shore.

Wearied, once, he lay at noonday
  Sleeping in a forest glade,
And the ilex-trees above him
  Stooped to kiss him with their shade.
Swift, to greet the youthful singer,
  Came the land's divinities,
Came the naiads, came the wood-nymphs,
  Came the hamadryades.

The mighty gods of old Olympus,
  Zeus, and all the twelve, were there,
Standing in a semi-circle
  Round our Homer, young and fair.
Sleeping was he, yet right kingly
  Shone his forehead, clear and broad,
And his hair, in golden wavelets,
  Swept the flower-enamelled sod.

Then said Zeus, 'Behold, I make him
  Monarch, through all time to reign,
Through the ages shining star-like,
  Never more to sink or wane.
King o'er human hearts and passions,
  Summoner of smiles and tears,
The young shall bless him, and the aged,
  Hearing, shall forget their years.'

Then, in turn, each bright Olympian,
  Forward-pacing, calm and slow,
Bestowed a gift. Apollo gave him
  Words with living fire aglow;
Arès, skill to sing of battles;
  Aphroditè, thoughts of love;
Old Poseidon, dreams of ocean
  Mirroring the stars above.

So the rest: each fitly giving
  Worthiest offerings: last of all,
Lord of the winged sandals, Hermès,
  Crowned with light celestial,
Holding forth the famed caduceus,
  Wreathed with flowers incarnadine,
Touched the slumberer's lips, half-parted,
  With an eloquence divine.

So they vanished. Grove and mountain
  Felt their parting; and a thrill
Ran through all the glorious landscape,
  Darkening with a sudden chill.
Through the vistas of the green-wood,
  Flowery glade, and mossy stream,
Went a murmuring, went a sighing,
  Like the wailing of a dream.

The hours sped onward. From the horizon
Waves of splendour upward rolled:
The western sky, to greet the day-god,
Opened wide its gates of gold.
The boy, awakening, passed in silence
Homeward, through the forest hoar,
Lit by the star of eve, that hailed him
Priest and prophet evermore!
Crown the goblet, crown with roses;
Fill with Chian to the brim;
Let us drink to grand old Homer
In the wine that gladdened him.

A PEEP AT CONVENT LIFE AND EDUCATION.

BY ROSE E. CLARKE, ELORA.

EVERYBODY writes, or ought to write, with a purpose. The purpose I have in view is soon told. In the public mind there exists but a vague idea of the character of the interior economy of Canadian Convents in which so many of our girls, Protestant and Catholic alike, receive their education.

A short time ago I was a boarder in one of those institutions, after some preparatory training in another, and my object is to tell, plainly and unreservedly, what a few months' sojourn therein afforded me opportunity to note, in the hope that more light will thereby be shed upon a matter of which many have very erroneous ideas, and others know nothing at all.

On a clear, frosty morning, a few days after Christmas, I climbed the ten steps and rang the bell at the broad front door of the Convent in G—— Street, in one of our Canadian cities. This demand for admission was responded to by a bright, modest-looking, little French girl, who conducted me, through a hall, into a medium-sized but cheerful parlour. I inquired for the Lady Superior, and the little portress went in search of her. While I waited, I had time to observe my surroundings. The floor of the parlour was painted a quiet grey, and covered with strips of carpet. A davenport, a book-case, a stove, a sofa, and some chairs, were the only furniture in the room, which looked as clean, neat, and bright as woman's heart could wish. In a few moments, the Lady Superior entered. She was a woman well advanced in life, and had a pre-occupied air which seemed to say, 'I have left important work on your account, and I hope you will repay me for my sacrifice.' In truth, as I afterwards discovered, she was a thorough business woman, one of those who could rule and manage a kingdom, and many a gentleman, arranging with her for his daughter's tuition, has been heard to regret that her great executive ability was lost to the world. But it was not lost. She had assumed a duty within those convent walls, and well did she perform

it as her judgment directed. She cared for her pupils, and did her utmost for them, but the object of her affections was her convent, and the chief aim of her life was to further its interests and to increase and extend its power. She received me kindly, and in a few words I stated my business. She was quite willing to admit me into the Convent, provided I could furnish a letter of introduction from a clergyman, promise to observe the rules, and would pay the necessary fees in advance. All this I was able to do, and agreed to keep the rules without more specific knowledge of their character. I had a fair idea of what was meant, and felt sure that a detailed statement of laws and by-laws would be but a waste of time, and that I could, as *Ma tante*, Ste. Stanislaus, assured me, learn them as I went along. '*Ma tante*,' I ought to explain, was the title by which the pupils addressed the nuns. The bargain thus concluded, I returned to the city and had my baggage conveyed to my new home. The Lady Superior met me again, and introduced me to the Lady Assistant, otherwise *Ma tante* Ste. Eulalie, as a good child who had come to live with them, and who, she did not doubt, would remain with them. I laughingly warned her against answering for my goodness, and turned to speak to the second nun. I discovered in the few moments' conversation I then had with her, that while she possessed less worldly shrewdness, she had probably acquired more literary culture than the Lady Superior. When I had warmed myself, *Ma tante* Ste. Eulalie, conducted me up stairs, and through the widest, cleanest, and best-lighted corridors I had ever seen. Pausing before a large door, she said, 'This is the work room, and I think the few young ladies who are now with us will be found here.' We entered a large, airy, bright room with walls of spotless white, two of which were lined with cabinets and drawers, used for holding the sewing and fancy work, and the name of the pupil, to whose use each different compartment was devoted, was neatly written on the outside. Wooden settees were ranged around the walls and the sides and ends of a long table which stood in the centre of the room. A sewing machine completed the furniture. There were, perhaps, ten girls, of different ages, in the room, to the older of whom *Ma tante* introduced me. They were very kind and cordial and soon made me feel quite at home. One girl, with a Teuton face and name, I won forever, by speaking to her a few words in her own language. A little French girl was equally pleased when talked to in such French as I could command. The others were English. It was near the close of the Christmas vacation, and those present were either recent arrivals, or had homes so remote as to be compelled to spend the short holidays at the Convent. They were permitted to amuse themselves almost as they pleased. Some were doing fancy work, some were reading, others chatting together, and two or three were playing cards. 'Playing cards!' I hear the reader exclaim. Yes; playing cards. Is there anything horrible in that? These children played cards as others play 'tag' and jump with a skipping rope, as a pleasant pastime. They had no thought of evil or of the abuse of an amusement, harmless in itself, and they derived as much mental enjoyment from their games as others got physical benefit from active exercise. After awhile, other young ladies dropped in from different parts of the house. Some of these were French, and chatted away in that language with a volubility which quite astonished me, though I soon laughed at my own wonder, and thought myself as simple as the English traveller who, on visiting France, remarked how amazing it was that the very children spoke French.

My German friend offered to shew me through the home, but thanking

her for her proffered courtesy, I said that I preferred finding it out bit by bit. Soon a bell rang, and they told me it was for prayers. At the close of every forenoon's work, the pupils were expected to repair to the chapel to say a few prayers, and the devotional part of the school routine was kept up during the holidays. We went quietly down stairs and passed through a large room, with beautifully painted walls and ceiling, at one end of which was a raised platform. By the number of musical instruments ranged round the room, I judged this to be the music hall ; and, on asking one of the girls if I was right in my conjecture, she whispered in the affirmative. We crossed this room, and, passing down another stairway, entered the chapel. The dazzling white light, which I had noticed in the other rooms, was softened here by rich curtains on the windows, and by floral and other decorations. Everything in the room suggested the idea of purity. The walls and ceiling were delicately and beautifully tinted ; the wood-work was white, and the pews and *priedieux* were of a plain brown colour. A lovely calla lily bloomed on a side altar, while the other—that of the Blessed Virgin—was radiant with light and enriched with tasty decoration. At the Virgin's feet, on a wisp of straw, lay the infant Jesus, and the pretty sight carried the thoughts of the onlooker far back to the night when the angels announced the glad tidings to the shepherds on the plain. The chancel was covered with a carpet of a quiet pattern, and the centre altar and some pedestals, on which baskets of flowers rested, were of pure white marble. A few pictures of sacred subjects were on the walls ; and sitting in this place, listening to the simple hymn of the girls, it was not wonderful that the thoughts were almost unconsciously directed to that city of clear gold, the foundations of whose walls are brilliant with precious stones. Prayers over, we walked out reverently, two by two, through the back door of the chapel, down stairs and across a large room, a hasty glance at the contents of which discovered a number of wooden seats, Indian clubs, parallel bars, other calisthenic appliances, a piano, and a stove. This was the play-room, Here, as I afterwards found, the pupils walked, talked, ran, played, danced and amused themselves to their hearts' content. Girls might be seen in groups, during the time allotted for recreation, amusing themselves as their varying tastes suggested. Some walked quietly up and down, dissipating the hour of *dolce far niente* in pleasant conversation, or, it might be—for Mrs. Grundy was here as elsewhere — discussing the promotion, wrong doing, or punishment of some companion. Some were pursuing each other in girlish romp or were balancing poles in their hands, keeping time to the music of the piano. Others were dancing round among the groups ; and some were scrambling through a quadrille. What are known as round dances were rigorously prohibited, and woe to the fool-hardy pair who attempted to 'trip the light-fantastic' in a waltz. At one end of the room, a chair on an elevated dais, reached by ascending steps, was observed, and here one of the nuns sat to watch over and control the sports. We passed from this room into another which had rather a gloomy appearance. This was the refectory. Its furniture consisted of a few cupboards and several long tables. Only one of these was spread, and grace being said by one of the pupils, we seated ourselves around it. Dinner consisted of good soup, beefsteak, potatoes and vegetables, with pie for dessert. Everything was plentiful and fairly cooked, and the ceaseless chatter helped to make it a merry meal. Ordinarily, a nun sat at the head of each table, and did the carving, and sometimes the pupils had to eat their meals in silence, but on this occasion there was no restraint. After dinner, we went back

to the work-room, and thence to the dormitory, where some of the girls dressed and went out for a walk. Others, however, sat down to overtake their arrears in mending which had been put off until the last days of the vacation. Requiring a few articles for my own use, I went into the city with my German friend, and purchased a few cakes of soap, some towels, and black and white net veils. The pupils were required to provide themselves with all toilet appliances, and the veils were worn over our heads in lieu of hats when we entered the chapel. The black veil was for everyday wear, while the white one figured on Sundays and special occasions; and it was a pretty sight to see the long line of girls with flowing veils which covered their heads and shoulders and fell almost to the floor. Returning to the Convent, we went in at a side door, and up several flights of narrow stairs. My companion led the way, through a maze of halls, until we came to the principal stairway, up which we ascended to the dormitory. Let me describe this place. On entering, you saw three rows of white curtains looped up in pairs, and divided by narrow partitions reaching to within about five feet of the ceiling. The little apartments thus formed were called alcoves, and were the sleeping rooms of the girls. Over the centre of each was a number, by which the pupils knew their respective rooms, which were small, being about eight feet long and six feet wide. At the head of each bed stood a wardrobe, with shelves and pegs, and here the pupils kept their clothing. Opposite to this was a little triangular shelf, on which rested the basin, ewer, and other toilet accessories. These little rooms were very snug, and we slept with great comfort from half-past eight until six, a long time some may think, and yet many a girl yawned and grumbled as she rose from her bed in the morning, in response to the second bell. But there was no help for it. Up she must get, and her unwillingness availed not. Once in a while, some one, more daring than the rest, or overcome by laziness, or perhaps by a real or fancied *mal de tête*, remained in stolid indifference to the morning call. The nun in charge, as she walked up and down, taking occasional glances behind the curtains, would see that this particular young lady had not risen, and enter to demand the reason, often saying: '*Mam'selle, pourquoi est ce que vous ne vous avez pas levé ?*' Mam'selle, would wail forth: '*Ma tante, j'ai mal de tête,*' or whatever the particular ailment might be. '*Ma tante*' would shrug her shoulders and depart, muttering '*Vous perdrez votre marque.*' The prospect of a mark less for punctuality rarely acted as a stimulus to 'Mam'selle,' who had made up her mind for a half-hour's extra sleep, and was determined, mark or no mark, to enjoy it. If 'Mam'selle' appeared at breakfast, she probably got a piece of toast, and was bored all day by the kind inquiries of her companions, and the advice and solicitude of the nuns, until, long before night, wearied by so much unwonted attention, she heartily repented of her morning's *ruse*. Or, if 'Mam'selle' were really ill, and could not go to breakfast, *Ma tante le medicin* would have her transferred to the infirmary. Here, unless her illness were very severe, she quickly recovered, for her companions were forbidden to enter, and it was rather cheerless work to be there depending for amusement on a few religious books, and yet within earshot of the buzz of work in the surrounding rooms. The infirmary contained two beds, a screen, a couple of easy chairs, and a medicine chest, besides the usual furniture of a bed-room, and was comfortably carpeted and curtained. Upon the whole, it was not a bad place for a lazy girl to lounge in for half a day or so, and many a one yielded to the temptation. It was often amusing to watch the efforts

which the girls made to visit the patient. This, as I have said before, was, in school phrase, 'strictly forbidden,' but the door was only a few steps from a hall through which we often passed, and more than once did some daring young lady defy 'the ruling powers' and venture in. With bowed head, and with many blushes, I must confess to stolen chats with some poor prisoner in the sick room. It was managed thus: In passing through the hall we could almost touch the door, and, if the coast were clear of nuns, could listen a moment to find out if any one was with the sick girl. If no sound was audible, a hurried whisper gave the signal for an interview, and as the patient was generally on the alert, and almost sure to hear, she would, in response, hold open the door while her visitor glided swiftly in. Then ensued a hurried conversation, carried on in muffled tones, both being on the *qui vive* lest the infirmarian should enter, and find there the forbidden intruder. On one occasion—even now I shiver as I think of it—I was nearly caught *in flagrante delicto.* We heard the coming infirmarian, and I bolted behind a screen. How my heart beat, and how confused was my poor friend, the patient! I felt sure that every moment would bring discovery, exposure, and disgrace. But *Ma tante* passed from the room as innocent of my presence as when she entered, and I breathed freely. Escaping as soon as possible from my ridiculous and yet disagreeable position, it was many a day before I ventured back. I hear some one ask, 'What would have been the consequences had you been found in so compromising a situation?' Neither death nor expulsion would have been the penalty. Exposure and reprimand—nothing more—awaited the culprit. None but those having experience of the force of public opinion in a convent can have conception of the terror in which all stood of these apparently slight punishments. *Ma tante*, the detective, would simply say, '*Mam'selle vous aurez une mauvaise marque,*' and would draw out a detestable little diary, in which she would record offender, offence, and the '*mauvaise marque.*' I have made a lengthy digression, and must resume my description. Let me pass quickly over the doings of the next two or three days. Any one can easily imagine how precious was each swiftly passing moment of the last days of vacation. More pupils were constantly coming in, a few of them being new, but the majority were returning full of brilliant accounts of how they had spent those glorious Christmas days with father, mother, and friends, and how *some one* (this was told in a whisper to a cherished *confidante*), had been there very often, and was as true and handsome as ever, and how *they* had wished it might last for ever, and school and study come no more. On the appointed day, however, all had to rise when the half-gong sounded its summons. Then did those who for the past two weeks had been enjoying delightful morning naps, fully realize that dissipation was at an end, and work begun. Dressing was supposed to be accomplished in half an hour, though many an improvident *demoiselle* who had neglected to leave everything in readiness the night before, might be seen frantically searching for collar or veil, almost maddened by the '*Depechez vous*, of *Ma tante* in charge, and perhaps, in the end, would hastily and ignominiously join the ranks, still without the necessary veil. In some instances its absence was rendered more marked by the use of a hat, and thereon *Ma tante* would cast one scornful glance, which, had it been a modest hat, must have annihilated it. Then we went quickly to the chapel, and quietly took our places. Mass over, the nuns, excepting the one in charge, withdrew, and one of the girls read the morning prayers. Next came fifteen minutes meditation on a previously-read selection from some religious

work, after which we went down to breakfast. At this meal we had porridge, with maple syrup, the meat and potatoes of the previous day warmed over in some very appetizing form, with plenty of bread and butter and coffee. On fast days we were sometimes supplied with eggs for breakfast instead of meat, though not often, for eggs were high-priced in the city in winter. The meals were, generally speaking, wholesome, though there was often a sad lack of variety, and upon each successive day of the week we knew in advance what we were going to have for dinner. Taking dessert, for example : on Sunday, a dish of mixed candy formed the closing tidbit ; Monday brought pie ; on Tuesday you would have been right in predicting that sticks of prime home-made taffy awaited you ; Thursday was invariably marked by apples ; on Friday *sucre à la crême*—the *bonne bouche* of the week—made your mouth water in anticipation ; and on Saturday you were safe to count on pudding. Thus it was with everything, and those who move amid the world's bustle would scarcely believe how we discussed the dishes before and after meals, and how each told her special grievance. Some one had wanted more coffee, and the supply had given out. 'It was too bad ! she would complain to the Lady Superior.' Some one else had noticed that the butter was really rancid, and considered it shameful, as our chief support was bread and butter ; and one, more imaginative than her companions, found fault with the quality of the bread, and accounted for it by wildly stating that all the scraps from the bakers' shops were gathered by some second-hand dispenser, and made into loaves in a manner which, according to *Mam'selle*, was more realistic than appetizing. We shuddered at the picture, and vowed to abstain from bread, but next meal brought a fresh supply, light, white and flaky, which speedily caused us to forget the sour batch served to us the day before. Thus, you may perceive, we had our little dissatisfactions, and uttered our complaints to ourselves, but they rarely went further. On the whole, we were forced to acknowledge that we ran no risk of starving, and got quite as much variety, and as many delicacies as we could reasonably expect, when we considered the very moderate sum we paid for board and tuition.

But I must proceed with the days' work. After breakfast, came *ménage*, or housekeeping. This was another of our petty grievances. Every girl had a certain share of sweeping and dusting to do. Some did their work in the class-rooms, a few in the chapel, and others tidied the music-hall, while the rest wielded the broom in the dormatory. Our operations were superintended by a nun, who exacted good work from all. Still there were many complaints that a certain few were lazy, and did scarcely anything, while others, who pleaded weakness or other ailment, and threatened to leave unless relieved from the irksome task, were compromised with by being given but little dusting or tidying to do. It may readily be seen how this caused much discussion amongst those who had 'to grin and bear it,' but it ended, like all other protests, in talk. *Ménage* over, we dressed for our morning walk, and filed off, two and two, through several of the most retired streets. This was another grievance. 'Why don't they take us on Front Street, where we can see something or somebody?' was a frequent interrogation. The speaker might have truthfully added, 'and where somebody could see us.' But the nuns were far too wise to incite the girls to unladylike behaviour by placing such temptation in their way. Idlers there are on the principal streets of every large city, who would and do find amusement in flirting with foolish boarding-school misses, and the latter, because it is wrong and forbidden, often meet their advances, and thus get themselves into trouble and bring discredit upon the institution to

which they are attached. The nuns knew well that some of the girls under their charge had early imbibed wrong ideas of what was commendable—ideas which even their training had not been able to wholly eradicate, and all they could do for them was to deprive them of opportunities for making themselves ridiculous. One girl, mischief-loving, and wanting in self-respect, was wont to make herself so conspicuous by the injudicious use of her pocket-handkerchief, that it became necessary to deprive her of her daily walk, and she was allowed instead an airing on the balcony. I cite these examples to show how carefully the girls are guarded, and how necessary is the supervision. When we got back from our walk, it was almost nine, so we proceeded to the study hall. This room, like all the rest, was large, airy, and well-lighted—always clean, and, in common with the other departments, possessed an inviting look, difficult to describe, but plainly perceptible to all who entered it. Here the senior pupils remained until the school bell rang. The juniors had a separate room. In fact, the latter were never allowed to mingle with the older girls, and took their meals, and spent their recreation hours by themselves, besides occupying a separate dormitory. It was a wise regulation, keeping the little ones child-like, and leaving the young ladies untrammelled. At nine, the day-pupils arrived, and the classes were formed. One class remained in the study-hall, and the others went to the different class-rooms, which were distinguished by the name of the nun presiding in each. Class was over about eleven, and then came what was known as 'Christian Doctrine.' In other words, the pupils had to commit to memory, be able to explain, and give authority for a certain number of answers to questions in advanced catechism. After this, there were the closing forenoon prayers, and then dinner at half past eleven. It may not be out of place to give here an idea of the instruction given in the Convent, and the mode of teaching. French and English were the languages which received most attention. There was a German teacher, but her class was small. On one day, the English pupils would recite in French, while the French girls learned English. The next day, they all devoted themselves to their own language. It was an excellent place to learn French, and the French girls seemed to make rapid progress in English, speaking with wonderful fluency and correctness. Music was well taught by skilful and painstaking teachers; while drawing, painting, and fancy work received careful attention. Indeed, the nuns felt it their sacred duty to do their utmost for each pupil, and though, like all teachers, they met with many discouragements, they never ceased to make every possible exertion for the advancement of their charges. They worked in unison, and it was often a mystery to me how so many women—for even nuns are mortal and have their weaknesses—agreed so well. Of course the spirit of emulation between the classes manifested itself among the teachers, and on particular occasions, they must have had their little jealousies, envies and triumphs, but these feelings never interfered with the harmony of the school. All seemed to recognise the wisdom of forbearance, and to know the value of peace. In truth, the Convent was a little kingdom. The Lady Superior was chief ruler, and the other nuns were an executive council. The pupils were the subjects, and they found the yoke easy to bear, and obedience was made a delight. The rules were few. Silence was required during class and study hours, in passing through the corridors, and in the dormitory and refectory, unless when special permission was given to converse. Lessons had to be prepared, and respect and obedience were the right of every nun, and the duty of every pupil. French had to be spoken by all at recreation on

French nights, and English on English nights. These alternated, and it was a sensible regulation, for the words learned at such times find an abiding place in one's memory, and can always be recalled with the recollection of the circumstances under which they were used, while sentences acquired by study can seldom be connected in our minds with any pleasing incident which makes it impossible to forget them. But it is needless to enlarge on anything so self-evident.

After dinner, recreation was allowed until one o'clock. Then an hour was devoted to music practice, and instruction in sewing and fancy work. Arithmetic was taught until half-past three. Afternoon, thanks-giving and luncheon, *collation* as it was called, filled in the time until four, after which came a half-hour of recreation, followed by an hour's rehearsal of the morrow's work, and then evening prayers until six, when we had tea. When our evening meal was over, we had recreation again until half-past seven, and we studied until half-past eight, when the gong sounded for bed. We went up-stairs immediately, and by nine o'clock the gas was turned out, and the house was still. Thus was the ordinary day spent. It was an even-way, a monotonous life, but it had its enjoyment. We knew that our play hours were few and short, and we made the most of them. We had no more time for study than we really needed, and it was important that not a moment should be wasted. Religious exercises were frequent, and it was well to make a virtue of necessity and assist at them with devotion. The daily walk had its incidents, and the appearance of a new or long absent dish at the table was an event. Then we had half holiday on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, though many were the complaints that these were holidays only in name, for those who aspired to handle the pencil got an hour's work on these days; and then there was always somebody wanted for a music lesson or to practice, and if you did not attend to your sewing or fancy work, *Ma tante*, who presided in the work-room (where all assembled to spend the afternoon), declared that you were *parasseuse*. Wednesday was one of the days on which your friends might visit you, and upon which, if you had shopping to do, and were a very well behaved young lady, you might be allowed to go into the city, accompanied by one of the older pupils, who had an equal reputation for propriety; but, if you were considered at all untrustworthy, a nun was deputed to see that you behaved with due decorum — which was right and wise, though several of the pupils did not think so. If you had no friends in the city, what then? It was impossible to have shopping more than once in a month, and many a girl, with her needless repining, spoiled for herself and her companions what might have been a very pleasant and profitable afternoon. Saturday afternoon was dreaded by all, for then came the general *ménage*. On that day very careful sweeping had to be done, and all the furniture had to be moved and carefully dusted with damp cloths, after which it was critically inspected by *Ma tante* in charge, who awarded marks, and gave praise or blame, according to the quality of the work. Of course these labours made every one dusty, and was followed by a general bathing and donning of clean garments. On this afternoon, too, the clean clothes came up the elevator from the laundry and were distributed. Unmarked or torn articles always brought a sharp reproof for their owner; and, after this inspection, each piece of clothing was passed around from one to the other, until it reached the person to whom it belonged. Dressing over, we went down stairs, and those who wished to 'confess,' visited the chapel, while others looked over their lessons for Monday in the study-hall. After tea, there was a general mending, and nearly every pupil might be seen repairing a torn garment or

stitching on a button. We went upstairs on Saturday night half an hour earlier than usual, that we might have ample time before the light went out to get everything in readiness for Sunday. On Sunday morning we had mass at the usual hour, followed by breakfast, which was generally a little better than the week day matutinal meal. After breakfast we talked for a short time, and then went to another mass, to which friends of the Convent were invited. Many people from the city attended, and it was quite a treat to us to catch these glimpses of the outside world. During the next recreation, the pupils might often be heard discussing the new dress worn by Madame L——, or eagerly endeavouring to discover the name of the handsome dark gentleman who occupied the front seat. This latter inquiry was made *sub rosa*, you may be sure, for no one coveted a lecture on the impropriety of looking around in the chapel, instead of attending to prayers. But human nature *is* human nature, even in a Convent.

This part of the day's devotion over, we had an hour for recreation, which, if the weather permitted, we generally spent in promenading on the galleries. After this, we studied until dinner time, and that meal being over, we were at liberty to divert ourselves until half-past two. Sometimes, if the day were fine, we were taken for a long walk, often staying out two or even three hours. We always got home in time for collation at four, served on Sundays in the study-hall, and consisting of two cakes, which, the girls used to declare, only made them long, like Oliver Twist, for more. At half-past four, we had benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a sermon. We had a good choir, and the singing was very fine, many people coming from the city to assist at the service. We studied until tea-time, and after that amused ourselves until half-past seven, when we all assembled in the study-hall to pass through the dreadful ordeal, familiarly known as 'lecture marks.' Every girl kept a book, in which she recorded the marks of merit and demerit obtained by her daily. On Saturday these books were handed in to the nuns, who compared them with their own, and corrected any mistakes. At half-past seven on Sunday evening, the Lady Superior, attended by the nuns, came to the study-hall. One of the nuns read the result of each girl's labours for the week, and the young lady whose name was called stood up. If any nun had to find fault with her conduct she made her complaint then. The Lady Superior demanded an explanation from, and administered a rebuke to, the condemned, who stood there, under the gaze of all, blushing and ready to burst into tears, or else bearing a look of assumed defiance. No wonder the pupils dreaded this hour, for it was a severe trial and a keen punishment for those who had been negligent or in any way unobservant of the rules. It is quite impossible for any one who has not had experience of convents, to know the awe in which the young ladies stand of the nuns, and the deep respect and reverence they feel for them. I have heard the girls say of a nun, 'I could almost hate her, but I respect the dress she wears and the work she does;' and those girls would consider it a positive crime to have rebellious feelings towards one of their teachers, and would prayerfully strive to be dutiful and submissive in all things. Some may wonder at this, and think it impossible with Protestant girls who do not believe in the religion of the nuns, but even they become impressed with the idea that these ladies are consecrated to the work of education, and must not be resisted in their efforts to do good. Besides, almost any one can understand that, in the eyes of impressionable girlhood, cut off from the world, the ruling authorities, let them be what they may, seem all powerful; and this is still more likely to be the case when they

are generally kind, and—in almost every instance—lovable. The English convent in which I was first domiciled was under the management of a different Order; and, while it resembled the institution I have described in many ways, the nuns seemed to have even a better method of maintaining discipline. They entered more into the every-day life of the pupils, discovered the workings of their minds, encourraged and aided them in their efforts to improve, and made themselves appear necessary to their existence. The affection of these children for their teachers was really touching, and a striking example of the influence of good women over those with whom they come in contact. It may be supposed that this influence might be wrongly directed, or used to secure more members for the Order, but, in the English Convent of which I speak, the nuns were particularly careful not to encourage the pupils to join them, while the French sisters never went further than exhorting them to think seriously of their life's work, and to decide whether it was to be wrought out in a Convent or in the world outside its walls. Once I remember the Lady Superior saying to me, that as I felt sure I would never be a nun, she hoped I would find a good husband, and become useful as a wife, for she had little faith in an old maid's life. Comparing the large number of pupils who annually pass through these institutions with the few who remain in them, we must acquit the nuns of endeavouring to proselytize weak-minded young ladies, or else agree that they are remarkably unsuccessful in their efforts.

In these few pages I have drawn a picture of the daily life of the Convent, and though the colouring is not brilliant, and rather poorly put on, the reader, I trust, will agree with me in concluding that the monotony I have portrayed is endurable, and is conducive to good health and serenity of mind, which after all are synonyms for happiness. But sometimes there were ripples on the generally placid surface ; a break would occur in the routine, and we were always glad of the relief which it afforded. It might be caused by a holiday, a visit from some distinguished individual, or a private or public entertainment. Such events were not without their advantages. They were generally known to us in advance and were carefully prepared for, and the training which the pupils thus received went far to fit them for the easy and graceful performance of social duties in after life. In fact, the careful supervision of convent pupils in these particulars exerts an important after influence, for it is rare to find one who has been subject to such discipline awkward or ill-at-ease in society ; and it is safe to add that the pupil will be neither bold nor presuming if she faithfully follow the teaching thus imparted. A few words may be allowed me to sum up the benefits of a convent education. I can truly say that where there is material to work upon, and no great weight of opposing influence, the nuns generally succeed in moulding their pupils into well-mannered, unaffected young ladies, possessed of sufficient information to enable them to converse intelligently, and with accomplishments which make them desirable companions. A solid education they can scarcely be said to possess. They will probably be good readers, good writers, fair grammarians, well up in history and geography, but possessing an imperfect knowledge of mathematics and the sciences. They get a smattering of all these, however, for advanced pupils study Euclid, algebra, botany, entomology, and zoology. They also devote some time to astronomy, and often talk quite learnedly of the different constellations. If they have any musical ability, and devote a sufficient time to it, they generally become good musicians. Drawing and painting are given much attention to ; and French and German, in my opin-

ion, are taught in a much more thorough and practical manner than in Provincial High Schools. In fine, no matter who she may be, a young lady will always be largely benefited by a year or two of convent education. If she should chance to learn nothing more, she will be taught patience, charity, and amiability, and these go far towards making a lovable character. Let me add that the religious opinions of Protestants are treated with the greatest respect, and that no attempt is made to change their views. I know many who have been educated in convents, but recall only one who joined the Catholic Church. Those who have been educated in convents usually lose much of their prejudice against the Church of Rome, but this does not interfere with the faith they cherish. In closing, I may say that if I have enlightened any one hitherto ignorant on this subject, or have succeeded in dissipating the prejudices of others, I shall be amply rewarded. Let those who are interested in public institutions visit our convents, and see for themselves the interior workings of these important aids to the education of our people. They will be welcomed by the nuns, who are always glad to receive visitors desiring information, and I am satisfied that after an inspection they will have a more elevated idea than they before possessed of these women, who willingly relinquish all of the ordinary pleasures of the world, and devote their lives to the cause of education, hoping only for food and clothing, and, when their labours are over, a place in Heaven.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

B. 1807. D. 1882.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, TORONTO.

'AVE ET VALE!' Full of years and honours,
Thou diest, oh singer, whose songs shall not die!
Thou livest, oh Poet in thy work's survival,
All conscious life laid by!

Even now around thy tomb thy peers, the peerless,
Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, fit mourners, stand—
Their torch and thine what hand shall claim when passing
Into the Silent Land?

'Farewell! we greet thee!' in the kindly silence,
To the frail personal life of earth farewell,
We greet thee, Teacher, whom the years eternize
In all Men's love, live well!

Live in the pride of that Supreme Republic,
To whom the trophies of thy fame belong,
Through the far years though filled with mightier music
Thine her first voice of song !

A lyric undertone heard in the twilight,
Mid Home's sweet memories, in the Children's Hour
A sound of sea-waves breaking in the moonlight
Beneath the dark Church tower!

The Slave set free, the Young Man's heart turned Psalmis
How trite, yet true, our boyhood's favourite page !
Yet still for Truth, Peace, Freedom, well preluding
The keynote of the age !

And to the rough New World's uncultured ferment
Teaching the nobler lore of years gone by !
By Beauty's spell our young Atlantis drawing
To Europe's heart more nigh !

Nor bloomed thy verse a hothouse-born exotic ;
Thine that sweet idyl of our Northern shore,
Where still the pines 'repeat Evangeline's story,'
Mid the Atlantic's roar.

Thee, by thy grave this day, we may not flatter,
Nor claim thy portion with the bards sublime,
Who sit supreme with Homer, Milton, Shelley,
Above the 'sands of Time.'

And yet, dear singer of our Homeland music,
No humble place, no fading wreath be thine,
Accept, forgive, that mid thy laureate honours
Our Maple chaplet twine.

THE POWER OF DISALLOWANCE AND ITS NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

BY THE HON. EX SPEAKER COCKBURN, Q C., OTTAWA.

II.

IT was not my purpose to have made any further remarks on this subject, but certain criticisms which have appeared in contraversion of the position taken by me in the March number, have induced me to resume its discussion, with the view of placing before the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY a brief *resumé* of the reasons which establish, beyond question,

the true meaning of those disputed clauses of the Union Act, according to the intention and spirit—as well as the letter—the latter of which is seemingly admitted.

The veto power, as every student knows, is an essential element of our system of Monarchical Government: no legislation under British rule can have existence independently of it. The Acts of all the Colonial Legislatures are, and must continue to be, subject to the veto in the hands of the Sovereign. This power, as it existed in respect of the old Provinces of British North America, now included in the Confederation, was in the most formal manner made over to the Central Government of the Dominion, so far as it applied to future legislation by the Provinces; and although copies of all the Acts prepared by the Dominion Parliament are required—as was the case under the old Provinces—to be transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Colonies (so that Her Majesty's right of veto may be exercised or not exercised) there is no similar provision as to the acts of the Local Legislatures, nor is Her Majesty's Government kept advised thereof, the right of veto in respect of the same having been transferred to the Dominion.

A question as to a New Brunswick School Act was submitted by the Imperial authorities to the highest court of resort—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—and the following reply, under date of 13th September, 1872, was officially communicated to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

'It appears to His Lordship (the Lord President of the Privy Council) that, as the power of confirming or disallowing Provincial Acts is vested by the Statute (the B. N. A. Act of 1867) in the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, acting under the advice of his constitutional advisers, there is nothing in the case which gives to Her Majesty in Council any jurisdiction over this question.'

This dictum is in perfect harmony with the Confederation scheme, as agreed upon at Quebec, namely, that the Federal authority should be substituted for that of the Crown in respect of the Provincial Governments and Legislatures.

It is proper to note the advance in self-government which this constitutional change has effected. Under the system before Confederation the legislative acts of the Provinces could have been vetoed (under similar powers of disallowance) by the Crown, acting under the advice of Imperial Ministers who were in no way responsible to the people of those Provinces, and, although it may be said that the veto was seldom used, yet it was certainly exercised time and again, for during the Union of Upper and Lower Canada, from 1841 to 1867, we find that no fewer than nine Acts of the Legislature were disallowed or refused the Royal assent, some of which were purely local and provincial in their character.

On the other hand, the veto of Provincial Acts under our present system of government can only be effected by the Governor-General with the advice of his Canadian Ministers who are responsible directly for such advice to the Dominion Parliament, which is the proper Court of Impeachment, should they err in such advice. Thus responsible government, in respect of the disallowance of Provincial Acts, is more effectually secured to the people of the respective Provinces under Confederation than it ever was before; and we do not find that the occasions for the exercise of the power have numerically increased. Keeping in view the large increase of legislation that has taken place, the number of Ontario Acts, for instance, that have been disallowed since Confederation is four; while the whole number of disallowed Acts throughout the Dominion is in the neighbourhood of thirty, as against a a total number of acts that were passed in all the provinces of over 5,000

In this connection it is also worthy of notice, that no fewer than eight of the Acts of the Dominion Parliament have, since Confederation, been disallowed, or refused the Royal assent, by Her Majesty acting upon the advice of her Imperial Ministers, some of which were so disallowed, or refused, not for reasons of Imperial policy, but for reasons of State bearing on the interests of Canada—as so stated—notably the Act to reduce the Governor-General's salary, which was passed in 1868; and yet, if we turn to sec. 91, and indeed to the whole context of the B. N. A. Act, we find that the legislative powers of the Dominion Parliament are far more absolute, as well as more extensive, than any that were conferred on the Provinces in sec. 92.

Is there, then, it may be asked, any good reason for the contention that the Provinces were intended to occupy the anomalous position of entire freedom from the veto power in cases within their jurisdiction, while the provision as to disallowance of Dominion Acts, couched in the very same language, preserve (and must ever preserve) to Her Majesty in Council a complete control over all the legislation of the Dominion?

In order to arrive at a clear, and we may hope conclusive, answer to this important question, we must turn to the Official Acts, the public speeches, and the debates just before and at the time of the passing of the Union Act.

The Quebec Conference closed its labours on the 31st October, 1864, the result being the adoption of a series of resolutions which formed the basis of the Act of Union subsequently passed by the Imperial Parliament, and known as the British North America Act of 1867.

After the close of the Conference, the delegates visited the chief cities of the different Provinces, and made known publicly the purport of the resolutions that had been so adopted.

At Toronto, in the month of November of that year, before a very large and enthusiastic audience, the Hon. George Brown, as President of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, gave the official explanation in a speech of great power and clearness of detail. The Hon. gentleman is reported *inter alia* to have spoken as follows:—

'The various details of the Confederation scheme were brought up for consideration by the Conference in the form of resolutions. Those resolutions were separately discussed, amended, and adopted; and, as finally adopted by the unanimous consent of the whole Conference, they now stand on record.' . . . .

'There was one point to which he was desirous of calling particular attention, namely, to the fact that in framing their constitution they had carefully avoided what had proved a great evil in the United States, and that is the acknowledgment of an inherent sovereign power in the separate States, causing a collision of authority between the general and States Governments which, in times of trial, had been found to interfere gravely with the efficient administration of public affairs. In the Government to be formed under this new constitution, while we have committed to the local government all that necessarily and properly belongs to the localities, we have reserved for the general government all those powers which will enable the legislative and administrative proceedings of the central authority to be carried out with a firm hand.

'With this view we have provided that the whole of the judges throughout the Confederation, those of the County Courts as well as of the Superior Courts, are to be appointed and paid by the General Government. We have also provided that the General Parliament shall be specially charged with the performance of all obligations of the Provinces, as part of the British Empire, to foreign countries. The Lieutenant-Governors of the different sections are to be appointed by

the General Government, and the power of disallowing all bills passed by the local legislatures is to be vested in the Governor-General in Council. In this way we will have a complete chain of authority, extending from Her Majesty, the Queen, to the basis of our political fabric.'

The Governor General, having transmitted to Her Majesty's Government a copy of the Resolutions adopted at the Quebec Conference, the same was acknowledged in a despatch by the Colonial Minister of the 3rd December, 1864, in which occur the following passages :—

'Her Majesty's Government have given to your despatches, and to the resolutions of the Conference, their most deliberate consideration. They have regarded them as a whole, and as having been designed, by those who have framed them, to establish as complete and perfect a union of the whole into one Government, as the circumstances of the case, and a due consideration of existing interests, would admit.

'They accept them, therefore, as being, in the deliberate judgment of those best qualified to decide upon the subject, the best framework of a measure to be passed by the Imperial Parliament for attaining that most desirable result. . . . . But upon the whole, it appears to Her Majesty's Government that precautions have been taken which are obviously intended to secure to the Central Government the means of effective action throughout the several Provinces, and to guard against those evils which must inevitably arise if any doubt were permitted to exist as to the respective limits of central and local authority. They are glad to observe that although large powers of legislation are intended to be vested in local bodies, yet the principle of central control has been steadily kept in view. The importance of this principle cannot be overrated. Its maintenance is essential to the practical efficiency of the system, and to its harmonious operation both in the general administration and in the Governments of the several Provinces.'

It will be apparent from this despatch, and from the subsequent debates in the British Parliament, that any plan of confederation which did not provide for a supreme central control over the Provincial Governments and Legislatures would not have been sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government, nor would any such measure have been submitted by them to the Imperial Parliament.

The Legislature of the Province of Canada met in February, 1865, when the Quebec resolutions were submitted and carried in both Houses by large majorities. It would be tedious to refer at any great length to the Debates, which exhausted the whole subject, under a sharp and determined criticism directed against the whole and every part, feature, form, and condition of the scheme, and led by able and talented exponents of every conceivable theory of Government, the *statu quo* of the present colonial condition, the legislative against the strictly federal system, and the union of a legislative and federal system as against both. The following extracts from some of the speeches delivered in the Assembly which bear specially on the subject of the supreme authority in regard to the proposed autonomy of the provinces will show how thoroughly this subject was sifted, analysed, and understood.

See the Confederation debates :—

Sir John Macdonald said: 'Here we have adopted a different system (from that of the United States), we have strengthened the General Government, we have given them all the great subjects of legislation, we have conferred on them all the powers which are incident to sovereignty . . . We have avoided all conflict of jurisdiction and authority . . . and we will have in fact, as I said before, all the advantages of a Legislative Union

under one administration, with, at the same time, the guarantees for local institutions and for local laws which are insisted on by so many in the Provinces now I hope to be united . . . . With respect to the local governments, it is provided that each shall be governed by a chief executive officer who shall be nominated by the General Government. As this is to be one united Province, with the local governments and legislatures subordinate to the General Government and Legislature, it is obvious that the chief executive officer in each of the Provinces must be subordinate as well. The General Government assumes towards the local governments precisely the same position as the Imperial Government holds with respect to each of the colonies now.'

Mr. George Brown: 'We have retained in the hands of the General Government all the powers necessary to secure a strong and efficient administration of public affairs. By vesting the appointment of the Lieutenant-Governors in the General Government and giving a veto for all local measures, we have secured that no injustice shall be done without appeal in local legislation.'

Sir A. Dorion (speaking *contra*): 'When I look into the provisions of this scheme, I find another most objectionable one; it is that which gives the General Government control over all the Acts of the local legislatures. What difficulties may not arise under this system? Now, knowing that the General Government will be party in its character, may it not, for party purposes, reject laws proposed by the local legislatures, and demanded by a majority of the people of that locality. . . . We shall be (I speak as a Lower Canadian), we shall be at its mercy, because it may exercise its right of veto over the local parliaments.'

Sir John Rose: 'There can be no difficulty under the scheme between the various sections, no clashing of authority between the local and central governments in this case, as there has been in the case of the Americans. The powers of the local governments are distinctly and strictly defined, and you have no assertion of sovereignty on the part of the local governments as in the United States, and of powers inconsistent with the rights and security of the whole community. Then the other point which commends itself so strongly to my mind is this, that there is a veto power on the part of the General Government over all the legislation of the local Parliaments. That was a fundamental element which the wisest statesmen engaged in the framing of the American Constitution said, that, if it was not engrafted, it must necessarily end in the destruction of the Constitution. . . . . Now, sir, I believe this power of negative, this power of veto, this controlling power on the part of the Central Government, is the best protection and safeguard of the system; and if it had not been provided, I would have felt it very difficult to reconcile it to my sense of duty to vote for the resolutions.'

Mr. Alexander Mackenzie: 'Personally, I have always been in favour of a Legislative Union where it can be advantageously worked; if it could be adapted to our circumstances in these colonies, I would at this moment be in favour of a Legislative Union as the best system of government. . . . It is quite clear that if the Legislative Union could not be worked well with Upper and Lower Canada, it would work still worse with the other Provinces brought in. There remained, therefore, no other alternative than to adopt the Federal principle. . . .

'The veto power is necessary in order that the General Government may have a control over the proceedings of the local legislatures to a certain extent. The want of this power was the great source of weakness in the United States. . . .

Mr. Dunkin (speaking *contra*):

'There is in the United States system a clear and distinct line drawn between the functions of the General and State Governments. Some may not like the idea of State sovereignty, and many may wish that more power had been given to the General Government. But this much is plain, that it is not proposed to allow anything approaching State government here. . . .

'And there is the strange and anomalous provision that not only can the General Government disallow the Acts of the Provincial Legislatures, and control and hamper and fetter provincial action in more ways than one, but that whenever any Federal Legislation contravenes, or in any way clashes with provincial legislation, as to any matter at all common between them, such Federal Legislation shall override it and take its place. It is not too much to say that a continuance of such a system for any length of time without serious clashing is absolutely impossible.'

Mr. Morris: 'I now proceed to state my belief that we shall find great advantage in the future in the possession of a strong Central Government and local or municipal Parliaments such as are proposed for adoption. I believe the scheme will be found in fact and in practice—by its combination of the better features of the American system with those of the British Constitution—to have very great practical advantages.'

Mr. Hope Mackenzie.—'I look upon it as a scheme more national than federal in its character, as looking more to a national union of the people than a union of sections, and it is chiefly because of this feature, that it commends itself to my judgment. The hon. member for Lotbinière (Mr. Joly) dissented from this view, and argued that unless the supreme power was placed in the seperate Provinces, it could not be acceptable to Lower Canada, as otherwise their institutions would be endangered, and yet he elaborated an argument to prove the fleeting and unstable character of federation established on the only principle he seems disposed to accept . . . Now, sir, while the hon. gentleman will have nothing to do with it, because of the supreme central power that is provided in the scheme, I take it just because of that controlling central power.'

Sir Richard Cartwright.—'In every state which deserved the name of an Empire, the supreme authority of the central power in all that concerns the general welfare has been acknowledged, ... even where there may be some conflict of jurisdiction on minor matters, every reasonable precaution seems to have been taken against leaving behind any reversionary legacies of sovereign state rights to stir up strife and discord.'

Mr. Scoble.—'A careful analysis of the scheme convinces me that the powers conferred on the general or central government, secures to it all the attributes of sovereignty, and the veto power which its executive will possess, and to which all local legislation will be subject, will prevent a conflict of laws and jurisdiction in all matters of importance.'

The result of this prolonged debate is well known, the address was carried in the Upper House by a majority of 30; the yeas being 45, and the nays 15; and in the Lower House the majority was 58; the yeas being 91, and the nays 33. Of the minority in the Lower House only 8 were Upper Canadian members, and of those not one raised his voice against the power of disallowance being placed in the hands of the Central Government, their opposition proceeded on other grounds which attacked the whole scheme, so that, so far as the Province of Ontario is concerned, her representatives were unanimous on this question, admitting that the objections of the eight dissenting members, as to the union generally, had been overcome.

It is not necessary that we should follow the varied fortunes of Confederation in the Maritime Provinces, as

we have to deal for the moment with the question as it is being interpreted in Ontario, it is enough to say that the pro-confederates in those provinces ultimately carried the day, and thus the measure became ripe for the action of the Imperial Government and Parliament.

On the 19th of February, 1867, the Earl of Carnarvon, then Colonial Minister, moved the second reading of the British North-America Bill in the House of Lords—the Bill having been first introduced into that House, passed all its stages there before being sent for concurrence to the House of Commons. The following extracts, bearing upon the question under consideration, are taken from his lordship's very able speech on the occasion. He said:

'My lords, I now pass to that which is, perhaps, the most delicate and the most important part of this measure —the distribution of powers between the Central Parliament and the local authorities. In this is, I think, comprised the main theory and constitution of Federal Government; on this depends the practical working of the new system. And here we navigate a sea of difficulties. There are rocks on the right hand and on the left. If on the one hand the Central Government be too strong, then there is risk that it may absorb the local action, and that wholesome self-government by the provincial bodies, which it is a matter both of good faith and political expediency to maintain; if, on the other hand, the Central Government is not strong enough, then arises a conflict of State rights and pretensions, cohesion is destroyed, and the effective vigour of the central authority is encroached upon. The real object which we have in view is to give to the Central Government those high functions and almost sovereign powers by which general principles and uniformity of legislation may be secured on those questions that are of common import to all the Provinces, and, at the same time, to retain for each Province so ample a measure of municipal liberty and self-government as will allow, and indeed compel, them to exercise those local powers which they can exercise with great advantage to the community. . . . .

'In closing my observations on the distribution of powers, I ought to point out that just as the authority of the Central Parliament will prevail, whenever it may come in contact with the local legislatures, so the residue of legislation, if any, unprovided for in the specific classification which I have explained, will belong to the central body. It will be seen, under the 91st clause, that the classification is not intended to "restrict the generality" of the powers previously given to the Central Parliament, and that those powers extend to all laws made for the "peace, order and good government" of the Confederation—terms which, according to precedent, will, I understand, carry with them an ample measure of legislative authority. I will add, that while all general Acts will follow the usual conditions of colonial legislation, and will be confirmed, disallowed, or reserved for Her Majesty's pleasure by the Governor-General, the Acts passed by the Local Legislature will be transmitted only to the Governor-General, and be subject to disallowance by him within the space of one twelvemonth.'

The Marquis of Normandy seconded the motion, in a speech directed towards other portions of the Bill.

Earl Russell, after some general remarks, said: 'He had to express his regret that this was not a legislative instead of a Confederate union. He feared that seperate local legislatures would be attended with great inconvenience, and that the work of the Confederation could only be done by a single legislature.

Lord Monck said: 'A noble earl had alluded to the present scheme as a confederation, and had stated that he would rather have had a legislative

union. The weakness of a confederate union was generally supposed to reside, in the absence of sufficient authority, in the central power. But not one of the sources of weakness of federal union was to be found in this confederation. The union was not created by the act of the States themselves—the supreme authority and the executive authority were both to be possessed by the central power—and for all purposes of union the Central Government acted directly through its own officers upon the people of the United Provinces. The central power also reserved to itself the complete control over the legislative, the executive, and the judicial authorities.'

Lord Lynden having made some remarks of approval, the motion was agreed to.

On the 26th February, after a speech in opposition and an amendment moved by Lord Campbell on grounds not affecting this question, the Bill was read a third time, then passed and sent to the Commons.

In the House of Commons on the 28th February—

Mr. Adderly moved the second reading of the Bill, the following extracts from his speech have reference to the subject of our present enquiry —he said : 'The power of the Provincial Legislatures in reference to legislation will be confined to a certain number of essential subjects. The Governor-General will have a veto on all legislation ; and the Central Legislature will be invested with a general power of providing for the good government and peace of the country ; but without derogating from the general power certain specified powers are enumerated for the Central Legislature. It will be seen that by these provisions, arrangements are made as far as possible for insuring the unity and strength of the Central Government.'

Mr. Cardwell—'I admit there is a provision not in the Bill which I should have been glad to have seen there, namely, the overruling and controlling power on the part of the Central Legislation which was given in the New Zealand Act,* but I think the noble Earl at the head of the Colonial Office, and my right hon. friend, are perfectly right in not pressing the question more at the present moment. . . . As the matter now stands, the Bill gives to the Governor-General an actual veto over every measure passed by the Local Legislatures, and it allows the Local Legislatures only to deal with those questions which are supposed to be matters of local concern.'

Mr. Bright, Mr. Watkin, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Mr. Hadfield, and Mr. Marsh, also addressed the House, but their observations were directed to other features of the measure.

The motion was agreed to and the Bill read and committed. On the 4th March, the House was moved into Committee, and after some slight amendments to the previous clauses. On clause 91 bing moved—

Mr. E. W. T. Hamilton said—'He wished to know how a conflict of jurisdiction between the Parliament of Canada and the Provincial Legislature was to be settled.

Mr. Adderly said —'He did not think that any serious conflict of the kind anticipated by the hon. member could take place so long as a supreme power was vested in the Governor-General to veto Acts.'

Mr. Roebuck said—'The framers of the American constitution foresaw this difficulty and provided a Supreme Court, whose province it was to decide whether even the laws passed by Congress were illegal. This Bill contained no provision to prevent the passing of unconstitutional laws. In other words,

* By the New Zealand Act, 15 & 16 Vic. ch. 72. sec. 53, power was given to the General Assembly to make laws overriding the laws of the Provincial bodies, *in addition* to the veto held by the Governor.

the Canadian Parliament would be supreme.'

Mr. Cardwell said such questions could be raised in the Colonial Law Courts, and would be ultimately settled by the Privy Council in England.

The clause was agreed to, and the Bill was reported with amendments.

On March 8th, the amendments were concurred in, and the Bill was read a third time and passed, and on the 28th March it received the royal assent.

Since the new constitution under this Statute went into full operation, a period of over fourteen years has elapsed, during which an official interpretation has been put upon the clause conferring the power of disallowance; by the Dominion Ministers of Justice, Dominion Orders in Council, and certain official correspondence and statements by Ministers, which it is now proposed to consider in connection with this enquiry.

A return was made to the House of Commons on 1st March, 1877,* of all correspondence between the Federal and Colonial Governments concerning the disallowance of, or other action taken upon, Provincial Acts passed and Provincial Bills reserved. This return gives the papers in connection with each Act or Bill, the report of the Minister of Justice thereon, and the Order in Council approving of such report, Mr. Todd says† that up to the end of 1878, there had been in all twenty-seven Bills disallowed; of which three were from Ontario, two from Quebec, four from Nova Scotia, twelve from British Columbia, six from Manitoba, while there were none from Prince Edward Island, and none from New Brunswick. This enumeration would seem only to include the disallowed Acts, not the reserved Bills, upon which action was taken by the Dominion Government. I have extracted from the above return, all those cases in which the disallowance and the withholding of the Governor-General's assent was founded on reasons other than incompetency of jurisdiction. Some cases have occurred since the above return, besides the Stream's Bill, but they will make no material difference in the conclusions to be arrived at.

No. 1. From Prince Edward Island.

'The Land Purchase Act of 1874,' was reserved for the assent of the Governor-General. The assent was refused for the reason that the Act was objectionable, in that it did not provide for an impartial arbitration in which the proprietors would have representation for arriving at a decision on the nature of their rights and the value of the property involved, and also for securing a speedy settlement of the matters in dispute. The report of Mr. Fournier, Minister of Justice, was concurred in and approved by Council, 12th December, 1874.

No. 2. From Prince Edward Island.

'The Act to Amend the Land Purchase Act of 1875' was reserved for the assent of the Governor-General. This assent was withheld for the reason that it (the Bill) was retrospective in its effect; that it dealt with the rights of parties then in litigation or which might yet fairly form the subject of litigation, and that there was an absence of any provision saving the rights and proceedings of persons whose properties had been dealt with under the Act of 1875. Mr. R. W. Scott, Acting Minister of Justice, concurred in by Council, 21st July, 1876.

No. 3. From Manitoba.

'An Act respecting Land Surveyors' was reserved and assent withheld for the reason that the bill was premature and unnecessary as reported by the Minister of the Interior, approved of by the Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake; concurred in 7th February, 1876.

No. 4. From Manitoba.

'An Act to amend the Act intituled the Half-breed Land Protection Act,'

*Sess. Papers, 1877. vol. 10, No. 89.

†See Todd's Par. Gov't in the Colonies, p. 371.

passed in 1875, 38th Victoria. Disallowed on the report of the Minister of the Interior, that no notice of it had been published in the Manitoba *Gazette* as provided in one of its clauses and recommending its disallowance especially as, in his opinion, the original Act, 37 Vict. c. 44, afforded all necessary protection to the purchase of half-breed land rights. Concurred in by the Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, and approved of by Council, 7th October, 1877.

In addition to the foregoing, the case of the Quebec Act, 39 Vic., chap. 7, intituled 'An Act to compel Assurers to take out a License,' may be properly referred to. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, made a lengthy report upon the constitutionality of the Act, and he also supervised its policy as to an objectionable feature in these words: 'The undersigned feels bound to point out that in one particular this Act is specially objectionable. . . . This Act requires payment by the Companies of a tax of one per cent. upon the premiums for renewals of life policies, although made before the passing of the Act. . . . This seems objectionable on principle, and calculated to produce a feeling of insecurity abroad with reference to Provincial legislation, and the undersigned recommends that the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor be called to the provision with a view to its amendment next Session.'

From the five cases just enumerated it is very plain that the Dominion Government of that day had not, nor have the Government of the present day, put the construction upon the 90th section which is being contended for. They have not considered that the power of disallowance merely imposed on the Governor General and his fifteen ministers the non-political duty of checking the legal mistakes which are sometimes found in the Acts of the Local Legislatures.

A distinction has been drawn between the case of a reserved Bill, from which the Governor-General's assent has been withheld, and the case of an Act passed which has been disallowed, if all other things are equal between the two Prince Edward Island Bills, and the 'Ontario Streams Act'—and on the face of the reports of the Ministers of Justice, they are on all fours with each other—there can be no real difference so far as the exercise of the power of disallowance is concerned—the Governor-General is given no more right to decide upon the question of policy in one case than in the other, the argument is that he must not enquire into the policy at all, because the Provincial Legislatures hold *exclusive* powers — then what gave him jurisdiction in the Prince Edward Island cases? the reservation by that Government, and the implied assent to his so acting which such reservation gives? But consent can never give jurisdiction, that can only be drawn from the statute; the truth is that these three cases must stand or fall together.

Mr. Blake, on the 31st of March, 1875, in moving certain resolutions in the House of Commons, with reference to the erroneous position maintained by the Colonial Minister, in regard to the use of the power of disallowance (alluded to in the former paper), made use of this language:

'It is hardly necessary to observe that no more delicate function could be discharged by the Executive authority, than the function entrusted to it by this 90th clause. I can conceive of no function which has to be exercised with greater caution, under greater restraint, or with a more careful prevision of its consequences to the future of the Confederacy, than the power of disallowing Acts of the Local Legislatures.'

The sentiments so enunciated by Mr. Blake, were concurred in by the then prime minister, Mr. Mackenzie, by Sir John Macdonald, and the late Mr. Holton, the only three gentlemen who spoke on the question. But let us enquire had all

this caution, and all this delicacy, reference to the merely legal supervision of the bills, or had it not special and unmistakable reference to the political aspect of the question?

Sir John Macdonald said quite recently in the House of Commons, when the disallowance of the Streams' Bill had been alluded to, that 'he trusted that this power would be always used so as to cause as little friction as possible.' The truth seems to be, that there is little or no difference of opinion among the statesmen of the Dominion so far as the theory of the veto power is in question, it is only 'in another place' that such unsound doctrine as we have read and heard, has been taught and promulgated.

But it is not alone on the Dominion side, that the principle of supervision over the policy of the local Acts and Bills has been asserted, but on the side of the Provinces also the assent to the exercise of this power has been given in many cases where amendments have been promised in the following session to meet objections that had been pointed out to the local authorities by the Minister of Justice. In some cases, supervision, in others actual disallowence has been invited by the Local Governments, as for example in the Goodhue Will case, and in the case of the Orange Bills from Ontario,* and among the other provinces Quebec, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia, have assented so far that they have submitted without protest, to the exercise of the power; New Brunswick alone so far as I have seen, has taken ground against Dominion interference with her local legislation and she had strong ground for protest, for if ever danger threatened the Legislative rights of the Provinces, it was when, in 1873, a resolution was adopted in the House of Commons requiring Ministers to advise His Excellency the Governor General to disallow two Acts that had been passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick, respecting schools and school rates. The debate on this motion (Mr. Costigan's) brought upon the floor of the Parliament of the Dominion a question of burning local interest which was beyond the competency of the Dominion Parliament to legislate upon, and which was within the competency of the Legislature of the Province. Fortunately the resolution was not acted upon, the advice was not given, and the Acts were left to their legal operation, and thus the danger of what might have proved a serious constitutional conflict passed away.

We should not fall into the too common error of supposing that our written constitution is a mere creation of our own, as if we could remake it according to caprice or pleasure. When the Confederacy was consummated, we surrendered our Provincial systems and existences. We had nothing left; nothing in reserve. All the old chartered constitutions were repealed and swept away as if they had never been; and to the British North-America Act, the great charter of our national life, we can alone look for a true understanding of our political rights and duties as citizens and subjects. What was done previously by conferences and legislatures may properly have been considered in the light of compact, and, therefore, revocable, but now all this is changed and all debateable questions are closed. We cannot go behind our constitutional charter; if that is clear in its language, we are in duty bound to accept it as our fixed rule of conduct. In this paper we have unconsciously sinned in looking back, but it was for the pur-

*In the Goodhue Will case, 1871, the Act had been assented to by the Lieut.-Governor—Sir Wm. Howland—who, however, called the attention of the Dominion Government to it in these words: 'I regard the principle involved in the Bill and sanctioned by the Assembly as very objectionable and forming a dangerous precedent.' The two Orange Society Bills, 1873, were expressly reserved by the Local Government for the Governor-General's assent. All three Bills were within the competency of the Ontario Legislature.

pose of showing that in respect of the Disallowance clause, the compact and the intention of its framers was in strict accord with the Statute.

In view of the two principles which are involved, and which need not necessarily clash with each other—both being needful and, therefore, reconcilable—the conservation of federal authority on the one hand, and constitutional freedom of local action on the other, it is obvious that the veto is an essential condition of our government; and whilst it is agreed on all sides that this power must be used with discretion and caution, it would be difficult, nay impossible, to lay down defined rules for its exercise, for the exigencies of this year may not be exigencies of next; reasons of public policy may arise from complications internal or external, which are now unseen, and which may render it necessary in the public interest to check legislation in some given direction, and, therefore, the hands of that Executive, which is specially charged with peace, order and good government, should be free to use this reserve power when the occasion demands for the security and well-being of the Dominion.

In Memoriam.

HENRY J. GRASETT, D. D.

Dean of Toronto,

Born 18th June, 1808. Died 20th March, 1882.

'THE memory of the just is blessed,'
Words of sweet comfort to us all,
Who would not if we could recall,
Our saint from his eternal rest.

Eternal rest! where nought is heard
Of party strife or envy's spleen;
Nor is the atmosphere serene
By any breath of slander stirred.

Of few shall men more truly say:
'He kept the faith, he fought the fight
And never swerved to left or right
Of what he felt to be the way.'

By many loved, by some reviled,
By not a few misunderstood,
He strove, while mind and body could,
To serve and preach the Undefiled.

Nigh seven and forty years have fled—
Perchance scarce one the day recalls—
Since first within St. James' walls
He fed us with the living Bread.

How many a blood-washed soul since then,
Who learned through him his Lord to love,
Hath blessed him in the choirs above
And welcomes now his voice again.

Nor health nor strength he counted dear
To feed the flock his Master gave;
Knowing that they forever save
Their lives, who dare to lose them here.

The field he sowed must others reap;
But he and they shall joy together
Somewhere in brighter, calmer weather,
And smile to think they once could weep.

He sleeps—Ah yes, he doeth well!
His course was run, his work complete.
He rests at last at Jesus' feet,
How then should hearts that ache rebel?

G. R. G.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

SIR WM. NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Sir William Napier, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen,—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he;
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendour of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear:
He paused that instant, bending
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay her bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim;
And she turned her pretty, woeful face,
All tear-stained up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
'Why, what's the matter, Posy?'
He said, 'come, tell me, dear.'

'It's father's bowl I've broken:
'Twas for his dinner kept:
I took it safe, but coming back
It fell,'—again she wept.

'But you can mend it, can't you?'
Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
Like some kind god, he smiled.

'Don't cry, poor little Posy!
I cannot make it whole,
But I can give you sixpence
To buy another bowl.'

He sought in vain for silver
In purse and pockets, too,
And found but golden guineas,
He pondered what to do.

'This time to-morrow, Posy,'
He said, 'again come here,
And I will bring your sixpence,
I promise! Never fear!'

Away went Joan rejoicing,—
A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William,
And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
And low before him bends:
'Will not Sir William come and dine
To-morrow with his friends?'

The letter read: 'And we've secured
The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here,
You will not fail us then?'

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
And dine with dukes and earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged,—
It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her,
He must his friends refuse.
So 'a previous engagement'
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
That she should find him there.

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired
His presence at their splendid feast
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard:
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!

A HEROIC DEED.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

'A ship ashore! a ship ashore!' was the cry which rang through the streets of St. Andrews, Scotland, one fearful winter day, more than threescore years ago. This thrilling cry roused every inhabitant. Citizens, students from the university, and sailors rushed with pale

faces and rapid steps along the street toward the bay, to the eastward of the town. Standing on the shore, the crowd was terror-stricken and paralyzed through beholding a vessel stranded on a sand-bank but a few rods from the beach. She was shrouded in surfy mist. The waves dashed furiously against her, and broke over her decks with irresistible fury. Yet, through the thick air and the driving sleet, the people on the shore could now and then catch glimpses of the doomed crew clinging with the clutch of despair to the rigging of the wreck. There were many bold, brave men in that sympathizing crowd of spectators, but none who dared to venture through the mighty surges to save those ill-fated sailors. It seemed, indeed, to the stoutest heart, too mighty a task for mortal man to attempt. All could sympathize with the wrecked ones : none but God, they thought, could save them.

But there was one heroic soul in that eager, wistful crowd, who thought that man, with God's help, might snatch those perishing men from the door of doom. He was a young man, a university student, strong in body, but still stronger in spirit. 'Bring me a rope!' he cried. 'I will try to save them.'

A strong rope was brought, and fastened about his waist. Followed by the prayers of many and the good wishes of all, this chivalric youth struggled, with desperate courage, through the terrific surf into the deep water beyond. Then, with the strength of a young giant, guided by the skill of the experienced swimmer, he slowly worked his way toward the vessel's side. He had nearly reached it, when his friends, alarmed by the length of time and slowness of his progress, began pulling him back. Then his courage rose to the sublimest height of self-sacrifice. He forgot himself. He would save the man clinging in desperation to yon vessel's shrouds, or perish in the attempt. Grasping the knife that he carried between his teeth, he cut the rope by which his kind-hearted friends were drawing him to shore and safety. He buffeted the rough waves successfully. He reached the breaker-swept deck of the stranded sloop. After a word of cheer to the crew, he took a fresh rope, plunged anew into the surging waters, and swam back to the beach.

But four days of starvation, unrest, and exposure had robbed those poor creatures on board the wreck of both courage and strength. Not one of them dared to escape by means of the rope. What then? Must they perish? Nay; not yet. The brave student will risk his life again in their behalf. Many speak harshly of their lack of pluck. He pities their weakness. He rushes into the surf once more, struggles through the crested waves, boards the sloop, and brings off a man to the shore. Six times, he makes the perilous trip, and saves a human life each time. The seventh time, his charge is a boy, so weak and helpless that he loses his hold upon him twice, and twice he dives for him into the seething depths and brings him up. Finally, he reaches the beach with the limp, corpse-like lad, the last of the rescued crew. The crowd which had hitherto watched the gallant young hero's movements with breathless stillness, now broke forth into a loud, triumphal cheer, which neither the roar of the wind nor the thunder of the waves can drown. They recognise the presence of a genuine hero.

The name of this noble young scion of true chivalry was John Honey, one the college friends of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. His effort on that memorable day cost him his life,—not directly, however, for he lived a few years ; but the seeds of a mortal malady were sown by his humane exertions on that grandest day of his life. He died at Bendochy, in 1814, and Chalmers preached such a grand and thrilling sermon beside his open grave as led one who heard it, to say, 'I have seen many scenes, I have heard many eloquent men, but this I have never seen equalled or even imitated.'

The man was worthy of such a sermon. No deed of war, no act of knightly chivalry, ever rose to a loftier height of moral nobleness than young Honey's rescue of those Scottish sailors.

It was bold, brave, cool, perilous, persistent, and, above all, humane. It was indeed and in truth heroism of the highest type.

THE MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

BY AMY KEY.

He lingered on the steps of the college, reading over and over and over again the announcement on the notice board by the great entrance door. A concert

was just over, and the audience came trooping down the stairs and out into the pleasant afternoon sunshine.

He approached the stream of spectators once or twice, and then drew back, too shy to speak. But at last, when they had nearly all gone, he made a violent effort, and touched the arm of a man who walked alone, humming the last air that had been played by the orchestra,—a brown-faced, kind-eyed man. He looked at the boy.

"What is it, youngster?"

"The notice," the boy returned eagerly. "Is it sure to be quite true?"

"Let us see," said he, putting the boy aside and approaching the board. He was short-sighted, and he slowly drew out a pair of spectacles and put them on. The notice set forth that on the 10th of September a musical scholarship was to be awarded. The competitors would be required to play a movement of Beethoven's on the violin, and the successful candidate would be received into the college for three years, free of all cost.

"Oh, yes, it is quite true! Are you thinking of trying for it?"

The boy's face flushed. He looked in an agony of shyness.

"I—I shall ask Herr Linders about it," he continued.

"Ah, he plays in the open-air concerts. Is he your master?"

"He is very good to me. He teaches me in the evening."

The brown eyes behind the spectacles looked kindly at the boy.

"I have seen you before. You work in the gardens, don't you?"

Emboldened by the kind voice, he told his little story. His mother was a soldier's widow, and lived in the lodge of the public gardens. He (Karl) had charge of the chairs at the concerts and weeded the garden and made himself generally useful. His great desire was to be a musician.

His new friend listened, and asked questions, and advised him about the scholarship so kindly, so very kindly, that Karl did not know how to thank him. He ran home, feeling wonderfully happy, to tell his mother and sister about it all. Then he rushed across the street to Herr Linders's; and they chose the piece he was to play, and he set to work at once upon it.

On the 10th, the examination was to take place. It was about a week before that Karl came home one evening and found his mother's brother sitting in the parlour. Karl had only seen him once or twice. He lived in Berlin, and was very well-to-do in the world. When Karl's father died, he had come to arrange his sister's affairs for her, and had obtained for her their present home and settled on her a small annual income. So he was the benefactor of the family, and the children were brought up to fear and reverence him. He was a thorough man of business, yet hard and somewhat unfeeling. Karl's delicate, nervous temperament, his love of music, his excitability, were among the things that it was not possible for him to understand.

He sat with his handkerchief over his head and his pipe in his hand, talking down his sister's remonstrances, when Karl came in.

"Your uncle has been good enough to come to see us, Karl," said his mother.

Karl greeted his uncle respectfully, and sat down before him to be questioned; but his uncle had no enquiries to make, only a statement for Karl to listen to.

"I came down on your account, Karl," he said slowly, putting his pipe on the table and looking at his nephew.

"My very good friend, Herr Klette, needs an apprentice; and he has consented to take you, you will be bound to-morrow. I will take you to him and make all arrangements. Then you will be put on the way to maintain yourself, and your mother and sister."

Karl could not speak: he clasped his hands and looked appealingly at his mother.

"Herr Klette is an iron master," went on his uncle, as the boy did not speak. "In his workshops, you will learn to be a skilful worker in iron, a good trade at all times."

"The scholarship," cried Karl to his mother, not to his uncle.

"I have heard all about that," said his uncle. "Put that childish nonsense out of your mind altogether: you are to be apprenticed to Herr Klette."

"I cannot, I will not," cried poor Karl: he was trembling with the agony of the moment. "Mother, mother, dear, speak for me."

His mother said something in a low voice, but her brother waved her aside.

"This is nothing to you, Lisa: this matter lies between the boy and me." He turned to Karl, who had got up from

his chair and stood with hands outstretched toward his mother. "You are a boy, a child : you must have your life arranged for you. You are not to idle away your time in foolish playing : you have to work."

"Oh, I will work. I shall do better as a musician : I shall indeed, uncle!"

"You know nothing about it."

"Only let me wait, only let me try for this scholarship, and then I will go to Herr Klette. I will do anything."

"Do you think men of business can wait about on boys like you? I have come down for the purpose : you must go to-morrow."

"It is only a few days," said his mother, timidly.

Her brother turned sharply upon her.

"Do you want him to be a burden upon you all your days,—on me, I mean? I tell you, if you encourage him in this nonsense, I will throw you all over, and you may try to do without me. It's for the boy's good. He will thank me one of these days." Karl tried to speak, but he could not make a sound : he was choking with emotion.

"You hear what I say, Karl,—either you come with me to Herr Klette to-morrow, or I shall give up helping your mother altogether."

"O Karl, Karl, your uncle means it all for your good," his mother cried. Karl could say nothing. He looked at his uncle and his mother, and with a sort of inarticulate cry, he rushed from the room. He shut himself in his own room and locked the door. His mother came up after tea and called to him, but he would not let her come in. The night fell and the stars came out, and the moon rose full and beautiful in the blue heavens. Karl opened his window, and looked at the moon and stars, half-wondering how they could be so calm and lovely when his misery was so great. Then he got his violin, and tried to play, but the music was more than he could bear. He huddled the violin away, and burst into sobs. It was very hard for him. His mother was watching outside, and when she heard him begin to play she got close to the door, and when he ceased she tapped softly, and Karl let her in.

"I will go with uncle to-morrow," he said, trying to speak cheerily ; and then he hid his face on his mother's shoulder, and finished his sobs there.

Herr Klette lived on the other side of the city. They had a long walk, and his uncle took Karl into a shop and bought him some dinner. But Karl could not eat, though he felt it was kindly meant. He was too miserable to eat.

They had to wait a long while, but at last they were shown into a small room where Herr Klette was writing. He spoke to Karl's uncle apart, and then called Karl to him. He put his hand on his shoulder and drew him to the light.

"Hallo! why, its my musical young friend," he exclaimed. Karl recognised him instantly. It was the brown-faced gentleman he had spoken to on the college steps after the concert. "Why have you given up the scholarship?"

"That was out of the question," broke in his uncle. "A musician is no use at all, Herr Klette."

"Oh, this mustn't be," exclaimed Herr Klette. "Why, your nephew will be famous one of these days. I have heard about his playing from his master. He is safe to win the scholarship. Why, he is born to be a musician."

He drew Karl's uncle aside, and talked to him for some time. Presently, he came back to Karl. "You are going to try for the scholarship, my boy ; and if you fail, well then we will see about apprenticeship. Your uncle did not know what a valuable chance you were nearly missing."

And Karl went home unapprenticed. Next week, the competition was held, and he was given the first place.

He is now one of the most promising musicians in Germany.

THE SPEED OF THE WING.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* says : "The speed at which some wings are driven is enormous It is occasionally so great as to emit a drumming sound. To this source the buzz of the fly, the drone of the bee, and the boom of the beetle are to be referred. When a grouse, partridge, or pheasant suddenly springs into the air, the sound produced by the whirring of its wings greatly resemble that produced by the contact of steel with the rapidly revolving stone of the knife-grinder. It has been estimated that the common fly moves its wings three hundred and eighty times per second, *i.e.*, nineteen thousand eight hundred times per minute,—and that the butterfly moves its

wings nine times per second, or five hundred and forty times per minute. These movements represent an incredibly high speed even at the roots of the wings, but the speed is enormously increased at the tips of the wings, from the fact that the tips rotate upon the roots as centres. In reality, and as it has been already indicated, the speed at the tips of the wings increases in proportion as the tips are removed from the axis of rotation and in proportion as the wings are long. This is explained on the principle well understood in mechanics. If a rod or wing hinged at one point be made to vibrate, the free end of the rod or wing always passes through a very much greater space in a given time than the part nearer to the root of the wing. The progressive increase in the spread of the wings in proportion as the wings become larger, explains why the wings of bats and birds are not driven at the extravagant speed of insect wings, and how the large and long wings of large bats and birds are driven more leisurely than the small and short wings of small bats and birds. That the wing is driven more slowly in proportion to its length is proved by experiment, and by observing the flight of large and small birds of the same genus. Thus, large gulls flap their wings much more slowly than small gulls; the configuration and relative size of the wings to the body being the same in both. This is a hopeful feature in the construction of flying machines, as there can be no doubt that comparatively very slow movements will suffice for driving the long powerful wings required to elevate and propel flying machines. The speed of the wing is partly regulated by its amplitude. Thus, if the wing be broad as well as long, the beats are necessarily reduced in frequency. This is especially true of the heron, which is one of the most picturesque and at the same time one of the slowest-flying birds we have. I have timed the heron on several occasions, and find that in ordinary flights its wings make exactly sixty up strokes and sixty down strokes,—that is, one hundred and twenty beats per minute. In the pterodactyl, the great extinct saurian, the wing was enormously elongated, and in this particular instance probably from fifty to sixty beats of the wing per minute sufficed for flight. Fifty or sixty pulsations of the wing per minute do not involve much wear and tear of the working parts; and I am strongly of opinion that artificial flight, if once achieved, will become a comparatively safe means of locomotion, as far as the machinery required is concerned."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Scott's Marmion; with Introduction and Notes. By T. C. L. Armstrong, M.A., LL.B., Toronto. Canada Publishing Company, 1882.

MORE than any other of our English Classical Poets, Scott requires the aid of copious notes, so as to make clear the constantly recurring allusions to history and local folk-lore, traditions and scenery; and in none of Scott's poems is this more apparent than in the case of the beautiful *chef d'œuvre* so happily selected as the subject for the forthcoming Intermediate Examination of our Ontario Educational Department. A poem like the 'Paradise Lost,' or one of Shakespeare's dramas, an idyl like the 'Deserted Village,' explains itself, and is best without other comment than that supplied as occasion requires by an intelligent teacher. But in a poem like 'Marmion,' it is impossible to follow the spirit of the verse without at every step understanding the historical and local allusions. These are matters which the student ought to search out for himself, his history and geography in hand, with the aid of elucidatory annotation. His teacher will supply, what no notes

can give adequately, the appreciation of the poetical form and matter. Mr. Armstrong seems to our judgment to have been singularly successful in meeting this requirement. His notes are full, pertinent, and just sufficiently copious to guide the student who is willing to take the trouble of thoroughly working out the subject, without rendering superfluous the healthy exercise of individual effort.

Not the least useful part of Mr. Armstrong's work is contained in the Preface, which those who propose to themselves the calling of teacher, would do well to read again and again. Mr. Armstrong says that in studying an English Classic in schools three points are to be considered; First, as we understand him, a thorough knowledge of the work itself, that is of the story, the *dramatis personæ*, the local and historical surroundings, the various allusions and side scenes ; and these are well and we may fairly say, exhaustively, treated in Mr. Armstrong's notes. The Second category will include 'a knowledge of the principles of rhetoric and literary criticism,' and the proper estimation of literary merit ; while the Third will rise to a general view of the conditions of correct art.

The first of these, as we have said, Mr. Armstrong has sufficiently provided for in his notes to 'Marmion' ; The two latter must of course be left in large measure to the student's own power of appreciating and assimilating poetry, aided by the guiding judgment of his teacher. But Mr. Armstrong has given an important aid in his essay on Scott and his period, justly considering that to form a proper estimate of a great writer, we must take into account his literary environment. A sufficient account of Scott's contemporaries is put before the student, although we may not always agree with Mr. Armstrong's *ex cathedra* statements, as for instance, when at page 7 he tells us that 'Thomas Moore is scarcely a natural poet,' whatever that may mean, and that he 'resembles the previous age (*sic*) in his flash and glitter.' Lord Byron in his inimitable letters values one of the Irish Melodies as 'worth an epic.' Does any language contain a lyric more perfect than 'the last Rose of Summer' ?

In his brief abstract of the Life of Scott, Mr. Armstrong has mainly relied on quotations from the biography by Hutton in 'English Men of Letters.' Now, we submit, that Canadian writers, even in editing a School Manual, ought to aim at something more ambitious than a mere compilation of what others have written ; though when, as in Mr. Armstrong's case, this is done honourably, with full acknowledgment of the debt, it is a very different thing from the clumsy piracies we have had occasion elsewhere to notice on the part of a certain book-making ring in connection with our Provincial Educational System. Mr. Armstrong's edition of 'Marmion' is a very useful one for its purpose, and is evidently the work of a thoroughly practical teacher, even though the literary form might be improved, and national Canadian ambition might suggest a bolder effort at original criticism.

Mes Vers, par J. A. BELANGER, Outaouais ; A. Bureau, imprimeur, 1882.

We are glad to see that the success of M. Louis Frechette and other writers of Lower Canada has encouraged a French poet in our own province to publish a volume of such merit as the one before us. M. Belanger is a writer of some humour and much command of the graceful and melodious rhythms to which the forms of French lyric poetry so easily lend themselves. The first part of 'Mes Vers' consists of poems '*plus frivoles que sérieux*,' embracing society verses, epigrams, and anecdotes, often told with great point and spirit. As a good example of this we quote the '*Vengeance de Rachel*,' which is a characteristic story of the great tragedienne who never forgot the struggles of her early days.

VENGEANCE DE RACHEL.

Rachel, dès ses débuts faits au Conservatoire,
Alla solliciter les leçons de Provost,
Artiste de talent—dont l'art déclamatoire
Sur celui de prédire assurément prévaut.—
L'artiste, la voyant malingre, étiolée,
En souriant lui dit quelques mots persiffleurs,
Et, d'un air paternel, poursuit à la volée :
'—Croyez-moi, mon enfant, allez vendre des fleurs..'

La Rachel se vengea d'une facon mignonne
Du dédain de l'artiste. Elle avait mis un soir
Tout le talent possible à jouer Hermione :
Rappelée, applaudie, alors on put la voir
Ramasser promptement des bouquets sur la scène,
En remplir sa tunique et s'enfuir sans parler,
Au grand étonnement d'une salle fort pleine..

Puis elle entre à l'orchestre : on la voit étaler
Sous les yeux de Provost son soyeux éventaire,
En disant avec grâce et tombant à genoux :
--J'ai suivi, vous voyez, votre avis salutaire ;
Je vends des fleurs, monsieur, m'en achèterez-
vous ?

It is hardly fair to a French poet to attempt a presentation of his verse in an English dress, yet for the sake of those readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, if any there be, who do not read the French language with ease, we attempt a version of one of Mr. Belanger's playful *jeux d'esprit.*

A SWEET PENANCE.

About to wed, a certain wight
Went to confession, as was right,
Relating from a contrite breast
How many times he had transgressed
To his good parish priest, who knew
The world and human nature too.
Confession done, the penitent
Arose, but paused before he went,
Observing to his ghostly father
By some mistake, as he could gather,
No *penance* had been mentioned yet :
Replied the priest, 'But you forget,
You are about to marry, so
In peace, my son, depart and go !'

The second part of the book is classified into poems '*plus sérieux que frivoles*,' under which are some charming verses descriptive and amatory. Of the former a good specimen is '*Le Chemin des Amoureux*,' describing 'The Lovers' Walk,' that beautiful path on the brow of Parliament Hill, Ottawa, of which we have a pretty pictorial illustration in the frontispiece to 'Picturesque Canada.' Being a poet, as a matter of course Mr. Belanger must write love verses, and Mesdemoiselles Emma, Alzida, Adele et compagnie have no reason to complain, but we prefer the verses addressed to his wife and children. Among the religious poems at the end of the volume is a pleasing hymn to the Virgin, composed for their use, and breathing a spirit of true devotion as well as of domestic affection. We quote part of the poem 'To My Wife,' as literally rendered as possible, and in the exact metre of the original. We hope that all the wives of French-Canadian poets are as religious as M. Belanger recommends them to be.

Fairest girl,
Pure as pearl !
With delight
Do we plight
Love and Faith
True till death.

Morn and eve
Home to leave,
Churchward go,
Kneeling low,
Ask of God
What bestowed

May MARIE
Grant it be !
Beauty bright !
Yet delight

Is most blest
Boon and best ;
Duty, still
To fulfil.

Very nice advice. How *very* good our sisters, the married Canadiennes, ought to be with such charming counsels of perfection thus set before their eyes !

C. P. M.

Address by Principal Grant, before the Private Bills' Committee of the House of Commons, on March 16th, 1882, with reference to the 'Temporalities Fund Bill.' Ottawa, 1882.

Principal Grant has been doing battle during the last month as the champion of the Presbyterian Church of Canada before the Private Bills Committee. The 'teterrima causa belli' was the claim of a minute minority of Presbyterian congregations who, dissenting from the movement for corporate union of the churches, seem to have taken position as a separate church, while preserving a discreet silence as to the actual strength of their congregations and ministers. They have now set up a claim to church property, which Principal Grant has shown to be altogether unsupported by their numbers and influence. The English Privy Council Court, as is not unusual in the ecclesiastical proceedings of that body, has shown a tendency to sacrifice the equity of popular rights to the vested interests of a few. Had Canada her own law-making power, uncontrolled by foreign tribunals, and had the state rights of Ontario been better defined, no further appeal to the Ottawa Parliament would have been needed, in a case where it was clear as day that the Canada Presbyterian Church represents,on every ground of equity and common sense, the Presbyterians of Canada. Principal Grant has fought 'the wild beasts at Ephesus,' especially Mr. McMaster, that young lion of the Law Courts, with a readiness of debate which proves that he has found a foeman not unworthy of his steel. Yet minorities have their rights, and though we think such a small and recalcitrant minority is opposed to all principles of national and ecclesiastical progress, we should wish to see what rights they have not altogether ignored.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN, of London, have brought out in pamphlet form Mr. Goldwin Smith's address at Bright on 'The Conduct of England to Ireland,' in which he advocates a modified form of Home Rule, while preserving the legislative unity of Ireland with England. Mr. Smith says a good word for the Gladstone Government and the Land Act, and expresses hopefulness in the return of order and prosperity to the Green Isle.

The Annual Report for 1881 of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Arts for the Province of Ontario, is a blue-book that merits attention. Encouraged, no doubt, by the interest taken by the farming community of Ontario in the Report of the Agricultural Commission of 1880, the present blue-book takes up the consideration of topics of the most vital character in connection with the agricultural interests of the Province. Besides the analysis of Reports of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies for the past year, and that of the Judges on the Prize Farm in Ontario, there are a number of important Essays on Forestry, the best means of preserving the timber wealth of Canada, the varieties of trees best suited for planting, and the means of restoring fertility to partially worn-out land, &c.—matters of the greatest value to our farmers and of the highest concern to the well-being of the country. Then follow the Report of the Ontario Veterinary College, Reports of meetings of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, papers on the most profitable varieties of fruits, nut-bearing trees, vegetables, &c., together with important papers read before the Entomological Society of the Province, on insects injurious to vegetation, fungi-eaters, apple tree borers, parasites, and other noxious insects. The Report concludes with statistics and other information respecting the Guelph Agricultural College, with some valuable matter respecting farm stock, feed, dairy products, manures, &c., and an appendix discussing the value, history, scope and system of Agricultural Statistics with a view to enlighten the public on the duties and aims of the Bureau of Statistics just organized by the Ontario Government. The blue-book, as a whole, is exceedingly useful, and justifies its bulky proportions and the expense incurred in its publication. It has been prepared under the direction of the Commissioner, the Hon. S. C. Wood, M.P.P.

From the Provincial Treasurer's Department we have also the Report for 1881 of Mr. J. Howard Hunter, M.A., as Inspector of Insurance for Ontario, which contains details of the Fire and Life Insurance Companies, organized as mutual or joint stock concerns, doing business in the Province, together with an analytical digest of Insurance Law. The volume, we note, contains the recent judgment of the English Privy Council on test cases which affect the Ontario Policy Act and Provincial jurisdiction in matters of Insurance. To this Mr. Hunter has prefixed a critique, explanatory of the matter in dispute, and illustrating the legal points in the judgments which sustain the legislative authority of the Province over the law of insurance, and the practical effects of the Privy Council decisions. This critique will be of much value not only to the legal profession and to insurance companies, but to the great public of policy-holders.

Prof. Henry Morley has written a compend of 'English Literature in the Reign of Victoria,' for the 2,000th volume of the Tauchnitz collection of British authors.

The first instalment of Mr. Froude's biography of Thomas Carlyle, forming a history of the first forty years of his life, has just been published by Messrs. Longman. The same firm have nearly ready the third and fourth volumes, from 1760 to 1774, of Mr. Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' and two volumes of the 'Selected Speeches of Lord Beaconsfield,' edited with introductions and notes, by T. E. Kebbel, M. A.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

TO MIGNON.

BY F. N. DEVEREUX, KEMPTVILLE, ONT.

If you really do not care, Mignon,
If your words are light as air, Mignon,
Why cast at me such artful glances,
Full of love and full of longing?
Why permit my Love's advances,
Why torture with your cruel wronging,
If you're but a simple friend, Mignon,
If our friendship soon must end, Mignon?

If you really do not care, Mignon,
If your words are light as air, Mignon,
Why entice me to your side
With a soul-destroying smile?
Why bridge the gulf so very wide—
Fate's deep and dismal, dark defile,
If you're but a simple friend, Mignon,
If our friendship soon must end, Mignon?

If you really do not care, Mignon,
If your words are light as air, Mignon,
Why come so often in my way,
Why make your life a gilded lie?
Why thus inspire Hope's brightest ray,
To mock my wretched heart's low cry,
If you're but a simple friend, Mignon,
If our friendship soon must end, Mignon?

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

'Papa, they don't have any stone in Ireland, do they?' 'Yes, my boy; but why do you ask such a question?' 'Because I thought it was all shamrock over there.'

Life is divided into three terms:—That which was, which is, and which will be, Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

Time is like a ship that never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me in my landing than practise such things as will cause my commitment when I come ashore.

An English engineer was trying to explain the electric telegraph to a Persian governor. Finally he said, 'Imagine a dog with his tail in Teheran and his muzzle in London. Tread on his tail here, and he will bark there.'

SPES DEJECTA.

BY J. E. G. ROBERTS, FREDERICTON, N.B.

They thought that Spring, sweet Spring, was near,
And, with too eager dreaming eyes,
Saw close before them Summer skies,
And flowers, the sweet lights of the year,
And choirs of birds to carol clear;
They thought that Spring, sweet Spring, was near.

Then sudden winds came from the Sea,
Then all the air with snow was white;
They spoke no more of Spring's delight,
Of birds to sing in every tree,
Of rosy blooms on wood and lea;
When sudden winds came from the Sea.

Utah is in the United States, but 'it is a place where a native American is a foreigner, and a Jew is a Gentile.'

ART PATRON:—'What? Seven dollars for this? Why, you only charged me $2.50 for that fine, large oil piece on the wall there.' *Great Artist:* 'Exactly so. That little bit in your hand is done in water-colour. They come high just now on account of the recent drought.'

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

BY ANNA L. BARBAULD.

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing:
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!'

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1882.

OLD NEW WORLD TALES.

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

BY PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON, HALIFAX, N. S.

ONCE there was a man, living in Norway, called Harald Haarfagr. He was a Jarl—one of many Jarls, or petty kings, or great chiefs, who, at that time, shared amongst them the rule over the lands and coasts of Norway. Much and long-continued fighting they had had, too, in their incessant disputes over those same shares. But Harald, called Haarfagr—or *Fair-haired*—was more than a common Jarl, as he was a very uncommon man. His father before him had made himself comparatively powerful amongst his fellows of the Norwegian Jarldoms; so that Harald, in succeeding him, succeeded almost to a state of downright kinghood. He, at the outset of his public career, determined that he would forthwith settle that point beyond all possible dispute.

It is reported that the youthful Harald found himself in love with a beautiful young lady, named *Gyda*, and made her the offer of his hand. But the Lady Gyda was as ambitious and lofty-minded as she was beautiful. She certainly did not give her young lover a cool reception; for she met his proposal with stinging words which might have instantly terminated the suit of any one of less spirit than Harald. They were to the effect that he had better go and crush out the independence of that host of neighbouring Jarls who were carrying things with so high a hand on land and sea, and win a kingdom for himself, as one great warrior had recently done in Sweden, and another in Denmark. *Then* he might come to her with proposals of marriage, and she might deign to look upon them with favour, but not until then. Harald swore to himself that he would take her at her word. Nay, he swore that he would

never again allow that mass of fair hair of his to be cut until he had become sole master and King of Norway. He kept his word, and won his kingdom and his bride, and got his hair cut. Thus it came about, curiously enough, that what is now called America, first became known to the forefathers of the fair-skinned race who now rule this continent.

That result came about in this way. A large proportion of the haughty and hitherto independent Norsemen entertained very decided objections to Harald's proceedings, for he not only insisted upon being sole monarch of Norway; he further insisted upon keeping his kingdom in order, and especially in putting down the *Viking* occupation or piracy, especially upon the coast of his own domains. As this was not only the principal means of amusement, but a large source of profit to the more irrepressible Jarls and their congenial followers, it was but natural that they should resent such an unheard of innovation on Harald's part. He was not a king, however, with whom many of the disaffected were desirous of contending openly and face to face. So there came into vogue amongst this class a variety of rebellion which seems a novelty to our modern conceptions, but which was not uncommon in long-past centuries, and especially among Asiatic peoples. That is, they rebelled by summarily packing themselves on board their ships—being pre-eminently a sea-faring people—hauling up anchor and taking their departure to other and strange lands, where they could do as they pleased.

Divers were the countries to which these impatient Norsemen hied in their search for what they considered free and independent homes. There was one of these chieftains of men, and a thorough Viking, too, whose headquarters had been in and about the three Vigten Islands, on the mid-Norway coast, named Rollo, or Rolf. He was also surnamed *The Ganger*—probably from the very determined, expeditious, and effective way in which he gathered up his followers, and 'ganged' *out of* Norway, and *into* what was found to be a much more pleasant country. However that may be, Rolf the Ganger and his followers, in the year A.D. 876, sailed down from their native fiords in force, and, with but little ado about it, pounced upon the Northern coast of what we now call France. There they extended themselves, and conquered, and gave their name to the tract of country which they appropriated; and thus Rolf, or Rollo, became the first Duke of Normandy.

Others of these Norsemen who resented Harald Haarfagr's rule, went out and colonized the Faroe Islands, said to have been previously inhabited. Others went to the Shetlands, the Orkneys, and the Hebrides, of all of which they had, doubtless, known something before. But the immigration in which we are most interested just now, is that of the daring Norse adventurers who made their way to the still more distant Iceland. That island had been discovered by some of these restless and fearless explorers a few years before. They had found it uninhabited at the time; but they also found there certain utensils employed in Christian rites and other remains, clearly indicating that this remote region had already been the abodes, for a time, of some Irish monks. To Iceland, then, boldly steered those whom we may fairly suppose to have been the most unmanageable and implacable of the Norsemen whom Harald Haarfagr sought to reduce to his rule. There, in that far-remote and only too-well named region, they might well suppose that they would be safe, without the reach of the conquering arms and detested laws of the self-made king—Harald Haarfagr.

This migration from Norway to Iceland was no combined expedition and hostile invasion, such as that which went forth from the Vigten Is-

lands, and spread itself over the northern shore of France. It was a movement which continued for several years. The first arrival was that of a chieftain named Ingolf, who eventually settled himself upon the spot where the town of Reykjavik, the little capital of Iceland, now stands. To this spot he believes himself to have been directed by the will of his tutelary divinities; which will was ascertained in this way. These pagan Norsemen were accustomed to having set up in front of the residences of their chiefs what they called *Seat-posts* (Setstokkar). These were, in each case, a pair of large and lofty beams of timber, elaborately carved and surmounted by figures of Odin, Thor, Friga, or whoever were assumed to be the tutelary deities of him who thus set them up. Upon a change of residence, these Seat-posts were carefully removed and embarked, with other probably less-valued chattels, on ship-board, the sea being, of course, almost the invariable means of local communication. On arrival in the vicinity of the intended new home, the Seat-posts were thrown overboard, and the point on shore to which they drifted became their owner's new seat, or place of residence. The reader may be curious to know what would be the result in the not at all improbable event of two men's Seat-posts being washed ashore at the same place. In that case, we must suppose that the first arrival would secure the land, and that the new comer would try again elsewhere; or that, if they arrived simultaneously, and were on particularly friendly terms, and nearly equals in power and wealth, they would effect an amicable arrangement; or that if one was weak and the other strong, the weakling would judiciously find some good reason for betaking himself elsewhere, notwithstanding the previous dictation of his gods. If otherwise, we may rely upon it that, as a matter of course, the stronger man just killed the weaker one, without any needless ado, and thus settled the business at once. These old Norsemen had ever a prompt and simple way of arriving at results.

It is a singular fact that, at this very day, there are certain tribes of Indians in British Columbia, on the northern coast of the Pacific, who have *Seat-posts* set up in front of their wigwams, and have had them from time immemorial. These posts are often so elaborately carved that, considering the tools employed, the work expended upon one of them must have cost several years of the native artist's life. It would be an interesting investigation, that of tracing to its origin and primeval meaning, this rare custom, now practised by a few of the Aborigines of the North-West coast of America, and which *seems to be* identical with a custom, or religious usage of the Norsemen of Europe, a thousand years or more in the past.

The pioneer, Ingolf, was rapidly followed to Iceland by others of his fellow countrymen. The navigation continued for about sixty years—until, indeed, King Harald, fearing that his kingdom was about to become depopulated, laid such an embargo upon the exodus of his subjects that it became difficult for them to get out of Norway—at all events, when going in the direction of Iceland.

Our task is not, however, to submit to the reader a political history of Iceland. Yet it becomes necessary for us to say a few words as to the character and habits of these Norse Icelanders and their descendants. These emigrants, who had proved so refractory under Harald Haarfagr's iron rule, consisted of men who must have belonged to the highest class of the magnates of Norway, together with their families and servants. They must have been very wealthy, even to have owned the shipping which sufficed to convey their several households and retinues, with all their cattle and other effects, over a voyage which may have lasted, and probably did last, for several

months. We know that they must have been highly cultivated, and even learned, for the period in which they lived; for of that fact they have left us ample proof. Their demeanour towards Harald Haarfagr in itself shows that they were an essentially high spirited and independent class; and the records which they and their descendants have left behind them, show that they were exceedingly proud—not only personally haughty, but proud of their families, of their ancestors, and of their race. No people—not even the Jews, or any other race—have given so much study to genealogy and to family history, and have so carefully kept, continued, and preserved their genealogical records, as these Norsemen. We have proof of this propensity in a branch of the race other than the Icelandic—to wit, the *Norman*, specially so called. The propensity—perhaps it may be said the *passion*—of those of the original Norman stock, or having Norman blood, for tracing back their ancestry through all its connections, to its earliest known source, is sufficiently notorious. And, by-the-bye, their example has, in these our days, led the credulous imagination, or unscrupulous invention, of many vain people to the construction of family pedigrees of a very mythical character.

The Norseman, in becoming an Icelander, lost nothing of the dauntless bravery which had made him the dread of Europe. His occupation as a Viking was indeed gone. He would not, in Norway, condescend to abandon that pleasant and profitable pastime, at Harald Haarfagr's bidding. Now, in Iceland, he abandoned it of his own accord, his good intention, however, being much aided by circumstances under which he found himself placed. Norway, then as now, abounded in timber suited to ship-building. There the Viking and his company could easily build and fit out their ships; and, on putting out to sea, the propinquity of their Norwegian home to more fertile and wealthier shores, afforded a fair prospect of easy success in their piratical forays. With Iceland for their home, the case was very different. There, growing timber was scarce, and that little was of but stunted growth. The Icelanders were under the necessity of procuring their larger vessels—their *long ships*, as they were called—from Norway. Hence it was only the more wealthy of their number who could afford such possessions. Again, their new home was far removed from all of those shores which had long been the Vikings' paradise. But the Norse daring and love of adventure, still, were the most prominent characteristics of the Icelanders, as was also his love of the sea for its own sake. From all this, it turned out eventually that the Icelanders, having ceased to be Vikings, became almost equally noted as roving merchant adventurers; and, as such, they visited almost every clime and country of which they had any knowledge. In this respect they, for centuries after the colonization of Iceland, unquestionably outshone all other nations.

The Icelander at home, during this same period, became, in like manner, pre-eminent among his contemporaries for his rapid progress in intellectual culture. Even if he possessed luxurious tastes and appetites, which is doubtful, the necessities of his position forbade him to indulge them. His own little tillage land, his pastures, and his abundant fisheries, supplied all his immediate wants. At the same time, the labours which they imposed upon him were far from engrossing all his time and attention. There were, especially in that high latitude, the long winter evenings of leisure to be disposed of. Men of the Viking blood—men of a race who had for ages been engaged in the fiercest of national wars, or the most daring of piratical adventures—must, when once they had cut themselves off from their former pursuits, have found themselves with an immense amount of surplus energy on

hand. How was it to be disposed of? In whatever new course directed, that course was certain to be pursued with extraordinary vigour. It seems reasonable to suppose—so reasonable as to be assumed almost as a matter of course—that, under all the circumstances, the Icelander would betake himself, with his spare time, and with his energy craving to be put to use, to intellectual self-culture. He did so, in fact. He became learned; he became a poet, a historian, a geographer—in short, a cultivator of literature and the sciences generally. The process by which this state of affairs came about can be easily conjectured. In the long winter evenings, when something had to be done to pass the time, the older members of the family circle would entertain and inspire the younger ones with tales—*Sagas*—of the heroic deeds of their fathers in the mother land, or in other countries; or with still older *Sagas* which they had learned in their youth, in old Norway itself. If the actions communicated were of a specially heroic, or otherwise touching character, their narration was clothed in numbers. These frequent repetitions of poems from the *Skalds*, and of tales from the *Sagamen*, would naturally lead admiring listeners to original efforts in the same direction. The Icelander became himself frequently, not only a Skald, but even an Improvisatore. The Sagaman eventually developed into a historian—into a dispenser of general literature. This result was materially furthered by the spirit of mercantile enterprise which, as already mentioned, had already superseded the Icelandic Norseman's piratical habits. The Icelander, sailing upon every known sea, and endowed with a keenly observing and an inquiring mind, brought home with him from divers countries stores, not only of current news, but also of such valuable information upon general subjects as those foreign parts had to give; and the eagerness with which these stores were sought by his mentally hungering fellow countrymen, was only equalled by the readiness with which they were dispensed. Thus the Icelanders became what we are now accustomed to call *well-informed* people—the most so, indeed, of any in that portion of the world which, comparatively speaking, we would designate as the most civilized of that period.

The Statehood into which Iceland *grew*, and the fundamentals of which had been brought over from Norway, was admirably suited to the intellectual development of its people. The *Landnamabok* was a book in which were enrolled the names of all the first Norwegian settlers in Iceland. The Doomsday Book, drawn up long afterwards in England, by William the Conqueror, was a similar achievement, although a less perfect work; for this Landnamabok is described as 'the most complete national record that has ever been compiled.' The descendants of these original Landnamen, with probably a few others who subsequently became land-holders, constituted the State. Of course the most of these—probably all of them, in the earlier history of the State—had servants; some of them, only a few; others, a large retinue. The government of the island, then, was a Republic; or, to speak with more particularity, an Oligarchy, founded upon a very wide basis. We find that between the Landnaman, or between the more powerful, or more active of them, on the one hand, and the poorer, or less influential, and the members of the servant class, on the other, there were maintained relationships very similar to those between Patrons and Clients, in the old Roman days. The former frequently employed his eloquence and learning, as well as his other influences—not always strictly incorrupt—in advocating the cause of the latter in their Things. The *Thing*—meaning literally *to speak*, and therefore equivalent to the English word *Parliament*—was an institution which

had been brought over from Norway. The *Thing* was, however, less a legislative body for the enactment of laws than a Court for their enforcement. The Icelanders had their District Courts (*Herredsthinget*) and their Superior Court (the *Althing*). This Althing seems to have been, not only a Court for the settlement of disputes, but a great National Council, possessing legislative functions, and exercising general governing powers. This body met yearly, in the open air, upon the Thingvalla, an extraordinary rock-platform on the borders of Thingvalla Vatn, the largest lake in Iceland, and which platform was surrounded by a deep gorge, with rocky and precipitous sides, except at one part, where an isthmus, of only a few feet in width, afforded access. Every Sandnaman in the island made it a point of honour, or duty, to attend this gathering, if possible; for it was looked upon as a disgrace to be absent. Here they assembled with great pomp and parade, and also in great force as to followers, provided there was a probability of some question coming up the discussion of which might *possibly* end in blows. In these frequent Things, local and general, the Icelanders had abundant opportunities for the cultivation of eloquence. Their style of eloquence, judging from the specimens that have come down to us, was remarkably terse, pithy, and pointed. There was no washy chattering, or waste of words, with them.

Thus we find that, whilst the Norsemen of Iceland were, by natural predilection and the national isolation in which they had placed themselves, led into studious habits and the cultivation of literature, their faculties were being constantly sharpened through the attrition of mind upon mind in their public assemblies and free social intercourse. From all these causes there have arisen these results: that for about four centuries—from, the year 870, when the emigration from Norway was in full strength, to the year 1261, when Iceland again weakly allowed itself to come under the allegiance of Norway—that wondrous island was, intellectually, the brightest spot in Europe. This period of Iceland's independence is, indeed, a part of that which is especially called 'the Dark Ages.' Whilst every other nation and people in Europe were enclouded in barbarism and ignorance, these Northmen, in their remote island, kept the light of civilization from becoming utterly extinguished,—as their distant, yet nearest, neighbours, the *Irish*, had done at a still earlier period. They alone were learned in the past, as in the present. They were producing poets, epic, lyric, and and also satiric—as was found to their sorrow by many of their victims. They carefully collected materials and compiled the histories, not only of themselves and of their immediate ancestors, but of other countries which have since become of note. In fact, nearly all the reliable early-modern history we possess of Northern Europe—say, for the six hundred years from the middle of the seventh to the middle of the thirteenth century—we owe to the literary labours of these Icelanders. Yet were they not a people who much indulged in monastic seclusion, or effeminate self-indulgence. They still retained the ancient bold and manly spirit. They were genially social, although independent and haughty, at home, and still daringly adventurous, to a degree unsurpassed, if even equalled, by any of their contemporaries, when abroad.

The foregoing brief sketch of the character and outline of the history of the Icelandic Northmen has been deemed requisite, inasmuch as it tends to the conclusion that the facts of which we are about to continue the narration were all but inevitable. In making their way from the parent state to Iceland, these bold Northmen had already bridged the widest gulf which interposed between Norway

and the Western Continent which we now call *America*. From Norway to Iceland is double the distance that it is from the latter to the extreme southern cape of Greenland, or from the latter again to the most southern part of Labrador; whilst the distance between Greenland and the nearest point of Iceland, on the one hand, or the nearest part of Labrador, on the other, reduces still farther the proportion between the width of each of these two channels and that of the great ocean divide between Iceland and Norway. Was it probable, then—was it even possible, that these Icelandic Northmen could long continue cruising to and from their island-home without becoming acquainted with the great continent which lay to the westward of them? Assuredly not! If accident had not revealed to them an early knowledge of this New World, they would certainly have soon discovered it in the regular course of designed exploration. It was accident, however, which brought about this revelation; and we have all the events connected with the discovery, recorded with all necessary particularity in the Icelandic Sagas, written soon after the events occurred, and when the traditions of them were still fresh in the memories of the living.

Our earliest information upon these points is derived from the so called *Saga of Erik the Red*, and is to this purport: Thorvald and his son Erik the Red were among the later arrivals of the original Icelandic colonists. We are curtly told that they 'removed to Iceland in consequence of murder.' There Erik married, and had a son called *Leif*, of whom we shall hear more by and by. Erik, it seems, became, on more than one occasion, unfortunate in his social relations. At length he got involved in an unusually troublesome quarrel with one Thorgest, to whom he had lent his Seat-posts, and from whom he could not get them back again. A pretty general fray ensued, some of the neighbours taking sides with Erik and others with Thorgest. The upshot of this affair was, that Erik was declared outlawed. In disgust he got ready his ship and put out to sea, telling his friends he was going West, in search of a land which had been seen not long before by one Gunbjörn, Ulf Krage's son, when blown off to sea. He found the land which he sought, coasted down upon it southwardly and westwardly, giving names to many places, and remained there two winters; but in the third summer he returned to Iceland. Erik called the land which he had found *Greenland* (*Grœnland*), which name it has continued to bear to this day, much to the mystification of many people who have been unable to see its appropriateness; but Erik slyly observed: 'People will be attracted thither if the land has a good name.' He remained that winter in Iceland, but returned to Greenland the following summer, and commenced to colonize the land. 'This was fifteen winters before Christianity was established by law in Iceland,' says the Saga. Therefore, the final settlement of Erik and his followers in Greenland must have been in the year 985, Christianity having been established in Iceland in A.D. 1000.

Thus we find that in just 111 years from the arrival of the first Northmen in Iceland, their descendants had already discovered and commenced the colonization of Greenland. It seemed impossible that much more time could elapse before the great Western Continent became known to them. That knowledge came sooner even than could have been reasonably expected.

Among the Icelandic immigrants from Norway was Herjulf, who was a kinsman of the first of the Landnamsmen, Ingolf, already named. Herjulf and his wife Thorgerd had a son named Bjarni, who is described as 'a very hopeful man.' This Bjarni Herjulfson conceived, when young, a great desire to travel, which desire he to the full indulged when he came to mature years. He, in time, became possessed

of a ship of his own, and soon earned for himself great riches and respect. It was his habit to spend each alternate winter abroad, and every other one with his father, at home. Now it happened that, during one of the periods when Bjarni was abroad—that is, in the spring of 985—Herjulf took his departure from Iceland along with Erik Thorvaldson—otherwise Erik the Red—to settle in the new colony of Greenland. There he settled at what was thenceforth called Herjulfsness, *i. e.*, Herjulf's cape or point. Erik himself lived at a place which he called Brattahlid, and he seems to have been regarded as virtually the governor, as well as founder, of the colony; for the Saga tells us that 'he was the most looked up to, and every one regulated themselves by him.'

When Bjarni returned home to Iceland in the summer of that year (985), he was much surprised and disappointed at finding that his father had taken his departure thence. We probably cannot do better here than to give a translation of the identical words of the Saga itself :—

'These tidings' (of his father's departure) 'appeared serious to Bjarni, and he was unwilling to unload his ship. Then his seamen asked him what he would do; he answered that he intended to continue his custom, and pass the winter with his father: "and I will," said he, "bear for Greenland if ye will give me your company." All said that they would follow his counsel. Then said Bjarni: "Imprudent will appear our voyage, since none of us has been in the Greenland ocean." However, they put to sea so soon as they were ready, and sailed for three days, until the land was out of sight under the water; but then the fair wind fell, and there arose north winds and fogs, and they knew not where they were, *and thus it continued for many days*. After that saw they the sun again and could discover the sky; they now made sail, and sailed for that day, before they saw land, and counselled with each other about what land that could be, and Bjarni said that he thought it could not be Greenland. They asked whether he wished to sail to this land, or not. "My advice is," said he, "to sail close to the land;" and so they did, and soon saw that the land was without mountains, and covered with wood, and had small heights. Then left they the land on their larboard side, and let the stern turn from the land. Afterwards they sailed two days before they saw another land. They asked if Bjarni thought this was Greenland; but he said that he as little believed this to be Greenland as the other: "because in Greenland are said to be very high ice hills." They soon approached the land, and saw that it was a flat land covered with wood. Then the fair wind fell, and the sailors said that it seemed to them most advisable to land there; but Bjarni was unwilling to do so. They pretended that they were in want of both wood and water. "Ye have no want of either of the two," said Bjarni; for this, however, he met with some reproaches from the sailors. He bade them make sail, and so was done; they turned the prow from the land, sailing out into the open sea for three days, with a south-west wind, saw then the third land; and this land was high and covered with mountains and ice-hills. Then asked they whether Bjarni would land there, but he said that he would not: "for to me this land appears little inviting!" Therefore did they not lower sails, but held on along this land, and saw that it was an island. Again turned they the stern from the land, and sailed out to sea with the same fair wind; but the breeze freshened, and Bjarni told them to shorten sail, and not sail faster than their ship and ship's geer could hold out. They sailed now four days, when they saw the fourth land. Then asked they Bjarni whether he thought that this was Greenland, or not. Bjarni answered: "This is the

most like Greenland, according to what I have been told about it, and here will we steer for land." So did they, and landed in the evening under a ness; and there was a boat by the ness, and just here lived Bjarni's father, and from him has the ness taken its name; and is since called Herjulfness. Bjarni now repaired to his father's, and gave up seafaring, and was with his father so long as Herjulf lived, and afterwards he dwelt there after his father.'

It may here be observed parenthetically, by those who have given most careful study to these Sagas, with a view to giving a localization to the places named in them, Herjulfness is supposed to have been at, or in the immediate vicinity of, what we now call Cape Farewell.

As we shall presently show, the full meaning and importance of Bjarni's discoveries only appear after we see the results of a real exploration of the lands which he barely saw, through what he, no doubt, considered an unfortunate accident. The little Norse world did not have long to wait for further information. Posterity is mainly indebted to *Leif Erikson*—afterwards much known as 'Lief the Lucky'—for making known what lands—and what sort of lands, those were which had been seen by Bjarni Herjulfson; just as it is indebted to his father Erik for having explored and colonized the land previously seen at a distance by Gunbjörn.

Bjarni, after his arrival in Greenland, found himself the butt of many jibes from the people there, for having shown so little curiosity touching the unknown lands which he had seen and of which he could yet tell nothing, except the bare fact that he had seen them. There was much talk, then in Greenland, about the matter. At length, Leif Erikson, with the determination of looking farther into it, bought Bjarni's ship and engaged a crew of thirty-five men. He sought to induce his father Erik to take charge of the expedition. The old man at first declined because of his age and consequent infirmities. Being at length over-persuaded, he a second time positively refused to go, in consequence of what he considered an evil omen: his horse stumbled and threw him, when on his way to the shore to join the ship. So Lief assumed the command himself, and set forth on his Southern voyage.

They sailed out into the sea, and at length came upon the land which Bjarni had found last. They cast anchor, took boats, and went ashore. They saw no grass; great icebergs were over all, up the country; and from the sea to the mountains, it was like a plain of flat stones. Then Lief said to his companions: 'We have not done like Bjarni about this land, that we have not been upon it. Now will I give the land a name, and call it HELLULAND.' It is inferred that this name—from Hella, a flat stone, a rock, was given to the country which is now called Newfoundland.

They again put out to sea, and at length found another land, where, as before, they anchored and went ashore. This land was flat and covered with woods; and where they went, there was much white sand about the shore, which was low. Then said Leif: 'This land shall be named after its qualities, and called MARKLAND (woodland), *Nova Scotia.*'

Again they resumed their voyage, and were at sea two days before they saw land. It proved to be an island, upon which they landed. From some characteristics of this place which are mentioned, taken in connection with what follows, the inference is that this island was Nantucket. They sailed into a sound which lay between the island and a ness (promontory) which ran out to the eastward of the mainland, and which is believed to be the passage between Nantucket and the peninsula of Barnstable. They then steered westward. The water was shallow, so much so that, at ebb tide,

their ship used to be left far from any water. At length they navigated their ship up a river which they had found, and thence into a lake; and there they cast anchor and encamped upon the shore. From all this it is evident that they crossed the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, into Sea-convict Passage, thence up Pocasset River into Mount Hope Bay, which our voyagers naturally enough supposed to be a lake. This tracing of their course is corroborated by the fuller descriptions given us in the accounts of subsequent voyages. They found abundance of salmon in the lake and river; and they found the country so good, and the climate so mild, that they believed that cattle could be kept there through the year without winter foddering. They built themselves houses and wintered there. During that season they found the day and night more nearly equal than in Greenland or Iceland. They give the length of the shortest day, according to their rude method of keeping time; and, assuming their computation to be correct, the latitude of the spot where they spent this winter would be 41° 43′ 10″ N., which is about the latitude of Mount Hope Bay.

In the previous autumn, after they had got through with their house building, Leif was in the habit of dividing his men into two parties, one of which was to go out exploring; the other to remain in charge of the houses; he himself taking turns with each. One evening they found that one of the men was missing. This was a German, named Tyrker. Leif was very much vexed thereat; for Tyrker, although low in stature and ill-favoured, was not only an ingenious and comparatively learned and skilful man, but he had long been a faithful retainer of his and his father's. So Leif took twelve of his company and went forth to search for the lost man. They had not gone far until they met Tyrker; but obviously the man was not in his right mind. He rolled his eyes, twisted his mouth, and acted in a most extraordinary manner. Upon Leif's remonstrating with him for having left his party, he spoke at first only in his mother tongue, German, having apparently forgotten the language he had more recently acquired. After a time he spoke Norsk, and announced to them that he *had found vines and grapes!* 'Surely is it true,' said he, 'for I was bred up in a land where there is no want of either vines or grapes.'

Whether Tyrker's temporary insanity was caused by the excitement from his discovery of the grapes, which carried him back in imagination to the home of his childhood, or was the result of his having become bewildered in the forest, it is difficult to say. The narrator of the incident—as is usual in these Sagas—gives no opinion, but simply states the facts. The mental aberration might have resulted from either of the causes named—especially in the case of one like Tyrker who, we are told, 'had a high forehead and unsteady eyes.' Instances of temporary insanity from having been lost in woods, are of frequent occurrence; and, in some such cases, the patients have been for a time quite unable to recognise their own residence, or the face of their most intimate friends.

This incident of Tyrker and the wild grapes led to the naming of the land. Our voyagers gathered of the grapes enough to fill their long boat. During the winter they cut down a cargo of timber for their ship; 'and when spring came, they got ready and sailed away; and Leif gave the land a name after its qualities, and called it VINLAND (Vinelands),'—*Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,* &c.

The returning voyagers had a fair wind until they saw the coast of Greenland. In following along the coast, they were enabled to rescue a shipwrecked crew whom they found, with the remains of their vessel, upon an island rock. There were fifteen of

them in all, and were under the command of one Thorer, a Northman like themselves. Thorer had with him his wife *Gudrid*, whose name the reader will please to bear in recollection. They, with as much of their cargo as could be saved, were taken by Leif home to Brattahlid and treated with every hospitality; but a heavy sickness fell upon Thorer's crew during the ensuing winter, which carried off Thorer himself and several of his men. Gudrid survived. This winter also died Leif's father, Erik Thorvaldson, or Erik the Red.

The foregoing particulars are derived from what is called the 'Saga of Erik the Red,' which was undoubtedly written in Greenland, comparatively near the scenes of all the events described. There are some slight discrepancies between it and other accounts of the same adventures, believed to have been written in Iceland—just sufficient to preclude all suspicion of collusion; but, in all facts of any importance, they substantially agree. The winter which Leif spent in Vinland—usually thereafter called 'Vinland the Good' could not have been earlier than that of the years 995–996, nor later than that of 999–1000. The former date is most probably correct. It must here be observed that this same Leif Erikson *established* Christianity in Greenland, much to the disgust of his old conservative, pagan, and now dying father, Erik. In two other Norse works, from which we are about to quote, Leif's return from Vinland and his rescuing of Thorer and his shipwrecked crew, are described as having occurred in the same year in which he introduced Christianity into Greenland. In the celebrated 'Heimskringla,' or *History of the Norwegian Kings*, it is told:

'The same winter (A.D. 999–1000) was Leif, the son of Erik the Red, with King Olaf, in good repute, and embraced Christianity. But the summer that Gissur went to Iceland, King Olaf sent Leif to Greenland, in order to make known Christianity there; he sailed the same summer to Greenland. He found, in the sea, some people on a wreck, and helped them; the same time discovered he Vinland the Good, and came in harvest to Greenland. He had with him a priest, and other clerks, and went to dwell at Brattahlid with Erik, his father. Men called him afterwards Leif the Lucky; but Erik his father said, that these two things went one against the other, inasmuch as Leif had saved the crew of the ship, but brought evil men to Greenland—namely, the priests.'

Again, we find it thus, in the *History of Olaf Tryggvason*:

'The same spring (A.D. 1000) sent King Olaf, as is before related, Gissur Hjelte to Iceland. Then sent the king also Leif Erikson to Greenland, to make known Christianity there. The king gave him a priest and some other holy men, to baptize the people there, and teach them the true faith. Leif sailed that summer to Greenland; he took up in the sea the men of a ship, which was entirely lost and lay a complete wreck, and on this same voyage discovered he Vinland the Good, and came in the end of the summer to Greenland, and went to live at Brattahlid with Erik his father. People called him afterwards Leif the Lucky, but Erik the father said these two things went against each other, since Leif had assisted the crew of the ship, and saved them from death, and that he had brought injurious men (so called he the priests) to Greenland; but still, after the counsel and instigation of Leif, Erik was baptized, and all the people in Greenland.'

Notwithstanding these versions, the probabilities are, that it was in the summer of 996 that Leif returned from Vinland; that he afterwards made a trip to Norway; and that, on his return to Greenland, in the spring of 1000, he found and rescued Thorer and his crew. Indeed, there is little room for doubt as to when the Vinland voy-

age was made, or as to when Christianity was introduced into Greenland; but the less important incident relative to the shipwrecked Thorer has got confusedly mixed up in the written accounts of the two more momentous events. Again, in another part of the *Saga of Erik the Red*, we are told that he (Erik) died before Christianity was introduced into Greenland; and upon such points as this and of Leif's voyages, that Saga, being the oldest that we have relating to such matters, and having been written in Greenland, is more likely to be reliable where it differs from those written at Iceland and at a later period.

Besides Leif, his heir, Erik the Red left two other sons, Thorvald and Thorstein. As might have been supposed, there was much talk of Leif's voyage to Vinland; and his brother, Thorvald, thought that the land had been much too little explored. So Leif offered Thorvald the use of his ship, to go and visit Vinland himself. Then Thorvald took counsel with his brother Leif, fitted up his ship, engaged a crew of thirty men, and put to sea. Nothing is told us of the voyage until they arrived safely at Leif's booths, in Vinland. This must have been in the summer or autumn of 1002. They lay up their ship in Mount Hope Bay, and passed a pleasant winter, catching great quantities of fish for their support. In the spring, Thorvald directed that, whilst they were getting their ships into order, a part of the crew should take the ship's long boat and, coasting westward, explore during the summer. These explorers on their return reported that the land appeared fair and woody; that there was but a short distance of white sands between the woods and the sea; and that they found many islands and much shallow water. They found neither dwellings of men, or beast, nor any seeming work of men, except in one instance, where, upon an island, they found what they called 'a corn-shed of wood.' We need not dwell upon the appropriateness of their description to the western shores of what is now the State of Rhode Island. This party returned; another winter was spent at Mount Hope Bay, or its vicinity; and, in the following spring (A.D. 1004) Thorvald went with his ship, and doubtless with his whole crew, 'to the eastward, and round the land to the northward.' They encountered a violent storm when off a ness, were driven ashore, and the keel was broken off their ship. They remained there a long time to repair their ship. 'Then said Thorvald to his companions: "Now will I that we fix up the keel here upon the ness, and call it Kjalarness (Keelness, *Keel Cape*, or *Point*)," and so did they.' There seems every reason to believe that *Keelness* is what is now known as Cape Cod.

After having got their ship repaired, they continued to sail around the eastern shore and into the mouths of the friths which they there found, until they reached a point of land which was all covered with wood. Here they landed, and Thorvald, with all his companions, went some little distance into the country. Thorvald was delighted therewith, and said: 'Here is beautiful, and here would I like to raise my dwelling.' This is supposed to have been Point Alderton, or possibly Gannet Cape, off the mouth of Plymouth Harbour. On their return to the ship, they saw upon the sands within the Cape three elevations which, on examination, proved to be three 'skin boats' (canoes), having each three men under it. They separated, surrounded the canoes, and caught all the men who were lying under them, except one, who made his escape. The men thus seized, they called 'Skrœlings' (*Skrœlingar*). What immediately ensued was emphatically characteristic of these Northmen; not of them alone, but—perhaps at least—of all the Gothic race and their descendants—possibly of all the human race; that is, the in-

nate propensity *to kill*, for the sole purpose, and through the unreasoning desire, of mere killing. Thorvald and his companions, without any ado, killed these Skrœlings then and there—killed them just as they would have killed eight Norway rats.

This needless slaughtering of the Aborigines quickly brought its retribution. When the Northmen went on board ship they saw, for the first time, in the inside of the frith, a number of heights or protuberances, which they supposed might be human dwellings. They were doubtless Indian wigwams, just thrown up. After their exertions on shore, the whole ship's crew fell into a deep sleep. They were awakened by loud shouts, and saw an innumerable crowd of canoes rushing towards them from the interior of the frith. Thorvald gave orders to 'put out the battle-skreen'—a sort of wooden bulkhead or shield, run up from the bulwarks—and to defend themselves as well as they could, but to 'fight little against them.' This was done, and the Skrœlings, after they had given them a shower of arrows, took to flight. It was then found, upon inquiry, that Thorvald alone was wounded, an arrow having passed between the edge of the ship and the shield, and pierced him under the arm. Thorvald, from the first, believed the wound to be mortal, and so it proved. He ordered his men to get ready instantly to depart; 'but,' said he, 'ye shall bear me to that cape where I thought it best to dwell; it may be that a true word fell from my mouth, that I should dwell there for a time; there shall ye bury me, and set up crosses at my head and feet, and call the place *Krossaness* for ever, in all time to come.' The Saga here adds: 'Greenland was then Christianized, but Erik the Red died before Christianity was introduced.' Thorvald died, but all things were done according to his directions. His people remained there for the winter. They gathered grapes and vines; they loaded their ship, and in the spring (A.D. 1005), they returned to Eriksfjord, in Greenland, 'and could now tell great things to Leif.'

We must here make a remark about these *Skrœlings*, who have just appeared for the first time. Some people have most strangely thought proper to assume that they were Eskimos, or *Esquimaux*, as the name is often and improperly written. We can see no reasonable ground whatever for so wild a conjecture. We have no grounds for belief that ever the Eskimos lived as far south as Massachusetts; or that they ever, at any time, wandered farther south than the northern part of Newfoundland, if even so far. It is a far fetched derivation that of deriving *Skrœlinger* from *Smælingar* (diminutive men) in order to make it applicable to the Eskimos. It is obviously derived from *Skrœla*, to make dry, in allusion to the smoky, singed-wood colour of the complexions of those savages. Or it may be derived from *Skrœkja*, to cry out, to 'screech,' in consequence of the loud shouts, or whooping, with which they rushed into battle. Either characteristic would sufficiently denote aborigines of the same races which still inhabited Vinland and Markland, when those countries were first visited by Europeans of the post-Columbian period; and there is no need of dragging down the Eskimos from the remote polar regions to answer to the description. It is, indeed, rumoured that, on the arrival of the first of these later navigators, they heard from the natives about Mount Hope Bay a tradition that once, in the far past, certain white men had brought a floating house up the Pocasset River, and had for a time dwelt in that vicinity. In another Saga we are told that 'these people—the Skrœlings—were dark, and ill-favoured, and had coarse hair on the head; they had large eyes and broad cheeks,' all of which is descriptive of those whom we know as the ordinary North American Indians.

Had they been of such diminutive stature as the Eskimos, we may be assured that the Northmen would have told us of so notable a fact. It may be observed that the Indian birch-bark canoes might easily have been at first mistaken by the Northerners for skin-covered boats, such as they might have seen in some parts of Europe, and such as the Eskimos really did use.

Meantime it had happened, in Greenland that Thorstein — Leif's youngest brother and the third son of Erik the Red—had married Gudrid, of whom we have already heard, widow of Thorer whom Leif had rescued from shipwreck. Gudrid is described as a woman of superior character and attainments. This Thorstein Erikson had now conceived the desire to go to Vinland in his turn, avowedly to bring home the body of his deceased brother Thorvald. He fitted out the same ship which had just returned from there, chose a crew of twenty-five stout and strong men, and, taking with him his wife Gudrid, put forth to sea. It seems that neither of Leif's brothers were to acquire, like himself, the surname of 'the Lucky.' This Thorstein was driven about in the sea, all that summer (A. D. 1005), without knowing where he was. At length, late in October, he made land in Lysefjord, still on the western coast of Greenland. We may briefly state that he was here hospitably entertained by a namesake, calling himself Thorstein the Black; that, during the winter, a severe illness fell upon Thorstein Erikson's people, of which many of them died; that Thorstein Erikson himself and Grimhild, the other Thorstein's wife, were also seized and eventually succumbed to the disease; and that, in the following spring (1006), Thorstein the host, in strict accordance with his promises to Gudrid, took that now twice widowed lady back to Eriksfjord. Gudrid repaired thence to Brattahlid, which was now, since the death of his father, the residence of Leif the Lucky.

So far, the Saga which tells of the voyages and adventures of Erik the Red and his sons. Turn we now, for a time, to the later Saga of *Thorfinn Karlsefne*, which gives us some additional information touching the adventures of the Northmen, Vinland, Markland, and Greenland.

It appears that *Karlsefne*, the surname which had been popularly conferred upon Thorfinn, means 'destined to be great.' His genealogy is given to us for many generations back. He himself is described as an able seaman and merchant. One summer, Karlsefne—then in Iceland—and a friend of his fitted out their two ships for a voyage to Greenland, at which place they arrived in the autumn, as is believed, of 1006. This was the autumn of the same year in the spring of which the widowed Gudrid had returned to the home of her brother-in-law, Leif. We need not tell how Leif rode to Eriksfjord to meet and trade with the new arrivals; nor go into the particulars of how he invited them to Brattahlid; and how the Yule feast was eaten and the winter passed under Leif's hospitable roof. We will only say that after the Yule feast was celebrated with pomp previously unheard of, in Greenland, Karlsefne intimated to Lief that he found himself smitten with the attractions of the widow Gudrid; that he wished to marry her and therefore applied to him as one who, 'it seemed to him, must have the power in the matter.' Leif answered favourably, but referred Thorfinn to the lady herself; and it ended so that Thorfinn married Gudrid; and then the Yule feast was extended into a marriage feast, and such a great and merry time was never before seen in Greenland.

At Brattahlid, there was a great deal of talk, those times, about Vinland the Good; and there seemed to be a general opinion that it should be further explored, and that a voyage thither would be particularly profitable, by reason of the fertility of the

land. This went so far that Karlsefne and those who had voyaged from Iceland in company with them, made their preparations to set sail for Vinland in the spring. They fitted out the two ships that they had brought with them from Iceland, and at least one other, and took with them one hundred and sixty men in all. In the ship with Thorfinn Karlsefne, were Gudrid his wife, and his friend Snorri Thorbrandson. In another ship were Bjarni Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason, the owners; in a third were Thorvard, who had married Freydis, a natural daughter of Erik the Red, and another Thorall, called the hunter, an old servant of Erik's. This setting forth of the Thorfinn Karlsefne expedition, is believed to have taken place A. D. 1007.

The members of this expedition followed the now accustomed course. They found in succession, and identified, and further explored, Helluland and Markland. They found that the dense woods of the latter abounded with wild beasts; and upon an island, off that coast they killed a bear. In due time they arrived at Kjalarness, and there found Thorvald's keel still standing. They then ran south, by the beach which stretches along the whole eastern shore of Cape Cod peninsula, to which they gave the name of *Furdustrandir* (wonderful beach). Then coasting westward for a time, they ran their ships into a cove. There were in the ship with Karlsefne two Scotch bodies—a man and a woman—whom King Olaf Tryggvason had, in time past, given to Leif Erikson. They were remarkably swift of foot—'they were swifter than beasts;' and Thorfinn now set them on shore and bade them 'run to the southward of the land, and explore its qualities, and come back again within three days.' They did so, and at the appointed time returned, one of them having in hand a 'bunch of grapes, and the other, a new sown ear of *wheat*.' So these Northmen call it; but it is presumed to have been an ear of maize, often called 'Indian wheat' by the early European visitors, of a later date, to these parts. These messenger doves were received again on board their ark, which then sailed farther westward, and into a frith having an island before it, around which there were strong currents. They called the inlet *Straumfjord* (Stream Frith), and the island *Straumey* (Stream Island). The island is supposed to be Martha's Vineyard, which may then have been one with Nantucket; and the inlet, Buzzard's Bay.

They found the shores of this frith very beautiful; and they unloaded their cargoes and prepared to remain there. 'They had with them all sorts of cattle.' 'They undertook nothing but to explore the land,' in consequence of which 'they were there for the winter without having provided food beforehand.' The result of such improvidence—extraordinary in Northmen—was what might have been expected. They suffered much during the winter through lack of suitable food. At one time, they all became ill through eating of a whale that had become stranded in their neighbourhood. But afterwards they learned to catch wild animals for food; and as the weather improved, they were enabled to go out fishing successfully, and, with returning spring they collected great quantities of eggs of wild fowl, on the island. So they got through their severe ordeal, without any decrease of number. Nay, they did better than that, as we shall see. The event to be noted demands a new paragraph.

Some time in the autumn of this their first year in Vinland (A. D. 1007), Gudrid bore to her husband Thornfinn Karlsefne a son. That son was named SNORRI. At the present day, there is a host of people through the three kingdoms of Scandinavia, comprising noblemen, statesmen, prelates, and many men who

have become eminent in literature, jurisprudence, arms, and art, as there has been through the long intervening past, who claim direct descent from this Snorri, the Vinland-born son of Thorfinn Karlsefne and his wife Gudrid. The succession is clearly traced out in their several genealogical charts, without any missing links whatever. Thus, for instance, Bertel Thorvaldson, the world-famous sculptor, and Finn Magnusson, the scarcely less famous Northern antiquarian and Runic scholar—both of them not long since deceased—are each lineally descended, in the twenty-fourth degree, from Snorri Thorfinnson, born in 1007, in Vinland—that is, some where about the sea-side borders of the present States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

In the spring of 1008, it appears that a difference of opinion occurred between Karlsefne and Thorhall the Hunter. The latter wished to explore by going northward and along the Furdustrands; the former was desirous of going southwards and westwards along the coast. Thorhall made his his preparations; only nine of the whole company determined to go with him, all the rest remaining with Karlsefne. This Thorhall seems to have been a scarcely disguised pagan in his religious views, and somewhat of a heretic about the virtues of Vinland. When all ready for a start, he carried water on board of his ship, drank of it before all hands, and then sang a song, which is thus translated:

'People told me, when I came
Hither, all would be so fine;
The good Vinland, known to fame,
Rich in fruits and choicest wine;
Now the water-pail they send;
To the fountain I must bend,
Nor from out this land divine
Have I quaffed one drop of wine.'

Then, when he had hoisted sail, he continued his satirical song. It is said by Norse critics that, in the original, these songs bear the certain stamp of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Thus Thorhall chaunted:

'Let our trusty band
Haste to Fatherland;
Let our vessel brave
Plough the angry wave,
While those few who love
Vinland, here may rove,
Or, with idle toil,
Fetid whales may boil,
Here on Furdustrand,
Far from Fatherland.'

Thorhall and his little crew sailed away to the northwards, past Furdustrand, past Kjalarness, and then sought to cruise to the westward; but there arose a strong west wind, which drove them irresistibly before it, out into the ocean. Their fate is uncertain; but it was afterwards reported by travelling merchants that they were driven, or made their way over to Iceland, where they were seized and made slaves.

(To be continued.)

MAY.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

IN this, the house of dolour where I dwell,
High up among green boughs and sycamores,
The thrush sings matins at our chamber doors,
And the shy oriole weaves her curious cell,

An airy, pendulous boat that needs not oars,
Safe anchored to the elm, whose toss and swell
Of billowy leafage rocks her callow brood
Almost within my reach, at the high flood-
Tide of the upper deep, whose ebb and flow
Sways past me in this dolorous house of woe.

In this my house of dolour shines the sun
In long gold lines, through stately windows tall,
That trace fine arabesques on frieze and wall,
A shadow dance of leaves : quick rainbows run,
And fade, and re-appear with the bright fall
Of twinkling waters in their fount of stone.
Reed-like and shrill I hear the blackbird's note,
Mixed with the hum of insects, and the float
Of the long waves upon the summer shore,
That seem to breathe of peace for evermore.

Yet in this house of dolour where I dwell,
Though I behold no faces of despair,
Nor tossing arms, nor long dishevelled hair,
Nor the sad hollow eyes with grief acquainted well,—
Yet in the darkness, on the still gray air,
Shaped of mere sound alone, my thoughts compel
The embodied forms of groans, and sighs, and tears,
And the weird laughter shuddering midnight hears ;
Each takes some shadowy shape, and tells again
The story of immedicable pain.

One gentle spirit through the live-long night
Sings to a spectral babe soft lullabies,
That rests not, nor will cease its piteous cries ;
And one, distraught with fear, shrieks out for light,
And listens, hushed, with wild and starting eyes ;
And one with crouching head veils from her sight
Some unimagined shape with her poor hands ;
And one, like a lost soul in desert lands,
Roams weeping up and down her narrow cell,
In this, the house of dolour where I dwell.

But most of all the laughter of the mad
More dreadful is than any tortured cry
Wrung out from suffering to the unheeding sky
That answers not, nor hears : my soul is sad
For them with unvoiced pity. Still goes by
The year's bright pageant, yet I am not glad,
Though all the world is beautiful with May,
And bright with sunlight, and with blossoms gay :
There are no wreaths for us but Asphodel
In this sad house of dolour where I dwell.

ELLERSLIE GRANGE.

BY 'ESPERANCE,' YORKVILLE.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

ONE day a letter came from Reginald. 'I am coming home, mother,' he wrote; 'I have not been feeling very well; don't be alarmed, it is nothing serious, only a headache. To tell the truth, I think I have worked at my books too hard lately. I have worn myself out. The doctor says I need rest, so I am coming home to get it. I shall start on Wednesday, by the morning train. Tell Elsie.'

Of course Mrs. Ellerslie was greatly excited and alarmed, despite her son's injunctions; and she counted the hours until Reginald should come! And the hours went swiftly enough. One dark cloudy night, when all good citizens were comfortably sleeping, and only the stars and moon looked down upon the winter world, soft white flakes of snow drifted lazily down, gradually increasing in number and rapidity of descent until, when morning broke, hill and dale, lawn and meadow, were all alike clothed in one unbroken spotless robe of white, covering up the dingy housetops and the muddy highway; resting on the shivering trees to shield them from the cold; finding lodging-place even on the narrow window-sills, so that when Elsie awoke the first thing she did was, to cross to the window to ascertain the meaning of their presence there.

'O what a white, white world!' she thought; and then she let her clasped hands fall down before her,—their usual way when Elsie was thinking—and stood and looked out upon the scene. There was no joy or gladness in the girl's face as she stood there. The sun shone and sparkled on the new-fallen snow, but there was no answering joy in Elsie's heart to harmonize with the spirit of the scene. Already the tinkle of jingling bells told of pleasure-seekers and busy workers, abroad in sleighs and cutters, both, no doubt, rejoicing in the new phase of affairs. Even as Elsie watched, a double sleigh dashed past, crowded with merry children and little less merry parents, off for the first sleigh-ride, their happy laughter ringing above the tinkling of the bells, and striking Elsie with a keen sense of discord with her own sad feelings. And yet Reginald was coming home to-day! Reginald, to whom she had promised her hand, with whom she was to spend her whole future life as long as God spared them both! Reginald was coming home, and yet Elsie, his promised wife, was sad and weary of heart. Why was this? On this very day, one year ago, she had put away from her, angrily and scornfully cast from her, the greatest happiness she had ever known. Cast it from her and left her heart O so void, so empty! filled with a bitter, angry pain. Perhaps the pain had grown weaker—perhaps so—but it seemed to Elsie that it had only grown deeper and more firmly rooted, and therefore, like all such sorrows, it became quieter and less demonstrative, She had ceased to battle with fate now. 'It was no use,' she thought, 'her life was allotted thus, to be one of secret pain and loneliness. The whole great burden of her darkened life would never be less hard to bear than it was

now!' Some hearts are fashioned so. Their wounds lie not on the surface, but so deep down that not even time, that Methuselah of physicians, can work a cure upon them. Too deep for affectation, too sacred for display, they are zealously guarded and concealed that the world may know nothing of them. O how little do any of us know of the trial and trouble, pain and poverty, death and desolation that darkens this globe on which we live! Elsie turned from the window and hastily dressed, for the first bell had rung. After breakfast she went up to Reginald's room to make it ready for his coming. The picture still hung over the mantelpiece, yet Elsie did not even glance at it, but resolutely kept her face turned from it.

'I must not do it!' she said to herself. 'I have pledged my hand to another, and it is very wrong to let my thoughtsplay traitor; even though, since he cannot be anything to me now, I had rather, O how much rather, remain free for life than give to another what I would not give to him! Yet I have pledged my word and I cannot drawback now, so I must not do it!' She hastened from one thing to another, more hurriedly than was at all necessary, it may be,—perhaps it was in order to escape as soon as possible from temptation's power! Whatever the reason of her haste, her task was soon done; the crimson curtains were rightly draped, the vase upon the table was filled with flowers gathered from the dining-room stand, and then Elsie went down to order a fire in 'Mr. Reginald's' room. 'For,' she said, 'He will be here at noon, Jane.' But noon passed by, the short winter afternoon waned, and not till evening, just as Elsie had almost decided to desert her post at the window, where she had been watching for the last half hour in the twilight—not till then did Reginald come. The sound of wheels upon the avenue awakened Elsie from a reverie into which she had fallen, and almost immediately a cab drove up to the front door and Reginald sprang from it. Elsie saw him give some direction to the driver and then he ran up the steps, but before she could meet him at the door he had entered the room, caught her in his arms and kissed her, saying, as he released her:

'There! that's to vent all my joy at being home three weeks earlier than I expected. Now it's your turn! Give me a welcome, Elsie mine!'

'Two, if you want them,' answered Elsie, surprised into a laugh. 'Have I not been watching this last half hour for you, and expecting you ever since noon? Do you think such tardiness *deserves* a welcome?'

'I could not leave this morning, and to-night's train was an hour late. Now am I forgiven? Ah, yes, Jane!' he cried, as he heard his name pronounced at the door, 'tell him to take them up to my room; you show him the way. Now, Elsie, I will relieve myself of this conglomeration of wraps, and then —up with the gas, and blessings on the jolly hearth fires, for there's nothing like them!'

They were a merry party that evening! Even Elsie felt happier and lighter-hearted as she answered Reginald's jokes, and joined in with his careless laughter. Reginald was truly much paler and thinner than when he went away, and there was just a vague weariness in his eyes that made his mother more than ever anxious about his comfort.

'He needs attention, poor boy,' she said; 'we'll nurse him well between us, won't we, Elsie?'

And Reginald, very happy in having two such nurses, laughed, as he leaned back in his cozy, cushioned chair, drawn right up to the blazing hearth, and thought, that, of all the homes he had ever been into, there was not another as cozy, and altogether perfect, as his own; nor did he think the world could provide two more such women as his mother and his cousin Elsie.

So the evening passed on and bed-time came. Mrs. Ellerslie had retired for the night, and the doctor was happily snoring in his chair. Deep silence had fallen over the two remaining wide-awakes, but at last Reginald said, 'a penny for your thoughts, if they are for sale!'

But they are not! And they were not about you, sir, I assure you!' answered Elsie, saucily.

'Oh, what a snub!' exclaimed Reginald, laughing, 'and so you won't tell me what they were about?'

'No,' answered Elsie, 'I will not, Mr. Inquisitive.'

'Well, suppose I ask you another question? Look up, Elsie!' he said, as, rising, he came and stood before her and caught both her hands in his. 'Do you know, I sometimes think that my present happiness is too great to last. I don't know why I think so, but at times the fear comes over me that I shall wake up some morning and find it all a dream, gone and over forever. Tell me once again, Elsie, that you love me.'

This was putting it in hard words for Elsie to answer; she made a compromise.

'Why, Reg,' she said, 'your illness has unsettled you! I must tell auntie your brain needs nursing as well as your body! What a foolish boy you are!'

He laughed a quick, merry laugh.

'Yes, I know I am, he said, 'but I should like to hear you say once again that you have given yourself to me! You are mine, Elsie, are you not? and no one else's. Mine, now and forever—say that, dear!'

This was easier for Elsie. 'His now and forever! Was there any chance that she would ever be any one else's?' The question flashed like lightning through her brain ere she bound herself in the words Reginald had spoken for her to repeat, and both pride and reason answered in the negative. So she said, very quietly, but firmly:

'I am yours, Reginald—yours only —now and forever, as long as life lasts!'

The next day Elsie would have given worlds, had they been her's, to recall those words and free herself from the solemn promise she had made. But Reginald bent and kissed her quickly and passionately as he said:

'I would sooner lose my life than you, Elsie, so you must not wonder if I like to feel secure of you. Good night, dear!' for she had taken up her work as if for departure.

The next morning Elsie went over to see Mrs. Thorold. The rupture between her and Clair had made no difference in her friendship with his mother. 'What if she did refuse our boy?' the latter said to her husband, who felt rather sore at Elsie's rejection of his son, 'a girl's heart is her own to do as she pleases with, and if Clair did not suit her fancy, we have no right to blame the girl or shun her for it.' So when Elsie presented herself at the rectory that morning she received a hearty welcome from the kindly old lady, who wore a more than usually smiling face. She was sitting in the breakfast-room, with a child of above four summers on her knee—a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little creature, who nestled still more closely in Mrs. Thorold's arms at Elsie's entrance.

'Good morning, Mrs. Thorold!' said the latter. 'I felt rather low-spirited to-day, and so came over for you to cheer me up.'

'You are heartily welcome, dear,' replied the old lady; 'but whatever can *you* have to make you low-spirited? One would think you could have no troubles!'

'Well, I have not many. I suppose I am ungrateful for my blessings. But, Mrs. Thorold, who is this?'

'Ah, I have been waiting for you to ask that! This is my little grand-child, Elsie.'

'Your grand-child?' Elsie's heart almost stopped. 'Your grand-child?'

she repeated. Then Clair had been married all the time he had been paying his addresses to her. This was the explanation of that—but Elsie always stopped here.

'Yes, Elsie—my grand-child. Run away, little Dora, now; go and see Bridget and ask her to give you a piece of cake. She has my name, you see,' she continued, turning to Elsie as the little one ran off, delighted with her errand. 'O, Elsie, Elsie, God has given me more to day than I deserve! He has given back to me her whom I never expected to see again in this world. I will tell you the story, my dear, if you have time to spare to hear it; but I did not want to speak before the child. Elsie, did you ever hear that I had a daughter Margaret?'

'A daughter?' Elsie drew a quick breath of relief. 'No?' she said.

'But I had,' said Mrs. Thorold; 'she went away five years before you came to N—. In the summer of that year a family named Esmond came to the city. One member of it was a young man, handsome enough, perhaps, but rather too fast for old people's notions. At least, I thought him not good enough for my daughter. But, from the first, he paid her the greatest attention, and I saw that she returned his affection. Well, the end was that he proposed to her and was accepted, although Mr. Thorold had told him that he would not feel justified in giving his daughter into the keeping of one who led so irregular a life. Margaret cried and stormed when her father refused to consent to the marriage; but he was inexorable. This went on for some weeks, and then, one morning, I found a note on Margaret's dressing-table, reading thus:—"Mother, this morning, when you get up, I shall be the wife of Arthur Esmond. We shall be married at St. George's, and you and my father can see the registry there to satisfy yourselves that I am really married. Forgive me for acting thus! but, mother, I cannot give up Arthur, and father will not let me marry him at home. Ask him to forgive me; and don't forget your poor Margaret." Yes, she had run away, Elsie. Poor girl! she was always high-spirited and impatient of restraint, and so when her affections were engaged she broke bonds altogether, and took her own way. She found it a hard way, Elsie, as all such do. You may be sure my heart felt sore enough for many a month after my daughter's departure, and I thought that Clair would be ill, he fretted so. We never heard anything of her until a year ago, and then Clair saw her. Poor boy, he came home in a state of great excitement. "Mother, father!" he said, "I have seen Margaret. She has lost her husband, and is very poor, with one little child, a girl. May I not tell her to come home? O, you don't know how she longs to see you both! Say yes, father! Say yes, O, do!" "Henry, you will let our child come home? You cannot refuse her now, all alone and friendless as she is?" I pleaded with my husband. But he was immovable. "She has chosen, she must abide by her choice," he said, and all further entreaties on our part were in vain. Even Clair was forbidden to see her, and though it almost broke his heart, he obeyed. He wrote to his sister and told her all, adding, that if it rested with him she should come home instantly, and tried in every way to comfort and cheer her. It was in this very city Clair saw her. He encountered her under the firs by the gate, where she had come to get one look at her old home. I said that this was a year ago; but last night she came back again. I found her and her child outside the door, which should never have closed but to close her in. A perishing wanderer, a homeless beggar on her own home's doorstep. I did not wait then for anyone's consent; I had her raised up and carried in and laid in her own old bed, with her child beside her. And little Dora is that child, and Margaret, my daughter, has come back to me.

Margaret, my golden-haired, blue-eyed child, who has been so cruelly used, so harshly treated —'

'Elsie! what is the matter, Elsie?'

But Elsie had slipped quietly from her chair and lay senseless on the floor. With trembling hands Mrs. Thorold threw water on the white face and chafed the cold hands, and gradually a faint tinge of colour stole into the white cheeks, and Elsie opened her eyes slowly and gazed vacantly about her.

'Where am I?' she said. 'O, yes, I know. I must go home!'

She rose hastily to her feet, but would have fallen again had Mrs. Thorold not caught her.

'You must sit down; you cannot go yet,' said the lady. 'Drink this, Elsie; you must, before you can walk back to the Grange;' and she forced the girl to drink a small glass of wine which she had poured from a decanter on the sideboard. 'What made you faint, dear?' she asked.

'I—I—I don't know whether I am not very strong now or not; I don't know what it was, Mrs. Thorold.'

'Poor child, I should not have told you that tale; you are not well this morning, and I see that I have added to your illness. Now you must stay to dinner with me, and then you may go home.'

'No, I cannot stay!' answered Elsie. 'I did not tell aunt that I was coming; she will not know where I am. I will go now, Mrs. Thorold; I am quite strong enough.' But her kind old friend would not let her go until she had recovered a little more from the effects of her faint. Then she tied on her hat, wrapped her up in a shawl besides her jacket, and went to the door with her, bidding her lie down directly she got home, and to take care of herself, or she would be ill. Elsie sped quickly on her homeward way, her haste and excitement conquering her weakness, and soon reached the Grange.

Reginald met her at the door. 'Why, Elsie!' he cried, 'where have you been? Dinner is waiting, dear, and mother is growing anxious about you. But, Elsie, what is the matter? Your eyes are so wild-looking, and your cheeks so pale. Are you ill?'

'No; I am quite well. At least—O, don't tease me, Reginald!'

He was hurt and grieved by her tone, but he said nothing—only opened the door for her to pass into the house.

'Tell them to go on with dinner,' she said, as she was going up-stairs. 'I will be down directly.' But she did not appear until the Dr. had left the table, and Mrs. Ellerslie was just going. Reginald had risen also, and was sitting in a chair by the window. Elsie sat down at the table, but in a few minutes she rose and left the room by the door leading into the drawing-room.

Reginald looked after, and presently got up and followed her. 'Elsie,' he said, going up to her, as she stood by the window, looking out, or seeming to, — 'Elsie, something has happened to trouble you—what is it? There ought to be confidence between us. Will you not tell me, Elsie? What is it, dear?'

For a moment, a wild impulse to tell him all came over Elsie. She turned and caught his arm, and her lips half opened; but then she turned from him again, as suddenly, and let go her hold. 'I cannot tell you. Do not ask me, Reginald!'

He answered her gravely and tenderly, as he might have answered a child.

'Very well, dear; you shall not tell me if you do not want to; but if you change your mind, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say.'

The next day was Friday, and, in the morning, Reginald went into the city, and did not return until noon. As he hung up his coat in the hall, he thought he heard a sound as of a stifled sob proceeding from the drawing-room, by the door of which

he stood. He listened for a moment, and his suspicion was confirmed. He stepped forward and entered the room, the sound of his footsteps lost in the yielding carpet. By the table, her head buried in her hands, knelt Elsie. He stood in astonishment for a moment only, but in that instant he heard her say, between her sobs: 'O, Clair, Clair! if I had but known this!'

Reginald's heart almost ceaesd to beat! No doubt of her meaning, no hope for himself came over him. The instant she had spoken he knew that all his fears and misgivings, as to the durability of his day-dream, were now realized—darkly, bitterly realized. He sat down on a chair close by and waited to recover sufficient calmness to enable him to speak. Then he rose and advanced towards his cousin.

'I have heard it all, Elsie,' he said in a stern, grave voice—stern from the very effort to make it steady. 'I do not blame you, but since I have heard so much, you must tell me the whole'.

With a quick cry of surprise the girl sprang up at the sound of his voice. 'O Reginald! what have I done?' she cried, cowering before his look, although there was no trace of harshness in it.

'Nothing; you did not know I was there. It was fate that brought me, I suppose. Elsie, you must tell me now what you heard yesterday. Whatever it is, it is making you miserable, and you won't tell me because you think it will pain me. I can guess that much, I want you to tell me the rest. Now Elsie, what is it?'

His tone was so quietly determined (though not in the least angry), that it checked Elsie's tears, but she made no answer. He stepped up quickly to her and caught her in his arms, holding her as if it were a last embrace, as if some one were trying to wrest his treasure from him. He bent his head until it was close to hers, as he said: 'Elsie, my darling, I am not angry with you! It is for your own dear sake I ask you what I do. Tell me, where were you yesterday?'

'At the Thorold's,' answered the girl.

'And—and—?' Reginald could go no further.

'And what?' asked Elsie.

'And whom did you see?'

'Mrs. Thorold;' was the answer, spoken in almost a whisper.

'Only her, Elsie? Only her?'

The girl looked up with flashing eyes at him who thus questioned her. 'I would tell you,' she said, indignantly, 'if I had seen anyone else! Yet, O yes, there was a little grandchild of Mrs. Thorold's there.'

'A grandchild of Mrs. Thorold's, Elsie? Surely you are mistaken?' He loosed his arms in his surprise, and Elsie slipped out and stood before him.

'No, I am not,' she said, and then the whole tale came out, all that Mrs. Thorold had told her.

Reginald listened quietly to the end, then he said: 'I knew most of this before, Elsie, but what has it to do with you? Why does Margaret Esmond's history affect you so deeply?'

'O Reginald, Reginald!' she cried, and she raised a face of quickened misery and regret to his; 'it was because I saw Clair Thorold speaking with his sister under the firs that I sent him away. I did not know he had a sister, and I heard her say:—'O Clair you once loved me!' and Clair answered, 'and love you still, Meg.' I thought that all the time he had been deceiving me and was engaged to this girl. I was so angry, that for the moment I almost hated him, but I hastened away from the spot, for I would not play the listener, and when he came two days afterwards, I sent him from me with angry words. And now I know why he seemed so surprised and grieved, though I would not listen to a word from him then. After all he was perfectly innocent, and I treated him so cruelly and all for nothing!'

Reginald's face had grown so white and stern whilst Elsie was speaking, that it would have frightened her had she been looking at him, but towards the last she had buried her face in her hands. She raised it quickly when he said, in a tone so unlike his own, that she could not believe it was he who spoke: 'So you *did* like Clair Thorold, after all, Elsie?'

The girl did not answer, but Reginald took her silence as an affirmative. 'And you like him still, Elsie?'

He stood before her, his lips compressed with pain, his hat, which he had carried with him into the room, in one hand, and his eyes filled with a light Elsie had never seen there before. She could not answer him for very fear of the anger, which, in her humility, she thought she deserved. Instead, she sank upon a chair beside her, and burying her face in her hands burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing and weeping. Thus Reginald left her. Without a word, he turned and passed out of the room, let himself out of the front door, and pulling his hat low over his eyes, strode away down the path into the highway, and so on out into the open country, in the opposite direction to the city, and no one saw him again until tea-time. 'He had left the house,' Elsie said, in answer to her aunt's enquiry at the dinner-table, 'a few minutes before the bell rang, and had not come in since.'

Both her uncle and her aunt noticed the girl's pale face and excited manner, but neither made any remark—for, inwardly, they both decided that she and Reginald had had some slight quarrel. 'All young people quarrel sometimes,' they thought, and this explained Reginald's absence as well as Elsie's excited manner. And so the girl was left unquestioned, for 'they'll make it up again directly,' thought the old folks. They never dreamt of anything serious being the matter.

That night Reginald sat down in his room and wrote a letter to Clair Thorold. A long afternoon by himself had led him to decide the course he must pursue, the only path that honour would allow. Elsie should never be bound to him whilst her heart was elsewhere. He understood it all now. It was out of pure pity and kindness for him that she had said, Yes, to him that day which seemed now so far away, although it was only three months ago. He was too noble to suspect his cousin of any meaner motive than this, and so he thought: 'She did that much for me, I owe it to her to make her this reward. Now I know, Elsie, why you cried, "O no!" when I asked you for your hand. O, if you had told me then! it is so much harder to bear after three months of happiness.' His letter was only a short one. If you still love my cousin Elsie, Clair,' he wrote, 'come home and try your fortune once more. It was all a wretched mistake that parted you two; that mistake is now rectified, and I think if you come back you may be more successful than you were a year ago. Come quickly.' He folded it up, put it in an envelope and stamped it, and the next morning it was duly posted. Once convinced of the right path, he did not flinch from taking it. Nor did he pause when he had turned the corner; he went straight on with unfaltering steps, each one of which placed a wider distance between him and the 'paradise on earth' he had lived in for three short months—each one of which led him nearer to—Ah, No! There was more trouble in store for Elsie than she ever dreamt of! When Reginald had left the house, in the impetuosity of his sudden pain and bitterness, he had forgotten all but the crushing blow that had fallen on him. Wind, frost—and all consideration of the danger of exposing oneself to them without other protection than a hat could afford—were entirely forgotten, and in his rapid walk, occupied with his bitter, angry thoughts, he felt nothing to remind him of their

power. What though the wind was keen, and the bitter frost made face and fingers smart with cold—he was not conscious of the fact. Only when he slackened his pace did he find out the truth, and become aware of his light attire. Even then he thought it made little matter. 'Nothing could make much difference to him now,' since Elsie was no longer his, for he never dreamt of retaining his claim upon her now that he knew why that claim had been admitted. However, he turned homewards in the dim consciousness that he still owed it a duty to his parents not to run into needless danger. O, how bitter the wind was! he felt it now, and shivered in every limb. He went straight up to his room, and retired for the night. The next morning he awoke with a severe cold which grew worse as the day passed on. The next day it was no better, and on the third day from his rash walk, Reginald was ill in bed with, the doctors said, inflammation of the lungs. O how Elsie blamed herself, as she thought: 'It is all my fault! and if he dies I shall have killed him.' She worried herself with this reflection until her aunt feared that she would be ill also.

'Elsie, child,' she said (neither she nor the doctor knew how matters stood between their son and niece), you must not worry so. He will get well again soon. Poor child! There, cry if you can, it will do you good. I wish I could!' And Elsie felt so deceitful and so wicked, as she listened to the kind words, that she could not bear to look her aunt in the face. She went back to the sick room and stationed herself where she could see every movement of the patient, even every change which came over his face. Reginald had been ill two weeks now, and to-morrow would be Christmas day. On Christmas day two years before, she had gone with Clair Thorold visiting. On Christmas day, one year ago, her cousin Reginald had been her companion on the same errand. To both men she had brought sorrow, and now, one lay dying. Elsie never entertained any hope of Reginald's recovery; 'he would die, surely die'—she thought, 'and she would be his murderess, as much as if she had deliberately killed him. No kindness on his parent's part could alter this—if he died, she had 'killed him.' And as she sat and watched him in his sleep, Elsie wondered why she had ever been born. 'So much trouble and misery she had caused in her short life of eighteen years.' Suddenly, Reginald opened his eyes. 'Elsie!' he called, faintly.

'Yes, Reg, I am here;' and she hastened to his bedside.

'Give me your hand, dear!' he said with a faint smile. 'You are ill yourself, Elsie; I believe you are fretting about me?'

Elsie bit her lips to keep back the sobs that strove for utterance.

'I am not sorry to die, Elsie! You must not grieve because of that?'

All Elsie's restraint gave way now, she held her clasped hands before her, whilst the tears came streaming down her cheeks.

'O, you must not die!' she cried, You shall not, must not die! You will get well, only you are weak and cannot think so. O, do not say you will die, Reginald!'

'Hush, Elsie, hush, I cannot bear to see you cry. But you are mistaken, dear, I shall never be well again—and if it were not for my parents I should be glad.'

Elsie had no need to ask why. Presently Reginald spoke again. 'To-morrow will be Christmas day, Elsie,' he said. 'Do you remember what the sick girl said a year ago? She said, Clair Thorold told her that only one thing could bring him back, and that there seemed no hope of that ever coming to pass. It has come to pass. Clair Thorold is coming back, Elsie. I do not think it will be long ere he is here." '

'Coming back?' her tears were

checked by her surprise. 'Here?' what do you mean, Reginald?'

The sick man's answer was perfectly calm. He had fought the battle well, now there would soon be for him nor life nor love—on earth! Ah, there was still the light of heaven, and the 'love that passeth knowledge' in store for him! The peacefulness of that light, the spirit of that love was with him even now. 'I have written to ask him to come,' he said gently; 'and, Elsie; if he should ask you what he asked you a year ago, say him Yes, dear! Think of my claim upon you as if it had never been. I know now that you gave it to me only out of pure, pitying kindness. It was very good of you, dear, but I give it back again now. I should never have had it, had it not been for that unfortunate mistake about Margaret Esmond, so I have no right to it, no lawful right, at least. And so, Elsie, if he should ask you the same question as he did a year ago, give him the same answer you would have then, had that mistake not been made. Will you Elsie? promise me!'

She was calm enough now.

'No, I will not!' she said, decidedly. 'I am as much yours now as I ever was, and I intend to remain so. I shall be happier so, Cousin Reginald!'

'No, you will not, Elsie,' was the quiet answer. 'You are speaking now under the influence of your good little heart, and out of kindness to me. But, Elsie, you must remember that there is some one else beside yourself to think of! Clair has suffered enough through that mistake; do you not care to make him happy again?'

'Happy?' exclaimed the girl, with a sudden flash of pride. 'He is happy enough, Reginald! He has forgotten all about me!'

'Hush, Elsie, you must not say that! I know Clair better than you do. He wrote to me, Elsie, about your unfortunate misunderstanding; and I believed him fully when he said that he should never love another woman beside yourself. No, Elsie, he has not forgotten you. Now, promise me, dear.'

But she would not. She could not bring herself to take back, in this manner, from the dying Reginald, what she had given to the living one. Reginald closed his eyes and gave up the contest, for he was wearied, utterly spent with talking so long. But the matter was to be decided for Elsie by a higher power. By the time Clair Thorold came there was no longer any doubt that soon there would be no one to dispute his claim. Christmas had passed by, and it was the day before New Year's. All day Reginald had lain with closed eyes, conscious, but making no sign to show that he was so. Both his mother and Elsie had watched beside him incessantly. Now, as the dusk began to creep into the room Elsie left it, and went down to the drawing-room, to try to get rid of her terrible suspense and dread. She stood by the window looking out upon the night. One by one the stars took their places in the sky, and, far away, she could see the twinkling lights of the city. All the rest was black, blank darkness. She pressed her head against the cool pane to ease its throbbing. 'O, spare him! spare him!' she cried, in her agony; but still overhead the work of death went on. Suddenly she heard a step upon the gravel. Surely, surely she knew that step! She drew herself up and listened. It came up the steps, and then there was a ring at the muffled bell. With clasped hands and bated breath Elsie bent her head forward to catch each coming word or sound. She heard some one go to the door, and then the step came in, and when Elsie turned to look, Clair Thorold stood in the doorway. She knew him, despite the rough overcoat and thick muffler that almost hid his face—she could never forget that form! 'O, Clair, Clair!' she cried; but she could make no step forward to meet him. The joy in her

eyes, the flush upon her cheeks, the excited trembling of her outstretched hands, were hidden by the dusk; but all the passionate longing and loneliness, the repressed love of the past year, spoke plainly in her voice. With swift steps Clair came towards her, and ere she knew it she was folded in his arms.

'Mine at last, dear love,' he said, and that was all; but it was enough. And now Elsie never thought of saying No; Reginald was dying, and it was hard to repress an old love. Presently Clair released her. 'I am selfish,' he said; 'tell me, how is Reginald? My mother told me he was ill.'

The girl started back. 'O, Clair! how wicked I am! I had forgotten him. I must go up to him. He is dying, Clair.'

'Dying?' The young man stood in shocked astonishment. 'Dying, Elsie?'

'Yes,' replied the girl. 'O, I must go!'

She was starting off when Clair recalled her. 'Stay, Elsie!' he cried. 'Will you tell him I am here?'

'Shall I?' she said, doubtfully. 'Had I better? I will see when I go up. He may be asleep.'

'Do as you think best,' said Clair; and he went and stood by the window to await her return.

When Elsie reached the sick room she met Reginald's eyes turned towards the door as if watching for some one. He was very weak, and could scarcely speak, but he beckoned her to him, and said, faintly: 'Clair is here. I heard him. Tell him to come up.'

Elsie went down again and gave Clair the message, and he followed her up-stairs. The hot tears came into his eyes as he saw his friend's pale, shrunken face. Could this be the strong, healthy Reginald Ellerslie he had seen last a year and a half ago? It was hard to believe it. He went up to the bedside and knelt down. 'Reg, old boy,' he said, trying to steady his voice, 'I little thought to see you so changed!'

Reginald smiled faintly. 'Tell Elsie—to—come here,' he said, in broken syllables.

Clair did so, and Elsie came forward.

Reginald asked them to reach out their hands towards him, as they stood together by the bed, and when they had done so he laid one on the other and held them so.

'Is it all right?' he enquired, looking from one to the other.

Elsie released her hand and hastened away, to hide her tears, but Clair answered him. 'Yes, Reginald,' he said, 'it is right at last!' He knew nothing of Elsie's engagement to her cousin, and, therefore, nothing of the noble sacrifice which Reginald had made. If he had, the knowledge might have embarrassed him now.

The silence and gloom of the grave hung over the Grange that night, for Reginald, the only son, the idol of his parents, lay dying. For hours he had not spoken, when suddenly he opened his eyes, and his lips moved.

Clair bent down to listen and heard him say, 'hark!'

Just then the sound of some far-off bell came faintly on the still night air. Reginald had heard it although the others had not. But now the nearer bells joined in, and Elsie felt as if she would give all she owned to get them to stop. O how harsh and heartless the bells always are! No sorrow silences their music! They are always gay, always cheerful—all, excepting the funeral bell; but all the others ring heedlessly on, and poor scathed hearts must bear the discord as they can. In the sick room this New Year's eve there was deep silence. Reginald was listening to the bells, and the others kept silence in the solemnity of the hour. At last the chimes began, and after them the bells again; and when both chime and peal had trembled into silence, Clair bent down to speak to Reginald, but Reginald

was dead ! His spirit had gone out with the Old Year.

'I am wondering if the New Year will bring me what I want,' he had said on last New Year's Day. It had brought him death.

His mother knelt down by the bed, with a low wail of anguish. 'O Reginald, Reginald, my son ! if you had but spoken to me before you went !' she cried.

Clair and Elsie stole out of the room and left her alone with the dead. He was more her's than theirs, if he was anyone's now but God's ! 'O Clair,' Elsie said when they reached the drawing-room, 'I have killed him!'

'Elsie ! what are you saying ?'

'I have killed him !' replied the girl. 'Just as much as if I had meant it. Clair, for three months, until a few weeks ago, I was Reginald Ellerslie's promised wife ! Then——'

'Reginald — Ellerslie's — promised —wife !' Clair slowly repeated after her, 'Elsie ?'

'Yes,' said the girl calmly. 'Don't be angry with me, Clair. I only consented because I thought——.' She stopped here.

'Thought what ?' Clair questioned.

'I saw you under the firs, Clair, more than a year ago, with your sister Margaret. I did not know then that you had a sister, and I heard her say : "You once loved me, Clair !" and you answered : "And love you still, Meg." I thought—what could I think but that you were deceiving me and were engaged to this girl all the time ? And——'

'And that was why you refused me, Elsie, and were so angry ?' interrupted Clair.

'Yes,' Elsie answered. 'And when —when Reginald asked me last summer, I thought there was no use in blighting his life because mine was blighted, and so I said "Yes." But, three days before Reginald was taken ill, I found out that the girl I had seen you with was your sister. O Clair ! I bitterly repented of my hastiness then, for now I was pledged to another, and had destroyed your life and my own. I made up my mind not to tell Reginald anything. He did not know why I sent you away. But he found it all out, and that I cared for you still. He asked me, and I could not deny it, although I would not speak—but I suppose he took my silence for consent. Then he he went out of the house without his overcoat, and two days after he was taken ill. That is the whole story, Clair.'

'No, it is not, Elsie.' Clair's voice was very grave, but the deep feeling which Elsie's words had excited spoke in it. 'No, it is not, Elsie. If ever there was a noble man on earth, that man was Reginald Ellerslie. He wrote to me, Elsie—to me, his rival—and told me to come home and try my fortune with you again. That is why I came. But I little thought that what gave me such happiness was causing him such bitter pain!'

'I knew that he wrote you,' Elsie said. He told me the day before Christmas. O, Clair ! I feel almost like a murderess when I think of him. It was all my fault ! And yet I only said him "yes" out of pity. And I would never have taken back my promise had he not found it all out. How could I have acted otherwise, Clair ?'

He took one of her hands and held it gently.

'You did nothing wrong, Elsie,' he said ; 'and, for Reginald, it is better as it is. He has gone where pain and disappointment cannot reach him. We must not wish him back, Elsie ; though, O, how blindly we would recall him if we could !'

With bitter tears and aching hearts Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie saw their son laid in the grave ; then they hid their own sorrow to comfort the girl who had been that son's promised wife. They did not know but that she had been his betrothed to the end.

Clair and Elsie agreed not to undeceive them. 'It would grieve them

sorely,' Elsie said; 'and there is no necessity that they should know *now*. And, besides—besides, they would not understand the matter rightly, and might think harshly of me. Need I tell them, Clair?'

And Clair answered, 'No;' and so nothing was said to Reginald's parents to enlighten them on the subject. Mrs. Thorold had never known of Elsie's engagement to Reginald, for Elsie had never summoned courage to speak of it, and Reginald had had no opportunity.

Two years after the latter's death, Clair told her that he had asked Elsie Graeme to be his wife, and that she had consented. She thought it was but a resumption of the old relations, at the rupture of which she had been so much surprised three years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie were not selfish enough to expect their niece to remain single all her life from loyalty to Reginald's memory. So they gave a full consent to the engagement, and felt glad that she had been so soon comforted. Clair and Elsie were quietly married, and settled down in the city, near to both their old homes. On the evening of their wedding-day they went together to the grave where Reginald was buried. Bright, happy-hearted Reginald! the gayest and most careless fellow in the world! yet who had been glad to die because life's burden had grown too great for him to bear. Many and bitter were the tears which Elsie shed beside that grave.

'O, Clair, Clair!' she cried. 'How bitterly has my happiness been purchased!'

But Clair raised her from the ground, and drawing her to him with one arm, turned her face up to meet his.

'No, no, dear wife!' he said, 'you must not cry upon your wedding-day. Reginald is happy, Elsie, happier than even we are; and the price he paid for our happiness shall only make us hold it as a more sacred gift.'

THE END.

FOR AN ANDANTE OF MENDELSSOHN'S.

THERE'S a mist upon the river, and a ripple on the lake,
And a cold and warning shiver runs along the heathery brake;
The wind awakes all raging, and the rain begins to fall,
But we'll wait the storm's assuaging—is not heaven above us all?

There's a gloom upon the valley, and a silence on the hill,
While adown the arch of midnight, lo! the white stars wander still—
But the winds arise together, and the shadows backward fall—
See, there's dawn upon the mountains, and there's heaven above us all.

By the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

NOTES UPON ROMEO AND JULIET.

Read before the Shakespeare Club, Montreal.

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

THE fact that Romeo and Juliet is the earliest of Shakespeare's tragedies, having been written probably about the year 1592, and retouched between this and 1599, as well as the great popularity of the play as a stage piece, give special interest to the study of it. As we shall see also, the whole play is in many ways very similiar to Hamlet, as well as strongly contrasted with it. Now the first composition of Hamlet was at least as early as 1597. In the study of our play we are well supplied with materials. For the student of the text it is fortunate that Romeo and Juliet formed the first volume of Furness's admirable Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. The New Shakspere Society, of London, has given special attention to this play, so that its members have been supplied with the Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos, as well as with a critical Text with notes by Mr. P. A. Daniel. Lastly, this industrious student has edited, for the same Society, Shakespeare's originals by Brooke and Painter; and to his preface I would refer those who wish for a full account of the story of Romeo and Juliet. Meanwhile the following list of names and dates will be of service as indicating the general development of Shakespeare's subject.

The story of two hapless lovers was one familar from the times of classical antiquity, as witness such stories as those of Pyramus and Thisbe, Hero and Leander, Tristram and Isolt. But the first mention of a sleeping potion in connection with two lovers* comes in the story of Abrocomas and Anthia, which forms one of a medieval collection of tales by Xenophon of Ephesus, called *Ephesiaca*. I have not been able to discover the date of this book, but that of the supposed death of Romeo and Juliet was 1303, during the administration of Bartolomeo della Scala at Verona, from whose name comes the Escalus of Brooke and Shakespeare. As, however, the earliest authority for this is Girolamo della Corte who wrote in 1594, and as the early annalists of Verona say nothing about this event, we cannot safely pronounce the tradition to be more than a topographical myth, which, after long floating undefined in the air, had taken to itself a local habitation and a name in the city of Verona. In 1476, Massuccio of Salerno published at Naples his *Novellino*, amongst which is the story of Mariotto and Gianozza. Here again we get the sleeping draught, and this story was probably in the mind of the next writer, in whom first we find the familiar names as well as the general outlines of the tale as in Shakespeare. Luigi da Porto, who died in 1529, wrote shortly before his death his *Historia novellamente retrovata di due nobili Amanti*. The first edition was post-

* Boccaccio, who died in 1375, brings a sleeping draught into his Decameron (Day iii., Novel viii). The Abbot there administers a dose to 'Ferondo' for purposes of his own. The victim sleeps for three days, and like Juliet is carried to his tomb in his clothes.

humous, about 1530, and subsequent reprints were published in 1535, 1539, and 1553. Massuccio's hero lost his head, and his heroine died of grief in a Convent. Da Porto's Romeo and Juliet die together, as in Shakespeare, but, as in all the Italian versions, with the exception of Della Corte's, Romeo survives till Juliet awakes. It was by Da Porto that the date was vaguely determined to be during the podestaship of Bartolomeo della Scala (1301-1304). About this time the story got to France, for, in 1542, Adrian Sevin told it with different names in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his *Translation of Boccaccio's 'Philocopo.'* In 1553, Gabriel Giolito published at Venice a poem entitled *L'Infelice Amore dei due Fedelissimi Amanti Guilia e Romeo, scritto in Ottava Rima da Clitia nobile Veronese, ad Ardeo suo.* This was accompanied by a poem by Ardeo on the death of Clitia. 'Who Clitia and her Ardeo were, or whether any such persons actually existed, is unknown. The publisher's somewhat enigmatical dedication of the poem has led to the conjecture that its author was Gherardo Bolderi' (Daniel's Introduction to Brooke and Painter, p. ix.). In 1544 Matteo Bandello, in his collection of *Novels* published at Lucca, gives 'La sfortunata morte di dui infelecissimi amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono, con varii accidenti.' Da Porto had first noticed Rosaline, Romeo's first love, Bandello brings her into prominence, though we do not get her name till Shakespeare wrote. Bandello also introduces Juliet's nurse, and Friar John appears here, but as Friar Anselmo. He is not changed to Friar John till we come to Brooke. In 1559 Pierre Boisteau, surnamed Launay, aided by Belle-Forest, published his *Histoires Tragiques extraictes des Œuvres de Bandel*, among which is the 'Histoire de deux amans dont l'un mourut de venins, l'autre de tristesse.' The story now passes into English hands. From Boisteau's novel Arthur Brooke drew the materials which he published in 1562 as a metrical version : *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet written first in Italian by Bandell and now in Englische by Ar. Br.* This was reprinted again in 1587, and was Shakespeare's direct source of inspiration. It was also imitated in 1565, in a poem by Bernard Garter, entitled *The Tragicall and true Historie which happened between two English lovers.* No name of persons or places are mentioned, but the personages are the Lovers, the Father and Mother of the girl, her Nurse and an old Doctor, friend of the hero. In 1567, William Painter turned Boisteau's story into English prose and published it in his *Palace of Pleasure.* Several editions were issued between 1567 and 1575, which testify to the popularity of the tale. Luigi Groto's *La Hadriana* appeared in 1578, between which and our play there are many points of similarity, notwithstanding which it is not quite certain whether Shakespeare is really indebted to Groto. Lastly, in 1594, Girolamo, della Corte began to publish his *Istoria di Verona*, by which the scene of the original incident is located in Verona, in accordance with tradition, and the actual year of its occurrence named as 1303.

At this point the list is generally considered complete, for the next work is Shakespeare's. But attention has lately been drawn in the pages of the *Athenæum* to the fact of the occurrence of the tale in *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, an obscure work, published by W. Jaggard, in the year 1619. This opens a curious question : Jaggard's account is a mere summary of the story, but differs in one important respect from all the other accounts. I do not refer to the interchange of the names of Capulet and Montague, for this may have been a slip of memory; but the motive for the secret marriage is altered. The two families, it is true, are at enmity, as elsewhere, but Julietta marries in secret, because her father will not allow her to marry

at all. 'Her father not being willing that she should marry, when both the decency of time and aptness of her years made tender of themselves; therefore (in her fairest flower) she espoused herself unknown to her parents, to a gentleman's son of another house and family, called the Capelets, whose name was Romeo; and the Capilets were mortal enemies unto the Montesches or Montacutes.' And so, after describing the death of the lovers, the account concludes, 'all which mournful disaster happened because Julietta's father would not suffer her to marry when reason required.' This clearly points to another version which has perhaps been lost. In Xenophon, the lovers are married before the tale begins, but are separated afterwards by misfortunes. Their families have nothing to do with it. In Massuccio, the motives for the secret marriage are not stated, nor are the families to which the lovers belong rivals. Mariotto slays a citizen and has to fly. In Da Porto, we first learn that the enmity of the families caused a secret marriage, Giulietta being eighteen years of age at the time. In Sevin the lovers were never married at all, the cause of Bruhachins death being his objection to the marriage of his sister with Halquadrich. From 'Clitia' onwards the story assumes the form we find in Shakespeare; yet, even in Shakespeare, we may perhaps discover hints of the varying version. When Paris (in Act 1, scene 2), urges his suit, Capulet objects, 'saying o'er what I have said before:'

> My child is yet a stranger in the world,
> She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
> Let two more summers wither in their pride,
> Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
> *Par.*—Younger than she are happy mothers made.
> *Cap.*—And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
> *The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,*
> *She is the hopeful lady of my earth.*

Shakespeare too may have had another version in mind, and thus accounts for Capulet's early reluctance to the marriage.

To discrepancies in the versions, however, the student of this story soon becomes accustomed. Let us take the single point of the manner of Juliet's death. In Massuccio's *narrative*, she dies of grief in a convent; in his *argument* in 'Citia,' in Bandello and in Boisteau's *title*—of grief along with her lover. In Da Porto, she causes her own death by holding her breath, like Girolamo in Boccaccio (Day IV., Novel VIII.). In Sevin, Romeo takes half the poison and she the rest—a supposition which Shakespeare directly negatives. Juliet stabs herself in Groto—Boisteau's *narrative*, Brooke, Painter, Shakespeare and Jaggard, add with Romeo's dagger.

Such is a brief outline of the story of the two lovers in its various developments. By Shakespeare's time it was probably widely known and so taken by him as the subject of his play. From Brooke's preface, we learn that it had already appeared on the stage, but the original play has been lost, except in so far as we may have its remains in the First Quarto of 1597. The confusion in the old stage directions of the early Quartos shews that Romeo's man was originally named Peter. In the second and third Quartos, and in the Folio, he is called 'Peter,' and in the prefix to speeches, 'Pet.,' 'Balt.,' 'Boy,' and 'Man.' Shakespeare probably reduced Peter to the position of the Nurse's man, and renamed Romeo's man, Balthazar. To what extent the first Quarto is Shakespeare's own, it is impossible to say. There is much in it, as we shall see, that is changed in the second Quarto, and some critics such as Grant White and Fleay, discover another hand taking part in its composition. This, however, is a point upon which it is impossible to decide absolutely, and we must be content to take the play as we have it as Shakespeare's own—always remembering that it was the practice of the early stage

for writers to appropriate freely the unfinished work of their predecessors.

From the study of the story we may see that it was Shakespeare's intention to dramatise a trite theme, to produce a popular stage version of a story in everybody's mind. The point of view of German critics, with regard to the drama generally, is well known, and no one will be astonished to find that most of them, followed by some Englishmen who ought to know better, regard the play as the dramatic treatment of certain moral ideas. Thus Dowden considers that the moral idea of the play is 'the deliverance of a man from dream into reality,' while Ulrici comments that in Romeo and Juliet, love is regarded as the principle of life. The lovers fall a sacrifice to their misuse of the divine endowment, but their love rises powerful from the tomb. Kreyszig, who regards it as a tragedy of Love, remarks that while it is the highest domain of woman, by partaking of which, her nature is ennobled, it is but an episode with man. Romeo is ruined because he resigns himself utterly to the passion. Without denying that these lessons may be drawn from the study of our play, it will be better to keep in view Shakespeare's own intentions as declared in the Prologue. His purpose is to shew how the strife of the rival houses was set at rest by the atoning death of the two lovers. This comes out clearly, if we compare together the first and second drafts. In the Quarto of 1597, the Prologue reads as follows :—

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers took their life;
When misadventures, piteous overthrows,
  (Through the continuing of their Fathers' strife,
And death-mark'd passage of their parents' rage,)
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage.

Here the passion of the lovers is brought into prominence. Compare this with the Prologue as in the Quarto of 1599.* In this for the last four lines are substituted the following six :—

Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
  Doth, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage.
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage.

Here on the other hand, the reconciliation of the families is the chief point, and the misfortunes of the lovers merely the means. From this point of view the play opens, not with a love scene, but with a quarrel between the serving men, and ends not with the lovers' deaths, but their parents' reconciliation; and when we bear this in mind we shall recognise the words of the Friar :—

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love,

as a fine piece of tragic irony. The prediction is a true one but not as he intends it. Like Hamlet, it is Romeo's 'cursed spite' to be born to set right his world of Verona, which by the quarrels of the Montagues and Capulets is 'out of joint.' As a preliminary then to our study of the play, we are in a position to realise what was Shakespeare's idea in the work before us. He does not write as most German commentators, and some English have thought, *to point a moral*, otherwise the moral would have been more clearly marked, but *to tell a tale*, 'in which,' and here we may quote the words of Lady Martin, the latest writer upon the subject, who as Helen Faucit was, in her younger days, the best living Juliet, 'in which, as in the Greek dramas, the young and innocent were doomed to punishment in retribution for the guilt of kindred

* Though printed in modern editions from the second Quarto, it is not to be found in the Folio, which, however, gives the fourteen lines by the Chorus prefixed to the third Act.

whose "bloody feuds" were to be expiated and ended by the death of their posterity.'

Having ascertained our author's intention, we have next to see how he works it out. We find two main themes, distinct in thought but fused in the play, viz., the tragical element of the misfortunes of the lovers, and the beautiful thread running through them of their loves. The superiority of these love scenes to the more purely tragical element has been often remarked. Shakespeare came to his work fresh from writing comedies and, while he writes of love with a master hand, there is assuredly not the same superiority in the sterner parts. He is for the first time attempting a work with which his genius has not yet acquired sufficient power to deal. I need only point to the horror, at times overdone, and to the constant intermixture of conceits of language and plays upon words, which undoubtedly spoil the general effect.

In the love scenes, on the other hand, there is nothing to mar the effect of the whole, and their beauty is enhanced by the lyrical nature of the verse in which they are written. It is surely a most noticeable point that, in this play, which abounds in lyrical passages, there should be none of those songs which by themselves would be sufficient to make the reputation of an ordinary poet. Here, accordingly, Shakespeare has attempted the difficult task—in the 'Pilgrim Love Sonnet' in Act II., in Juliet's wonderful soliloquy, and in what has been called the 'Dawn Song,' in Act III.—of fusing together the Dramatic and the Lyric poet. Thus, if we look closely into the structure of Juliet's speech (called by Mrs. Jameson 'a Hymn to the Night,' and by Gervinus, 'the Epithalamium,') we shall find that it falls naturally into five ideas. These in a lyric would be expressed in five verses, 'Come night quickly; Come night, that Cupid may officiate, seeing or blind; Come night and give me courage; Come night, come Romeo, my day in night; Come night and give me Romeo, my beautiful Romeo.' Though the metre is the same, we feel that the song has ended when we come to the line—

O! I have bought the mansion of my love.

The difference between the beginning and the end of the speech is as marked as that between the first part of the opening Chorus of the Agamemnon, and the second part beginning with the line—

κύριός εἰμι θροεῖν κ.τ.λ.

Or, to illustrate from the works of a contemporary poet, we may compare the beautiful series of lyrics that Tennyson has scattered through his Idylls. If we were to arrange poetry in an ascending scale, as it passes from the ordinary narrative or dialogue metre of a poem into lyric, we might arrange them in the following order:—

Ordinary verse, blank or rhymed.

The Lyrical verse in Romeo and Juliet.

The Tennysonian Lyrics.

Ordinary Lyrics.

Marked as this feature is in the play, even as we have it, it is more so in the first Quarto. In following the second Quarto, modern editors have excised a passage which, whether Shakesperian or not, is of a totally different nature from the speeches which have superseded it. In Act IV., Scene 5, Juliet is found dead, and the wedding party enters to bewail her. Then, after a speech from Paris, only part of which is given in the later copies, the play proceeds as follows:—*

Capulet- O! here she lies that was our hope, our joy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips us all.

* I have quoted this passage in full as it is not given in ordinary editions of the play. The difference will be seen by comparing it with what stands in its place. In the Quarto (1597), the second speech is given to Capulet by mistake. Capulet has just spoken, and it clearly belongs to Paris.

[*All at once cry out and wring their hands.*]
All cry—And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.
Capulet—Cruel, unjust, impartial *destinies*,
Why to this *day* have you preserv'd my life?
To *see* my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,
Depriv'd of sense, of life, of all by death,
Cruel, unjust, impartial *destinies*.
Paris—O sad-faced sorrow, map of misery,
Why this sad time have I desir'd to *see*,
This day, this unjust, this impartial *day*,
Wherein I hop'd to *see* my comfort full,
To be depriv'd by sudden *destiny*.
Mother—O woe, alack, distress, why should I live?
To *see* this day, this miserable *day*.
Alack the time that ever I was born,
To be partaker of this *destiny*;
Alack the day, alack and well-a-day.

Here we have three verses of five lines each, in which the words 'destiny,' 'see,' and 'day' are played upon in different ways, with the common burden, 'And all our joy,' &c. Nor is this the only place in which a lyrical passage in the first Quarto has been altered in the second to make it more strictly dramatic.

Before passing to the consideration of other points in the play, it should be remarked how exactly Shakespeare keeps on the traditional lines in these love scenes, and here I refer especially to the parting scene of Romeo and Juliet, the 'Dawn Song.' A parallel to this will be found in Troilus and Cressida (Act IV., Scene 2), which, however, is not so fully worked out as the scene before us. Just as the 'Epithalamium' falls into different verses, so the 'Dawn Song,' taken up by the two lovers, turns round certain ideas common in the love poetry of the Middle Ages, viz., 'It cannot be the nightingale, but the lark; The rising sun, which must be a star or something else; It *is* the lark, which sings out of tune; The lark and the toad.' These ideas, of which Shakespeare has made use to enhance the beauty of the scene, were the amorous commonplace of the Middle Ages. Love with them was reduced to rule and organised just as education, religion, and social status. The perfect knight had to pass through the stages of page and esquire, with their various routine duties, before he received his golden spurs. The Church took to itself the guidance of the religious side of men's nature, and instructed them in what to believe; while the Feudal system, which for a time reigned supreme in Europe, settled men's status in life, and their duties to their fellow men. Sir H. Sumner Maine, has called the Middle Ages the age of Status, and the name serves admirably to denote the definiteness and fixity that practice endeavoured to give to the different sides of life. Love, too, was subject to a like regimen, and the affairs between lovers were regulated by recognised tribunals, which went by the name of Courts of Love. It is interesting to learn that among the Queens of Love, whose names have come down as presiding at these courts, is to be found the name of Queen Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis VII, of France, and afterwards Queen of Henry II, of England; and that among the list of the Princes of Love, is to be found the name of Richard Cœur de Lion. I have mentioned these details in order to shew how the traditional phraseology grew up about the romantic passion. Shakespeare, like all the greatest writers, shews his strength much more in adopting what he finds ready to hand, than in purely original work. Just as in the Midsummer Night's Dream he utilised the recognised Fairy folk-lore (of which by the way we have a sample in Mercutio's famous speech about Queen Mab), to bring about the mistakes of the lovers, so he utilises in his love-scenes the traditional commonplaces of the times that were passing away. 'He preferred,' writes Gervinus, 'rather not to be original, than to misconceive the form suitable; he preferred to borrow the expression and the style which centuries long had fashioned and developed, for in this, the very test of their genuineness and durability lay; and thus the lyric love-poetry of all ages is, as it were, recognised in the forms, images, and

expressions employed in this tragedy of love.' No one can read even fragments of the love-poetry before Shakespeare's time without meeting something that illustrates his plays. I must give an instance of this to justify what I have said; especially as it illustrates a passage that comes in the play before us. Among the extant decisions of the Courts of Love, is one by Ermengarde of Navarre, who declared that marital claims did not justify a woman in dismissing a former lover, unless she had distinctly renounced him before marriage. Read in the light of this decision, we can better understand the nurse's advice to Juliet,

> Romeo
> Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
> That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
> *Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.*

One of the most marked points in Romeo and Juliet is the symmetrical grouping of the characters. They are told off against one another, the two Capulets and the two Montagues; Tybalt and Mercutio; two Capulet men-servants and two Montague men-servants; Juliet with the nurse as counsellor, and Romeo with Friar Lawrence. 'In the plays which belong to Shakspere's period of mastership,' Professor Dowden remarks, 'he can dispense with such artifice. In these later plays unity is present through the virtue of one living force which animates the whole. The unity is not merely structural, but vital. And, therefore, the poet has no apprehension that the minor centres of development, in his creation, will suddenly become insubordinate. Assured that the organism is living, he fearlessly lets it develop itself in its proper mode, unicentral (as Macbeth), or multicentral (as King Lear). In the early plays, structure determines function; in the latter plays, organization is preceded by life.' We may supplement this excellent criticism of the structure of the play, by remarking how carefully the author maintains his dramatic impartiality. This quality is one point of distinction between the drama and other poetry. It is extremely noticeable that unless Tybalt and the Nurse be the villains, there are no villains in the play before us. Even Tybalt is insulted by Romeo's presence at the ball, and Tybalt's character for tenderness is vindicated by Juliet's sorrow for his loss. The Nurse is rather an unscrupulous sort of person, but her aim throughout is the good, or what she fancies to be so, of her foster-child. Paris, Romeo's rival, is in every way a most estimable character. He knew nothing of Romeo's love and marriage, and he was fully justified from his point of view in the interference with Romeo that caused his death. It is this impartiality, this balancing between the prudential maxims of the Friar and the headlong love of Romeo, that makes it impossible for us to concede that the play was intended to convey a moral lesson. The Friar's lessons of moderation, upon which the German commentators lay such stress, are finely rebuked by Romeo in the words:

> Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel;
> Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
> An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,
> Doting like me, and like me banished,
> Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair.

If Romeo's view is limited, the Friar, too, only sees from his point of view. It is the author behind them that sees from both. For the fates of the two lovers we have poetic justification in the deception practiced by the one, and in the imprudent haste of the other. Moreover, though their fate is hard, it is only the realisation of words put into Romeo's own mouth.

> Come what sorrow can,
> It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,
> That one short minute gives me in her sight;
> Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
> Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
> It is enough I may but call her mine.

We may remark too the constant tokens of coming trouble that are scattered through the play. Before going to the ball, Romeo mentions that he has had a dream and his mind misgives him (I. 4); Juliet at their parting sees him 'as one dead in the bottom of a tomb' (III. 5). While at Mantua, Romeo dreams that his lady came and found him dead (V. I), and as Friar Lawrence passes through the churchyard, his feet often stumble over the graves (V. 3). These points should be noticed as marking the tone of Shakespeare's mind, and the supernatural ideas of the period. In other plays, as in Macbeth (Act II, sec. 3), external nature is made to sympathise with the events transpiring in the world of man. These presentiments and correspondences may seem unscientific to those who regard man and nature from the point of view of the nineteenth century. In Shakespeare's day, 'the world, with the human race, who were the masters of it, was a thing of vast magnitude—the centre of the whole creation. The mind had no larger conceptions that were vivid enough to dwarf it.'* But now all this is changed. Instead of the sun and moon existing to give light to the world, and the world but as the home of man, we have presented to our view the unchanging reign of law to which man and the whole universe are alike subject. From our point of view, it is much truer to say that man is dependent upon nature, than that nature is the servant of man. But it was the contemplation of a different ordering of the world that gave colour and richness to the dramatist's imagination in the age of Elizabeth. Witches still held their revels upon the 'blasted' heaths, and fairies danced in the depths of the forest. The ghosts of murdered men reappeared, and the heroism of Joan of Arc was believed to be due to her illicit dealings with the powers of evil.

* cf. Mallock's 'Is Life Worth Living?'

I have mentioned before the strong contrast that this play presents to Hamlet. I cannot bring this better before you than in the words of Professor Dowden :—'Romeo and Juliet is steeped in passion; Hamlet is steeped in meditation. Contrast the hero of the one play, the man of the South, with the chief figure of the other, the Teuton, the man of the North. Contrast Hamlet's friend and comforter, Horatio, possessed of great strength, self-government, and balance of character, with Romeo's friend, Mercutio, all brilliance, intellect, wit, and effervescent animal spirits. Contrast the gay festival in Capulet's house with the brutal drinking of the Danish king and courtiers. Contrast the moonlit night in the garden, while the nightingale's song is panting forth from the pomegranate tree, with the silence, the nipping and eager air of the platform of Elsinore, the beetling height to seaward, and the form of terror which stalked before the sentinels. Contrast the perfect love of Juliet and her Romeo, with the piteous foiled desire for love in Hamlet and Ophelia. Contrast the passionate seizure upon death, as her immediate and highest need, of the Italian wife, with the misadventure of the crazed Ophelia, so pitiful, so accidental, so un-heroic, ending in "muddy death.'" Professor Dowden believes that in writing his second tragedy directly after his first, Shakespeare determined to break away from it entirely, to try his powers by a strong contrast. He has succeeded in doing so completely.

After all, the most important side of Shakespeare's plays is the development of character, and the knowledge they show of life. He has taught us to expect this in them by putting into Hamlet's mouth the following words, defining the purpose of playing: 'whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and

pressure.' As to the characters of Romeo and Juliet, there is very little room for difference of opinion. The two lovers represent the impetuosity of youthful passion, and in either case the effect of love and its attendant troubles upon them, is to bring them to early maturity of will and individuality. The development is, I believe, gradual in both cases, and I can hardly assent to Professor Dowden's view, that while Romeo develops by degrees the woman Juliet is suddenly created. Though Juliet, it is true, sees by herself what it requires the wisdom of the Friar to tell Romeo, the reason is obvious: Romeo himself has slain Tybalt, and the guilt comes home to him with more overwhelming force than it does to Juliet, who views the action with other eyes. To a great extent the two characters, move on parallel lines. Both give emphatic expression to what Coleridge has finely called 'the atheism of love.' Juliet bids Romeo—

> Swear by thy gracious self,
> Which is the god of my idolatry
> And I'll believe thee,

and Romeo says of his banishment:

> 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
> Where Juliet lives.

Both compare the object of their love to stars, Romeo thus—

> Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens,
> Having some business, do entreat her eyes
> To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

and Juliet with more passion,

> When he shall die,
> Take him and cut him out in little stars,
> And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
> That all the world will be in love with night.

and when Romeo thinks he sees Juliet dead in her tomb, he exclaims that,

> 'Her beauty makes
> This vault a feasting presence full of light.'

Yet Shakespeare emphasises the difference between the man and the woman; Romeo is surrounded by his friends, Mercutio and Benvolio; Juliet by her family. Hence the fact that the Capulets are brought into much greater prominence in the play than the Montagues. Juliet's character is, on the whole, one of greater simplicity than Romeo's. She is thrilled through and through with passion, and this supplies her with imagination. She is not an intellectual character like Rosalind, in 'As You Like It.' On the other hand, she has not the pure simplicity of Miranda, or the yielding softness of Ophelia. Hallam denies her a place among Shakespeare's great characters, calling her 'a child, whose intoxication in loving and being loved whirls away her reason.' A child, of course, she is, yet she rises into a woman in the later scenes.

Maginn, in his 'Shakespeare Papers,' calls Romeo 'the gentleman, *the* unlucky man of Shakespeare,' and contracts him with Bottom, 'the blockhead, *the* lucky man.' He is always acting for the best, and always going wrong. He feels no interest in the enmity between the houses, and had singled out his first love from among the Capulets, yet by the spite of fortune he is dragged into the quarrel and kills Tybalt and Paris. Overhaste and impetuosity is the cause of all his misfortunes, and though he wins golden opinions from everybody, even from his hereditary foe, Capulet, his life is a failure and, like Mary Stuart in history, he brings trouble to all whom he loves. As a man, his character stands in marked contrast with two of Shakespeare's greatest creations, Henry V. and Hamlet. 'He lives and moves,' writes Dowden, 'and has his being neither heroically in the objective world of action, like Henry V., nor in the world of mind like Hamlet; all the more he lives, moves, and has his being in the world of mere emotion. To him emotion which enriches and exalts itself with imagination, emotion apart from thought, and apart from action, is an end in itself.' His utterances have a sensuousness about them that is characteristic, *e.g.*—

> How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
> Like softest music to attending ears.

Again—

> Jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

'We have an interval,' writes Mr. Pater, in his Studies in the History of the Renaissance, 'and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expending that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible in the given time. High passions give one this quickened sense of life—' Romeo is one of these, and, after indulging in a passion for an ideal love, he throws himself unhesitatingly at Juliet's feet, and lavishes upon her the wealth of amatory conceits that he had studied for Rosaline. Verily Juliet may tell him that he kisses by the book. Yet the difference between the real and the ideal passion is clearly marked. When dwelling on the thoughts of Rosaline, he thus expresses himself—

> I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
> To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
> I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
> Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

But to Juliet, he says—

> With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls.

The character of Mercutio has found one impugner and many defenders. Gervinus calls him 'a man without culture, coarse, rude, and ugly.' If he had been only this, he would not have been Romeo's friend. It has been supposed that Shakespeare acted this part himself. It is hardly in the same *rôle* as the Ghost in Hamlet and Richard II., his acknowledged parts. Yet to Shakespeare we may apply, and perhaps, too, to Mercutio, the words Don Pedro uses of Benedick—'the man doth fear God, howsoever, it seems not in him by some large jests he will make.' It was friendship for Romeo that brought him to Capulet's feast in a visor, though he was one of the invited guests, and the same friendship, for he was no Montague, but a kinsman of Escalus, that caused him to fall a victim to the sword of Tybalt. It is sometimes said that this character is wholly Shakespeare's own. This is true in the main, yet the hint for it comes from Brooke's poem (lines 251–262). He is describing Juliet at Capulet's feast—

> At the one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
> And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio—
> A courtier that eachwhere was highly had in price,
> For he was courteous of his speech and pleasant of device.
> Even as a lion would among lambs be bold,
> Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.
> With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand;
> A gift he had that nature gave him in his swathing band,
> That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
> As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold.

I will conclude by a few illustrations that have struck me of separate lines in the play. In Act I, scene i., occurs a line that has hardly received adequate explanation. Romeo says:

> Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
> *Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!*

This is the reading of the second Quarto and of the Folio. The preceding couplet from Benvolio,

> Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,
> Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

precludes the alternative of the first Quarto;

> Should without *laws give* pathway to *our* will!

Just as in Benvolio's speech an antethesis is intended between gentle and rough love, so in Romeo's answering conceit the antithesis must be between love blind and love that sees. We may compare with this a line from 'The Cuckow and the Nightingale,' a poem once attributed to Chaucer—

> Thou Nightingale, he said, be stille!
> For Love hath no reason but hys wille.

This is the general sentiment—love is blind, but as wilful as though he had eyes. But perhaps Shakespeare may have meant to give it a peculiar appli-

cation to Rosaline, bearing in mind the lines that occur in Brooke's Romeus and Juliet (81-4), on which his poem is founded.

Which way she seeks to go, the same I seek to run:
But she the path, wherein I tread, with speedy flight doth shun.
I cannot live, except that near her I be:
She is aye best content when she is furthest off from me.

Possibly, therefore, Shakespeare's meaning may be, 'though love (the passion) is blind, my love wills to take her own path.' This may be a little far-fetched, but then such conceits necessarily are so.

At the beginning of the second Act Romeo says before he leaps the wall to bring him to Juliet—

Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

If we compare this with Capulet's previous words about Juliet—

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful *lady of my earth*—

we can understand that the earth is meant for the human frame, the heart, the centre, in both cases is with Juliet.

Lastly, as to the chief crux of the play, the 'run-awayes eyes' of the Quartos and Folios, the balance of evidence seems clearly to be in favour of Cupid as the 'Runaway.' To omit evidence which has been frequently adduced—it is true that Spenser's 'Epithalamium,' which appeared in 1595 makes no mention of Cupid, though it contains a passage which seems clearly to have been in Shakespeare's mind:

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,
That long day's labour dost a last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye,
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me:
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy.

This passage, it is true, is in favour of 'runawayes' as 'runaways' (*i.e.* 'runagates'). On the other hand, Cupid or Love is brought prominently forward in the prayer of Troylus in Chaucer's Troylus and Cryseyde.

Thane seide he thus:—O Love! O Charite!
Thi modir eke, Sitheres the swete,
After thi silf, next heried* be siche,
Venus mene I, the welewally planete!
And next that, Ymeneus, I the grete!
For never was man to you, goddis, yhold
As I, which ye have brought from cares coolde.

This prayer not only tells strongly in favour of Cupid, but makes the general view of the passage, as an 'Epithalamium,' more likely. I may add to this other items of evidence. Juliet herself talks of the 'wind-swift Cupid,' and he is more constantly mentioned in the play than Venus the other divinity of Love. Again, Mercutio calls out to Romeo—

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One *nickname* for her purblind son and heir.

The Runaway was one of Cupid's nicknames. Besides this, the idea of not being watched and spoken of, which is prominent in Spenser, occurs in the next line of the passage in Shakespeare. If again we turn to Brooke, we find further confirmation of what seems to me a certain explanation. At line 779, after the consummation of the marriage,—

They kiss, and then part to their fathers' house:
The joyful bride unto her home, to his eke goeth the spouse,
Contented both, and yet both uncontented still,
Till night and Venus' child gives leave the wedding to fulfill.

What more can be required? Night and Cupid are joined together in Juliet's beautiful soliloquy which is the expression of the feelings attributed to her in Brooke's lines.

* *i.e.*, worshipped, praised.

A MOOD.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, MONTREAL.

AS some great cloud upon a mountain's breast,
Hanging forever, shutteth out the sun,
Its chilly fingers twining in the trees
And blighting them, so ever some dark thought
Broods o'er my life and makes my spirit droop
Beneath its baleful shade. A demon form
Is ever at my side, whose icy touch
Freezes my warmest thoughts and makes them hang
Like dull, cold icicles about my heart.
I feel his presence 'mong my fellow men;
I see his image in the restless sea
That gnaws the land; and on the mountain top,
Where everything is still, amid the rocks
Worn bald by fleeting years, I hear his tread.
I see his footsteps in the lonely wild,
Where forests ever spring and ever die;
But most of all, I feel him near at night,
When all the world is shrouded in the gloom
Of dreamful sleep,—so like his brother death,
I see his eyeballs on the glittering sky,
I hear his laughter ringing from the stars,
That look at me and say, 'O helpless worm,
Upon a world of worms, dost thou not know
The dust thou treadest in was once like thee,
And laughed its laugh, and had its time to weep,
And now lies helpless, trampled on, forgot,
Scattered upon thy tiny globe which hangs
Chained to the sun in black infinity?
That thou—thou too,—must soon be dust again,
Forgotten, helpless, trampled on, by those
That shall come after thee?'

I even hear
His voice amid the laughter of my friends,
Harsh, taunting me with death, and dreams of death.
And when I gaze in rapture on the face
Of whom I love he casts a hideous light,
That lets me see, behind the sweet, warm flesh,
The lightless skull, and o'er the rounded form
The gloom of death, aye dark and darker growing
Until the life-light melts into the night.

O would that I could break the cursèd chain
That binds this monster to me, for my life
Is like some gloomy valley that lies chill
Beneath a frowning precipice. And yet
The thread of gloom is woven in my being
And I am loth to rend it, for my thoughts
Have long been shaded by it. Ever since
I first could play I used to watch the boys,
So joyous in their sports, and saw them men,
Grown chilly-hearted in a chilly world,
Grown weary with the burden of their life,
All-restless, seeking rest yet finding change,
And then I saw the gloomy shadows lower
Upon the evening of their life, and then
They merged into the dark and all was still—
Dust under dust, forgotten by the world
In ugly loathsomeness.

The demon still
Was at my side in after years, and threw
A shade on every friendship, as a cloud
Floats past the sun and dims the flowering fields.

Oft have I wondered at the woodland stream
That dances on, thro' dappled-lighted woods,
O'er mossy pebbles glinting in the sun
Like eyes of merry children round the fire,
And never seems to think that it must thread
The misty fen, where every flower grows rank
Amid the lazy ooze, and sink at last
Beneath the boundless sea. Oh happy they
Who thus go laughing on from year to year,
And never know the mystery of being,
And never start and shudder at the dream
That they and all mankind are dreaming—Life,
And strive to wake but fall back helplessly ;
Who fancy sunlight, when the sky is dark,
And never know that time, like India's snake,
Enwraps us with his gaudy-coloured folds
Of changing seasons, till his dread embrace
Has crushed out life ; who live and laugh and weep
And tread the dust of myriads under foot,
And see men die around them, yet whose life,
The demon form that stalks beside my path,
The consciousness of never-ending change,
Has never darkened, as it has mine own,
Beneath the shadow of the wing of Death.

THE CURE OF MORAL INSANITY.

BY 'J. L. F.'

THERE is still, it is to be feared, an unnatural laziness within humanity, which prompts us to depend upon anything to rid us of sins and evils, rather than upon our God-given power to compel ourselves to resist evil. Even in this advanced, and somewhat proud age, there is a tendency to hope, if not to admit, that legal compulsion, legal penalty, and parliamentary enactments are possible means to the instilling of virtue—can force the will of man to do good and not evil—can create not only a semblance of morality, but the very thing itself.

To explode this error is not a useless enterprise, for it rests—a dead weight mountain of falsity—upon the hearts and minds of humanity, crushing the truly human life of brotherly-love out of all our social arrangements. It is a hideous nightmare oppressing the free play of our thought-breath, a dire miasma clutching with chill hand at every pulse-throb of the heart. Our criminal laws and methods of punishment are filled with it. Our theological schools and sectarian systems are fed upon it. It springs into being afresh in almost every criminal prosecution. It is heard in threats of vengeance, ostensibly from the Almighty Himself, from almost every orthodox pulpit; and what are its effects? What else but to turn the minds and hearts of men not to the avoidance of *evil itself*, so much as to the avoidance of *penalty for evil?*

Yet it is of the very nature or essence of man to long to act in freedom, and himself to compel or impel his own will, thought and action. Such is the 'conatus' or tendency of the life force within him. This fact is universally admitted, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to man's origin and destiny; and it has been the aim of all enlightened men in all the ages not to repress this longing for liberty or to kill it out, but to give it freer and ever freer play, so far as this is possible without so permitting one class or individual to dominate or curtail the liberty of others.

In this age of 'Agnosticism,' in which Herbert Spencer is regarded as a leader of thought by the one party and as a destroyer of all faith and religion by the other, it ought surely to strike both as a somewhat significant fact that Herbert Spencer's central axiom of 'Social Statics,' 'every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man' (Social Statics, p. 121), is but a feeble echo of our Lord's words, 'therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets' (Matthew, vii. 12), and these but an enlargement of those other words of our Lord in Leviticus, xixth chapter, 18th verse, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' It would seem thus that even the, by Orthodoxy, much-defamed Herbert Spencer is in strictest agreement with our Lord, when he so alleges that man can only be truly reformed in freedom, and that compulsory virtue is alike impossible, either in men, women or children. It may be that the poor outcast (?) Herbert Spencer has caught some stray rays from the Sun of Righteousness, which 'Orthodoxy' has neglected to appropriate, or is feeding upon crumbs

from the 'Bread of Life' which 'Orthodoxy' has allowed to be swept away as useless. This is merely a theory, but it has a practical bearing, and surely shows that the Lord provides for the needs of *all*.

But the principle itself, whether we take it in the full and infinitely rich words of our Lord, or in the meagre axiom of Herbert Spencer, has a still more practical bearing. It applies to all men; not even one criminal is shut out; not one ever loses, by any crime, however heinous, his right to be considered a brother and an equal according to Herbert Spencer; such a criminal has still a right to his freedom in so far as he does not infringe the like freedom in others, while our Lord teaches actually that we are to look upon him as our brother, and do all things to him whatsoever we would desire that he should do to us; in fine that he is still our neighbour, and as such we are to love him as ourselves.

Are these the principles upon which our criminal laws are based? Is it not then folly for us to assert that the basis of law in this our land is Christianity? Recent movements in our midst have shown that many, even of our ostensibly Christian leaders, still believe that legal penalty unjustly exercised upon one sex only can stamp out a certain social crime; and have tried, in so far as permitted, to put their theory into practice; some even advocating that the legal enforcement of Sabbath observance comes also within the function of law. These are facts which none can deny. We must therefore charitably conclude, that if these Christian leaders could imagine themselves 'fallen women,' living by the free consent of others to join them in sin, they would desire to have others invade their personal liberty, infringe their rights as citizens, hound them into prisons, sarcastically named reformatories, and even threaten them with the lash, while allowing their voluntary companions in sin to go free. Such treatment, these gentlemen, if put in their place, would hold to be the very best by which to infuse a love of virtue into their hearts and lives.

Similarly in cases of brutal outrage or wife beating, it would be admitted by such Reformers—but hardly by Herbert Spencer—that they, in their place, would be glad to be publicly flogged, and that the infliction of such a penalty would be no interference with their rights as citizens or brethren of mankind, nor would rouse any desire of vengeance upon their torturers, nor set them permanently at war with society. One piece of brutality committed gives the right to commit more brutality, if only it be sanctioned by the majesty of law. This at least would be their opinion in such circumstances. The conclusion is forced upon us by the fact that these gentlemen profess Christianity, and therefore aim at the reformation of their brother and sister, and not at his or her further degradation. It is a little singular and somewhat noteworthy, that our Lord Jehovah Himself did not prescribe or inflict such penalty even upon those 'Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,' whom he so frequently denounced; nor is it even recommended by His distant (?) follower Herbert Spencer. 'Orthodoxy' alone seems still to entertain the belief that penalty, or the fear of it, has any purifying effect upon the *moral* life of the will and thought within man.

Not so very long ago, lunatics were subjected to the lash, and other still more severe, but less degrading forms of torture which were deemed by the combined wisdom of our savants, the only possible methods of cure or restraint. Now, we would not hesitate to pronounce such treatment gratuitous cruelty. When will it be found that similar methods of cure applied to that *moral insanity* of the will and thought which seeks to infringe the liberty of others are equally vain and gratuitously cruel?

The time is not far distant; for juster views of our relations to our fellows

are beginning to prevail. There are pure-hearted, simple souls even amid the fore-ranks of 'Orthodoxy' itself, whose whole hearts cry out against the infliction of arbitrary penalty. These only tolerate it in silence, because their intellectual faculties have been so long and carefully trained to see in such penalty the only method of preserving liberty. They are taught that it is a necessity; but they hate it. For such the clouds of error which have so long obscured the clear shining of the 'Sun of Righteousness' are breaking; the warmth of heart within them is springing up to welcome the new light of truth, that the brotherhood of humanity is not divided into two classes—the criminal and the non-criminal, the 'saved' and the 'unsaved,'—but that each is to some extent the sharer in and the partial cause of the other's guilt. Therefore as one man we must seek cure, not repression, reformation and new life, not penalty. Our laws as framed at present are framed by men only. When Herbert Spencer's view, as to the equal right of woman to the franchise, is carried out into practice, we may probably see law more thoroughly tempered with that justice which is always mercy.

To this end abusive, or what cannot but seem to the victim vengeful, penalties must be wholly abolished. Imprisonment with varied degrees of restriction of liberty, proportioned to the extent to which the criminal has abused his liberty to the injury of others, is the only just and needful penalty. Therefore our gaols should be classified, and our criminal code readjusted, so as to grade crime by the standard of infringement of mutual liberty, and not merely according to the abhorrence of each special kind of evil which society may, at each stage of its progress, choose to entertain or desire to express. For crimes of physical violence or brutal trampling upon the rights and liberties of others, one kind of reformatory or gaol is needed; for subtle thefts, frauds, or seductions by fraud, quite another. The habits, training and acquirements of the criminal, and the class of work to which he has been accustomed, if any, should be considered, although it is a well known fact that the vast majority of our criminals spring from those classes which, unfortunately, have never been enured to any regular form of labour. For these a potent part of the cure will be achieved by remedying this defect. For brutal criminals so sensualized that their passions and appetites have at length sought gratification, even at the cost of brutal violence towards others, the natural remedy is, necessitated obedience to natural laws, so strict that even their hunger for food can only be satisfied through the doing of actual work. This is to respect the *natural* liberty of the captive, by bringing him only under the direct operation of *natural* laws; for if he wills not to work and so use his brute strength in useful service, he is free to starve. Nor need he be deprived of the hope of that reward which should ever follow labour. Every prisoner of whatever rank or class should be charged a certain fixed sum per diem for 'board and lodging,' and whatever more than that he chooses to earn should be his own, stored up for him against his release, or, if he have others dependent on him for support, paid over to them. Still it may be a question whether he should not have the absolute disposal of any surplus he earns, thus preserving to him his personal liberty and personal rights, that he may in freedom be led to know the blessed privilege, the right, the joy of labouring for others, which he can never know if he be compelled to it. The work to which criminals are put should invariably be productive and useful labour, and this for two reasons, viz.: that the prisoner may wake to some interest, other than selfish, in his work, and that it may fit him to be of use and value to society after he is free. This principle is already recognised in most prisons.

Those abortions, the treadmill, the crank, and the carrying of weights from one end of a courtyard to the other, for the sake of carrying them back again, were killed out, finally, by the pen of Charles Reade, the novelist.

Further, it is right and requisite that liberty be gradually regained, as the criminal shows himself fit for it; that he be gradually trusted with more and more of liberty, subject to deprivation if it be abused, till he learn somewhat of the true use of his freedom. It is simply cruel to expect from a man subjected to the most rigorous prison discipline, till the very hour his sentence expires, anything else but a sudden revulsion to his old ways, the moment the strain is taken off. A 'spree,' a fall, and another crime are the all but inevitable result; and then we dub him a hardened criminal, and forget that it is we who have laid upon him suddenly a burden of liberty greater than he could bear.

Such methods of treatment require skilled and highly trained men to carry out successfully—men at least as high in moral and mental worth as any occupant of a pulpit. Who shall say it is a less noble work?

But society has a harder task than this before it. Even after we have thus trained the faculties of the prisoner, gradually initiated him into the use of liberty, and partially fitted him to be a more or less useful member of society, the non-criminal world must not withhold from him the opportunity to exercise his new born powers by meeting him at the threshold of his re-entrance into free life, with distrust and suspicion. Just think of it! Society to day actually doubts and distrusts the *reformation* of a man or woman fresh from a *Reformatory*, which has had him or her in hand for years! What a commentary this is upon our whole reformatory system! Possibly such distrust may not be the fault of our reformatory systems, but inhere rather in that state of heart and mind which leads us to cease to regard the criminal as any longer our fellow-creature—our brother man—and so fails by trust and confidence to beget and foster in him faith or fidelity.

So far only crimes which infringe liberty have been discussed. For these physical restraint is alas! a necessity and a kindness. But there are, unhappily, among us a far larger number of moral and social sins and evils—sins which do not directly, if at all, infringe physical liberty—sins which tempt the will, the affections and the thoughts of others, win their free consent to evil, and so gradually pervert and lead them astray, until, if no check be applied, they break out inevitably into crimes against the law of mutual freedom and proceed not alone by enticement, but by fraud or violence to infringe upon physical freedom. These precede the crimes with whose treatment we have already dealt. Unhesitatingly we assert that such do not come under the province of law. The man who gambles and is fleeced is as devoid of innocent intent as the man who fleeces him. His cupidity was aroused to seek for illegitimate gain from the other. His defeat is his own affair, and it should have no legal remedy. Similarly with the man who is tempted by the courtezan. His free consent is given, and he is equally to blame. Here also a just law which preserves mutual freedom, has no standing ground; although it is equally certain that if such sin be long continued by either sex, it will inevitably lead to crimes which necessitate and justify legal interference. Dishonesty, drunkenness and riot follow its indulgence, and sooner or later cause that interference with the liberty of others which compels legal interference. That for these *moral* crimes, while as yet only moral *i.e.* sins of two wills mutually consenting to deeds which are only an injury to each other, and cannot go further without the free consent of others, there are other moral forces fully competent to control and prevent, if fully and freely exercised.

These are moral weapons, and moral weapons only. Light is the cure for darkness. Good is the antidote to evil. Truth is the best possible preventative of error. Good affections filling the heart and moulding the aims in life leave no room for the entrance of evil. Yet, some there are who hope by calling that a civil crime which infringes no principle of liberty, and treating it as such, to 'stamp out' moral evil: which means simply that by *in*justice we can instil principles of justice, or that by doing evil, good will ensue. To pour light upon these at present dark places of our human nature, is the natural cure for such moral and social evils. They cannot bear the light. They cannot exist in the light. And yet this is precisely the remedy we will not and do not apply. We refuse to educate our youth of either sex on this matter. We withhold from them as impure, alike the light of revealed religion, right reason, and scientific truth; and thus, debarred from all true knowledge, we marvel that so many should annually yield to the tempter; or gratify the natural thirst for hidden lore by appropriating the garbage which those vile enough to trade upon this vacuum of ignorance, we leave unfilled, supply stealthily for their own evil purposes. Never will we cope successfully with this central moral evil until we fearlessly apply the natural remedy—Truth in its purity. Then, and then only, will the spread of 'moral insanity' and its outbreak into legal crimes, be kept in check and gradually overcome. It is a slow process, but a sure one. Aught else will but hinder, instead of affording aid. For blinded justice substitute clear sighted truth; and the path from evil towards good will grow bright before us.

TO THALIARCHUS.

HOR. BOOK I., ODE 9, FIRST THREE VERSES.

BY R. S. KNIGHT, DUNHAM, P.Q.

SEEST thou how Soracte stands all pale
With heavy snow, nor can the loaded trees
Sustain the burden of their wintry mail,
Whilst sharp chills check the rivers, and they freeze.

Dispel the cold, and bountifully throw
The logs, O Thaliarchus, on the hearth,
And let the wine all generously flow,
Full four years stored in jar of Sabine earth.

Leave other matters, let the gods allay
The winds that battle with the boiling deep,
The heavy cypresses no more shall sway,
Nor aged ashes bend with fitful sweep.

LONGFELLOW.

BY REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M. A., OTTAWA.

AT the close of a long, bright, summer's day, who has not watched with subdued feeling, and a tinge of not unpleasant sadness, the sun as he sinks slowly below the western horizon, touching the evening clouds with golden glory, and though out of sight still sending his bright rays upward to the very zenith?

With similar feelings do the lovers of Longfellow and his poetry now contemplate the poet's departure from this earthly scene, where, during the long summer-day of his poetic career, he has gladdened their hearts with his bright shafts of song. In the early morning of his manhood he gave to the world those verses which have become the watchword of noble ambition to many pure and ardent souls:

> Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us,
> Footprints on the sands of time.

He has followed in the path to which he pointed, and has been himself the example of the precepts he inculcated. Fifty years later an old man standing with silvered locks in the vale of years he calls to his companions in age, not to falter in duty because of enfeebled powers.

> But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
> To men grown old or who are growing old?
> It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late
> Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
> —*Morituri Salutamus.*

It is not to be wondered at that a man who throughout his long life acted on this noble motive, with a sincere and earnest desire to benefit mankind, should be honoured while living and lamented when dead.

He has allowed nothing unworthy to come from his pen, nothing but what is pure and good, and beautiful, and true. Not a line that dying he would wish to blot.

Age came kindly upon him, and brought with it honour and respect and troops of friends. Death found him in the bosom of his family, surrounded by those he loved, and assured by many a token that he was leaving the world amidst the homage of the good, and the tears of the grateful. His life had its changes and its sorrows, but withal it is one of the most perfectly rounded lives that we know of among literary men;—a life of almost uninterrupted literary success, one might say, from boyhood to old age.

'Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born February 27th, 1807, died March 24th, 1882,' is the inscription on the coffin so recently borne to Mount Auburn Cemetery. We shall lay our tribute of respect upon the poet's grave by giving in these pages a brief review of the life and work of these years—

> These folios bound and set
> By Time the great transcriber on his shelves.

Portland, Maine, has the honour of being the poet's birthplace, and, on the 27th of February last, showed her appreciation of the honour by a magnificent demonstration in celebration of the poet's seventy-fifth birthday.

In the poem entitled 'My Lost Youth,' we see how his heart turned to the place of his nativity, and that amidst all the experiences of after-life he never forgot that old town by the sea.

Often I think of the beautiful town
  That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
  And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
  Is haunting my memory still:
  'A boy's will is the wind's will,'
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
    thoughts.

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
  And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
  Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
  It murmurs and whispers still:
  'A boy's will is the wind's will,'
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
    thoughts.

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
  Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
  Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
  Sings on, and is never still:
  'A boy's will is the wind's will,'
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
    thoughts.

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
  And with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of days that were
  I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song
  The groves are repeating it still:
  'A boy's will is the wind's will,'
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
    thoughts.

The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a graduate of Harvard College, and a lawyer of considerable ability. His mother was of good Puritan stock, and a lineal descendant of John Alden, who figures as a prominent character in the poem 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' In addition to such favourable home influences, Longfellow, in his early youth, received the best training that the schools of Portland could then afford, so that at the age of fourteen he was prepared to enter college. He was entered as a student of Bowdoin College, of which his father was a trustee, and during his college course had for his classmates and companions such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, G. B. Cheever, John S. Abbott, and Franklin Pierce.

At the recent celebration of the poet's seventy-fifth birthday, the venerable Professor Packard, of Bowdoin, gave some interesting reminiscences of the poet's college days. He says: 'I cannot testify concerning him whose name we, and I may add the civilized world, fondly cherish, any more than a general statement of his unblemished character as a pupil, and a true gentleman in all his relations to the college and its teachers.' He describes him as 'an attractive youth with auburn locks just entering the last half of his fifteenth year, with clear, fresh, blooming complexion, well-bred manners, and sedate bearing.'

Longfellow graduated in 1825, and immediately entered upon the study of law in his father's office. From this, to him somewhat uncongenial occupation, he was speedily relieved by the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater, which he accepted.

There is a Bowdoin tradition, to the effect that, at one of the annual examinations of the College, his translation of an Ode of Horace so impressed the Hon. Benjamin Orr, one of the examiners, by its taste and scholarship, that when the opportunity came he proposed that the Professorship should be offered to the cultured and scholarly young graduate. He did not enter immediately on the duties of his office, but wisely spent the next three years and a half as a travelling-scholar on the continent,—in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. Subsequently, upon his appointment to the Professorship of Belles-lettres in Harvard University, he made a second trip to the continent, for the special purpose of study, and visited Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Tyrol, and Switzerland. It was thus that in their native homes, and amidst their associations, he mastered the languages and literatures of Europe, and fitted himself so thoroughly for the work of teaching and translation. No one can fail to see the advantage of these years of travel and study,

and the determining influence they exercised upon the poet's life and writings. One is also led to conclude, in reviewing these and other important acts in the poet's life, that he was one of those wise men who measure accurately the steps they are about to take, and take them with prudence, energy and firmness. In the discharge of his professional duties at Bowdoin, we are told by Prof. Packard, 'he approved himself a teacher, who never wearied of his work. He won by his gentle grace and commanded respect by his self-respect and loyalty to his office, never allowing an infringement of the decorum of the recitation room.'

In 1835, he succeeded Mr. George Ticknor, the learned author of 'The History of Spanish Literature,' as Professor of Belles-lettres in Harvard College, and continued in that office up to 1854, and, until his death, lived in literary leisure, surrounded by literary society and everything that could gratify cultured feeling and refined taste. The following description of the poet in his study and among his books, recently given by an English visitor, will be interesting to many of our readers :—'At one end of the room stand lofty oaken book-cases, framed in drapery of dark-red cloth. Here and there, on ornamental brackets, are some marble busts, and among them a fine effigy of General Washington. Easy chairs and reading stands are scattered around. In the centre of the room, which is covered with a well-worn Persian carpet, there sits writing at a round table, littered with books and papers, a tall, bony man, apparently about seventy. His long hair and beard are white as snow; but from beneath an ample forehead there gleam a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, from which the fire of youth seemed not to have fled. The poet rises with a grave sweetness to salute his visitors.'

He was constantly receiving grateful tokens of appreciation both from old and young, from the learned and the unlearned, from fellow-citizens and from foreigners. The great seats of learning also were not forgetful of his merits. From Harvard he received the honorary degree of LL.D., and both Oxford and Cambridge recognised his worth and his fame by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L.

For the last forty-five years of his life he lived in the old historic mansion, Craigie House, Cambridge, to which he came as a lodger, in 1837, and of which he became owner in 1843. This house has a history and historic associations, and we know from his own verses how much these added to its value in the poet's eyes—

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open door
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

This house, after the battle of Bunker's Hill, was given to General Washington as his headquarters, and Longfellow prized the privilege he enjoyed of occupying the General's own room—

Once, ah once, within these walls
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his country dwelt.

Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

This house, which had once been the scene of dignified aristocratic English life—the scene of sumptuous feastings of men and fair women, the scene of grave consultations of brave and earnest men in the great crisis-hour of their national history, was a fit residence for the great American poet, and here it was that he heard, in his reveries, 'Voices of the Night,' and the footsteps of angels, and from this place he continued, until his death, to send forth his pure, sweet, melodious songs so gladly welcomed in the homes of his own and other lands.

Longfellow, in his poetry, takes us into his home, introduces us to his friends, and allows us to sympathize with himself in his joys and sorrows. The lights and shades of his own home, thrown upon his verses, make them so precious in the homes of others. Those short poems, into which he has so delicately woven his own fireside experiences, have come to the firesides of others as very angels of mercy to soothe, to teach, and to purify. A 'poet of the affections,' 'a poet of the fireside,' 'a poet for women and children,' call him what you will, there are thousands upon thousands of hearts on both sides of the Atlantic in which dwell love and gratitude for the poet, whose sympathetic lines have touched them in such poems as 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' 'Resignation,' 'The Two Angels,' 'The Children's Hour,' and other household favourites.

In 1831, he married Miss Potter, a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, but his happiness was not of long continuation. During his second sojourn on the Continent, in 1835, she died suddenly at Rotterdam. In the 'Footsteps of Angels,' he makes the well-known, most touching allusion to his sorrow—

> Then the forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door;
> The beloved, the true-hearted,
> Come to visit me once more.
>
> And with them the Being Beauteous,
> Who unto my youth was given,
> More than all things else to love me,
> And is now a saint in heaven.
>
> With a slow and noiseless footstep
> Comes that messenger divine,
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine.
>
> And she sits and gazes at me,
> With those deep and tender eyes,
> Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
> Looking downward from the skies.

His second wife, Miss Appleton, who has been by some identified with Mary Ashburton, the 'Sweet-voiced dark Ladie,' the heroine of Hyperion, was taken from his side by a sad calamity—her dress caught fire whilst amusing her children, and she was burned so severely that death ensued. These and other domestic sorrows enabled him to speak to the bruised in spirit so that of him, as of every true poet, we know that—

> He learned in sorrow what he taught in song.

Longfellow began to write very early in life. We may not say that 'he lisped in numbers,' but we know that in his 'teens' he successfully wooed the poetic muse. There are still retained in his published works seven pieces written before he was nineteen. These are, 'An April Day,' 'Autumn,' 'Woods in Winter,' 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem,' 'Sunrise on the Hills,' 'The Spirit of Poetry,' and 'Burial of the Minnisink.'

He also, at this early age, contributed articles to the *North American Review.* In 1833 he published a translation of the celebrated Spanish poem of 'Don Gorge Manrique,' on the death of his son. In 1835, 'Outre Mer,' a series of prose sketches, giving impressions of his first Continental journey. In 1839 appeared 'Hyperion,' a prose romance. Here I may be permitted to state that Longfellow's prose works, though their fame has been overshadowed by his poetry, are eminently worthy of their author. 'Hyperion' will well repay more than one perusal. It is pervaded throughout with the experiences of life, and is a combination of poetry, philosophy, and romance rarely to be met with in any work.

In 1840, he published his first collection of poems, under the title of 'Voices of the Night.' In 1841 appeared 'Ballads and other Poems;' 1842, 'The Spanish Student,' and 'Poems on Slavery;' 1845, 'Poets and Poetry of Europe;' 1846, 'The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems;' 1848, 'Evangeline;' 1849, 'Kavan-

agh;' 1850, 'The Seaside and the Fireside;' 1851, 'The Golden Legend;' 1855, 'The Song of Hiawatha;' 1858, 'The Courtship of Miles Standish;' 1863, 'Tales of a Wayside Inn;' 1867, translation of 'Dante's Divina Commedia;' 1868, 'The New England Tragedies;' 1872, 'The Divine Tragedy,' also, 'Three Books of Song,' continuation of 'Tales of a Wayside Inn;' 1873, 'Aftermath;' 1874, 'The Hanging of the Crane;' 1875, 'Morituri Salutamus;' 1878, 'Keramos.' He also sent forth, from time to time, small collections of poems, which he called 'Birds of Passage,' of which we have five flights.

His latest published poem, 'Hermes Trismegistus,' is in a recent number of the *Century Magazine*, and we have been told to expect the last song from his pen in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Thus consistently did the poet illustrate his own adage:

> Age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself.

The poems of Longfellow may for convenience be classified under the heads, (1) Poems of an Epic nature, such as 'Evangeline,' 'Hiawatha,' 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' (2) Dramatic, (3) Lyrics, (4) Translations.

Of the first class, that which is most widely known, and perhaps most highly appreciated, is 'Evangeline.' It is undoubtedly one of the very best poems of the affections ever written. If pathetic force, beautiful description, faultless language, and sustained and simple narrative can give endurance to any work, 'Evangeline' will not die. I believe that as long as English is read and there are hearts that respond to the deep pathos of love, the poet can call for his audience.

> Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
> Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
> List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
> List to the tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.

There may be faults pointed out in the plot of the story. There may be those who are not satisfied with the metre, but no sensitive heart can read 'Evangeline' without tears, or is likely to forget the sad story of love's long, fruitless search:

> The hope, the fear, and the sorrows,
> All the aching heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
> All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.

It is not too much to say that the gigantic force and unwearying devotion of true love have seldom if ever been better illustrated.

As a poem, 'Evangeline' is one of sustained interest throughout. Its characters are distinct and truly developed. It is like a beautiful bracelet artistically clasped. Let any one read the poem continuously through, and taking special note of the references in the opening and closing lines, and he will feel the truth of this comparison.

'Evangeline' abounds in beautiful descriptions,—descriptions that could only have been written by a loving observer of Nature, and one thoroughly alive to the forms and suggestings of her beauty. We are not afraid of offending our readers by referring them for an example of this, to the oft-quoted, much admired description of an evening scene on the Mississippi.

> Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon,
> Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
> Twinkling vapours arose; and sky and water and forest
> Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
> Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
> Floated the boat, with its dripping oars on the motionless water
> Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
> Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and the waters around her.
Then from neighbouring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on the willow-spray that hung o'er the water
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen,
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;
Till having gathered them all he flung them abroad in derision
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in crystal shower on the branches.

This passage will also serve to illustrate the marvellous command which Longfellow had over words and metres, whereby he was enabled to make the Hexameter in English smooth and harmonious, so that his narrative flows along in it with steady musical rhythm.

Although the fame of Longfellow is more popularly associated with 'Evangeline,' than with any other of his longer poems, there are not wanting those who express their preference for 'Hiawatha.' Its peculiar metre was adopted from the 'Kalevala,' the great Epic of the Finns, a circumstance which gave rise to an absurd charge of plagiarism from that poem. It is a metre whose flow and resonance are easily caught, and it has therefore been the subject of innumerable parodies and not a little merry-making on the part of some critics. Longfellow has made it do good service in stringing together the interesting legends and myths of the aborigines of this continent. It was a happy thought that prompted the poet to write this 'Indian Edda,' as he himself calls it. His love for legendary lore naturally led him to the subject, and he has accomplished his task with great care and study. It is a grace to the Red Man, and will undoubtedly remain a permanent work in literature and history. There will always be a strange fascination about the poem. The natural and supernatural are made to mingle and blend so strikingly in it, the myths and traditions are so interesting and fanciful, and so many beautiful thoughts and felicitous expressions meet the eye on every page, that the popularity it has attained is not to be wondered at. Many apt quotations have been culled from it to grace and enforce the arguments of the writer or orator, and surely no reader of poetry would like to miss such pictures as are given us in 'Hiawatha's Wooing,' and 'The Death of Minnehaha."

In the Shakesperian sense, Longfellow is not a dramatist ; but he has written dramas which are poems full of life and power. We need not expect to see them brought out on the stage with scenic and histrionic effect, but as embodying truth in human personalities which make a deep impression upon the imagination and heart of the reader, they are in every way worthy of his genius.

In the 'Spanish Student' there are scenes of rare beauty and power. The 'Golden Legend' has by some been considered the poet's most finished work, and has been awarded high praise from the most competent critics. John Ruskin gives it as his opinion that, 'Longfellow, in the "Golden Legend," has entered more closely into the temper of the monk for good and evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labour to the analysis of it.' Another critic has expressed the opinion, 'that there is nearly as much fine poetry in the "Golden Legend" as in the celebrated Drama of Goethe ;' and calls Elsie as 'beautiful a character as was ever formed in the mind of a poet.' Setting aside the somewhat hackneyed machinery of the poem, and allowing our minds to dwell on its characters, lessons, and beauty of thought and language, we will not fail to reciprocate the warmest

words of praise spoken by its friendly critics.

In 1873 'The Divine Tragedy,' 'The Golden Legend,' and 'The New England Tragedies' with 'Introitus' and 'Interludes' were brought together by the poet as having in them a certain unity of thought or theme. They may be looked upon as representing three phases of religious life. The 'Divine Tragedy' is an almost literal and thoroughly reverent rendering into verse of the main facts and teachings of the Gospel narrative. It therefore represents the Christian religion as exhibited in the person and teachings of Christ himself. 'The Golden Legend' is a picture of the Christian religion during the darkness and superstition of the monkish and and mediæval period. In 'The New England Tragedies' are brought before us the intolerance, the superstitions, and the mistakes, which marred the Christian religion as exhibited in early New England Puritan life.

Only the dull heart and blinded conscience will fail to learn lessons of truth and charity from this great work of poetic art. It will, I think, not be denied that, however much Longfellow's longer poems may be read and admired, and however enduring a foundation they may lay for his fame in the future, his shorter lyrical poems are those by which he is most widely known, and those that have gathered around him the greatest host of admirers and friends. These have come into the homes and hearts of the people. They have been treasured in scrap-books and copied into albums. They are to be found in every reading book and collection of poetic gems. They are recited by the school-boy and quoted by the senator and the divine. They have been embellished with choicest engravings, and wedded to sweet music, sent singing down the ages. They have given inspiration to many a noble ambition, courage in many an hour of conflict, and have dropped like healing balm on many a crushed and sorrowing heart.

The 'Psalm of Life' has not yet lost its popularity or its power. Nor will it, for this simple reason, that it contains a truth common and universal set in most musical numbers and pervaded by the subtle, indescribable essence of poetry. Its *réveillé* will be heard by the heart of youth and age alike

> In the world's broad field of battle
>   In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb driven cattle,
>   Be a hero in the strife.

Its trumpet call will be responded to by every true heart that makes life real and earnest :

> Act, act in the living present
> Heart within and God o'erhead.

The 'Village Blacksmith' is a portrayal of the same earnest side of life.

> Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing
>   Onward through life he goes ;
> Each morning sees some task begin,
>   Each evening sees its close ;
> Something attempted, something done
>   Has earned a night's repose.

A similar chord is struck in 'The Light of Stars.'

> The star of the unconquered will,
>   He rises in my breast,
> Serene, and resolute and still,
>   And calm and self-possessed.

And again we find the same recurring strain—an inspiration to noble ambition and action—in 'The Ladder of St. Augustine.'

> The heights by great men reached and kept
>   Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
>   Were toiling upward in the night.

There is nothing of the comic element in Longfellow's lyrics. He does not seek to provoke our laughter. Even the joyous, buoyant, soaring strain is wanting. What is pure and bright and sweet and happy in social and domestic life has a charm for him and we cannot fail to see his gladness at it. We believe, however, he could more deeply weep with those who weep

than rejoice with those who do rejoice. The sorrows of life—the solemn realities of death and the grave, have called forth his truest, most sympathetic and oft-quoted lines. Many a mourning mother has read in tears 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' and the bow of hope has shone upon her tears as she read :

> Though the breath of these flowers are sweet to me
> I will give them all back again.
>
> And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
> The flowers she most did love ;
> She knew she would find them all again
> In the fields of light above.

The poems 'Resignation,' and 'The Two Angels' are full of comforting thoughts for the sorrowing, and everyone will recognise the utterance of a full heart in the short poem 'Suspiria.'

> Take them, O Death, and bear away
> Whatever thou canst call thine own, &c.

'The Skeleton in Armour' and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' have in them the genuine ring of the old ballad, and show how easy it was for Longfellow, with his tuneful ear, to catch the tone and spirit of that species of lyric.

It would have been a delightful task to point out the many poetic beauties and wholesome life-lessons contained in these lyric gems, but we must be satisfied to name with honour those that please us most. The poem entitled 'Maidenhood' appears to us perfect both in thought and form. 'The Slave's Dream' has not lost its pathetic power, although the curse against which it was directed has been banished from our continent. 'Excelsior' still rings in clarion tones the fate of poetic and all other ambitions. In the 'Arsenal at Springfield,' the poet raises a voice, sweet-toned indeed, but powerful, against the horrid inhumanities of war. People do not seem to tire of 'The Bridge' and its much sung music. What household treasure his poems on children and childhood have become ? 'The Golden Milestone,' 'Haunted Houses,' 'Footsteps of Angels,' and many such poems have found, and will continue to find, a ready response from hearts that can lay claim to even the least poetic sensibility. There is a richness of feeling about his later poems, all tinged as they are with the musings of one who is looking back through the changes, ambitions, and friendships of a long life time. We would not willingly miss the sweetly-sad and salutary lessons of 'Morituri Salutamus,' or the picture of wedded life given in 'The Hanging of the Crane,' or the pleasing effects of 'The Masque of Pandora,' and 'Keramos.' 'The Tales of a Wayside Inn,' some of which are poems of great intrinsic beauty, and the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' deserve from our hands a more extended notice; but the object of this article is to bring before the reader the man and the poet, referring only to such of his works as will best serve to illustrate his genius in the varied fields of poetic composition he has chosen for its exercise. One other department, in which Longfellow shines pre-eminent, remains to be noticed. He has been one of the most successful of translators. Out of many languages, and in many varieties of poetry from the short 'Jeu d'esprit,' to the long Epic, the 'Divina Commedia, he has rendered the choice pieces of continental literature into his own tongue. He attempted much in this direction and accomplished well all that he attempted. Every lover of literature must feel a debt of gratitude to the man whose careful study, fine taste, and poetic genius have unlocked from their caskets, and spread before our view so many beautiful and precious jewels of song. A very competent critic has said that 'poetry is of so subtle a spirit that pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate.' It is, I think, admitted by all who are competent to judge, by acquaintance with the originals, that Longfellow has overcome the difficulties and accomplished the task of preserving the very essence of poetry in

transferring the thoughts conceived in one language into another.

Longfellow has stood the test both of literary criticism and of popular feeling, and his place of honour has been adjudged to him. On both sides of the Atlantic he has been for years the object of reverence and admiration, and we are told that he is even more universally a favourite in England than in his own country. He has, so to speak, 'reached his pedestal, has begun to stand idealized before the public, and invested with a halo like the figures of the saints in the paintings of the old masters, while his best works are becoming set like gems in the memories of men.' From the very outset of his career he was received into public favour. His fate has not been like that of some of the best and truest of our poets, in their own generation—

> Hiding from many a careless eye
> The scorned load of agony,

unknown, unappreciated, and at last sinking into the grave through sheer penury and brokenness of heart. His life, on the contrary, has been one of culture, and comfort, of steady, well-deserved success, and of hearty and grateful appreciation from his fellow-men. We will bring this article to a close by including some of the qualities of the man and the poet which have contributed to this success.

In no small degree the success of his literary career seems due to the fact, that he, at an early date in his life, became conscious of what he could do ; he knew his power and limitations, and therefore has not wasted his time and strength on what he could not perform. No critic could say of him he attempted great things and failed. Originality has been denied him, but is it not a proof of originality and innate power and independence of mind, that in spite of the constant study of other languages and the mass of his acquired legendary and poetic lore, in spite of the fact that he spent much time in translations, everything that has come from his pen is stamped with his own marked individuality? No one will pretend to claim for him great creative genius, nor will we find in him those brilliant flashes of genius whereby a single line or sentence is made to light up the whole intellectual sky. We are not wrought upon by any marked poetic frenzy. There are depths of feeling he does not reach, and ranges of experience he has not illuminated. He is not Shakespeare, he is not Byron, he is not Browning, he is not Tennyson ; but he has his own peculiar poetic gift and is himself throughout.

Another marked feature of his poetry, and one worthy of all praise, is his clearness of thought and expression. He does not give his readers poetical knots and riddles to unravel. He does not ask us to discern the poetic fire by the quantity of smoke but by the clearness of the flame. He is everywhere clear and luminous, giving expression to his thoughts in language well nigh faultless and easily understood, so that the impression of each poem is left in all its sweetness and clearness as the possession of any one who will read with a fair amount of care and interest. There are some strong passages and expressions in Longfellow's writings, but he evidently disliked all that was jarring and violent. On the other hand, he had a strong affinity for everything that was beautiful and attractive in nature, in home and social life, in thought and feeling. An atmosphere of beauty pervades all his poetry, giving, like sunshine, a new charm to life's landscapes, and lending an ideal attractiveness to what was before but commonplace.

With his affinity for all that was beautiful we associate his affinity for all that was pure and good. There was an earnest moral purpose at the centre of his life and life work. It is the function of the poet to fill the imagination with beautiful conceptions,

and to touch the deep fountains of emotion but it should be his highest aim to send the shafts of truth, tipped with flame, into the hearts of men to kindle in them the love of Truth, and the life of Truth. Longfellow's desire to make men truer, happier, and better shines conspicuously in all his works. One critic, Edgar Allan Poe, has even made this a ground of censure, and ill-naturedly calls him not a poet but a preacher. As if a poet should not teach and preach! No one surely living a pure and holy life, and desiring to see his fellow-men made holier and happier, will quarrel with the moral lessons of labour, trust and love which Longfellow has involved in his poems, and which to many of his readers, is one of their strongest recommendations.

One more quality belonging to the poet and pervading his poems we must notice, and one without which no man can win and hold the popular heart. It is the quality of humanity. Mankind are like the poet's 'Village Blacksmith,' ever 'toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing.' The poet who is to be received and crowned by human hearts must come to them as such with power to see, to sympathize, and to soothe; must stand in their midst, and interpret and give expression to their feelings; must lift the burden of care from their hearts, by throwing the spell of his idealization over the chequered and changeful scene of pain and grief, and joy and sorrow.

Longfellow has done this, and therefore his poems are in the true sense of that term popular. The memories and sympathies, and sensibilities, of mankind, have found expression in his words.

In the 'Prelude' to the 'Voices of the Night,' the poet tells us that his poetic inspirations were Nature, Legend, and Life; how the visions of childhood would not stay, but must give place to other and higher themes. He heard the voice saying:

> Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
> Yes, into Life's deep stream,
> All forms of sorrow and delight,
> All solemn Voices of the Night,
> That can soothe thee, or affright,—
> Be these henceforth thy theme.

And he did look into his heart and wrote what he saw and felt there.

He is gone. 'A simple life has uttered itself in song. Men listened and rejoiced and loved, and now they mourn.' America has lost her gifted singer 'The poet of America,' yet cosmopolitan, and American in a real sense because cosmopolitan. We have not dealt in this paper in negative criticisms. Our aim has been to present a picture of the life and genius of the man. We have not indulged in speculations, as to what posterity may do with his fame or striven by nicely regulated standards to determine his precise place among the brotherhood of poets. Of one thing we feel sure, whatever rank may be assigned him, that no poet has left this world more richly crowned with the grateful blessing of the pure and good, and none of this generation would, if called away, leave a 'vacant chair' in so many households. To himself we can now apply the simile in which he so beautifully refers to the influence of his great friend, Charles Sumner—

> Were a star quenched on high,
> For ages would its light,
> Still travelling downward from the sky,
> Shine on our mortal sight.
>
> So when a great man dies,
> For years beyond our ken
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men.

His volumes cannot miss the place of honour his kindly ambition desired for them in the goodly company of

> The pleasant books that silently among
> Our household treasures take familiar places,
> And are to us as if a living tongue
> Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces;

And most cordial hospitality will be the response of those who love what is pure, and true, and refining in literature, to his expressed desire:

> Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest
> At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,
> To have my place reserved among the rest,
> Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

DESOLATA.

BY FREDERICK DIXON, OTTAWA.

"Let the galled jade wince, our
withers are unwrung."

SHUT your shutter, and close your blind;
You with the tears,
The ended hopes and the ended fears;
Alone with *it* on the bed;
Alone with your quiet dead;
Each for each, and each to his kind!

Yours; all yours; and yours alone.
Were it a sod, or were it a stone,
Or a thistle-down floating away,
The world would be just as sad,
Just as merry and gay,
Just as busy and mad
As it is to-day;
Would go as heedlessly by
With never a thought nor word,
With a heart unstirred,
And an undimmed eye,
As it does to-day.

What does it know or care
Who may be lying there!
A life is a life, and a death, a death,
Be it foul or fair,
And the final gasp of that poor weak breath,
Whether curse or prayer,
Causes no surmise;
And the last long stare
Of those covered eyes,
If of love, or of hate,
Or of hope, or despair,
(Though you weep as you wait,)
Matters no more
To the world outside
Than the turn of a straw
In the play of the tide.

Shut your shutter, and close your blind;
Each for each, and each to his kind!

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

BY A. FREELANCE, TORONTO.

THE way to judge of a question is by seeing the whole of the question, not by concluding from your examination of the part. A fiscal system in the State may be likened to the works of a clock composed of a number of wheels acting and reacting upon one another, the absence of any one rendering the system impossible; so that it is only by examining the function of each wheel in relation to the whole that you are enabled to judge of its value, or of its usefulness at all. So, too, I take it, that the reader is unable to judge of the merits of a whole case by reading only the part, and without knowing the relation of that part to the whole.

I propose in this paper to examine, in the light of some facts at hand and of my own reason, the questions of Free Trade and Protection, both in theory and in practice. It may be thought that there is little new to be said upon a subject that is the topic for a thousand newspapers 'every day in the year, Sundays excepted;' but if there is nothing 'new' to be said, there is something new to be done; for I can put the whole subject together rather than present to my readers only a limb or a rib of the same—this method, I adjudge, being as much superior to the fragmentary mode as the presentation of a landscape painting in its entirety would be to the serving up of the same picture in twenty little separate frames, putting a rock within one, a tree within another, and a 'solitary sandpiper' in a third. But, with the daily press, the *disjecta membra* method is demanded by space and time, even if it were not the inclination of the party journalist to give only such features of the subject as, detached and alone, look repugnant, but which viewed in relation to the whole might be the 'magic rounding off' in the system.

I propose briefly to examine the question of Protection and Free Trade, as the wrong and right sides of the trade question, as a whole, and according to my humble understanding of the same. In doing this, I am conscious that much more depends upon the way an examination is made than upon the examination itself; for we may bring the thought of the philosopher and the keen accuracy of the microscope, yet, setting out in error, mistaking a gradation in descent for the origin of the subject, our most elaborate and exact researches can but tend to the greater multiplication of error. In examining whether the protection of native industry by the Government of the State is desirable, it is necessary to trace society back, as an explorer traces a river up, to its source, to ascertain the starting point; for, having gained that position, all the springs hidden in the complexities of civilization in its descent become clear; while, having once discovered these, we are on open ground, and can see with accuracy the effect of the application of any theory to the development of trade and industry. This position is no less the commanding point of observation than the all-important summit of the destiny of events. This idea makes itself plain to my mind in this way: On the conical mountain-top there rests a stone, which, on being set in motion

once, rolls down the mountain side to the base. Its destiny, whether it shall go to the east or to the west, depends upon the direction in which you move it in the beginning.

Let us suppose a republic situate on one portion of a great continent, and the dependency of a kingdom, lying along its frontier, separated only by a political line on another portion. The republic is in the full strength of its manhood, and has made vast strides in the arts and manufactures. Millions of dollars have been invested in the manufacture of wool and cotton, and boots and shoes, and agricultural implements, and iron and wooden wares. But in the other territory, this state of progress has not been attained. The population is sparse, while the territory is rich in all the natural objects required for the highest ends of civilization. The soil is fertile, is visited by kindly rains in proper season, and produces not alone in great abundance, but in wide variety. It has vast domains of forest, unlimited stores of economic minerals, and abundance of coal, while mighty rivers of unconceived power wind through it. But the people are little better than in a pastoral state. They have settled upon the territory, some possessing goodly sums of money. There are yet no towns or cities, only here and there a village, the rest living apart from each other, each one a distance equal to the extent of his farm, from his neighbour. The inhabitants raise grain of every kind, garden produce, etc.; cut timber and saw it into boards, raise cattle and sheep, and oxen and horses, and of all these, more than they need for their own use. The surplus they sell to the manufacturers of the republic, who come up to their doors with farming implements, cottons, woollens, and all the domestic wares, selling these in exchange for the surplus products of the farm. Thus the process goes on, and as population increases over the new territory, so does the market for the republicans' manufactures also increase. But here and there in this new territory is a farmer who has some capital, in money, which he does not need in his agricultural pursuits. He has become thoughtful from seeing the republican manufacturer selling his wares from year to year at his own and his neighbours' doors, and he says to himself, 'I have $20,000 to spare; why should I not manufacture the ploughs and the harrows, and the reapers these stranger people sell at our doors? There is plenty of iron to be got in our own unworked mines, and plenty of wood in our forests: why should I not smelt the iron and prepare the wood, making those implements our farmers need? But having supplied these things, how would I fare? I might send two or three agents among our farmers, but from across the line there are that many hundred agents. Would the farmer then purchase my articles, because home-made, in preference to the foreign? No; I think it would be the other way. But there is a greater obstacle than this. I put a capital of $20,000 into this manufactory. I must compete with a long-established manufacturer, who has a capital of half a million dollars. In a contest, he brings against me a power nearly thirty times greater than mine. With my $20,000 dollars capital I shall require a marginal profit of ten per cent.; he doing thirty times as much business, can make more by a profit of eight per cent., by reason of the better division of labour in his larger establishment. He can undersell me by two per cent. Therefore I will not enter the contest; I will go on with my farming, and let my money lie out at interest.' What is true of this farmer-capitalist is true of scores of others, who, for similar reasons, will not establish cotton or woollen mills or wooden-ware factories. Under such a state of affairs, the development of the higher and more important manufactures is a plant of slow growth.

'But,' some one says, 'the conclu-

sion from your argument is that without protection by the State, development of native manufacture is impossible. Yet manufactures have grown up in unprotected States, and flourished in them, too.' Granted, but what I here endeavour to show is, how Protection could aid manufacture, and develop the nation's wealth, and how Free Trade, under the given conditions, can, and does seriously, check and injure these. Cities, towns, and villages are no less the natural product of increased population than a certain class of manufactures are the outcome of the clustering together of the people. The process of town-growth is very simple. Here and there a blacksmith will come and put up a smithy, and the farmers coming there from round about, it occurs to some enterprising person that it would be a good place to build a store. This is the nucleus of a village. For the one store is no sooner built than the second is in contemplation. Then the salesmen must have houses, and so must the carpenters who build the stores and the houses; and so the accumulation takes place till there is a full-flown village, with a post-office, and gradually a little town. But beyond being, in a manufacturing sense, an unimportant town, under the conditions I have pointed out, it rarely can become. There always will be, must be, in the centre of fertile farming districts, supplying points where the farmer can buy the necessities of life; but there will not always be in those towns, there rarely will be, the manufactories—except to a limited extent, and these the least important—from which the merchant can obtain the articles for his ware-rooms. In other words, such a city is only an intermediate station between the farmer and the foreign manufacturer, where the country's wealth of raw material passes through only, but does not remain. The meat and the hides, and the fleeces of wool—the beeves and the horses, the surplus corn and grains of every kind, the deals and the boards, all pass through on their way to the foreign market, where they are needed for the maintenance and the occupation of the foreign labourer. It is true there are a few exceptions to this rule, these being formed generally under certain geographical conditions, such for example as at points to which freights from the foreign market are high, and routes difficult and tedious. Under such circumstances the moderate capitalist is encouraged to invest in manufacture. But clearly the capitalist must be *protected*, it not statutably, then geographically or otherwise.

But it may be objected—'Then since the inadequacy of capital is the original cause of this state of affairs, the cure must be, not in protection by the State, but by adequacy of capital, by putting home dollar against foreign dollar. One dollar is as powerful as another, and there should be no State interference.' Let us examine this proposition, by supposing that in a town in the foreign State—say Hartford—there is a woollen manufactory, with a capital of a million of dollars. In Hamilton, in the young State, there is another like manufactory with an equal capital. This is 'home dollar for foreign dollar,' but it is not equality nevertheless; for the Connecticut manufacturer will spread a swarm of his drummers through Canada—the Free Trade State—while the Hamilton manufacturer finds his 'travellers' confronted by a tariff wall on the American frontier.

I have shown what takes place in a country rich in all the natural objects needed to civilization's demand, where such a state lies adjacent, or convenient, to a foreign state, the latter in its manhood and having its native industry protected by the Government, the former in its early youth, and not having protection to its home industries. I have shown that in the trade

contest between the two the struggle is as that between the boy of ten and the man of thirty.

Having seen the causes for the failure of manufacture in natural objects, we are in a better position to talk about the remedy. Had the State said to the farmer with the $20,000, 'This country of ours is rich in nature's materials; we have all the economic minerals, wood, coal, and unexampled water-power; we have a practically unlimited area of fertile land, and our climate is most favourable to our needs; we have all we want of our own, as good as that which our neighbours beyond the boundary have. But most of our wealth lies untouched, while that which we develop we send out of the country, for that which we might have from our midst. The Government shall, therefore, aid you to establish your iron works, and it shall aid your neighbours to establish their woollen and cotton, and other works; and, by these means, we shall keep at home such of our population as, not caring for farming pursuits, and who cannot find skilled labour here, go to manufacturing cities abroad to seek it. We shall compel all foreign manufactures coming into this country to pass through our custom-houses and pay there a tax, which, added to the price of their goods, will enable you to compete with them. The adoption of such means as these will set capital and energy of our own smelting our own ores, weaving our own wool, and fashioning out of our own forests such articles as we need for our domestic uses.' This would have effected the cure.

But those who grant all this will cry out, 'Yes—you have developed home manufacture, but you have developed taxation as well. You have shut the cheaper foreign article out, and you compel us to buy the dearer, because made at home. It matters not to us whose goods we buy, so long as the article suits us. The quality being equal, we want the cheaper, let it be made in China or by our next-door neighbour. We think this tax wrong; let us hear you justify it.'

Now, in answering this question—a question involving the entire charge made by Free Traders against Protectionists—I must be permitted to state that the end sought by the policy of Protection is not the enrichment of the capitalist with the $20,000, or the woollen or the wooden manufacturer, but the establishment of manufactories, the manufacturers themselves being only the means to that end; for the establishment of manufactories includes the development of the country's natural resources. The national benefits of the development of native natural objects are plain, and they are many. The mines, hitherto of no more use than the mountain rocks, at once become valuable to their owners and to the community; while the money used in the manufacture of deals and boards, minerals, wool, hides, &c., all of which were hitherto exported for manufacture, will be kept in the country, instead of being sent abroad. Let me make this plain by example. A. lives in Canada, and he is an extensive dealer in carriages, farm waggons, horse rakes, ploughs, mowing machines, harvesters, &c. Before the era of State Protection he bought all these things from American manufacturers, paying to the latter each year half a million dollars. When Protection became law Canadian manufacturers began to make these articles. A, therefore, each year, under Protection, paid that half a million dollars to B, who is a Canadian manufacturer. Canada, by that one transaction, is half a million better off in the year under Protection—that is, the sum named has given employment for the year to over a thousand Canadians, instead of to a like number of Americans under Free Trade. But still we hear the question, 'What has that to do with my tax?—with my being compelled to buy a Canadian article in

preference to a foreign? Justify the tax.' I have stated that the enrichment of manufacturers is not the end sought, neither is taxation, but home manufacture. Now, then, since home manufacture is the end sought, it is the state of affairs under the accomplishment of that end we should examine. Trees do not bear blossoms and fruit on the same day: we ought, therefore, to dismiss time—the time between the blossom and the fruit, the time between the adoption of an impost tax and the development of manufacture—and what we deem the hardships of that time, from the question. I need not stop here to argue the matter of 'questionable means to an end be it never so good,' for I judge that those who would suffer permanent malady rather than submit to a temporary physic are not very many, nor, indeed, very wise. I shall, therefore, glance ahead to a period when Protection shall have been employed a sufficient time to encourage capital into all the branches of manufacturing possible or needful in the young and protected State. I say at this period the cry of discontent against taxation will have been generally stilled. The person who asked me to 'justify this tax' will have found events pleading, 'trumpet-tongued,' its full justification. There will be little left of the complained-of tax, except upon the Statute books.

But the incredulous one asks, 'How has this come to pass? We have either to import certain articles or to buy them of the home manufacturer. But the latter will sell as nearly up to the foreign price plus the duty, as he dares.' This is the point I deny. Where monopoly does not exist, trade always goes on regulating itself, till, settling upon a correct basis, it accords to every commodity its proper standard value. Nothing is more impossible under Protection than monopoly, for the protection of the State is afforded to the capital, and the form of the enterprise rather than to the individual. Let me illustrate by example: 'A. establishes a sugar refinery as soon as the protective tariff has been proclaimed. He makes money "hand over fist," in the current slang, by selling his sugar only a "shade" lower than the imported article. B. has half a million dollars to invest, and he says: 'A. is amassing a fortune by making sugar, yet he is not able to supply all the market; so I shall also establish a sugar refinery.' Then if these two continue in their good luck, a third capitalist starts a refinery. Thus a wholesome competition is established; Greek has met Greek; one cuts into the other and down comes 'monopoly' and sugar to its absolute standard value. Then the sugar made at home is sold as cheap as the sugar made and sold abroad, and for this reason none of the foreign article is imported, and the tax exists only upon paper; while the country is enriched to the extent of the value of the refining companies' property, and thousands of workmen who otherwise would have been obliged to go abroad for a livelihood, obtain it at home. What is true of sugar manufacture is true of cotton, woollen, iron, wood and the hundred contingent manufactures.

But still some one is found to say, 'This is all well upon paper; but will not one set of manufacturers adopt a tariff of rates, and not sell their articles below that?' Will, Thomas Jones, I answer, keep half a million dollars' worth of goods upon his shelves that he cannot sell at a profit of forty per cent. owing to his rivals having been longer in the trade and better known among cotton buyers than himself; will he, I ask, refuse to sell these goods at twenty-five per cent. profit, which would be fifteen per cent. lower than his rival's, or for the sake of 'good faith' to a ring treaty will he prefer to let the auctioneer sell them for what they will bring? Why it is only a few weeks ago since two newspapers in Toronto adopted a common

tariff of prices. Everyday since, the one has been cutting into the other and violating the compact made.

THE TEST OF PROTECTION.

The state of affairs which I have endeavoured to point out as existing in the theoretical state, under the policy of Free Trade, was almost exactly the condition of Canada previous to the general elections in 1878. Various causes had been in operation for some years before, bringing about a state of depression in trade, that had been unparalleled in the history of the colonies. Many of the leading mercantile houses, regarded as towers of strength, had come toppling down, involving numerous dependent establishments in a common ruin. Capital had become timid, for public confidence was gone. Thousands of workmen were out of employment and clamoured for bread, but the Dominion had none to give them. Those who could leave the country went away to seek employment in cities in the New England States. It was then the enervating stream of emigration, which even under a changed state of affairs proved so hard to check, began to flow broad and deep. 'Surely,' said some of those who saw the hungry and fleeing workingmen, 'the Government ought to be able to do something for these people. If legislation is ever potent to do public good, it ought to be when such a crisis comes as this. Our country has vast, unlimited resources, and if these were only turned to account, our suffering and emigrating people would be provided for. Is there no way,' they asked, 'to set yonder half-idle factories employing labour to full capacity? No means of establishing new factories where our suffering people may get work? Is it not a shame to see the agents of the foreign manufacturer sitting upon the door-steps of our idle factories selling their goods, and our willing and able labourers crying for work?' Then it was represented to the Government that they should endeavour to solve the problem. It was told them that Canada's mines and forests were practically unlimited; that she was wondrously wealthy in natural objects; that she had sufficient energy, capital, and intelligence to develop these, and at once build up her own greatness as a commercial State, and satisfy the cravings of her hungry people for work; that all this could be accomplished if the Government would only grant State Protection to home industry. 'How will that better the country's condition?' said Mr. Mackenzie, the Premier of the day. 'It will protect our home industries from the competition of more powerful foreign industries; it will protect our infant national energies from the full-grown energies of a powerful neighbour State. Let the Americans make no longer all the articles in wood and iron that we need, nor the woollens, cottons, boots and shoes, ready-made clothing, hats and caps, and the thousand other things that we buy every year from the agents of foreign manufacturers. As we can make all these things at home, as the making of them will enrich our country and employ our people, we beseech of you to aid us by legislation.' Could lesser request have been made at such a time, the country being in such a state? Could we have expected a lesser granted? And to this, what said the Canadian Government? Said Sir Richard Cartwright—'We see Toryism under the mask again asking us to do these things. The genius that gave England her Corn Laws is loose in Canada. I tell you, working-men, the belief that the Government can help you in your straits is a delusion. Governments confronted by such questions of trade as these —conditions above and beyond the influence of Government—are as flies on the wheel.' 'That's my policy too,' said Premier Mackenzie, and all the Liberal party along the line re-echoed these sentiments. 'The plan you propose to make affairs better,' said they

all in concert, 'would make them incomparably worse. A protective tax would cripple our weakened commercial energies; it would fail to produce revenue, because our people could not afford to pay the tax, and it would equally fail to develop home industry.' The working-men and their friends turned away in despair.

But there was another public man in Canada, one who was not at the time a member of the government, and he said to the working-men, 'Take heart. The eve of a general election is at hand and the issue is with you. I stand at the head of a party in Canada whose faith is, that we can make or mar ourselves; that we have a destiny which is our own in the working out. My motto is, he said, "Canada for the Canadians," protection to home industry, development of our own national resources, and spending all the money we have to spend in the purchase of manufactured goods at home, and among our own workmen, and not abroad among the foreign workmen. I predict, that if you at the polls declare in favour of the National Policy of my party, depression will pass away and an improvement in trade take place, such as the country has not seen before.' The man who said this was Sir John A. Macdonald.

The new policy *was* carried. Let us see if the predictions made for it have been verified. I shall take a few general figures from the public blue-books. From the years 1874-75 to 1878-79, which were Free Trade years, the deficits in the revenue of the Dominion, that is, the excess of expenditure over income, reached $5,491,269. Last year under the Protective policy, there was a surplus revenue, that is, an excess of income over expenditure of $4,132,700, though the Liberal party declared on the hustings that the National Policy would neither 'raise a revenue nor develop manufacture.' The value of our average annual exports from 1874 to 1878 inclusive, Free Trade years, was $68,776,000. The average value of our annual exports from 1879 to 1881 inclusive, Protective years, was $70,369,000, and in each of the three last mentioned years, commencing with 1879, the increase has been by a bound. The figures speak for themselves.

YEARS.		EXPORTS.
1879	-	$60,089,000
1880	-	$70,096,000
1881	-	$80,921,000

But if our exports under Protection have greatly increased, our imports of raw material under the same policy show a remarkable increase also. In 1877-78, the last year of Free Trade, we imported of raw cotton to the value of $7,243,413. In 1880-81, under Protection, the imports of raw cotton were valued at $16,018,721! So too, of hides. In 1877-78, we imported to the value of $1,207,300. In 1880-81, the value of the imports of hides reached $2,184,884. Of wool, in 1877-78, we imported 6,230,084 lbs.; in 1880-81, we imported 8,040,287 lbs. The increase for three years of Protection in the manufacture of cotton, leather and wool alone in the Dominion, reaches $5,500,000. Instead of this five and a half millions going to the foreign manufacturers, our own Canadian manufacturers and working men have received it. Yet Sir Richard Cartwright said in questions affecting the commercial prosperity of a country, governments are only flies on the wheel, and that the National Policy would 'not develop home manufacture.'

But the increase in the imports of the raw material quoted is only indicative of the increase all around in imported raw materials. In addition to this the increased production of native raw material within the same years, if it could be estimated, would be found to be very large. This raw material, manufactured in Canada under State Protection, it is that solved the ques-

tion which the Liberals declared to be politically insoluble. It was in this increased manufacture, that the thousands of hungry working men who clamoured around the hustings on the eve of the general elections got their work. How the working-man has fared in Canada with respect to the employment which he could not find when we had Free Trade, under the Protective policy of the Government, will be best shown by the following figures. Since March 1879, up to October 1881, it is estimated that ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY new industries, developed by the Protective policy, have been established. The number of men employed in these one hundred and forty factories, is put at 10,000. Allow four persons as depending upon each hand employed in these industries, and we find that the Government by their policy have created in this item alone, a livelihood for 40,000 souls. Of these industries, twenty-nine have been established in Toronto, giving employment to 1,678 persons. In Montreal, thirteen industries have been established under the government policy; and in Hamilton five. In addition to these, there are now in progress of construction cotton factories, which will be in operation within the next twelve months, giving employment to three thousand persons. Besides the facts stated, four hundred factories established under Free Trade have been visited, and it has been found that under Protection these employ an average of seventeen per cent. more hands than they did under Free Trade. So that it will be readily seen that the employment given directly and indirectly to the labouring classes by the application of Protection is enormous. As I stated in the beginning of this paper, the commercial system of a nation may be compared to the works of a clock, one wheel of which put in motion sets all the other wheels in motion, whilst a clogging of the one wheel will retard the motion of all the rest. It is demonstrably certain that over 10,000 persons have directly obtained employment by reason of the National Policy. I have put the number dependent for bread upon these at about 40,000 persons, What then with respect to this item alone in results has the National Policy done? Has it merely given bread to these 40,000? Well, if it did only that, it would have done a good thing, a great thing, a something well worthy of new and revolutionary legislation. But it has done more. The shopkeepers of the country have, as a consequence, gained 40,000 more customers, so have the shoemakers, the carpenters, the tailors; so has every one who has anything to sell. In creating these producers of manufacture, theGovernment at the same time created consumers of manufacture; and the consumer is as necessary to the producer as the arm is to the body. As a very searching writer has put it, 'They are both in the same boat, and must sail or sink together.' So that when the Government aided the working-men, to a like, to an exactly equal, extent did it aid the whole community.

As the Conservative party predicted that prosperity would follow the National Policy, and as the Liberals maintained that commercial ruin would follow it; and as prosperity has come, and as the 'ruin' has not come, it rests with the Liberal politicians, first to confess that they were false prophets in 1878, and next to explain the forces which stopped the out-flowing tide of prosperity, and sent it back again upon this country in all its force. I believe there are few thoughtful men in this country to-day who do not inwardly believe that Protection is good for Canada, and that those results we see are its legitimate fruits.

FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.

The chief argument the Protection party had to meet on the hustings in 1878 was the cry, 'Are we wiser than England? Can we hope to be more

prosperous than England? Yet England's greatness has been derived under Free Trade. She declares Protection to be bad.' Now, I cannot stop to prove my contention that it does not follow because Free Trade is the best policy for England that it must also be the best policy for Canada, or because Protection would be an evil policy for England, that it must also be an evil policy for Canada. I will simply deny this, and then I shall show that Free Trade even for England is not a boon. Figures from her Trade Returns will serve me.

The commerce of the world has increased 36 per cent. in ten years.

In the same period, the commerce in the United States, under Protection, has increased 68 per cent.

Under Protection, in the same period, the increase of commerce in Holland and Belgium, of France and of Germany, is 57, 51, and 39 per cent. respectively.

But, under Free Trade, the commerce of England has increased 21 *per cent. in ten years!*

Under Protection, America is accumulating annually £165,000,000 sterling; under Protection, France is accumulating annually £75,000,000 sterling; while, under Free Trade, England is accumulating annually £65,000,000 sterling. Indeed, experts say, since 1875 she has been losing money instead of accumulating it.

Under Protection, America now exports more than she imports; under Protection, France annually exports £4,000,000 more than she imports; *while Free Trade England* IMPORTS *annually* £130,000,000 *sterling* MORE *than she exports!*

During the past ten years, in England, over a million acres have gone out of wheat cultivation. During the same period, the capital of the agricultural classes has depreciated by £500,000,000, and their income by £21,000,000; and the process is going on. A million acres will supply wheat enough for 3,500,000 people. In ten years England's population has increased by 3,000,000, and in the same period a million acres have gone out of cultivation; so that she is in a position now to feed 6,500,000 people less than she was ten years ago. England's importation of corn, meat, dairy products, and vegetables, averages £45,000,000 annually more than it did ten years ago. In the ten years between 1870 and 1880 England produced in wheat annually to the value of £13,000,000 less, and imported annually to the value of £15,000,000 more than in the years between 1850 and 1870. The reasons for this state of affairs are many, and most of them are the children of Free Trade. Whilst the importation of manufactured goods into the protected countries, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and America, are each year diminishing, the imports into Free Trade England are annually increasing. That is, while each year those countries named are learning to manufacture what they need for themselves, instead of importing them from England, they learn also to manufacture more than what they need for themselves, and export their surplus, among other places, to England. Thus, while the foreign market is closing against the English manufacturer, his own market is disputed with him by the foreign manufacturer. 'If we are to be damned, let us be damned for a good cause,' is what the English Free Traders say. 'If bankruptcy is to come, it cannot come for a more noble doctrine than Free Trade.' The vendor of the shoddiest of goods comes from every point of the compass to sell his wares in England. The English workman must compete with the shoddies or go to the wall. What takes place? An able writer in one of the magazines says:—

Thirty years of 'Freedom of Trade' have in many cases ruined the quality of English products. Too frequently we hear complaints of inferior quality, of adultera-

tion, of slovenly work. It is a fact that it is more difficult to buy good silk, good cotton, and good steel in England now than it was twenty years ago. This is the result of unrestricted foreign competition. England has been made the market for the shoddy of all nations, goods made at the lowest possible cost, and sold at the lowest possible price. Every influx of these goods drives the English manufacturer to lower prices. In order to lower his price he must lower his cost, must employ cheaper material and cheaper labour, is obliged to 'scamp' both labour and material, and produce an inferior article.

Beside the large number of British operators out of work, a large, the larger, proportion of the rest have not an average of more than four days work per week. For seven years they have been consuming their savings, and one rich trade society alone in the past six years has paid out in relief and aid over £200,000. It has less than £100,000 remaining. So much for Free Trade in England.

If the capital, labour, and skill of England need protection, how much more so does not Canada need it? But I am not one of those who believe in protecting a full-grown extensive and powerful State by legislation against competition by foreign States. If the manufacturers in the State full-grown cannot stand in the contest with the foreign manufacturers, then let them fall. I believe that Protection can only serve a certain terminable term of usefulness, as the parent protects its offspring till it is able to take care of itself. In a given time, after enterprise and capital shall have established manufacture solidly in Canada, then let the tariff be abolished. If our 'cotton lords' and 'sugar kings' cannot then maintain themselves let them go to the wall.

LILITH.

Wer?—Adam's erste Frau.—FAUST.

BY E. T. F., QUEBEC.

AGES ago, when Adam lived on earth,
First man, first monarch, strong in limb and mind,
In whom a glorious beauty was combined
With thoughts of fire; when sin had not gone forth
As a wide pestilence among mankind,
Dulling the senses to the healing worth
Of woods and waves, and sunshine unconfined,
Lilith had being. She was one of those
Shadowy spirits, from that twilight bred
Wherewith, at first, the world was overspread:
But, three great periods past, the sun arose,
And one by one her sister-spirits fled,
And she remained, hid in a cavern close.

There was a broad, still lake near Paradise,
A lake where silence rested evermore,
And yet not gloomy, for, along the shore,
Majestic trees, and flowers of thousand dyes,
Drank the rich light of those unclouded skies;
But noiseless all. By night, the moonshine hoar,
And stars in alternating companies;
By day the sun: no other change it wore.
And hither came the sire of men, and stood
Breathless amid the breathless solitude:
Shall he pass over? Inconceivable
And unconjectured things perhaps might dwell
Beyond;—things, haply, pregnant with new good;—
He plunged: the waters muttered where he fell.

And on, and on, with broad untiring breast
The swimmer cleft the waters. As he went,
Things full of novelty and wonderment
Rose up beside him. Here, it was the crest
Of a steep crag, up to the heavens sent,
And here, a naked pine trunk, forward bent,
A hundred yards above him: still no rest,
Onwards and onwards still the swimmer pressed.
But now the lake grew narrower apace:
The further shore came curving nearer in;
Till, at the last, there towered before his face
A wall of rock, a final stopping-place:
But lo, an opening! Shall he pass therein,
The way unknown, the day now vesper-time?

He entered in. How dim! how wonderful!
High-arched above, and coral-paved below;
And phosphor cressets, with a wavering glow
Lit up a mighty vault. A whisper cool
Ran muttering all around him, and a dull,
Sweet sound of music drifted to and fro,
Wordless, yet full of thought unspeakable,
Till all the place was teeming with its flow.
'Adam! Strong child of light!'—Who calls? who speaks?
What voice mysterious the silence breaks?—
Is it a vision, or reality?
How marble-like her face! How pale her cheeks!
Yet fair, and in her glorious stature high,
Above the daughters of mortality.

And this was Lilith. And she came to him,
And looked into him with her dreamy eyes,
Till all his former life seemed old and dim,
A thing that had been once: and Paradise,
Its antique forests, floods, and choral skies,
Now faded quite away; or seemed to skim
Like eagles on a bright horizon's rim,
Darkly across his golden phantasies.

And he forgot the sunshine, and sweet flowers,
And he forgot all pleasant things that be,
The birds of Eden, and the winged powers
That visited sometime its privacy;
And what to him was day, or day-lit hours,
Or the moon shining on an open sea?

So lived he. And she fed him with strange food,
And led him through the sparry corridors
Of central earth. How solemnly that flood
Went moaning by! How strange that multitude
Of moving shadows, and those strong-ribbed doors,
Between whose earthquake-riven chinks he viewed,
With gasping breath, the red and glowing stores
Whence the great Heart drives heat through all its pores.
And Lilith's voice was ever in his ear,
With its delicious tones, that made him weep,
He knew not wherefore; and her forehead clear
Beamed like a star;—yet made his spirit creep
With something of that undefined fear
That shadows us, when love is over deep.

This might not last. What thunder shakes the arch?
What lightning, in its swift and terrible march,
Shatters the massy key-stone? Sudden light
Leaps down, and many a column stalactite
Is rent and shivered as a feeble larch.
Alas for Lilith! Shrieking with affright,
She bowed, and felt the hateful splendour parch
Her soul away: yet, ere she vanished quite,
'Think of me sometime, Adam,' murmured she,—
'Let me not perish, and my memory be
'Lost and forgotten. Now, farewell, farewell!
'We have been happy;—that is past, and we
'May love no longer.' Wakened from his spell,
He turned:—the sun was shining where she fell!

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

AN irrepressible Englishman has lately published a volume of his unaccepted offerings to periodicals, under the title of 'Outcast Essays;' and the only review of the book that I have noticed was, on the whole, a favourable one. In the March number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY there were quoted from *Belgravia* several remarkable instances of highly successful books which had been rejected, piecemeal or in the lump, by more than one leading magazine. And the writer in *Belgravia* goes so far as to say: 'I have an impression, which is, I believe, shared by many public writers, that the best articles are those that are returned the oftenest. I know they are sometimes the most successful.'

The opinion and the facts of this magazinist sent me, musing, to unearth some notes that I had made upon a very different sort of article, which appeared in the 'Easy Chair' department of *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1880. It is written in the *de haut en bas* style affected by most editors when they condescend to sit upon grumbling contributors. It suggests, as a wholesome reflection for Jones, that his MS. is not printed simply 'because it is not so good as Brown's or Robinson's.' It states that, if bards 'die with all their music in them,' this 'is not because of favouritism of any kind or back-stairs influence.' It asserts boldly that 'there is no favouritism in editing a magazine;' that 'the magazine editor administers his trust in good faith for the owners;' that 'his personal friendship cannot affect his conduct as a trustee.' The then occupant of the 'Easy Chair,' in fact, outlined an ideally-perfect magazine editor, modestly leaving the reader to guess for himself where such a man might be found.

This doctrine of the moral infallibility of American magazine editors is not held by all journalists. Some time ago I saw a letter from the eminent editor of a New York daily, advising an acquaintance to try the English market for a sketch of his, 'as our magazines are close corporations.' Though their labours are sometimes nearly superhuman, there must be some human nature about editors. Even the acumen of a magazine editor, highly conscious of his own integrity, may unconsciously prefer the slightly inferior offering of a friend to the slightly superior offering of an outsider. And self-interest is probably a commoner motive to partiality. It has been gossiped that some wise editors of Gotham were predisposed to buy the MSS. of persons possessing social, political, and literary influence; of their employers' friends; of editors and correspondents of other papers; of compilers of 'Personal Intelligence,' and—if they meditate authorship—of book-reviewers.

There certainly are such things as journalistic societies for mutual advertisement and admiration. I cannot personally vouch for any magazine editor's belonging to one, but I have known other journalists who do or did. Among these was the smart editor of a weekly, who, during his stewardship, freely published the commonplace contributions of commonplace writers who happened to have the ear of important provincial papers; and I noticed that the said editor's name appeared from time to time in the correspondence of these papers, ingeniously connected with some current event. And he has had his reward.

Some sternly disinterested editors are not impervious to female grace and beauty; and it would be interesting to know how many of the fair colporteurs of manuscripts who so often light up editorial sanctums are offering the lucubrations of less attractive husbands, friends or employers.

Again, extending my remarks to periodicals and journals in general, I believe that MSS. are often returned or destroyed unread. Some years ago I received back a MS. (afterwards purchased by another journal) with the first and second pages stuck together by some paste which I had used to affix a printed quotation. At another time, I had a sketch returned by a New York publisher who issued several periodicals, which sketch was soon afterwards accepted by the same house, when handed in by an acquaintance who had in the meantime acquired an influence in the concern. I may add that, as my acquaintance's influence waned, the publication of the ill-fated sketch was postponed from date to date, until finally its length was grumbled at openly, and it came back to me excellently preserved.

What portion of the subsequently successful articles that have been declined with thanks have been declined through the incapacity, and what portion through the unfairness, of editors can only be guessed. I myself am inclined to think that more manuscripts have been wrongfully condemned from a lack of judgment than from a lack of justice. Editors who are also sole or part proprietors of their journals can seldom be influenced by pique or partiality in their choice of offerings: this would be pinching their nose to spite their face. The proprietor of a business organ (or parasite?) in New York once accepted an article by a friend of mine, and subsequently, as if repenting of his action, contemptuously declined some others, without reading them all through. After a while the accepted article appeared, and, being short and clear and shallow, and magnifying the business represented by the paper, began to go the rounds of all similar publications in America and England. The editor and proprietor now waxed gracious, and, from time to time, invited my despised and rejected friend to contribute something else, and my despised and rejected friend declined with thanks. It is an old story now, that a short poem by James Russell Lowell—written with pains, in order to make the experiment more valuable—was *refused by every one*, as well as I recollect, of a number of periodicals to which it was pseudonymously sent. Some of your readers, doubtless, have heard the incident told at length, and know better than I whether it be authentic or not; but *se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

I may remark, in passing, that it seems 'a leetle wee bit' self-sufficient in the occupant of the 'Easy Chair' to have suggested that the prosperity of a magazine proves the excellence of its editorial management. The prestige, the connection, the energy of the publishers, and, above all, their ubiquitous advertisements (to be seen even in the country papers of this economical Province), would give *Harper's Magazine* a large circulation, even if 'the editor's personal friendships' *could*, as it is satisfactory to be assured that they cannot, 'affect his conduct as trustee.'

With unstinted means and the talent of a continent at his disposal, it would betray a singular lack of judgment (or of probity) in the literary caterer for *The Century*, or for *Harper's Magazine*, if he failed to present tolerably decent bills of fare, varied every now and then by a really *bonne bouche.* In all probability the Editor of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY caters more skilfully than either, considering his more limited resources. And if our national magazine, while more essential to intelligent Canadians than any foreign periodical, has not yet attained so *uniform* a standard as

a few English and American monthlies, it reflects high credit on its successive editors that it is what it is. To win a victory with the odds against one argues better generalship than to win a greater victory with the odds in one's favour.

It may not be the only, and it may not always be the best, road to success to secure celebrated writers; but it certainly is the safest plan for an editor who cannot depend upon his own taste. Even if the great author writes unconscientiously, or palms off his shelved productions for fancy prices, yet his name is to all of the subscribers a proof of the publisher's liberality, and to many of the subscribers a proof of the merit of the article. The bulk of the public are as indiscriminating as the dullest editor, and prefer the most fashionable brand of story as they prefer the most fashionable brand of champagne. They could not tell it from any other brand with their eyes shut; but they are fond of fancying that they can appreciate it by its flavour as well as by its label. Anyhow, they think, 'there is nothing mean about it.' Had Horace been criticizing a composite instead of a homogeneous publication, he would never have belittled the *purpureus pannus.* The proofs are millions—of dollars—that such names as Everett, Beecher, Hall, Tennyson, and Longfellow may profitably serve to soothe the self-esteem of sensation-seekers, and throw a halo, fringed with gold, around the more thrilling contributions of Nathan D. Urner or Sylvanus Cobb.

Where the names of contributors are suppressed, of course, the editor who picks out the best writers will be distanced by the editor who can pick out the best writings. A fourth-rate writer's best things are generally better than a first-rate writer's worst things. I remember reading in an obituary notice of its late editor, that *The Saturday Review*, at the height of its renown, had few contributions of celebrity, and that most of its articles were by amateurs. Its uniform brilliancy was due solely to the taste and discernment of the editor.

One kind of favouritism is not for persons, but for topics and their treatment. Journalists are given to sneering at other classes, notably clergymen and teachers, for their dogmatism and narrowness. Yet even editors may have their arbitrary standards. One insists upon subjects of contemporaneous interest, forgetful that, though *newness* and interest are the main requirements in a news item, *novelty* and interest are the main requirements in a work of fiction. Another exacts copious dialogue; a third refuses to read sketches exceeding a certain length. And, generally speaking, editors are as dead to merit not conforming to their rules or caprices, as an Eton master is to the ability of verses marred by a single false quantity.

Of course, when a manuscript is declined, and its author murmurs, the *presumption* is decidedly in favour of the editor's wisdom and fairness. I am only maintaining that such a presumption may be, and often has been, rebutted by evidence, and that editors are neither mentally nor morally infallible.

I have sometimes wondered that editors who have printed forms for declining MSS. should declare therein, not that the returned offering *seems*, but that it *is* unsuitable, or not available. The editors of two magazines of wide circulation and admitted merit, issued by the same New York Company, do, or did, use a more modest and less snubbing style; but their forms stand, or stood, alone among those which it has been my misfortune to have seen. In an old *Illustrated London News*, I read that 'the examiners for the Arnold prize (at Oxford) have reported that no composition which has been sent in *appears to them* to deserve the prize.' This is the manner of eminent scholars, judging the productions of very young men. Edi-

tors, who are also gentlemen, show a like seemly diffidence in their *unofficial* relations. I was present at the first 'Intercollegiate Literary Contest,' at the New York Academy of Music, when the umpires for the prizes in oratory, as their spokesman informed the audience, felt long and grave doubts about their decision. These umpires, if I remember rightly, were William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis, and either Whitelaw Reid or Colonel Higginson.

As you, Mr. Editor, are aware, I am not venting the spleen of a wholly unsuccessful writer. If I have had many articles returned, I have had manuscripts accepted and paid for by dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, as well as by book publishers.

ISHMAEL.

Truro, N.S.

MEMORIALS.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

HE wandered through the garden,
  Admired the brilliant flowers,
Still fresh and diamond-spangled
  From recent summer showers;
But by a bed of pansies,
  He stood a longer space,
And to the little purple flowers
  Gave words of special grace.

He passed along the gall'ry
  With unadmiring eye,
Saw many a costly painting,
  And passed them lightly by;
A sweet, sad face, in crayons,
  Hung where the shadows fall,
'Ah, this ——!' he cried, with bright'ning eyes,
  'Ah, *this* is worth them *all!*'

A bunch of withered pansies,
  A sweet, sad, pictured face,
Among my dearest treasures
  Still hold a foremost place;
For, both the flowers and picture,
  I laid away with tears,
Together with the brightest hope
  That gladdened girlhood's years.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH

III.

ODD CHARACTERS AND CUSTOMS.

ONCE, when riding down beside the river Humber, below Woodbridge, with my friend John McCallum, my attention was drawn to a circle of stunted trees, on the flats on the opposite side of the stream. They were small, spreading and crooked; bastard willow and hawthorn; standing in an irregular circle, and leaning out and in. 'See!' my friend exclaimed, 'does not that remind you of an Indian bear-dance?' And the ludicrous idea seemed not inappropriate. There were other and nobler trees scattered over the flats and above our heads; and to our left, a forest of giant growth; but we took more notice of the 'bear-dance,' because of the oddity of those low-browed trees, spinning round—as we tried to imagine—in a circle, in the contortions of an Indian war-dance. But the reader must not conclude that there were no sober-minded, sensible men among the settlers I knew in my boyhood, because I describe those who formed the 'bear-dance.' In point of fact, the majority of them were steady, moral, sensible men: but to speak of these would perhaps afford little of entertainment. They are to be found in every settlement, and their best memorial is the influence for good they leave behind them. For the first settlers of a township or neighbourhood, determine the character of the place for generations after. I think I can always tell what the first settlers were, from the moral tone of the neighbourhood as it now is. I have here set myself to the task of describing the odd characters of a generation ago—those who composed the 'bear-dance'—for the amused spectators around. Nor yet must it be supposed that my own part of the country had more odd characters than other parts. Others may describe *their* 'bear-dances:' I describe the one I know!

Certainly the greatest oddity we had in South Dumfries, was John Loree. He was a New Jersey man; and had probably come into Canada when young. The Hon. William Dickson, who originally bought the [undivided] township of Dumfries, had sold two concessions to Samuel Street, of Niagara; who in turn sold the wild land to settlers. Loree had a fifty-acre lot of Street's land. But it fronted nowhere; had a 'fifty' in front, and a 'hundred' behind it. This did not matter much, as long as the township was but half-cleared; but when the neighbours began to fence in their farms, and the open 'bush' disappeared, Loree found that he had no legal road out. In the Eastern Townships of Quebec, they manage better. Every man who owns land in a township, can legally claim from the Township Council a road out. In order that such slices off a man's land may not wrong him, the original surveys (which did

not include roads laid off, as in Ontario), gave every lot two or three acres extra, to make up for contingencies. Loree took a journey to Niagara, to ensure that when all the deeds should be granted, *his* should specify a right of way through the lot in front. He often wished 'some *white* man would buy out Atkinson!' for he denied to his Scotch neighbour, whom we have called Atkinson, the proper standing of a white man, seeing that he would not give him a way out! What promises Mr. Street gave him, I do not know; but Loree's details of his journey to Niagara were exceedingly entertaining to the neighbours. Among other things, he told us of his being invited to tea by the great man. 'And I swow,' he would say, 'there wa'nt bread and butter enough on the table, more 'n'nough fur one man! And it was cut so thin! I tell ye, a feller had to be keerful there!'

It was amusement for all the men and boys of the neighbourhood, at the time of the annual road-work, to set Loree at Atkinson. 'Atkinson!' he said, on one such occasion, 'we're thinkin' of gittin' up a *subscription* fur *you*, sir!'

'What are ye gaun to get up a supperscription for mey, for?'

'Well sir, we're goin' to buy "a coffin" fur you, sir—hev it ready fur you, beforehand. You'd feel awful bad if you thought any of yer money would go to buy a coffin, after you was dead; and so we're goin' to hev it ready fur you, sir!' All this was said with the most outlandish twang, which he had brought with him from the pine-barrens of New Jersey. And then he would sometimes end his attack by adding, 'Atkinson, you're too stingy to live! Ye sell all ye kin sell; and what ye can't sell ye feed to yer hogs; and what yer hogs won't eat, ye eat *yourself!*'

The first time I saw him was in December, 1837; the month Mackenzie was on Navy Island, when his sky was lowering. He was in our barn threshing some oats he had bought from the former owner of the place. First his boy came in to warm himself. 'Well, captain!' said my father, 'what has happened to your coat-tail?' for he had a little frockcoat of homespun cloth, with *one-half the skirt gone!* 'I was sowing once in the spring,' said he, with the same drawling elongation of the accented vowels; 'I was sowing once in the spring, and the wind caught it, and tuck it off!' This colloquy occurred during one of those 'cold snaps' we sometimes have, and the father soon came in to warm his fingers. 'Well neighbour,' was my father's salutation, 'what side do *you* take in these troublous times?' 'Well, sir,' said Loree, '*I shall jine the side that takes the kintry!*' He was determined not to have his fifty-acre farm confiscated, however matters might go!

Once he came round inviting 'hands' to a 'dung-frolic.' My father asked him what that was? He explained that it was a 'bee,' to get his barnyard manure hauled out to the fields. As my father was of opinion that each farmer should haul out the contents of his own barnyard, we missed the 'dung-frolic' and the pumpkin-pies, 'Mirandy' knew so well how to bake. But I thought my vocabulary was enriched by the term!

The 'bee,' however, left John still some of the accumulation of years to haul out himself. He was hard at work at it one day—and he did not like that kind of work!—when he bethought himself that his son 'Abe' (his three elder boys were Abraham, Isaac and Jacob), should be there to help him. But Abe was off with his gun; for it was the time for black squirrels. At last Abe came sauntering along with the gun on his shoulder. He rated Abe for his idleness, and said, 'he had a great mind to give him a *hoss-whipping!*' Abe incautiously and undutifully muttered, 'Better take care! Maybe gunpowder's stronger than you are!' intimating that, as he was armed, it might be

dangerous to interfere with him. 'With that' said Loree, 'I just tuck his gun, and I chucked it about two rod; and I did *smoke* the hoss-whip on to him; I *smoked it on to him*, sir!'

He went round for years, with an old beaver hat, whose crown would no longer stay in it, and so his wife sewed it up to a pyramidical point. My father called it a 'hail splitter,' and it was probably in that hat that he came to the first 'railroad meeting' ever held in Dumfries. It was at St. George, in the year 1849 or '50. Mr. Gilkinson, a lawyer from Hamilton, was the principal speaker. Dr. Stimson, of St. George, supported him. The proposition was, for the ratepayers to sanction a subscription, on the part of the municipality, of $10,000 to the stock of the Great Western Railway. The farmers generally were averse to the proposal; and some one put Loree up to oppose the lawyer. In a few doleful words, he painted the loss and risk to the township; and wound up by saying. 'I've known that 'ere lawyer since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I would'nt believe a word he says no further than I could throw a two-year old bull by the tail! The best thing some lawyers could do, would be to go home and stick to the plough-tail! And some doctors too!' he added, with a bow to Dr. Stimson. The applause was unbounded; the motion before the meeting was negatived; and Loree was declared to be the man who had defeated the lawyers! The poor fellow appropriated it all; and the next day drove with his farm-waggon to Brantford, to give the lawyers a second 'settling' at a county meeting in the interest of the railway! But alas! he was not now among his friends and neighbours. On the contrary, he was among strangers; and no sooner had he begun to open fire in his own peculiar style on 'the lawyers,' than the audience fairly hooted him off the platform!

In the ten or twelve years that succeeded the Rebellion of 1837, times were 'hard.' The farmers were not then, as now, the victims of Loan Agents and Societies; but they were continually getting 'accommodation notes' discounted at the Banks. Loree wanted to get $200, probably to pay on his land; and went to his neighbour, Andrew Vanevery, to ask for his name as endorser. Some Dutch neighbour had, at sometime, called him by an abbreviation of Andreas, '*Dreas*; and by this name he was known. Dreas cautiously asked John what his prospects were for repayment? 'Well,' said he, 'I mean to get it out of the *Gore*, and pay it into the *Commercial*, when it comes due; and when *that* comes due, I'll get it out of the *Commercial*, and pay it into the *Gore!*' He hoped by this financing to gain a year, and to have the benefit of another crop. But 'Dreas wouldn't sign the note; though he was not disinclined to recount John's proposal to the first neighbour he met.

Loree was good at praising or depreciating a horse. Speaking of one of his own, he said, 'That's as good a hoss, sir, as *ever looked through a collar!*' And speaking of a poor lean nag belonging to a neighbour—'He'll never hear the whippoorwills!' said Loree. 'He'll never hear the *whippoorwills*, sir!'

Old Solomon Markle, of Dumfries, when I was a youth, sometimes entertained a few of us with tales of the old war times. He told us he was in the Battle of Queenston Heights, in 1813. Markle had a peculiar voice, and spoke as if he had a bad cold in his head. 'Gedderal Brock' he would say, 'charged right up the hill, he did; and the Abbericads picked hib off, they did!' And then he would branch off on other subjects—once when on the depredations of the grasshoppers, he related to us how he, his wife, and all the children, had armed themselves with green branches, to drive them out of his clover. He told us that they formed a line, and 'got the hop-

pers started,' and then pressed them hard! 'And Oh man!' said he, 'before we got them to the other fence, how they did *loll out their tongues!*'

One of those Scotch mechanics, who, after a while, turn into Canadian farmers, when bantered about the various things he would be expected to do in the backwoods, among others, pig-killing—asked, in all seriousness, 'Will they no *droon?*' A river which flowed past his proposed location, seemed to offer a solution of that difficulty at least! The same settler once held a conversation with a little pine tree about as high as his head. It may be premised that his lot had many pines on it. 'Ah,' said he, 'if I had only come to Canada when they were all *as small as you*, I could have managed better!'

Another Scotch mechanic, who had turned farmer—the late Robert King, of Vaughan—by way of showing me how little he knew of rural affairs when he came to Canada, and how much he had learned since; told me that on one occasion he borrowed a saddle, and started on horseback to Toronto, about twenty miles distant. He had got four or five miles on his way, with the saddle strapped wrong side foremost on the beast's back! He had been muttering objurgations all the way about 'thae Yankee saddles!' He was sure that 'they did not ride half as easy as the saddles they made in Scotland!' Soon, however, a blacksmith, at whose shop he called to get a shoe fastened, insisted on putting his saddle right for him. After all, many of our best farmers have been mechanics. And it has a steadying and encouraging effect to have a trade; so that if farming does not seem to succeed, the man can always fall back on the manual arts.

An educated but young and wild Scotsman who had been sent out to Canada by his friends, in the vain hope that he would take to steady habits, left the neighbourhood of Owen Sound where I had known him, and went gold-seeking to the Pacific Coast. A year or two afterwards, another young man wrote back that he had met him at Aspinwall. He was a capital player on the bagpipes, and had a pair, magnificently mounted, which he asserted (probably with truth) had been played at 'Killiecrankie.' He was often seen at pic-nics and excursions, with kilts and pipes. He had now a ticket for New York, and so his passage back was secured; but he had lingered so long among the liquor saloons, that the steamer had gone off without him; and if he had any baggage, it had gone on to New York. He was *sans* coat —very nearly 'sans everything.' But he had his precious pipes with him. And there he was, 'putting in' the two weeks as best he could, till another steamer would be 'up' for New York, playing Scotch reels for a drink, and any number of strathspeys for a 'square meal.' Apparently, however, he was perfectly happy.

Speaking of the gold regions reminds me of the experience of another of our old neighbours, who also went to California, and only staid there three weeks. He had all the adventures of riding over the Coast Range on the back of a mule, and of seeing a great many things he had never seen before. Among other stories which he used to relate was that of the train of which he and his mule formed part, being 'whipped up' as fast as possible through a place where robbers were sometimes found. To get through without molestation, he said 'every man had just to lay on the stick with all his might, and follow the mule before him, and then to get out as quick as ever he could!' After this, he contentedly came back, saying that 'he had seen enough to pay for all the money he had spent.' He was wiser than many others. The same man, who was in some respects as visionary as a boy, was once 'mowing away' wheat with a hired man, in his big barn. There were eight or ten thousand sheaves in the 'bay,' and he

thus gave voice to the thought that struck him, as he was packing in the wheat. Said he, 'I wish this *bay* was just as full of gold!' 'And what would you do with it all?' enquired the poor man who was working for him. 'Well, I know what I would do with some of it; I'd give you half a bushel!' The offer was liberal in itself, and the more so that it never needed to be fulfilled; but the man thought it was a very small percentage of the *barnful* he himself dreamed of.

Some of the most enterprising men I meet in the country are returned 'Californians.' Some brought gold home with them, but most came as they went; and many a case of family estrangement arose out of the unnatural absence of husband and father—for those who went off were not all young men. Among them were bridegrooms, who went off in a pet and never returned; husbands deliberately deserting their wives—dramas of the Enoch Arden type—in one of which the deserted partner became the hopeless inmate of an Insane Asylum—as I well remember, and could give name and date for; but I forbear.

Whether, because they are gathered into asylums, or whether there are fewer of them, I hardly know, but we have not in Canada, as in Britain, imbeciles and idiots in every neighbourhood. One incident of the unfortunates was mentioned to my father a few years ago at Windsor, which I have never met with in print. The landlord of the hotel in which my father lodged overnight, told him of a 'crazy man' he had for a few days to do odd jobs about the house and stables. 'But,' said the landlord, 'another crazy man came to town and mine left at once. When the other man came on his *beat*, he disappeared! And you will always find it so—two crazy men, if they have their own way, will never stay in one place. They don't seem to like one another.'

Somebody told my father that 'he had discovered an infallible test for the inebriety of any one.' As this is often a desideratum, it may be worth while to give this man's formula. He held that drunkenness affected a man's speech. If he were but slightly intoxicated, his utterance would be but a little affected. With deeper potations he would be more so. But a man who was only moderately overcome with drink, could never properly and distinctly pronounce the words—'United Empire Loyalists.' He would offer to do so, indeed was quite certain that he could pronounce the phrase, but would be sure, while he was thus boasting, to expose himself!

The unconsciousness of a drunken man is sometimes amusing. Once at a township agricultural show, held in a field, where the entrance to the show-ground was a gap in the rail fence, a drunken man sat down beside the gap, and was unable to rise. Soon came along another drunken man, who, however, was able to walk, but not to stand still. 'Aint you ashamed of yourself?' he called out to his prostrate friend. 'Aint you ashamed of yourself, to be sitting there, and everybody laughing at you?' And having pointed his finger at him, and 'shamed' several times, he staggered on. A few boys near set up a merry laugh. The man turned round, and called out, 'That's right! Laugh at him boys! He ought to be ashamed of himself!'

Strange it is, yet not more strange than true, that the brightest men are often found the slaves of drink. I remember one James E., whose name will be sure to be filled in by some of the old settlers in Scarborough, as well as in Dumfries. A bright fellow E. was; finely educated, and full of well-digested information. He was however, an inebriate and could not be kept sober for more than a month or two at a time—and must have a periodical break-out. I never saw a man could swing an axe as E. could. He cut us twenty cords of wood one fall; and then went (I suppose),

and drank the money. He was moreover full of anecdotes, one of which, about a Falkirk man, at the Battle of Waterloo (he was from Fa'kirk himself), he liked to relate to us. This Falkirk man was wounded in the battle, and ran to the rear to get his wound, which was a serious one, bound up. 'Dress me quick, doctor!' cried he, 'and let me win back again! But O man, Doctor? Does na' this mind ye o' the *Tryst o' Fa'kirk?*' The surgeon was also a Falkirk man; and the 'Tryst' was the great cattle-fair, where all the cattle from the Highlands were brought for sale. The noise and confusion of battle, reminded the hero of the exciting scenes and the turmoil of the cattle-fair.

Another character, I remember, named Morrison, who, though a schoolmaster, was not a master of morals. He was an accomplished scholar; had an agreeable, gentlemanly way with him; and might have stood deservedly high in society. But he could not keep sober; and though unsteadiness in a teacher was less sternly noticed in those days than now, yet he 'lost his place,'—or rather he failed to obtain a re-engagement; and for a time I lost sight of him. A few months afterwards, my father saw him at Galt fair; ill-clothed and wretched-looking—with a string round his neck, from which depended a raisin-box, filled with ginger-cakes he was retailing to the boys on the fair-ground. My father accosted him, expressing wonder at meeting him there and in that guise. 'Oh, man,' said he, apparently quite unabashed, 'I manage to study human nature, this way!' Poor Morrison!

Burns says of drink, 'It pangs us fu' o' knowledge!' and one of his countrymen showed it on the 'flats' of Paris—now cut up by the hydraulic canal, and dotted over with houses—where, in the autumn of 1847, a pleasant Temperance pic-nic was held, at which I was present. Dr. Bungay, now of New York, and Dr. Davidson, a Baptist clergyman, were the chief speakers. Bungay, I had often heard before; but Davidson, I thought, was the funniest man I ever heard! Several times, a Scotch mason, in a limey moleskin jacket, attempted to mount the platform; at last he got up before anyone seemed aware, and began this speech: 'Friends and brethren!' he shouted, 'I'm muckle obleeged to ye, for your kindness to me this day! But there's just one thing I want to say; and that is, that ye'll no find *Teetotal* in a' the Bible; nor in the *Dictionar'* either! And that's all I've got to say!'

A storekeeper, at a lumbering station, on the edge of civilization, told me a few years ago, of a rather 'soft' specimen of the great Anglo-Saxon family, who wanted to marry a handsome Indian girl, whose Ojibway name I have forgotten, but it meant 'Long-face.' The suitor, in accordance with Indian custom, carried on the negotiation with the parents. 'And what did Long-face think of the proposition?' I asked.

'Oh, she left it all, Indian fashion, to her parents.'

'And how did the affair end?'

'Very unfortunately for the would-be-groom. He was anxious to impress the "old folks" with the idea that he was a man of consequence and of means. He spoke of his farmand other possessions, until at last the Indian and his wife said he might have Long-face, if he would "keep" *them*, as long as they live!' Not feeling either able or willing to support the whole Indian family in idleness, the affair was broken off; 'at which,' my informant added, 'Long-face was rather pleased.'

I remember a young man, James Dobie, who was always ready to embark in anything—it did not seem to matter what—that could yield him either fame or profit. I never knew a man so versatile. When I first became acquainted with him, he was a salesman in a dry-goods store; and a polite, good salesman he made. Not long after, he had a small contract on

a macadamized road, with a few labourers under him. Then, some war-rumours getting abroad, he wrote to the adjutant-general, offering to raise a troop of volunteer horse. But this came to nothing. Once I heard of him, down under ground, mining gypsum at Paris. Then he taught a school, for a term or two, on the Governor's Road, and was well spoken of as a teacher. Later on, he was 'clerking' in a store; this time in Waterloo township, where an acquaintance with German was necessary; and he began to sputter 'Dutch' among the natives. Next I found him coming to St. George with his butcher's waggon, he having begun business with a partner, in Paris. It is impossible a man can know everything however; and a storekeeper, whose clerk I was at the time, played a practical joke on him. He had a carcase of very lean mutton in the store, and he asked Dobie 'if he would exchange beef for venison, pound for pound?' Yes, he answered, he would do that. So the dealer ran out, and hastily removed the head from the mutton, the better to pass it off for venison, before the butcher came in. The trick succeeded. Thirty or forty pounds of good beef were exchanged for a like weight of the thinnest mutton I ever saw; and the *venison* was offered to a hotel in Paris, before the joke was discovered. Not long after, he served the same storekeeper as an assistant, for a few months. Then he took a contract for excavating a huge barn-cellar, and made double wages by doing two men's work. After this, for a year or two, he 'ran' a steam saw mill in Buffalo. Finally, he disappeared from my sight, as a travelling agent or inspector for some great bridge-building iron firm in New York; aud was, when I last heard of him, overseeing the building of some iron bridges in Virginia; being respectably married, and likely, at last, to 'make his mark.'

Habits and customs change; perhaps all the sooner now that there is more of education abroad than in former days. The loss of a few of these customs we regret—of more we applaud. Of the category of the latter is the *charivari*. Both the thing and the name seem to have come from the French. The original intention, doubtless, was a mock serenade for some ill-assorted couple—as for instance an old woman and a young man. But forty or forty-five years ago, the custom was so prevalent, in some parts of Upper Canada, that no couple whatever could hope to escape the infliction of a *charivari* at their marriage. And I knew two men, who were 'captains' in such enterprises, by acknowledged right; and led their forces through many a perilous adventure. The unearthly hub-bub of a *charivari*, heard at the distance of a couple of miles, on a still evening, is something never to be forgotten. A dozen strings of sleigh-bells—the old-fashioned kind, of graduated sizes and tones; half a dozen cow-bells; a number of old tin-pans to rattle; two or three guns; two or three tin horns; and all, except the performers on the tin horns, shouting at the top of their voices—such was this backwoods music. It came in bursts; lasting for about five minutes. Human lungs could not stand it longer. They generally took care not to 'trespass;' but kept on the highway. A party, of at least fifty, serenaded an old widower, a mile from us, who had, as the youngsters thought, changed his solitary position too hurriedly. At an earlier date, a 'treat' would have been demanded; but Temperance had made strides in the meantime, and the serenaders were content when the groom and bride came out on the 'stoop,' and sang them a duet in the moonlight. The whole party then moved off, preceded by a fife, past my father's house, for a mile or two, to *charivari* a Methodist minister, who had just been married. He was very indignant, and threatened legal proceedings. This gentleman, who is

now one of the leading ministers of his Church, will no doubt remember the evening of his wedding, on the second concession of Dumfries; and the astonishing music then made by that volunteer 'choir.'

Sometimes legal proceedings did follow the demonstration. Within half a mile of where the old widower was serenaded, there had been, a few years before, an unfortunate *charivari*. Some of the family fraternized with the rioters, and found out who they were; and had twenty or thirty of them arrested for 'riot.' They were all bound over to appear at the Quarter Sessions in Hamilton; except one, who being a stranger in the neighbourhood, had to bear a weary two months in gaol. The case was tried before Judge O'Reilly, and all were fined. One of the number, Colin Kerr by name, was a Scotchman from Falkirk, and had a rich Lothian brogue. He had prepared himself for this undesirable occasion, by a grand bowse—a frequent proceeding on his part—and when he sat in the prisoner's box, he became very thirsty. 'I want a drink o' *watter!*' sang out Colin; but no one answered his appeal, except perhaps to warn him to keep 'order.' 'I want a drink o' *watter!*' said Colin. 'Can some o' you no bring a man a a drink o' *watter?* There's not a decent man in the house, but myself, and the little man [the Judge] with the *fence round him!*' Probably the urbane Judge, who always managed to put everyone, even defeated suitors, into good humour, ordered Colin his '*drink o' watter!*'

When maple sugar is made, the 'sugaring-off' is an occasion of brief festivity. This industry has almost died out in the older parts of Ontario, the farmers having plenty of other work to do as soon as the spring begins to open, and grudging the wood that is necessary for sugar-making. It is, however, in Lower Canada that it is seen in most perfection; not in the French country along the St. Lawrence, but out in the eastern townships towards the New England border. Sugar-houses are built in the woods—small frame concerns—and a simple 'arch' of brick is put in. In reality, it is merely two small brick walls, two or three feet high, with a large sheet-iron pan resting on them, and the fire put underneath. The trees are tapped, about an inch deep, with a small auger, and cedar buckets without handles are hung on a nail, under short spouts of sheet-iron. The sap is brought in a large puncheon on a sled drawn by oxen, and every means is taken to save labour, and to ensure perfect cleanliness. Many farmers never buy a pound of sugar in a long series of years. They often make 800, 1,000, and up to 2,000 or more pounds. A farmer's wife said to me, 'If it is a poor year, and we only make 300 pounds, we make it do; and if it is a good year, and we make 800 pounds, we use it all.' This was for a family of seven, with an occasional 'hired hand.' The procedure is as follows: When the season is over, the buckets are washed out, and neatly piled up in the sugar house, along with a couple of cords of firewood, for the next spring. When the sugar is ready, the eastern townships' man will go outside his sugar-house and 'holler' (as they phrase it). Everybody within reach, who has the time to spare, will come and 'eat sugar.' I have counted twenty-two or twenty-four on such occasions. Each comer is supplied with two paddles; a big one to dip into the pan, and a small one to scrape from the larger one, and put to your mouth—for it is unpardonable rudeness to put the paddle from your mouth into the pan. There is always a demand for salt bacon or smoked beef at dinner, after a 'sugaring,' or for the sourest pickles. These act as a preventative of nausea; and those who have eaten from a half to a whole pound of sugar each, will be ready in the afternoon for another 'sugaring.' The neigh-

bours, who are almost all natives, of New England descent, delight in recounting humorous stories of new immigrants and their sugar experiences. A new arrival in Eaton tapped all the trees he came to, and wondered why some of them yielded nothing. Old Mr. Williams, of Oro, in Ontario, had a similar experience, and told a neighbour, as an unexplained circumstance, 'that he had five trees with their spouts all pointing into one trough, and not a drop of sap from one of them.'

The fact was, he had tapped a clump of *basswood*, mistaking them for maples. The same worthy old Englishman, who had spent most of his life in Woolwich Dockyard, was chopping in his cedar swamp, and 'lodged' a tree. He thought 'he would go up' and loosen the entanglement! He ascended the sloping trunk for about twenty or thirty feet from the ground, when down came the tree with Mr. W., his axe and all! The old man received such injuries in his hip that he was lame ever after. He said 'he did not see how he had his mishap, for he had many a time gone to the *masthead*, and surely could go up *that*!'

The Eaton man having been put right as to the trees that gave sap, and those that gave none, got his sugar works going at last, and in due time, had a quantity of syrup, which he thought he would take to the house to 'sugar off.' So, having come on horseback to his sugar-works—for the 'going' is almost an impossible thing for a week or two in the spring;—he would take his buckets of hot syrup by horse. Behold him then on *horseback*, with a neck-yoke on his shoulders, at either end of which depends a pail of hot syrup! It would needs be a steady horse and a good road! But it was neither of those. The horse floundered, and the syrup scattered over his flanks—and, though not hot enough to scald him, was warm enough to frighten him. He bolted off, and after the syrup was strung along and 'spun' into fine threads over the snow for a half a mile, the man got home; but had nothing to sugar-off that day!

It is popularly believed there, that the festivities of the sugar season are favourable to matrimonial arrangements; for on the end of a sugar-house near Bulwer, I read, as I passed, this warning painted in rude letters:

NO SPARKiNG
ALOWED
HEAR.

Here is a story I found in a newspaper, a great many years ago, illustrating the Canadian custom of compelling a man to put out his hand to 'anything that comes along.' A steamer was ascending the Ottawa. At one of the stopping-places, a mill-owner came on board, and asked the captain 'if he had any immigrants on board? for he wanted a man.' The captain pointed out an immigrant, a man with a family, as perhaps likely to suit him. The gentleman went to him, and told him it was he who owned the mills here, and he wanted him to land and to work for him; and he would give him a house, rent free, to live in, etc.

'And what kind of work do you want me to do?'

'I want you to make barrels.'

'O, but I'm not a cooper: I never made a barrel in my life!'

'Never mind that; you'll soon learn. Just put your "traps" ashore, that will be all right!'

And he overcame all his objections, and compelled him to come ashore—gave him a house to live in—and set him at once to work. Years after, the cooper himself, telling this story, ended by saying, 'I am now living in my own house; my children are all grown up and well educated; I earn good wages, and have several men working under me, and am well off in every way.'

To be continued.

TRUE LOVE.

BY E. B. H.

TO love—'tis but a little word,
'Tis lightly said by some,
And said with gay and merry heart,
To those who go and come.

A few short months, a few short weeks
Of idle, tender play,
Just touched with passion—not too much—
That quickly fades away.

The next that comes is quite as dear,
The vows as freely made,
'Sweetest, I never loved but you,
Beside you all loves fade.'

And this is Love—nay not to all—
Some hearts are not so won;
Prosaic as our world has grown,
A few still love but one

To love—to such it means to give
The heart and soul entire,
Eternal, pure, and changeless love,
Though touched with earthly fire.

Such love, once given, is evermore,
'Twill deeper, purer grow,
And less of earth and more of heaven
As years advance 'twill know.

Once and forever—earthly change
Is for a poor, weak heart;
Immortal Love will conquer Time,
It of the soul is part.

Thus, call not by that sacred name
The poor and selfish thing,
That to the nearest or the last
Of many loves will cling.

True Love is not recalled at will,
It grows with every year;
Part of the being that we breathe
Till, in a higher sphere,
Freed from the dross of earth 'twill rise
In God's light, pure and clear.

THE PERMANENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY 'ALCHEMIST,' MONTREAL.

STUDY of modern scientific matter has forced upon many individuals important religious conclusions. They have felt that in the dispute between the representative theologians and the prominent scientists the latter on many points present the most reasonable arguments. They are convinced that, in questions still doubtful, the scientist, besides his superiority of method, has the advantage of having placed a number of starting-points fairly beyond dispute. They accept Darwin's theory of natural selection as a simple and clear solution of the history of life, and find it impossible to receive the opposite doctrine of special creations. In their belief, geology, revealing the stupendous age of our earth and countless past races of vegetable and animal existence, has reduced the six days' creation and the Noachic genealogies to legends. Cosmology, with them, intensifies the argument of geology. Astronomy ignores 'the waters above the firmament' and the stayed sun of Gibeon. Physiology and Mechanics, which give quantity, measurement and material laws to nerve and will-force, and show them capable of transposition into heat, electricity, gravity, abolish a hundred theories concerning responsibility, freedom and the nature of immortal life. Utilitarianism, the pleasure-theory of Ethics, has been only half successful, not because its principle is untrue, but because by friends and opponents only half understood; and this, too—the finding of a blood-relation, in one aspect, between pleasure and good, and between will and the feelings, is occasioning wholesale collapse among a certain class of speculations on the conscience, guilt and sin. Then there is Comparative Mythology tracing the pedigree of the Genesis legends distinctly to Assyria; and Comparative Religion discovering sweet rules of righteousness at the roots of Buddhism, and noble lives and maxims in China before Our Lord, and the worship of one great 'Father-in-Heaven' by the earliest Aryan ploughmen, and psalms like David's in Chaldea, and everywhere tendencies, likenesses, affinities, to the loftiest truths of Christianity; and discovering that Christianity itself has the same kind (not degree, however) of defects as all those other religions, as if One had left them there to show its connection with His plan. And next arises Historical Criticism, with renewed, combined, persistent researches into the apostolic and sub-apostolic ages, lighting up a score of Gnostic systems and influences which affected the Church itself; constructing pictures of the great Schools of Palestine, and of the national misfortunes and other events which deflected the New Testament documents, and even of Persian and Babylonian society and the times of the Maccabees. With Historical comes Literary Criticism, demonstrating that the wrecks of the same original Gospel-story form the body of the three first Evangels, that it varies in each, that it contains no account of the Resurrection, that it has been added to and displaced by many hands, that its narrations are almost wholly miraculous in its earlier part, but grow clear as it approaches the Supper and Crucifixion—that different endings are tacked to it in every

Gospel and different beginnings in Matthew and Luke, and that these contain more of myth and less of fact than the main story. Innumerably more things—a countless mass of facts --does Literary Criticism, without descending to philological puerilities, reveal to the impartial mind. It seems as if every petty science had also its bitter drop for the cup of Divinity. Philology, Philosophy, Logic, even Pure Mathematics, combine to add trouble. And most significant is, that the objections from natural science are grounded on the simplest logic, and, unlike objections from Metaphysics, bear easy stamps of truth. Miracles, likewise, we can no longer hold. They have not only against them the precedent improbability of discordance with well-known laws, but are oftenest reported in the most superstitious times and credulous places; where alone they yet linger. They disappear in exact proportion to the progress of civilization. They have been claimed as evidence by the most degraded systems. No demoniacs live now. There are neither ghosts nor witches, nor risers from the dead. New sciences establish the whole argument of Hume to this extent. We are forced back, in natural matters, to find no workings of God except through his ever-present laws. 'But' demand of us whatever theologians may still have expected of us as friends, 'where then is your support for Supernatural Revelation; the Trinity; and the Resurrection, which you cut from the end of the Gospels; and Redemption, if there be no free-will; and the Divinity of Christ?'

We see no support for them; the proofs are too clearly against them. And not only can it be shown that they are mainly illogical among themselves but they can be traced to their sources of mistake. Take one—the Divinity of Christ. Followed impartially along the writings of the age, it proves a descendant of Philo of Alexandria's theory of the Word, in combination with Christ's earnest appropriation to Himself of the Fatherhood of God calling Himself His Son as He wishes the disciples to do for themselves. It was contributed to by the reverent early traditions regarding Him, and by the incorporation of Philo's theory by the Jews with their own Messianic expectations. Its associate doctrine, the Trinity, is but that which happened to be chosen by the Church out of many Gnostic ones. Hermas, for instance, brother of Pope Pius, in the second century, wrote a book called 'The Pastor,' long read for edification in the churches. A parable is told in it concerning a servant who tilled the vineyard so faithfully in the absence of his Lord that the Lord made him co-heir with his Son; and it is explained that the Son is the Holy Ghost who had existed from before the world with the Father, while the servant is Jesus who so well established the work of God on earth and so pleased the Holy Spirit which descends within good men that these two had taken counsel to receive Him into their number.

What are these dogmas but the beautiful and strange conceptions of imaginative times? This conclusion they press upon us; which again verifies itself in accordance with the best requirements of Logic, in every succeeding deduction. Not that those dogmas were puny or inconceivable as a system, but their bases of fact fall so clearly into place under simple and methodical sciences.

By such, and ten thousand corroborative conclusions, gathered not so much from specialist arguments as from a general search for facts, we have had borne home to us the conviction *that something was wrong with theology;* and the majority have been tempted to consider Christianity itself a fabric of misconceptions.

But are not a few facts obvious on the other side? Amidst all the misconceptions innumerable would a single one bear the construction that

Christianity is wilfully false? The answer even of enemies has been given in the universal rejection of the Resurrection Theory of Fraud. Of like fate is Renan's suggestion that Jesus was compelled by expediency to accept reputation as a miracle-worker.

1. Then those misconceptions have been mistakes and not falsehoods. Much myth there is in the Gospels and in Genesis and other books, but *myth is not a lie.* It is but naturally distorted truth, subject to laws of distortion (like the laws of reflection of light) which are beginning to be discovered, and the patient study of which will gradually recover the entire truth.

2. In the meantime has myth so hopelessly disturbed the Bible that its general contents, even now, mislead any reader slightly instructed in the nature of such influences? Are not such influences even absent from the greater part? Cannot a common-sense man so instructed acquire a correct idea of the life of Christ, His sayings, difficulties, sorrows, work and death with much more ease than he can of the great propositions of Natural Science?

The Bible, then, is, on the whole, a book not difficult to understand. Even commentators on it would require to spend more labour on the study of those sciences which throw light upon it than they have spent over the riddles of Divinity. It is this portion which the Germans have well begun: but English attempts are on the more important track in seeking a way not so much to exhibit the lore as to preserve the life.

3. But now, though straightforward (1) and simple to comprehend (2), does it contain matter worth while? Yes. It contains *the only possible future religion.* And great men of this latter age who have studied history and human needs have affirmed or admitted—according to their other views—that mankind cannot attain to goodness without religion (esp. Froude, 'Essays on Science and Theology,). The proofs of this proposition have been so often lately set forth that it requires but mention. It is, therefore, just as necessary to retain the Bible as we found it reasonable to alter theology.

Upon the whole question the outline of solution is this: 1. That *righteousness is indispensable.* 2. *That the mass of men cannot attain to righteousness without a religion.* 3. That they cannot reach it by means of a philosophy. 4. Nor by means of a mixture of religious systems. 5. But only by some single system. 6. *That among religions the best imperatively excludes the others.* 7. *That only a true system can be entertained.* 8. *And that to b permanent it must be expressive of the highest truths.*

Christianity I believe to possess the common-sense advantage of fulfilling these conditions. I believe it to be the best of systems—a superiority given it by evolution through natural causes, with God working by means of them, and with the usual wonderful results of high evolution. And I believe it by its fundamental preference of the spirit to the letter, to be expressive of the entire gist and possible extent of truth. And I believe its great special doctrines to be true.

The creed may be clearer on consideration of two questions: I. What is a religion? II. What reasons exist for holding Christianity to be true

I. A religion is a system of means found capable in practice of bringing men to righteousness. And righteousness is conduct directed to secure the greatest harmony of all conscious natures with all things. Those to whom the most important of 'all things' is Deity, generally define a religion 'a worship of Deity' in some form. Ethics is the theoretic science of righteousness. Religion and law—to use the latter for illustration of the first—have the relation to ethics of practical sciences, engaged with the efficient

means of righteousness. Law is the abstract science of external means. Religion of internal. The former regards the outward act, and is incapable of arriving at pure righteousness, which depends upon intention ; but religion dealing principally with intention itself, is capable of accomplishing essential righteousness. Each of them has for subject-matter many (concrete) systems—codes and religions—in different stages of improvement, from Papuan *tabu* to Roman jurisprudence, from Shinto to Christianity.

What is a practical science? What is the distinction between practice and theory. The former consists of conduct adapted simply to things and events as they actually occur. It follows the maze of life and nature—'the subtilty of things'—without attempt at analysis. The one requirement of a practical rule is, not that it shall be the expression of a casual law, nor be couched in terms of precision, nor bear any relation to scientific system—but only that it will work—not that its Deduction shall be clear, but that its Verification shall, to use the terms of Mill. The one requirement of a practical observation is, that it prove true when required. I may hold whatever view I please concerning free-will ; may consider myself a sheer automaton moved by physical forces, but in practice I must recognize that I can withhold myself with perfect ease from knocking my knuckles on the door, and I have consequently a practical free-will. And so about every such question. We have one safe end of it if we know it in practice. Apply this to some ideas on religion. The way to lead men to goodness, say some, is to instruct them in morality, purity, truth ; but the worship of Buddha's Tooth has proved as fruitful. Every ethical philosophy, again, but in greater degree if its ethics are true, has a religion deeply bound with it, the mere contemplation of good ideas producing some warmth of desire in the mind which acts as a means of righteousness. These ideas, however, being abstract, are difficult to conceive without study and attention, and are always less vivid than objects from life (see Bacon on 'Art of Memory,' Advt. of Lg.). Being consequently not fitted to the conditions of mankind in its varied characters, classes, occupations and historical ups-and-downs, ethical philosophies are valueless as universal religions—(hence *wrong* as religions, for he who chooses his cult should do so keeping in view its influence on all men). This is why even Stoicism failed at Rome, and early Taoism in China, and why Confucianism there has lost the lower ranks.

With mixtures of systems, like the Brahmo Somaj, the difficulty is partly the same, but partly also that they lose the force of concentration. To dilute force is to lose means and efface claim to rank as a religion.

Practice has been the test, and moulder of Christianity being the form of Natural Selection with which Evolution has acted upon religions. Hundreds were the systems of superstition, philosophy and religion proper, from which Christianity emerged the chosen —the complex result of many centuries fulfilling in its assemblage of superiorities, the ultimate conditions. Contemplate its *machina* of peculiar methods, emotions, and appeals to a grand example, of which Christ is the soul and chief—that intensely attracting figure, burnt into history — the greatest human genius devoted to the noblest human object, born in the most fitting age, living a pure and strikingly eventful life, teaching sublime and piercing truths, and dying for principles out of love to God his Father and to men. Ever since the ages have been rolling up for his religion another force—a vast prestige. His way is the best way—for most men the only. It asks but an unprejudiced trial for even the contemptuous moralist to find his correct life quickened in a degree he will not deny. As well

may one invent another Man as another Christianity.

But what if, while effectual, its means and dogmas be false? Are, for instance, the ethics of Christ in accordance with the ethics of fact? Has not Kant shown right and wrong to be intuitions of the reason? Or Hume, Sidgwick and Spencer, that they are based upon pleasure and pain? And from one of these principles must not each thinker start, who wishes to arrive at the rest?

Not necessarily. For whatever right or wrong be, we feel and see them for the most part easily enough in practice. The great thing in studies of our nature is the proper interpretation of it. For this delicate questioning some men are fitter than others—geniuses, ever true. And that Christ was such, we have verifications in the way his words interpret to our natures what we had not noticed was their voice. Upon this study he turned intense illumination of great powers, reaching results corroborated even by the clumsier independent solutions of Buddha and Confucius—men far less great than he. I recognize in him a delicate instinct, which, notwithstanding recent discussions, will, I think, be proved in every case correct as to its decisions on righteousness.

God and Immortality are the other two dogmas, of which we should like to feel quite sure. Of them, too, natural theology must consolidate the proofs from science and history. But I hold that their most important testimony is that of Christ himself, and the vigorous successions of geniuses, who spent their powers in examining, discovering and improving their practical forms, and handed them down to the Artist, a celestial legacy. The right they have to authority here depends partly on the nature of the questions (whose difficulty consists in his co-ordination of deductions, rather than in the necessity of many inductive examples), and partly on the general character of genius. Logicians, dazzled by the superiority and ease of regular induction within its proper sphere, have overlooked the value of other descriptions of investigation. Regular induction has only been subduing the fields of knowledge into sciences (*i.e.* demonstrating their causal laws) by degrees. While sciences have been taking shape, there ran ahead into tracts yet unsubdued an instrument more fit to cope with chaotic states, namely Genius, the precursor of Science, which for many fields makes a very good instrument indeed, but, in this case, crowning a consensus of metaphysical and historical reasonings, possesses convincing value. It is to such questions the same solvent as the common-sense of ordinary men to ordinary situations of life. Genius is, in fact, but exalted common-sense, which again is but another term for good judgment. The greater the genius, the more trustworthy the solvent. Christ's achievements in ethics prove his genius great, under circumstances which permit us to test it.

The Hebrew method of investigation was the natural method of Genius. It has been universally depreciated and misunderstood, but happened, in this case, to possess the conditions of a useful logical plan. It did not much occupy itself, like Greek reasoning, with propositions and words, but rather carried in the mind those pictures and impressions of things themselves which lie at the back of all the formulas and signs of speech—by which logicians indeed correct their ideas. The great minds of Israel so equipped went up and down the universe of facts, asking of doctrines and assertions the simple questions, 'Is this true? Is that true?' and closely comparing the essential alleged facts with the facts pictured by memory in the mind. There were difficulties certainly. The labyrinth of words was exchanged for the laybrinth of things. A strict national habit of truth was the necessary atmosphere, and imagination is difficult to restrain. Furthermore,

where decisions were made regardless of fixed terms, it was difficult, lacking the latter, to demonstrate the decisions. Finally, it needed a strong mind to think without the aid of syllogistic rules and the registering facilities which a system of propositions afford. But these have been found so treacherous in complicated questions that syllogism and deduction have been made the object of the greatest outcries in science. Bacon's revolt against them made our civilization. Locke exalted over them external and internal experience—induction and common sense. The later history of logic is chiefly that of defining their exact place. Ueberweg and Mill conclude that our ultimate test of the truth of a proposition is its agreement with the truth of things. Where syllogistic method, however, most conspicuously fails is in great and complex questions in which there are processes of co-ordination—of reasoning at the same moment on many interweaving lines of thought. Here the method of Genius, if in proportion to the strength, delicacy, and accustomedness of the mind, supposing it to have all necessary material, has greatly the advantage. In the hands of one like Christ, it practically amounts to Reason rejecting the shackles of logical form, and making straight at conclusions which experience subconsciously endorses. To reason about the world and the soul, and their Creator, he had not to know and track out all the theories which could be made into words on those subjects, but rose to lofty perceptions of the divine, just as he did of righteousness—by diligently pondering the world of actualities, and with extraordinary clearness of sight and good judgment refusing whatever was false to them.

When the grounds of faith are rightly analyzed it will, I think, be discovered that Christianity has a firm, dogmatic base, as well as practical efficiency. The method of Genius should govern till the method of Science has completely subdued the field. Efficiency and reasonableness constitute for it a solid assurance of permanence. To the man who believes on and trusts in God, its claims of doctrine and plan are plain and easy. And for the truth about God, he is logical in trusting Christ.

Two rules of practice also must Conservatism teach: To reverently trust the old thinkers, at least till we understand their subjects; and never to reject a belief till it has completely fulfilled the conditions of disbelief. And a further lesson is, that having once, by wide and careful independent study, or by deliberate choice of leaders, reasoned out our faith, we should drop that chilling attitude and live what God has taught us. Very little of Christianity, except the form of its science, is destined to change. Instead of theorizing we must, as Christ did, realize. Deduction must give way to a new inspection of facts. Instead of Direct Inspiration and the Divinity of Christ, we must attain to the ancient truths they used to mean—the convictions, namely, that all good things are more nearly the final purpose of God; and that a man like Christ is a being infinitely higher than the average man. In place of the Holy Ghost we should feel the communing presence of our Father Himself. Redemption will be no longer a bargain with Jehovah, but the willing sacrifice of Jesus for each, when he chose anguish and death rather than desert the truth which he believed would save the world. Of God, our ideas must be practical and not analytical—what He is to our helplessness—to each Our Father in Heaven.

TO ————

BY L. L., MONTREAL.

I WISH that thou wouldst die,
  But with thy parting sigh,
I would have thee confess
  Thou lovest me.

That with thy crushed right hand,
As I beside thee stand,
Thou wouldst my fingers press
  With tenderness.

That when thy soul has fled,
And mortals call thee dead,
I o'er thy face might bend
  And kiss thy lips.

The memory of past joy,
Perfect, without alloy,
Our throbbing frames may rend
  With cries and sobs.

But deeper far the grief
Which only finds relief
In cursing present things,
  And life itself.

To see thee walk alone,
To hear thy passing groan
Which in my spirit rings,
  What agony!

To feel the 'witching charm
Of thy encircling arm,
Which twines itself by chance
  Around mine own.

To look into thine eyes,
Which mirror stormy skies,
And tremble neath their gaze,
  What happiness!

Yes I have felt all these,
Have known the evening breeze
To bear upon its wings
  Thy spoken words.

But yet I cannot say
(Although each day I pray)
If these strange, trivial things
Are aught to thee.

And I live on in fear,
Dreading the world's cold jeer,
Dreading its chilling smile
If it knew all.

I cannot ask of thee
If thou my friend wilt be,
For thou might'st sneer the while
And kill all hope.

To know that thou wert dead,
Lying in narrow bed
Within the cold, dull ground,
Would be sharp pain.

But better far this pain,
(We both might meet again)
Though on thy lowly mound
My tears should fall;

Sure of thy lasting love,
Which then would live above,
I could work on and strive,
Though sorrowing;

Than that in doubt and grief,
Crushed like some withered leaf,
Sorrow my soul should drive
To war with life.

OUR ENGLISH CRITICS.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA

THE statesmen of Canada have for many years devoted their best energies to the consolidation and development of the Dominion, and to the establishment, on the half of the American continent over which they rule, of a strong and united people, English in thought and feeling as well as in political constitution. In this they have, to all appearance, the hearty concurrence of the Canadian people, while their efforts are watched with interest, and not without generous expressions, by the great people over the border. Why, then, should Canada everlastingly be made the subject

of sneers and detraction, generally grossly untrue, by her own kith and kin, Englishmen born and bred? Why, of all things, should she be charged with a desire to be annexed to the United States?

It is stated by the *Pall Mall Gazette* (10th October) that hardly anybody in Canada wants to maintain the British connection, but a small knot of professional politicians and others who have a fancy for knighthoods and the like. That Canadian farmers and merchants feel 'isolated' on this continent. That England is quite mistaken in supposing that the Canadian people in general care to remain under her flag, and that the feeling in favour of annexation is every day growing stronger.

If this be so, how is it that we who live in Canada hear so little of it? Why does no Canadian public man, no Canadian public print, give voice to the desires of the people? Who has heard of these desires, how have they been expressed, and what authority has the *Pall Mall Gazette* for making such a charge?

The matter being thus forced upon us in such a strange and unnatural way by Englishmen, it behoves us to consider what we should gain by annexation, and what we should lose. We might gain by the application to our resources of that enterprize, and adaptation of means to ends, which so eminently distinguish our neighbours; but we may take a leaf out of their book in these ways without annexation. What we should lose is plain. The first result would be an Indian war in our North-West, with its fifty years of horrors and atrocities, and its effects for generations to come on our people's character in the forms of falsehood, truculence and cruelty, and disregard of human life and suffering. Then we should exchange our present admirable political machinery, with its responsible ministry, for an executive utterly irresponsible, and our present equitable administration of justice, sound public opinion, and comparative safety of life and person, for the state of things with which the American press keeps us familiar. As to our feeling 'isolated' on this continent, have we not half the continent to ourselves, ample railway accommodation, seaports, and a mercantile marine ranking the fourth in the world? We are no more isolated than the Americans or anybody else.

The *Gazette* thinks that because one tortuous stream, the Red River of the north, compared with whose course a writhing snake is a mathematical straight line, runs from American territory into Manitoba, the produce of Minnesota and Dakota should 'follow the water power.' Said produce thinks otherwise and goes just the other way. No produce meant to pay interest on capital will ever go meandering through the bends of the Red River. But this is about as sensible as the rest of the *Gazette's* talk about Canada, and is a specimen of the average acquaintance possessed by Englishmen with the geography of their 'premier colony.'

Our independent yeomen are as democratic as the most radical of men could wish, democratic enough to know that the institutions under which they live and thrive could not well be made more democratic than they are, and sensible enough to prefer a democracy which has 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent,' to a crude and cobbled democracy, whose imperfections show themselves every day, and under which people's liberties are interfered with, in ways no Englishman would submit to in his own island, and certainly no Canadian in his own Canada.

It is an open question, whether we should get on faster, even in a material way, under the stars and stripes, than we do now. Since Confederation, fourteen years ago, our imports have increased 82 per cent. and our exports 107 per cent., against 52 per cent. and 51 per cent., in the case of those of

the United States. The capital of our banks has increased 97 per cent., their circulation 225 per cent., their assets 179 per cent. The deposits in Savings Banks have increased 1015 per cent., and the Railway mileage 250 per cent. We are doing pretty well as we are.

But it takes two to make a bargain, and, in the present case, it would take three. Supposing we wanted annexation, would England calmly resign her control of half the Amerian continent, with its vast possibilities of usefulness to herself? Her two vital necessities are food and markets. America and Russia give her the former; but they try all they can not to give her the latter. Now, every man in Canada consumes many times as much of British manufactures (a late writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says, twenty times as much) as he would if he lived in the States. So if Canada, as no doubt she soon will, proves able to supply England with food, England can pay for that food with her manufactures, and keep her people employed and comfortable, instead of paying Russia and America largely by transfer of securities, and at the same time keeping her people half their time unemployed and uncomfortable. As compared with foreign markets, the colonial demand is steady, and at the same time it increases at a far faster rate. And there is another consideration. Will England allow the four millions of Canada, and all her other subjects, who may cross the Atlantic, to follow the millions already in the Republic, who have sworn to fight the Republic's battles against all princes and rulers, '*especially the Queen of England?*' Should Canada ever make any serious attempt at entering upon Commercial Union with the States, to the exclusion of England, I fancy she will find the present silken rein exchanged for something more like a curb of steel; that is, if England is mindful either of her interests or her honour.

I can only account for the English notion that Canada wants annexation, by supposing that Englishmen feel that their snubs, insults and neglect ought, by this time, to have thoroughly destroyed all attachment on the part of Canadians to the British connection. English opinion has been too much influenced by the reports of gentlemen, who, at a loss to dispose of their daily twenty-four hours of elegant leisure in Canada, have gone home and pronounced her 'no country for a gentleman.' What are rich plains and forests, endless waterways, mountains of iron, and continents of coalfields? In one province, a farmer shot a fox, when English gentlemen, even guardsmen, were scampering after him. In another province, the salmon won't take the fly. Why keep such a country? What can a gentleman do in it, you know? And so territory after territory has been handed over to the Republic, to confront us in these days in the shape of mighty and rival States. But now English statesmen, manufacturers, farmers and labourers, are looking abroad, thinking of other things than salmon and foxes, and seeking, not a country for a gentleman, but for a man.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has recently, in the English journals, had a good deal to say about Canada, and the railway policy of her Government. For instance, in a late number of the *Contemporary*, he asks us to believe that the Intercolonial Railway can only be run at an annual loss of half a million dollars. When Mr. Smith wrote, there were figures at his command, showing the loss on running this line for the last year, whose returns were then published, to be only $97,000, not $500,000, and this loss was converted into a small profit in the following year. Thus do people dress up facts which, naked and not ashamed, would spoil points they want to make. 'The Intercolonial and Pacific Railways,' says Mr. Smith, 'ought not to be built, because parts of them go through unproductive re-

gions.' It would be hard to build a line one or two thousand miles long anywhere whose whole course should lie in smiling plains. It now turns out that one portion of the Pacific Railway censured by Mr. Smith traverses one of the richest timber countries in the world, as well as a vast mineral region, neither timber nor minerals being available without the railway. Any way, so long as the shrewd capitalists who have undertaken the work have no misgivings, Mr. Smith may surely have none. But whether these roads pay to begin with or not, they are virtually necessary to our progress. In his desire to establish the impossibility of a united Canada, Mr. Smith represents our large and powerful French element as looking toward France in quest of some alliance as to the nature of which we are not informed. Nay, he has stated boldly, in print, that 'Algeria is nothing but a garrison; *Quebec is the only colony of France.*' (The italics are mine). The French Canadians are not so unnatural as not to cherish the warmest feelings for the land of their ancestors, but their affection is rather for the golden lilies than for the tricolor. The traditions, the romance, the poetry, and, above all, the old religion of the old land, are all entwined round monarchy. If the writer in question would use that knowledge of French, which forms part of his attainments, in general conversation with French Canadians, he would hear expressions anything but complimentary to the rulers and the politics of France, and he would find that tradition and sentiment are not the only reasons for which French Canadians regard fear of God and honour of the King as natural allies. The constitutional monarchy under which the French Canadians have thriven so well seems quite to their taste. Any change, moreover, which would threaten the influence of the Church of their ancestors, would find but poor welcome among them.

The friendship between the great English-speaking peoples must be viewed with pleasure by all good men; and Canadians, of all people, are interested in its maintenance. But we have no present reason for desiring a change in our political conditions. If four millions of freemen really want anything, what they want will not remain long in doubt; and if our free and manly yeomen, our keen men of business, and all other Canadians who care nothing for knighthoods and the like, want annexation, what powerful magic ties their tongues?

IN EXILE.

I.

THE singing streams and deep, dark wood
Beloved of old by Robin Hood,

Lift me a voice, kiss me a hand,
To call me from this younger land.

What time, by dull Floridian lakes,
What time, by rivers fringed with brakes,

I blow the reed and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go

Well sent to deer or wary hare,
Or wild-fowl whistling down the air;—

What time I lie in shady spots
On beds of wild forget-me-nots,

That fringe the fen-lands insincere
And boggy marges of the mere,

Whereon I see the heron stand,
Knee-deep in sable slush of sand,—

I think how sweet if friends should come
And tell me England calls me home.

II.

I keep good heart and bide my time
And blow the bubbles of my rhyme ;

I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,

And blow, and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.

Mother of archers, then I go
Wind-blown to you with bended bow,

To stand close up by you, and ask
That it be my appointed task

To sing in leal and loyal lays
Your matchless archers' meed of praise,

And that unchallenged I may go
Through your green woods with bended bow—

Your woods where bowered and hidden stood
Of old the home of Robin Hood.

Ah, this were sweet, and it will come
When merry England calls me home !

III.

Perchance, long hence, it may befall,
Or soon, mayhap, or not at all,

That all my songs nowhither sent,
And all my shafts at random spent,

Will find their way to those who love
The simple truth and force thereof,

Wherefore my name shall then be rung
Across the land from tongue to tongue,

Till some who hear shall haste to come
With news that England calls me home.

IV.

I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades ;

Through purflèd braids that fringe the mere,
I watch the timid tawny deer

Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,

When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry ;

I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn

The tall wild turkeys swiftly pass,
Light-footed, through the dewy grass.

I shout and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended bow,

Then on my rest I feel at noon
Sown pulvil of the blooms of June ;

I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme ;

These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

V.

The self-yew bow was England's boast ;
She leaned upon her archer host,—

It was her very life-support
At Crécy and at Agincourt,

At Flodden and at Halidon Hill,
And fields of glory redder still !

O bows that rang at Neville's Cross !
O yeomanry of Solway Moss !

These were your victories, for by you
Breast-plate and shield were cloven through,

And mailèd knights, at every joint
Sore wounded by an arrow-point,

Drew rein, turned pale, reeled in the sell,
And, bristled with arrows, gasped and fell !

O barbèd points that scratched the name
Of England on the walls of fame !

O music of the ringing cords
Set to grand songs of deeds, not words !

O yeomen ! for your memory's sake
These bubbles of my rhyme I make ;

Not rhymes of conquest, stern and sad,
Or hoarse-voiced, like the Iliad,

But soft and dreamful as the sigh
Of this sweet wind that washes by

The while I wait for friends to come
And tell me England calls me home.

VI.

I wait and wait; it would be sweet
To feel the sea beneath my feet,

And hear the breeze sing in the shrouds
Betwixt me and the white-winged clouds,

To feel and know my heart would soon
Have its desire, its one sweet boon,

To look out on the foam-sprent waste
Through which my vessel's keel would haste,

Till on the far horizon dim
A low white line would shine and swim!

O God, the very thought is bliss!
The burden of my life it is,

Till over sea song-blown shall come
The news that England calls me home!

VII.

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day
When these brown locks are silver gray,

And these brown arms are shrunken small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all;

When the swift deer shall pass me by
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,

And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted blowing foolish rhyme,

And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,

Of grassy glade and queachy fen
Beloved of old by archer-men,

And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.

VIII.

Such words are sad—blow them away
And lose them in the leaves of May,

O wind! and leave them there to rot
Like random arrows lost when shot;

And here, these better thoughts, take these
And blow them far across the seas,

To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood!

Say this, low-speaking in my place:
'The last of all the archer-race

Sends this, his sheaf of rhymes, to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,

And made the cloth-yard arrow ring
For merry England and her king,

Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret!'

Say this, and then, oh haste to come
And tell me England calls me home!

—MAURICE THOMPSON,
In 'The Century' for February.

TO MAURICE THOMPSON.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

I WAGE a war with you who sang
Your song of England. That it rang

Through England, doubt not, for the song
So tender was, so sadly strong,

I surely think that long ere this,
The looked-for, long-expected bliss

Is yours, and that they must have come
To tell you England called you home.

For you on England have a claim,
'Tis meet that she should know your name,

The last of all her archer-race,
For you must be a trysting-place.

Surely for you a welcome waits,
Surely for you are opened gates,

And Christmas cheer, and hearth-side kiss,
And what you value more than this,

The merry horns that roam the wood,
And rouse the merry hunting mood.

O! even as I write, perchance,
Maid Marian leads you forth to dance;

A modern Marian, well I know,
But sweet as she who bent the bow

In Sherwood once with Robin Hood.
Perchance already you have stood

Knee-deep in English grass and fern,
And felt your arrow in its turn

Leap like a prisoner to the air,
Who had forgotten earth was fair.

Was this your dream? And have they come
To tell you England calls you home?

And this is why I wage my war
And this is why I sing afar

From land of pines and snowy land
—All, all is snow on every hand,

And gray and white are all I see
Or white or gray alike to me—

To you who in a warmer clime
Blow the bright bubble of your rhyme,

And ply your task with half a heart,
Standing from other men apart

That you may sooner catch the words,
More welcome far than mating birds

In this drear North—the words that burn
With exile past and sweet return

Of English joys and games and glade,
And merry men and modest maids—

Because your wish was also mine,
And is and always will be mine.

The wish, the hope—to end my days
In England and with English ways,

Once more to feel a calm content,
Once more to thrill with sentiment.

Born of her myths and mystery,
Born of her wondrous history,

And of her beauty—ah! I swear
I know not anything as fair

In this new land of clearer skies,
As English mists that shyly rise

From off shy streams or ivied walls,
Or cling about fair ruined halls,

Too fondly true to keep away,
Too truly fond to long to stay,

And O for glimpse of English green,
I well could give my soul, I ween.

I never pulled a primrose, I,
But could I know that there may lie

E'en now some small and hidden seed
Within, below, some English mead,

Waiting for sun and rain to make
A flower of it for my poor sake,

I then could wait till winds should tell
For me there swayed or swung a bell,

Or reared a banner, peered a star,
Or curved a cup in woods afar.

A grave in England! Surely there
In churchyard ancient, quiet, fair,

My rest will some sweet day be found,
And I shall sleep in tranquil ground,

Not far, perchance, from where a green
And older grave I have not seen,

Holds what I held on earth most dear,
—But who am I? And who may hear

My prayer, and where the friends to come
And tell me England calls me home?

I am no merry archer bold,
In sooth, I know not how to hold

A bow and arrow! This your claim,
O friend in Florida, to fame,

I ne'er will question. Singer too
Of noble songs! I have 'tis true

A little written, some things done,
But cannot hope that any one

Of my poor ventures e'er shall gain
The listening ear of England, fain

To know the deeds her children do
And merge her old life in our new.

And shall I quarrel with you, then,
Because I envy you the pen,

The bow and arrow? Nay, not so,
For that would ill accord with flow

Of yearning tears and brow, tight-clasped,
And words 'O God, O England,' gasped.

Because I read your verses, Friend,
Nay, why a quarrel? I but send

These lines to you that you may know
Your lines to one soul straight did go,

And dare to hope that when the boon
You long for comes (and that full soon

I know must be, and they will come
To tell you England calls you home)

You will remember when you see
A faint new primrose deck the lea,

How one who lives in northern lands,
Would pluck the same with trembling hands,

And meanwhile wonder how she dare,
If she were there—If she were there.

And now I charge you, when the call
Rings in your ears and down you fall

Only to rise with hastening feet
And press towards the ocean sweet,

No more a barrier but a bridge,
And later, when you see the ridge

Of English land low-lying white,
Or Welsh hills topped with quivering light,—

See that you faint not, let your heart
Full thankful be that yet a part

In England's history you can play,
That England needs her son to-day.

My words are vain, I know ere this
The looked-for, long-expected bliss

Is yours and that they must have come
To tell you England calls you home.

DARWIN AND HIS WORK.

A FEW days have passed since Charles Darwin has been consigned to his last resting-place in 'The Great Abbey,' made sacred by the graves of so many illustrious thinkers and teachers of mankind. Of all these, it may well be said, that few have exercised so powerful an influence on the thought of their age as the author of the 'Descent of Man.' The later Victorian era, rich in philosophy, poetry, history, and criticism, is above all characterized by another and a later type of literature, the scientific. This has coloured and permeated all else; it has supplied a new method, and treats everything from a new point of view, that of the Evolution Philosophy. Darwin's relation to this Philosophy is a very central one; he has called it down from the clouds of speculation to something very like a basis of fact, by an induction drawn from a large range of research all round the world; he has been able to supply exactly what was wanting to a theory more or less plausible, and this with such ampleness of evidence in its favour, that although it is but ten years since the publication of the first result of his reasoning, educated men in all parts of the world accept, as the nearest approach to the truth yet propounded, the doctrine of the origin of species called Darwinism.

The vulgar idea of Darwin's teaching is simply the stale caricature drawn by so many mountebanks of the press and the pulpit—that man is a developed monkey, as Lord Monboddo taught, to the great amusement of the wits and *dilettanti* a century ago. To see Darwin's true position, we should remember that a theory similar to Evolution was put forward by Emmanuel Kant, with regard to the formation of the Universe of Stars; it was further formulated by the French naturalist Lamarck, who taught that all organized beings, from man downwards, are derived, or as he called it, 'developed' from those below them. He accounted for this by supposing that organs were applied by the animal possessing them to new conditions with such perseverance, that the organs at last assumed new forms and new functions. This was an ingenious, but utterly unscientific, guess, which, of course, was met with abundance of ridicule from the orthodox reviews such as the *Quarterly* on the appearance of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' which about 1847, presented Lamarck's views in an attractive English dress! 'We have been fishes, and we shall be crows!' was the comment of fashionable society in one of Disraeli's early novels. And to the brilliant reasoning in which Herbert Spencer soon afterwards embodied the speculative aspects of this theory, to which he gave the happier name of Evolution, there was the serious scientific objection that it gave no account of the means of transition from a lower species to a higher. This Darwin met by his *opus magnum* on the 'Origin of Species.' In the preface to this book he tells us, that when in his voyage as a Naturalist, employed by Government on board the *Beagle* (1825-31), he was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America, and in the geological relation of the present to the past inhabitants of the continent, which seemed to him to throw light upon the great mystery of mysteries, the origin of species. After his return home, he devoted

many years to an elaborate investigation of the fertilization of plants, and the variation of breeds in domesticated animals. In the 'Origin of Species' (1859), he reasons that, in the breeding of domesticated animals, a vast amount of variation may be produced *artificially*, by preferring persistently for breeding purposes those that present a particular type. He argued that in the struggle for existence of all organic nature, it follows from the high geometrical ratio of their increase, that any being, if it vary from others in the slightest degree in a manner profitable to itself, will have the best chance of survival, and thus be *naturally selected.* The type thus naturally selected, from the strong natural law of heredity, will tend to propagate itself in the new and modified form. He then showed a process by which on purely natural and scientific grounds it is intelligible that these great variations of type which we call species, or genera, may have come into existence. In his second great book, the 'Descent of Man,' he argued that man is no exception to the law of progress which everywhere else obtains, and 'is derived by natural descent from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, and probably arboreal in its habits.' Darwin's doctrine of descent of the higher types from the lower, by natural selection, was received with acclamation by the scientific world. It at once furnished to the Evolution system such a scientific basis as Newton's doctrine of Gravitation supplied to the Copernican Astronomy. In putting it forward, Mr. Darwin was eminently cautious, modest, candid in admitting such objections to his system as the absence, as yet, of fact to confirm it in the geologic records. He was also a reverent believer in the Unknown Power, from whom all Life proceeds, of whose will Evolution is the manifestation visible to us.

But, of course, English ecclesiasticism, true to its mission of mildly imitating the Church of Rome, was mightily incensed against this audacious impugner of the six days of Creation, and the origin of the universe out of nothing in the year 4004 B.C. Loud and shrill arose the anathema from platform, pulpit, and clerical press. Darwin was an infidel, an atheist, in the face of his solemn assertion of faith in a Creator. Thirty years ago, before modern thought had won its place in Europe, and when in England theology was still 'Queen of the Sciences,' all this clerical abuse might possibly have done some small injury to England's greatest naturalist. It might have cost him a Professorship, or caused some unpleasant social ostracism, some of the petty *desagremens* with which Anglo-Catholicism mimics the mightier weapons of a an august superstition. But in the last decade of our century, society as well as thought, have completely outgrown clerical influence. Now-a-days if the Church disagrees with Science, so much the worse for the Church.

So completely is this the case, that Canon Liddon, who is a sort of Bossuet among the High Churchmen, and who a few years ago wrote the most terrible pulpit thunderings against Darwinism, was content the other day, in a funeral sermon over Darwin himself, to take back his words, and declare that belief in Evolution is quite reconcilable with belief in orthodoxy. Of course, in countries where the clergy are not brought into connection with education and advanced thought as they are in England, Canon Liddon's admission would be regarded as rank heresy, if not atheism, and the great thinker's memory be pelted with the old worn-out fallacies and jests.

It is by this time perfectly plain, that Darwin's system is not atheistical, and that such was his own distinct opinion. Like most of the leaders in modern scientific thought, Darwin must be admitted to oppose the literal

rendering of the six days of Creation, but that is an 'extinct Satan' with all but the most ignorant adherents of the old verbal inspiration theory. In all that is the truest essence of the religious spirit, in reverence, candour, and love of truth, not the least valuable lesson has been given to our age by the life and labours of Charles Darwin.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

'FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.'

BY EMMA CARSON JONES.

'I'M done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him henceforth and forever.'

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet bloom and verdure of the early springtime all about her, and listened to her husband's angry words.

'Oh, James,' she entreated, 'remember, he is our son.'

'I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine.'

'But, James, James, think what the end may be. What if they send him to the State prison?'

'Let him go—he deserves it.'

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with agony, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after this wise. Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and clever in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. In the first place, he was fond of strong drink; in the second, he had not the courage to say 'No' when temptation assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heart-ache he caused his fond mother, many a setting down he got from his over-severe father; but he did not mend his ways. Nevertheless his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his shortcomings.

'He's a fine fellow; he'll get all his wild oats in, and do better after awhile,' they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinson's private office.

'Here, Dick,' said that gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, 'I want you to take this, and deliver it to Mr. Selbo, in Covington. You know the place?'

'Oh, yes, sir.'

'Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely.'

Dick put the envelope into his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was steaming on his way to Covington in the next train.

He reached there a little before nightfall, and feeling somewhat tired and thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant for a drink. Ah me! if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of their earnings and their honour. Dick went in, and stumbled right into the midst of some three or four old cronies. They leaped up and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

'Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my soul! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it.'

The brandy and seltzer appeared and vanished. A broiled steak, and oysters and crackers followed, and then came rum to wash it all down. By sunset poor Dick's weak head was in a whirl. When darkness fell, his errand was still neglected, and he sat in the little bar-parlour, looking on while his boon-companions played cards, a hot bloom on his cheeks, an insane glitter in his handsome eyes.

'Come up, Dick, and try your luck?'

'Don't care if I do,' said Dick, and at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied, and then, he never could clearly recall how it all happened, but, insane from drink and determined to retrieve his losses, he ventured to open the sealed envelope and to borrow a stake from the funds entrusted to him by his employer.

'I'll soon double it,' he thought, 'and then I'll replace the amount.'

But he lost instead of doubling, and then swallowed more brandy in his excitement, at the invitation of his good friends. The end was, that he made a night of it, and when the morning dawned, poor Dick found himself alone, forsaken by his friends, and the sealed envelope and its contents both gone. The shock sobered him. He got up, and with his head beating like a trip-hammer, walked back to his native village, and seeking his employer, confessed all that had happened. Mr. Robinson was greatly provoked, and at once put the matter into the hands of the law, and Dick Arnold was arrested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's ears he refused to give his son either aid or countenance.

'I'm done with him. Let them send him to the State prison; he deserves it.'

But the mother, her faithful heart going out in yearning pity for her erring boy, stood and pondered how she might save him.

In a little while she turned, and entering the pleasant cottage, went slowly upstairs, and into the chamber where her daughter Rose sat sewing on her bridal-robes.

Sitting down beside her, she told her the story of her brother's trouble. Rose understood her mother's meaning even before she could put it into words. There was a little box on the table, which contained her marriage dowry. Little by little the father and mother had hoarded it in their only daughter's name, that she might not be dowerless on her wedding-day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it in her mother's hands.

'Take it, mother,' she said, 'and do with it as you think best.'

'Heaven bless you, my daughter; but it is hard to deprive you of your marriage dowry, and your wedding day so near.'

Rose's cheeks bloomed like her namesakes in the little garden below, and her blue eyes lit.

'Never mind that, mother,' she said. 'Charlie will be willing to take me without the dowry; I'm sure of it.'

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and went away. Before the day ended she had refunded the money to Mr. Robinson, the charge was withdrawn, and her boy was out of prison.

'I can't go home, mother. Father doesn't want me; he told me so,' said Dick, as they stood under the green locust trees beyond the cottage lawn. 'Let me go out into the world and work my way up, and then I'll come back.'

She put her arms around his neck, and looked up at him with streaming eyes.

'Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling, you will do better—you will, Dick, for *mother's sake.*'

'Yes, mother, God being my helper, I will. I've caused you so much trouble, and you've always been good and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me now; I'll come back and be a comfort to you yet.'

'My boy, I forgive you, and I believe in you. Here, Dick,' and she drew a purse and a worn little Bible from her bosom, 'take these. You may need the money; the Bible is mine, Dick—mother's Bible, don't forget that. Mother has read it every day and night for the last thirty years. You'll think of that, Dick, and you'll read it for *mother's sake.*'

'Yes, mother.'

'Every night, no matter where you may be, you'll read a chapter, and get down on your knees and pray the little prayer mother taught you, if nothing else? Promise me, Dick. Every night at ten o'clock, at that hour I shall be on my knees praying for you, my boy. I shall never miss a night, Dick, while I live; promise me you'll do it, for *mother's sake.*'

Dick tried to promise, but he let his

handsome head drop down on his mother's bosom instead, and wept there like a child. As the sun set they parted.

'Good-by, my boy, and God bless you. You'll keep your promise, for mother's sake.'

'Yes, mother, with God's help. Good-by!'

Across the fields, with the little Bible in his bosom, and his bundle on his arm, went poor erring Dick, and down the pathway Mrs. Arnold returned to the cottage.

'I'll never give up my boy,' she said. 'My prayers shall prevail with God for him. He will return to us yet, and be the comfort of our old age.'

But her husband, bitter and remorseless of heart, laughed her to scorn.

Month followed month; summers came and went; harvests were sown and gathered in; winters heaped their white snows, and spring sunshine came and melted them. Pretty, dowerless Rose had married and gone to live in a happy home of her own, while Mrs. Arnold, busy with her daily tasks, did not lose hope.

Just about that time the whole country was ringing with the renown of a young reformer—a man of talents and genius, who was spending the best days of his manhood for the good of his fellow-men.

News came at last that this wonderful man would deliver a lecture in the village. Preparation was made, and expectation was on tiptoe. On the appointed night Mrs. Arnold went with the rest. The speaker took the stand, and announced the subject of his discourse. It was

'FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.'

The poor mother, her heart yearning for her absent son, looked on and listened, blinded by swift-flowing tears. She could scarcely see the tall form of the handsome speaker; but his words thrilled her through and through.

The audience sat spell-bound, breathless, until the lecturer drew near the close of his remarks.

'For mother's sake,' he said. 'That one little sentence has made me what I am. Who, in this crowded room, recognizes me? Five years ago, on just such a night as this, I was a prisoner in the old jail over yonder. My mother's love saved me from the consequences of intemperance and youthful folly, and when I parted from her under the old locust trees out there in the lane, I promised to be a better man—*for mother's sake!* Neighbours and friends, you know me now. I am Dick Arnold. I kept my promise—I have been a better man "for mother's sake!" I wonder if my mother is here and hears my voice to-night?'

'Oh, thank God! Oh, my boy! my boy!'

In another minute he had her in his strong arms, her gray head pillowed on his breast. She looked at him with yearning, wondering eyes.

'Yes, I do not mistake—you are my son. Oh, Dick!'

He held her closely, tears streaming like rain over his bearded face.

'Your own boy, mother. God has made him what he is "for mother's sake!"'

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

BY G. S. MERRIAM.

There seems to be hardly a creature that has such a genius for comfort as the cat. Yesterday, on a dreary March day, I saw in the fields an old tabby ensconced on the top rail of a fence, head and paws and tail deftly tucked together, and from the half-shut eyes came a gleam of luxurious repose. Cats are often to be seen with those half-shut eyes. They seem to have the art of prolonging indefinitely that blissful state between waking and sleeping—as it were, just enough awake to know one is asleep—which we taste only in brief snatches. Put a cat in a strange room, and in the briefest possible time she discovers and occupies the softest and warmest place. Or let her, in a strange place, be suddenly attacked by a dog, and by the swiftest instinct she goes straight to the safest spot within reach,—up the nearest tree, or behind some effective barricade. No Napoleon or Wellington had ever so quick an eye for the strongest military position. The cat is a creature of luxury, of the chase and of war; a true savage with such perfect grace as no human savage ever possessed, and such an equipment of agile muscle as no human frame is endowed with. In the midst of our homes, the cat remains a splendid barbarian, recalling the fierce beauty of the lion and tiger, suggesting the jungle and the Himalayas. I find a cat all the bet-

ter companion at times for its want of conscience and human emotion. The beautiful, luxurious, life-enjoying animal brings a relief from the stress and strain of creatures with souls. A dog comes near enough to man to have sometimes a touch of human pathos. There is often an appealing look in a dog's eyes, that is enough to make one fancy he is going to develop into a man some day, and begins to be conscious of some higher destiny stirring within him. What companionship there is in a good dog! There is to me something attractive in almost any dog, except a Spitz. I draw the line at Spitzes. Dogs, as a class, have a large capacity for friendship. My own dog, if he could count (perhaps he can), might reckon up, first me, his master, chief in his affections, then perhaps half a dozen friends,—human friends, I mean,—and two or three times as many with whom he is on terms of good-natured acquaintance. About his relations with his own kind I cannot speak so confidently, but I think he has no real intimacies with other dogs. A dog has the fine quality of preferring the company of his superiors to that of his equals or inferiors: he consorts with men in preference to his own race. With dogs and cats, and, indeed, all the inferior tribes, we can practise a fine simplicity and friendliness of manner, quite beyond what exists among ourselves. I can greet a perfectly strange dog with a pat, and he accepts it graciously, or perhaps answers with a friendly wag and a responsive glance out of his honest brown eyes. Perhaps he even makes the first advance, coming up to me with an inquiring sniff. How much a dog finds out through his sense of smell, I suppose, is known only to his Creator. The nose seems to be to a dog almost as much as the eye is to a man. Perhaps he judges character by it. It may be that just as we say, "I like the look of that man," so a dog says to himself or his fellow, "I like the smell of that man." I am sometimes afraid that I am more accessible to caninity than to humanity. I like a man when he proves himself on acquaintance a good fellow, but I am attracted to a dog as soon as I see him. There are plenty of dog-lovers who will understand the feeling. The dog-loving disposition is of itself no small bond between those who share it, bringing them at once into a sort of Masonic relationship with each other. So, too, there is the love of horses,—one of the great passions of humanity. There are plenty of men to whom horses are as full of fascination as pictures to an artist or stocks to a Wall Street broker. Almost every domestic animal has its devotees and special friends. The canary has its lovers. Even goldfishes find people who treasure them. And every such taste and affection enlarges by just so much one's world. It is a key that opens to us another room in our Father's house.—*Ex.*

'THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.'

IT has been generally announced in the press that His Excellency the Governor-General has been deeply interesting himself, for some months past, in the establishment of a Society for the advancement of Literature and Science in the Dominion. After much deliberation and consultation with eminent scientific and literary gentlemen, His Excellency has been pleased to approve of the preliminary arrangements for the first meetings of the Society, which are to be held in the City of Ottawa during the last week of May. The Association is named after that famous Society which came into existence in England during the Restoration, and has ever since contributed so largely to the scientific development of the world. The following is a list of the officers appointed by the Governor-General for the first meeting:—

PRESIDENT :
J. W. DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S.

VICE-PRESIDENT :
HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D.

PRESIDENTS OF SECTIONS :

SECT. I.—French Literature, History and allied subjects.

J. M. LEMOINE, ESQ.,
Membre de la Société Américaine de France.

FAUCHER DE ST. MAURICE,
Membre Honoraire de la Société des Gens de Lettres de France.

SECT. II.—English Literature, History and allied subjects.

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S.E.
GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

SECT. III.—Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences.

T. STERRY HUNT, LL.D., F.R.S.
CHARLES CARPMAEL, M.A.

SECT. IV.—Geological and Biological Sciences.

A. R. C. SELWYN, LL.D., F.R.S.
GEORGE LAWSON, PH. D., LL.D.

HONORARY SECRETARY :
J. G. BOURINOT, F.S.S.

The above officers will constitute the Council of the Society, and their successors will be elected by ballot by the Society, under such regulations as it may enact.

We understand that the membership is, for the present, limited to twenty in each section and comprises Canadian authors of works or memoirs of merit, as well as persons who have rendered eminent services to Literature or Science in Canada. Among the names of members we have heard mentioned the following: Abbés Bégin, Casgrain, Provencher, Verreau and Tanguay; M M. Frechette, P. DeCazes, Oscar Dunn, F. X. Marchand, P. LeMay, J. Marmette, B. Sulte, J. Tassé, N. Bourassa, H. Fabre, F. G. Marchand; Principal Grant, Charles Lindsey, A. Todd, W. Kirby, Prof. Lyall, J. L'Esperance, Col. Denison, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Dr. Bucke, Rev. Æneas Dawson, Prof. Watson, G. Murray, Prof. Paxton Young, Evan McColl, John Reade, C. Sangster, Geo. Stewart, jr., Sandford Fleming, C. Baillargé, Prof. Johnson, Prof. McGregor, H. A. Bayne, Very Rev. T. Hamel, C. Hoffman, Prof. Loudon, Prof. Chapman, Prof. Bailey, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Prof. Honeyman, Dr. R. Bell, Prof. Macoun, Dr. Osler, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, W. Saunders, J. F. Whiteaves, Geo. Barnston, Dr. J. A. Grant, Prof. Laflamme, Prof. Harrington, J. Macfarlane, and several others besides the gentlemen who form the first list of officers as given above.

The members of the Society will assemble in General Session, in the Parliament Buildings, on the 25th May, when the first meeting will be opened by the Governor-General, and the Council will report on the preliminary steps which have been taken towards the organization of the Society, on the arrangements for the subsequent sessions, on the titles of papers, and other business of a general character. The Society will then adjourn to meet in Sections, when addresses will be delivered by the Presidents of the several Sections, and papers will be read and discussed. In order that the proceedings of the Society may be of an interesting and useful character, it is expected that as many of the members as possible will prepare papers, or other contributions on Literary or Scientific subjects, to be read in the Sections. Papers prepared by others than members may be communicated by any member on the same terms with those produced by himself. All the meetings for addresses, and the reading and discussion of papers, will be open to the public, but only members will be permitted to take part in the proceedings of the Society. We shall look forward with much interest to the proceedings of this first meeting of an essentially national Society, which will bring together many men of eminence in the literary and scientific world, and must materially assist, if inaugurated and promoted in a catholic, liberal spirit, in developing the intellectual culture of the people of the Dominion. The results of this intellectual movement will be awaited naturally with much curiosity by the readers of this periodical which has always done its best to stimulate intellectual thought in a country where there is too often a tendency to undervalue the efforts of scientific and literary men.—*Communicated.*

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING BY THE EDITOR.

THE motive which prompts to a few words of criticism upon Lord Lorne's

project, announced in the foregoing communication, will not be misunderstood by those, at least, who remember the Editorial note on the subject in our issue of July last. Since that date His Excellency seems to have changed his design with regard to the institution it was understood he was then about to inaugurate. 'The Canadian Academy of Letters' has broadened out into an association composed of scientists as well as *littérateurs*, the former being the more numerous, and likely to be the more efficient body. The necessity of this enlargement of the scheme will, of course, be apparent; and it is one that might have suggested the limiting of the scope of the Society to the labours alone of those who represent Science. Named, as we learn the Association is to be, after the Royal Society of England, it is, we think, a matter of regret that its intended Canadian counterpart did not imitate its English model and modestly refrain from taking literature under its patronage. In Canada there were special reasons why this course should have been followed, not, it is true, because literature in this country has assumed any magnitude, but for the contrary reason, among others, that it is of too slight a growth to be placed at a disadvantage with the stronger department of science. General objections to an official patronage of Letters we need not here go into, nor need we repeat what was said in the July Magazine as to the doubtful gain to literature in the founding of a Literary Academy, an institution which has never taken root in England, and is a dubious success in France, except as it slakes the thirst of the mortal 'immortals' for the ribbons and distinctions it confers. But what, we would ask, is to be the practical influence of this society upon Canadian literature? We are all serving but an apprenticeship to letters in Canada, and it would seem, at least, premature to elevate any set of men above their fellows, and to confer upon them a distinction which the public is likely to be slow to recognize, and sure to be jealous of its own exclusive right to bestow. An Art Academy is an idea we can grasp, and the motive of which, even in a small community, we can readily comprehend. An Association, composed of specialists in Science, is also intelligible; and organization in its interests is not only commendable but in a great measure a necessity. The former, happily now an existing institution, has given proof of its *raison d'être*; the latter, if established, we incline to think would similarly justify itself. But not so, in our opinion, a Canadian Academy of Letters;—and for the following reasons:—First, because the function of such a body, we take it, would in the main be critical; and this, while our literature is in its nonage, would not be helpful. We must have growth, as Comte says, before we have discipline. The spontaneous activities, as one of our own writers expresses it, must work and produce some solid results before the organizing faculty can find profitable employment. Secondly, the Academy having little to do, we fear that its members would develop censoriousness or dilletanteism, either of which would be fatal to the intellectual life. Thirdly, because the erecting of a caste in Letters—the sure result of admittance into a select body of literary men—would have a prejudicial effect upon literature, tend to nourish conceit, and lead to undesirable jealousies among our writers. Fourthly, for the reason that appointment or election to the Association would, we fear, be degraded to marketable uses—a result which, in our limited field of literature, would not add to its honourable pursuit, or tend to its healthy advancement. And, fifthly, because the Academy, in the invidious distinction it would be likely to make between literature and journalism, would offend and alienate a large class of men upon whom falls the toilsome yet important work of educating the community through the agency of the Press—a class to whom the country owes much, and which it would be an ungracious act to debar from honour. The plea upon which journalists would be excluded from an Academy of Letters, it will be admitted, is one which even in older communities it would be delicate to act upon. In Canada, no safe distinction or separation between the different departments of the profession could well be made For here, the *littérateur*, if he is to live by his pen, is almost sure to take to journalism. In cases where this occurs, selection or rejection by the Academy will always entail a nice discrimination, and more than likely lead to an embarrassing result. For, looking to the mental equipment now-a-days of writers for the press, and remembering how few

Canadian books come within the domain of literary art, the journalist would have a strong case against the literary man were the one (the latter) to be taken and the other (the former) to be left.

Of course our contention in this matter is wholly influenced by the circumstances of the country. As yet Canada can scarcely be said to have a distinctive class of literary men—we mean those who pursue literature as an art, and who have done anything that, in a cosmopolitan sense, ranks them as authors. It may be, and we would fain hope, that Lord Lorne's project will help to create this class. In this prospect, if the scheme is not premature, His Excellency's aim is worthy of all encouragement, and this Magazine would be untrue to itself if it said a word to discredit it. But we have to be on our guard against literary ambition,—perhaps also, to speak with respect, against Court patronage of letters, —and we should be loath to see any stimulus applied to our young literature that was unwholesome in its influence and barren of good results. Hence our unwillingness hastily to commend the scheme, and our desire that if the society is to be established, it shall be on a solid and enduring foundation. Nothing will better ensure this than the conviction in the public mind, that the institution is to be of practical service to the country, and a bond of union among all active, well-equipped workers for its intellectual advancement. And here a word of comment may be allowed us as to the selection of names for enrolment among the members of the Society. The absence of women from the Literature Section will at once be noted, and is an omission likely to create prejudice as it is sure to be considered an injustice. Literature is of no sex; and in Canada its most ardent friends, and not the least successful of its workers, are and have been women. The readers of this Magazine will instantly recall the names of three or four of our lady contributors who deserve place on the roll of the Society, and whose nomination would have done it honour. Again, from the English literature branch, we miss the names of not a few of 'the other sex,' whose non-appointment to the Society will lead many in wonderment to ask on what principle its members have been chosen. The query, by its naturalness, will illustrate what we have said as to the probabilities of the scheme awakening jealousy. Unless founded on the broadest lines, and to include writers who are sensibly aiding to mould the thought and give impulse to the literary life of the country, whether in books or through the press, the Society will be likely to fail in securing public commendation and find its successes in a harvest of jealousy and disfavour. We are aware that the appointments to membership in the Society have been made at the instance of those whom His Excellency has been pleased to take into counsel. Lord Lorne is therefore not personally responsible for the omissions from the list. It would be ungracious to speak of any who are of "the elect" as having, in one or two instances, slender claim to the honour. On the whole, in all the departments, the selection has been a fitting one; though, as we have said, there are notable omissions from the English Literature Section. Mr. Le Sueur's name, for instance, does not appear on the list; and if there is a man in Canada entitled to the honour, and who by achievement and reputation, both as a thinker and a writer, deserves to sit in the highest seat in a native Academy of Letters, it is the able and learned gentleman we have named. Of Mr. Rattray, whose name we also miss from the list, we might speak with equal warmth and justice. There is no native writer who has higher claims to appointment on the Society than the scholarly and accomplished author of *The Scot in British America*, or one whose life has been more actively and usefully spent in the literary service of his country. In connection with Mr. Rattray, we would naturally look to find on the roll of the Society the name of the author of *The Irishman in Canada*, a work which so high an authority as *The Bystander* remarked "has received praise and deserved it." Mr. Davin, both by his intellectual gifts and by his contributions to the English quarterlies and the Canadian periodical press, surely merits a place in a Canadian Academy. Mr. Dent, we should also fully expect to see honoured in any gathering of Canadian *littérateurs*. The omission of the names of other Canadian writers, who have substantial claims to enrolment in the Society, will also occasion surprise. Where, it may be asked, are the names of Dr. Scadding, Fennings Taylor, Martin Griffin, Dr. Canniff, Dr.

Daniel Clarke, W. A. Foster, Rev. W. H. Withrow, Blake Crofton, S. E. Dawson, F. T. Jones, H. J. Morgan, Francis Rye, R. W. Boodle, Miss Louisa Murray and other writers in general literature?—of Mulvany, Roberts, Dixon, Fidelis, Esperance, Gowan Lea, Seranus, and Mrs. Maclean among our poets; of Hunter, Seath, Miles, Hodgins, Wells, and Nelles among our educational writers and book-makers; and of the notable names among our legal and medical authors and contributors to the professional press? It may be said, in reply, that to be strong and influential, as well as to hold out the incentive to aspire to membership, the numbers must be limited. But is there not a risk in being too exclusive, and is it wise to follow models and precedents unsuited to our social ideas? If old-time notions are to do service, why not revive the historic appellation, if not too unsavoury, of 'The One Hundred Associates' of Louis XIII., and extend the membership to that number—substituting in its aims Science and Literature for Commerce, the acquisition of knowledge for the spoils of the chase? But what the country most of all at the present time wants is a union of all competent and hearty workers in the service of the intellectual life—men and women who will actively promote culture, infect the people with a taste for higher reading, encourage them to appreciate native enterprises, and generally open wide the doors to literary ambition. The 'Royal Society of Canada' may do something to accomplish this end, but in so far as literature is concerned, we fear that it has tied its hands. At its first meeting, however, it may rectify this mistake, and wisely enlarge its basis. In any case, we shall be prepared candidly to judge it by its works. Should the project succeed, His Excellency will have done a signal service to literature and science in Canada, for which this Magazine, although, unlike his predecessor, he is among neither its subscribers nor its contributors, will not be slow to make acknowledgment.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Chambers' Etymological Dictionary of the English Language; edited by ANDREW FINDLATER, M.A., LL.D. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1882.

The work, of which the above is a new and thoroughly revised edition, is too well-known and appreciated to need any particular commendation at our hands. Considering its low price, there is no lexicon of the language that can compete with it, as a generally accurate and useful aid to the English student. The new edition is, in many respects, a great improvement on the previous one particularly in the advantage taken by the new editor of the researches of recent scholars, French and German, and of the 'new English School of Philologists, who,' as the editor says, 'have done so much during the last twenty years to promote the historic and scientific study of our own language.' The work, moreover, is much enhanced in value by the increased size of the type in which the new edition has been set, and by the large addition to the book of a multitude of new words, scientific terms, &c. Another improvement will be found in the words following a strictly alphabetical order, instead of being grouped under the stem or root-word, as was the case in previous editions. Considerable useful matter, in the shape of appendices, appears in the new edition, and adds bulk and value to the book.

A notable feature of this work, and one that is more characteristic of the admirable dictionary of the late Rev.

Jas. Stormonth, the lexicon, in the opinion of the writer, *par excellence*, of the language, is the compilation of the compound and other derived words and phrases, grouped under the parent word, throughout the lexicon. This feature is happily enlarged in the present edition, though it falls far short of Stormonth's work in the characteristic we have pointed out. To make our meaning intelligible, we will cite a few words from the present and earlier editions of Chambers' book and also from the new one of Stormonth's. To take the inflected and compound words under the word 'break,' for example, we have in both editions of Chambers' the following: breakage, breaker, breakfast, and breakwater. The additions to these in the new issue are the following: break cover, break down, break ground, break the ice, break a lance, break upon the wheel, break with, breaking in, and breakneck. The additional fulness of Stormonth's book will be seen at a glance, by our adding the derivatives supplied in the latter, in excess of those already quoted. These are some of of them: breaking, broke, broken, to break up, to break forth, to break in, to break from, to break upon, to break through, to break off, to break loose, to break out, a break-up, to break the heart, break of day, and breakfasting—all of which are fully defined and the hyphen, where necessary, properly supplied. The matter of supplying the hyphen is, we notice, carelessly attended to in the new 'Chambers''; and to proof-readers, and accurate writers for the press, this grave omission will greatly detract from the value which they would otherwise place upon the work. The following which we alight upon at random, will illustrate this: by-law, by-name, and by-word, though appearing in former editions as we here give them, are all in the new book shorn of the hyphen. In the case of other words, the present edition is an improvement; gunboat, for instance, which in previous issues appears with the hyphen, is now correctly given without it. Under the word 'sea,' however, there is evidence of the same carelessness we have referred to, the following being written incorrectly without the hyphen,—a departure from the mode adopted in the older editions: sea-mark, sea-piece, sea-horse, sea-room, sea-salt, sea-shore, and sea-sick. That it is not intended to do away with the hyphen entirely, its proper introduction into the words sea-anemone, sea-going, sea-level, and sea-serpent, attests. With like carelessness we have watercourse, watermark, water-mill, watershed, waterwheel and water-work—all without the hyphen, though, *with it*, we have water-carriage, water-colour, water-level, water-logged, water-parting, and water-power. We have also the introduction of the hyphen in the word 'wellbeing' where usage now leaves it out. Notwithstanding these errors the new edition of Chambers' is a most serviceable and in many respects admirable handbook of reference, which we have much pleasure in heartily recommending.

The Burgomaster's Wife. By GEORG EBERS. From the German by MARY J. SAFFORD. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: N. Ure & Co., 1882.

Georg Ebers is one of the best of the more recent German writers of fiction. Both in style, plot, and dialogue his novels are a decided improvement on any we have seen by his countrymen. Herr Ebers resides at Leipzic, the oldest centre of the German book-trade, but his mother was a Hollandaise, which partly accounts for his choice of the most glorious episode in the History of Holland, in this very charming historical tale, as also for a certain Dutch minuteness of description in which Herr Ebers reminds us of Charles Dickens. 'The Burgomaster's Wife' tells the story of the Siege of Leyden, which was to the Dutch War of Independence what the Siege of Derry was to the English Revolution of 1688. We are introduced to a series of interesting and vividly described pictures of family life in Leyden, in the early times before it was circled by the Spanish armies; and to the efforts of the heroic defenders of religious and civil liberty against the time-serving among their own countrymen. Then the siege with its many stirring episodes, the famine and the apparent hopelessness of aid from the patriots, the famous 'Beggars' of Holland. In the darkest hour succour comes, and the tale ends happily. It is carefully worked up in the historic and social details, and may be relied upon as a pleasant means of acquiring knowledge of one of the in-

teresting chapters of European History. It gives us pleasure to add that the tone of the book is essentially pure. The translator has done her work in a clear, readable English style. The volume is of a convenient and attractive get up, and we wish success to the series of translations from Georg Ebers of which it forms a part.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—O beautiful sleep.

The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of paws, while the other has the pause at the end of clause.

We are told " the evening wore on," but we are not told what the evening wore on that particular occasion. Was it at the close of a summer's day ?

The best men know they are very far from what they ought to be, and the very worst think that, if they were a little better, they would be as good as they need be.

Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places or Russians, or border ruffians.

A French writer remarks : — " If a lady says to you, ' I can never love you,' wait a little longer ; all hope is not lost. But if she says, ' No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning and took for his text, " *Adam*, where art thou ? " He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon these words : " *Lo*, here am I. " The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

A Sunday-school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian eunuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him, and then asked, " Why did he rejoice ? " A boy answered, " Because Phillip was *done a-teachin' him*." It is too often that there is great rejoicing when the lesson is finished. Attending a lecture lately, the speaker was long, learned, but dreadfully tiresome. When he finished, there was loud applause. " Why, we asked, " this loud applause ? " " Because he stopped there ; he might have gone on longer."

A young composer has just written for a soprano voice a beautiful song entitled 'Would that I were young again!' It has been so much time wasted. A woman can't be found who'll sing it.

A brother rose in a weekly prayer meeting in New Jersey and said, "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

Pat (to Sandy). 'Shure, now, Sandy, yer a good looking fellow, but your face spoils yez greatly. You've the foine open countenance, though.' Sandy: 'Ou aye, man, and ye hae the fine open coutenance yersel', but it's below the nose.'

Laird: 'Donald I took particular notice of the road from Traig to Morar, and found it up-hill all the way; and I am now taking particular notice of the road from Morar to Traig, and I find it more up-hill than from Traig to Morar.' Donald: 'Aye, Laird, that's joost it.'

An old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes was rejoiced the other day, to find that, although the boys and girls in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long net between them.

Scene—Drill ground of volunteers, Campbelltown. Celtic sergeant (calling the roll): 'Dugald M'Alpine?' Dugald (very loudly): 'Here!' Celtic sergeant: 'Yes, you said that last week, but who saw't you—you're always here if I tak your own word for it, but you cry "here" whether ye pe here or no—fery bad habit, sir.'

David Crockett used to say of the late Philip Home, with whom he was in Congress, that he was the 'perlitest' man he ever knew—''Cause why?' said the colonel 'he allus puts his bottle on the sideboard before he asks you to drink, and then turns his back so as not to see how much you take! This,' adds the colonel, 'is what I call "real perliteness."

Apropos of the 'Scotch Sermon' heresy case, a friend reminds us of the following lines of our national poet:—

'This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.'

A clergyman dwelt in a quiet, rural district, where laziness is apt to grow upon a man. One day his excellent spouse remarked to him at breakfast, 'Minister, there's a bit of butter on your neckcloth.' 'Weel, weel, Janet, my dear,' slowly responded the worthy pastor, 'when I get up, it'll fa' aff.'

An old lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in a certain church not very far from ——, when a neighbour said: 'Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang it to Saul.' To this, the old lady replied, 'Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him.'

Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to the Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of the Blue Light Austin Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," replied Parson Bledso. "I has to s'port my pore ole mudder." "But yer pore ole mudder say you don't do nuffin' for her." "Well, den, ef I don't do nuffin' for my pore ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' ter make me shell out?"

A Many-Ton(e)ous Precentor.—Young Deacon: 'Now, Elder, as our precentor is getting so frail, I think we had better have a choir. You can't imagine the grand and solemn effect of hearing the four parts sung together.' Auld Elder: 'Deacon! ye'll never profane the kirk wi' a band! An' gin we go to the *tune* o' £30 a year, surely we can hae a man frae the Sooth wha can sing *a' the four parts himsel'!*'

Superintendent Burns, of Chillicothe, thus disposes of the word 'boy' in a grammatical way: Boy is a noun, and singular; and it is very singular if a boy cannot find other boys. The word boy is said to be monosyllabic, the boy himself is polysyllabic,—very. The word boy is a primary word, the boy is a derivative. The word boy is found in the original, Emerson says a boy is "a quotation from all his ancestors.' The boy's big sister about 8 o'clock in the evening finds him the objective case, and thinks he should be sent to bed. Speaking of the relations it might sustain and the ways it could be governed, he remarked that the boy himself was generally sustained by his relations, and seldom governed at all.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1882.

THE CONFUSED DAWN.

YOUNG MAN.

WHAT are the Vision and the Cry
  That haunt the young Canadian soul ?
Dim grandeur spreads, we know not why,
  O'er mountain, forest, tree, and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly.
Some magic moment sure is nigh !
  O Seer, the curtain roll !

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
  Dead mountain, forest, knoll, and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss,
  A native land—O think !—to be—
Thy native land !—and, ne'er amiss,
Its smile a sympathising kiss
  Shall henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
  Which runs through that new realm of light,
To Breton's and Vancouver's strand,
  From many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The one refrain 'A native land!'
  Thine be the ear, the sight.

MONTREAL. —W. DOUW LIGHTHALL.

OLD NEW WORLD TALES.

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

BY PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON, HALIFAX, N. S.

II.

WHILE Thorhall, the hunter, as we related in the last number of THE MONTHLY, had gone off northward on an expedition which cost him his life or his liberty, Karlsefne, with Snorri Thorbrandson, Bjarni Grimolfson, and the rest of the company, went away, with the other ships, exploring southwards, or south-westwards, along the coast. They sailed along upon that course 'until they came to a river which ran out from the land, through a lake, out into the sea'—obviously the place which had been previously visited by both Lief and Thorvald. They found the river so shallow that it could only be entered at high water, Karlsefne, with all his people, sailed up into it; and they called the place Hóp. This name is derived from the Icelandic word 'hópa,' to recede, to fall back, and must be taken to mean a marine recess, an estuary, a 'joggin,' to use a local word believed to be peculiar to the Bay of Fundy. It is very curious that the Indians, who dwelt thereabouts, at the time the earliest post-Columbian European settlements were made, applied the name *Mont-haup* to a fine elevation rising from the shore of this bay; and that the expanded inlet is, to this day, called Mount Hope Bay. It was here that, as already mentioned, the European settlers of the early part of the seventeenth century, heard from the oldest Indians the tradition of some strange men, in time far past, having floated a house up the Pocasset river, and having fought with the Indians of that period. It seems quite credible—even quite probable—that the name Hop, or Hope, as applied to the place in question, has been in continuous use by the inhabitants of that vicinity, ever since it was first bestowed by the Northmen in 1008.

They found there, where the land was low, what they called 'self-sown fields of wheat,' but vines upon the higher ground. Either this so-called wheat must have been maize planted by the savages, or it was the offspring of some grain sown by Leif, or Thorvald, in a former year. Karlsefne and his companions had taken their cattle with them to this place. They found that all the streams in the vicinity, as well as the tidal waters, abounded in fish; and there were numbers of various kinds of wild beasts in the woods. They had remained there for half-a month without anything notable having occurred, when, early one morning, they saw a host of canoes approaching. Not knowing what this might denote, the Northmen held out a white shield towards the approaching force, as a sign of peace. Whether the significance of the sign was understood, or not, the Skrœlings—for such they were—landed, and remained with the Northmen for some time, curiously examining and gazing at them and at everything about them. Then they re-entered their canoes and pulled 'away to the northward, round the ness.'

Karlsefne and his people had set up their dwellings above the lake; some

of the houses were near the waterside, and others at some distance from it. There they remained for the winter; but notwithstanding that there was snow, their cattle were able to feed themselves upon the grass. With the approach of spring, again, one morning early, they saw a great number of canoes, 'coming from the south, round the ness; so many as if the sea was sown with coal.' They also—as was the case on the former occasion—had poles swung over every canoe. Again the white shield was exhibited by Karlsefne's people, when the occupants of the canoes joined them; and the two commenced to barter. These people preferred red cloth to anything else that the Northmen had to offer them; and for this they gave in return skins and furs. They also wished to purchase swords and spears; but this was wisely forbidden by Karlsefne and Snorri Thorbrandson. We are told that the Skrœlings gave an entire fur skin for a piece of red cloth a span long, which cloth they bound around their heads, doubtless as an ornament. When the cloth began to fall short, Karlsefne's people used to cut it into smaller strips, not wider than a finger's breadth; but still the Skrœlings gave as much for each of these bits as they did for the larger pieces. When the cloth became quite exhausted, Karlsefne hit upon the expedient of making the women take out milk porridge to the Skrœlings, who, as soon as they had tested the excellence of this new article of commerce, would buy nothing but porridge. 'Thus,' says the Saga of Erik the Red, which particularly mentions this circumstance, 'the traffic of the Skrœlings was wound up by their bearing away their purchases in their stomachs; but Karlsefne and his companions retained their goods and skins.'

It happened, at length, that a bull which Karlsefne had, ran out from the woods, about this time, and roared aloud. At this the terrified Skrœlings rushed to their canoes, pushed hastily off, and paddled away southward, along the coast, in the direction from which they had first come. Nothing further was seen of them for three weeks. It would seem that the Skrœlings must have considered the roaring of Karlsefne's bull as, if not an open declaration of war, at least a *casus belli.* At the termination of the three weeks, they reappeared in great force—'were seen coming from the south like a rushing torrent!' The poles, too, which were swung over their canoes, 'were turned from the sun, and they all howled very loud,' —both of which incidents were considered as demonstrative of hostile intentions. So, this time, Karlsefne's people hung out, not a white, but a *red* shield, which was equivalent to telling the Skrœlings to 'come on!' They did *come on*—with a vengeance, it may be said. They hurled a shower of missiles upon the Northmen, having, it is said, slings, among their other weapons. A sharp conflict ensued. Karlfsefne's men at length gave way to the overwhelming numbers of their foes, and 'fell back along the river for it appeared to them that the Skrœlings pressed upon them from all sides; and they did not stop until they came to some rocks, where they made a stout resistance.' It seems that, when this retreat took place, Freydis—who, as we have seen, was the daughter of Erik the Red, and wife of one Thorvard—was unable to run so nimbly as the rest, because of feminine reasons. Seeing the others fall back, she scornfully cried out: 'Why do ye run, stout men as ye are, before these miserable wretches, whom I thought ye would knock down like cattle? and if I had weapons methinks I could fight better than any of ye.' Yet she followed them slowly as best she could, the Skrœlings still pursuing her. At length she came across a man — Thorbrand Snorrason — lying dead, with a flat stone stuck in his head and a naked sword lying by his side. Freydis seized the sword, turned

upon the pursuing Skrœlings, and, like a genuine she-Berserker, she drew out her breasts from under her clothes, dashed them against the naked sword, and fiercely met the advancing foe. The Skrœlings became seized with a panic, turned instantly, ran off to their canoes, and rapidly rowed away. A goodly number of the Skrœlings fell in this affair, but only two of Karlsefne's people.

An incident is mentioned, which must have occurred about this time, and which would indicate that these Skrœlings knew nothing of the use of metals. They found a dead man, and an axe lay by him. One of them took up the axe and cut wood with it; and then one after another did the same, seeming to think that it was an excellent thing and bit well. Afterwards one of them took it up and made a cut at a stone, so that the axe broke. Then regarding it as useless, they threw it away.

Karlsefne and his people now began to feel discouraged at their prospects. The land, it was admitted, had many excellent qualities. Still, they feared that they should always find themselves exposed there to the hostilities of the aboriginal inhabitants. They determined, therefore, to take their departure for their own old country. But first they made an exploratory trip, northward and westward, along the shore of Narraganset Bay. At one place, they found five Skrœlings, clothed in skins, and lying asleep near the water side; and with them there were vessels containing what was supposed to be animal marrow mixed with blood. Karlsefne's people conjectured that these five men had been banished by their fellow-countrymen. They killed them—of course. They make note of a certain ness—perhaps Chippinoxet Point—where they found evidences of the place having been the resort of great numbers of wild animals. They then returned, probably south of the island, to Straumfjord; and there, as usual, they found abundance of everything which they required.

Karlsefne himself then took one of his vessels and made an excursion northwards and eastwards, in search of Thorhall, the Hunter, who, it will be remembered, had, in the preceding year, obstinately sailed away in that direction. In the meantime, he left the remainder of his company either at Straumfjord or Hóp. Karlsefne sailed north, past Kjalarness (Cape Cod), and thence westward, with the land upon his larboard hand, and found woods everywhere, as far as they could see, with scarcely any open places. They found a river which fell out of the land from the east to the west, and they entered its mouth and lay by its southern bank. This was, no doubt, some inconsiderable stream, falling into Boston Bay; for it is stated that 'they looked upon the mountain range that was seen at Hóp, and that which they now found, as all one.' There can be no reasonable doubt that the 'mountain range' referred to, is that of the Blue Hills, which stretch through Norfolk County, from near Milton to the direction of Taunton River.

Of course Karlsefne returned without having seen, or heard, anything of the stiff-necked old Thorhall. Then he and his company spent their *third winter* in Vinland. 'There was born the first autumn, Snorri, Karlsefne's son, and he was three years old when they went away.' Troubles and dissatisfaction were already growing up in the little colony. To explain the causes of this, we cannot do better than to quote the Saga's own curt, but most intelligible, account of the real state of affairs—as thus: 'They now became much divided by party feeling, and the women were the cause of it; for those who were unmarried would injure those that were married, and hence arose great disturbance.'

At length (A. D. 1010), Karlsefne and his companions set sail from Vinland for their old home, with a fair

south wind. They touched at Markland, where they found five Skrœlings —'one was bearded, two were females, and two boys.' They seized the two boys, and the others escaped. The boys they took with them, and taught them the language, and had them baptized. Our adventurers did not all succeed in reaching their far northern home, however. Bjarni Grimolfson's ship came to grief—near the southern coast of Ireland, as is supposed. He had but one available boat, which would only hold a part of the crew. They cast lots for their chances; and Bjarni was one who was assigned by lot to the boat. As commander of the ship, he might have selfishly taken such a place in the first instance. But now he, at the last moment, gave up his place to one who appealed to his pity and who, he thought, had some moral claims upon him. So Bjarni returned to the sinking ship, and died as a true hero. The boat, with a portion of the crew on board, at length reached Dublin in safety. Meanwhile Thorfinn Karlsefne, with his ship, arrived in due season at Eriksfjord, Greenland. There he passed the winter. In the following summer—that of the year 1011—he, with his wife Gudrid, went to his home at Reynisness, in Iceland. We often afterwards hear, in the old Iceland chronicles, of Karlsefne and his immediate descendants: but, so far as is known, here end his explorations in Vinland. He himself made a prosperous voyage to Norway, where he and his wife remained for a winter and were held in great honour by the first people in that kingdom. In the spring he returned to Iceland; but on the eve of his departure, there occurred this incident:—Karlsefne was on board his ship waiting for a wind when there came to him a man from Bremen, and wanted to buy his *house broom* (a vane, or weather cock, in the form of a broom). Karlsefne would not sell. The German offered half a mark in gold. Karlsefne tempted by such an offer, closed with it. 'The Southern went off with the house-broom, but Karlsefne knew not what wood it was; but that it was mausur brought from Vinland.' This *mausur* (speckled wood), undoubtedly means curled, or bird-eye maple. On his final return to Iceland, Karlsefne bought new lands at Glaumbee, and set up for himself a new dwelling, and there spent the remainder of his days as a highly respected and distinguished man. 'When Karlsefne was dead, took Gudrid the management of the house with Snorri, who was born in Vinland. But when Snorri was married, then went Gudrid abroad, and travelled southwards, and came back again to the house of Snorri her son, and then had he caused a church to be built at Glaumbee. After this became Gudrid a nun and recluse, and remained so while she lived. Snorri had a son who Thorgeir hight, he was father to Ingveld, mother of Bishop Brand. The daughter of Snorri Karlsefnesson hight Hallfrid; she was mother to Runolf, father to Bishop Thorlak'—who drew up the earliest ecclesiastical code of Iceland, published in the year 1123, and who probably compiled the accounts of Karlsefne's voyages. 'Bjron hight, a son of Karlsefne and Gudrid; he was father to Thorunn, mother of Bishop Bjarn. A numerous race are descended from Karlsefne and distinguished men; and Karlsefne has accurately related to all men the occurrences on all these voyages, of which somewhat is now recited here.'

There was yet another voyage made from Greenland to Vinland, and recorded in the 'Saga of Erik the Red,' of which we may give some brief account. We have seen that Freydis was a woman of the 'strong-minded' class. We have seen how she alone appalled and put to flight, a host of infuriated Skrœlings. We have now to see how she further distinguished herself by the performance of deeds which may have made her the pattern

and example to the *Lady Macbeth* of a later age. Of Freydis aud her husband, the old Saga tersely says : 'She was married to a man who Thorvard hight; they lived in Garde, where is now the Bishop's seat; she was very haughty, but Thorvard was narrow-minded; she was married to him chiefly on account of his money.'

After the return of the Karlsefne party from Vinland, there was much talk about expeditions to that country; as they appeared both profitable and honourable. That same summer, there came from Norway to Greenland a ship under the command of two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi, who remained in Greenland for the following winter. Freydis then went from her home at Garde, and set herself persistently to the task of talking these two brothers into the project of making the voyage to Vinland and going halves with her in all the profits which should there be made. They agreed to her proposal. Then she went to her brother Leif, and begged him to give her the houses he had built in Vinland. But Leif answered, as he had on other occasions, that he would lend the use of the houses, but would not give them. Then it was agreed between Freydis and the brothers, that each party should take thirty fighting men in their ship, besides women. But here Freydis proved treacherous at the outset; for she hid five additional men in her ship, which fact was not known to the brothers until after they had arrived in Vinland. They sailed (A. D. 1011), having engaged to keep as close together as possible; yet still the brothers arrived at their place of destination a little before Freydis, and had taken up their effects to Leif's houses. When Freydis arrived, she had her ships unloaded and the effects taken, in like manner, up to the houses. She made the brothers tumble out their effects forthwith. 'To me,' quoth she, 'lent Leif the houses, and not to you.' Then said Helgi:—'In malice are we brothers easily excelled by thee.' So they put up a separate building further from the strand, on the edge of a lake, and put their goods into that. Then all hands began to fell trees for the ship's return cargoes. By-and-bye winter came on. Then the brothers proposed to get up sports and have some amusements, according to the time-honoured custom of the Northmen. This was kept up for a time, until reports were circulated, and discord sprang up, and at length all visiting ceased between the houses of Freydis and the two brothers. 'One morning early, Freydis got up from her bed and dressed herself, but took no shoes, or stockings. She took her husband's cloak and put it on, and then went to the brothers' house, and to the door; but a man had gone out a little before and left the door half open. She opened the door, and stood a little time in the opening, and was silent; but Finnbogi lay inside the house, and was awake. He said: "What wilt thou here, Freydis?" She said: "I wish that thou wouldst get up, and go out with me, for I will speak with thee." He did so. They went to a tree that lay near the dwellings, and sat down there. "How art thou satisfied here?" said she. He answered: "Well think I of the land's fruitfulness, but ill do I think of the discord that has sprung up betwixt us; for it appears to me that no cause has been given." "Thou sayest as it is," said she, "and so think I; but my business here with thee is, that I wish to change ships with thy brother; for ye have a larger ship than I, and it is my wish to go hence." "That must I agree to," said he, "if such is thy wish." Now with that they separated: she went home, and Finnbogi to his bed. She got into the bed with cold feet, and thereby woke Thorvard, and he asked why she was so cold and wet. She answered with much vehemence: "I was gone," said she, "to the brothers, to make a bargain with them about their ship, for I wished to buy

the large ship; but they took it so ill, that they beat me, and used me shamefully; but thou! miserable man! wilt surely neither avenge my disgrace nor thine own; and it is easy to see that I am no longer in Greenland; and I will separate from thee if thou avengest not this." And now could he no longer withstand her reproaches, and bade his men to get up, with all speed, and to take their arms. So did they, and went straightway to the brothers' house, and went in, and fell upon them sleeping, and then took and bound them, and thus led out one after the other; but Freydis had each of them killed as he came out. Now were all the men there killed, and only women remained, and them would no one kill. Then, said Freydis: "Give me an axe!" So was done; upon which she killed the five women that were there, and did not stop until they were all dead. Now they went back to their house after this evil work; and Freydis did not appear otherwise than if she had done well, and spoke thus to her people: "If it be permitted us to come again to Greenland," said she, "I will take the life of that man who tells this business: now should we say this—that they remained behind when we went away." Now early in the spring, made they ready the ship that had belonged to the brothers, and loaded it with all the best things they could get, and the ship could carry. After that they put to sea, and had a quick voyage, and came to Eriksfjord early in the summer. Freydis repaired now to her dwelling, which, in the meantime, had stood uninjured. She gave great gifts to all her companions, that they should conceal her misdeeds, and sat down now in her house. All were not, however, so mindful of their promises to conceal their crimes and wickedness, but that it came out at last. Now, finally, it reached the ears of Leif, her brother, and he thought very ill of the business. Then took Leif three men of Freydis's band and tortured them, to confess the whole occurrence; and all their statements agreed. "I like not," said Leif, "to do that to Freydis, my sister, which she has deserved; but this will I predict, that thy posterity will never thrive." Now the consequence was, that no one, from that time forth, thought otherwise than ill of them.'

The time is long past when any one can presume to express a doubt, much less dispute, that the Northmen from Greenland and Iceland, discovered and visited the continent of America—as now called—about the close of the tenth century, and continued to visit its coast for centuries afterwards. There is no incident, the record of which has been handed down to us, pertaining to the history of past time, of which we have more indubitable proofs than we have of these facts. Yet compilers of what is complimentarily called *History*, slavishly following each other in the same beaten track, as is too much their wont, have, hitherto and for the most part, shyly avoided engrossing upon their pages, the teachings of the Norse Sagas as veritable history. These Sagas and Norse chronicles require no apologies to be put forth on their behalf. Both in matter and in manner, they are far superior to any contemporary historical records. In fact, it will be found by those who give particular attention to such studies, that the historic truth of statements made by other contemporary, or nearly contemporary, European writers, has to be tested by the authority of these Norsemen. They, on such matters as they touch upon, are the standard, from and by which others are to be judged.

The physical and moral courage, the enterprise, and the comparatively high intellectual culture, of these Northmen, have already been indicated in this paper. Let us say a few words as to their capacities as seafaring men. It is not pretended that the Northmen, at the time of their discoveries west of the Atlantic, were

a barbarous people, and that they went to sea in skin coracles, or long log canoes, or other craft only a little more ponderous and a little less unmanagable. To suppose that such was the case would be a great mistake. It is unquestionable that, in all which pertains to sea craft, the Northmen were, not only the first people in Europe, but the first in the world, of their period. They had not the compass, it is true; but it is equally true that they had cultivated the art of navigation to a very high degree; and when, instead of crawling about the shores, like navigators of the Mediterranean and Indian seas, they boldly dashed out into the wide ocean, it is proof positive that they must have been conversant with the modes of steering, and even determining their position with something approaching accuracy, by observation of the heavenly bodies. Again, in size and seaworthiness, their ships were far superior to what is supposed in the popular opinions of to-day. We have the best reasons for believing that the *langskips* (long ships) in which Leif and his followers fearlessly came tearing and foaming down the North Atlantic, to Markland and Vinland, were of heavier tonnage, better modelled, better built, and better equipped, than the wretched caravels with which Columbus first crossed the ocean, nearly five hundred years afterwards; as we are perfectly sure that the Norsemen who manned them, and were almost as much used to being on the brine as Mother Carey's chickens, were immensely superior, in all that belongs to seamanship, to the poor, land-lubberly Spaniards who composed the crews of Columbus. As we have already intimated, when people of such an adventurous and enterprising nature, had once made their way from Norway to Iceland, it had to follow, as a matter of course, that their next step must be to Greenland, and their next again to the great western continent beyond it. Those voyages and their consequent discoveries having been made, it was not to be supposed that the Icelandic Norsemen, being the most learned and literary people then in Europe, and the most scrupulously particular in keeping their genealogical and local records of any in the world, would fail to inscribe the tale of such events in their chronicles. They did unboastingly and succinctly, but carefully, record those events; and the information thus perpetuated was afterwards acquired and more widely published by Adam of Bremen (*temp.* William the Conqueror, of England), Torfœus (himself an Icelander), Wormieus, and other revivalists of letters, in Europe. These last-named writers have been often quoted as authorities on other matters wherein they must also have derived their information from the Norsemen; but where they have mentioned the Norse discovery of Vinland, some modern readers have seemingly affected not to see, or have not comprehended such passages.

Although the veracity of these Icelandic accounts of the early discovery of the 'New World' by Norsemen, is unimpeachable, many readers may, not unreasonably, feel a curiosity to know why those Norsemen left upon this western land so few, if any, records of their sojourn here; why their visits to this country were discontinued; and why all information upon the subject was, for centuries, kept hidden from the whole world at large, as seems to have been the case.

It must be observed that these Norsemen, in discovering 'the New Land,' never supposed that they had done anything wonderful, anything the news of which should be loudly and widely trumpeted through the civilized world, or which was to materially influence the whole after history of the human race. They probably had doubts even as to the fact of their having been the first Europeans to make such discovery; for in that tenth century there was a rumour afloat

amongst them, of a land in the far west, called *Hvitramannaland* (White Man's Land), or *Irland it Mikla* (the Great Ireland), which had been frequently resorted to by the Irish—rumours which we, of the present day, must admit to be not without some apparent foundation. It was not a time when the minds of all the men, in the 'Old World,' were at all excited by, or turned in the direction of, geographical research. If, in the tenth century, the attention of the 'Old World' had been keenly alive to the consideration of geographical discoveries, as it was in the early part of the fifteenth, when the eyes of all Europe were watching the progress of the Portuguese down the western coast of Africa, we may rely upon it that, through the discoveries of Leif the Lucky and his followers, this so-called America would, by the time in which Columbus lived, have been as well known to the people of the Eastern Hemisphere as it actually is at the present day.

The Northmen have, however, left behind them memorials of their former sojourn upon the western side of the Atlantic—monuments which commemorate indeed some of the most notable of the events mentioned above. The most remarkable of these is the so-called 'Assonet Rock,' found on the bank of Taunton River, in the County of Bristol, Massachusetts. Thus it is in the very heart of the Vinland of the early Norse adventurers; and is near by, if not in the very spot, where Leif, and, after him, Thorvald, Karlsefne, and Freydis, temporarily dwelt. However that may be, such celebrated Runic scholars and antiquarians as Finn Magnussen and Charles Christian Rafn have emphatically declared that the carving upon this stone is Scandinavian workmanship; and that, among other things, it commemorates the temporary settlement of Thorfinn Karlsefne, with the 151 companions he had with him after the desertion of Thorhall and the other nine; also the battle of Karlsefne and his men with the Skrœlings. There are other Runic monuments in America, dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, where one would less expect to find them than on the Taunton River. They are to be found on the shores of Baffin's Bay, far up within the Arctic circle; and proofs are extant of the Northmen having had a station on the North side of Lancaster Sound, and even of having extended their explorations as far as the North Georgian Islands—the most extreme point reached, of late years, by the most successful of our Arctic Explorers.

The ground for wonder, as to this matter, is, not that we do not find more, but that we find any monuments at all, formally and purposely set up by these people in the Western Hemisphere. The whole population of Iceland, and the American colony of Greenland, even in the days of their greatest prosperity, amounted to only a handful of people. They never were in a position to plant any vigorous colony in Vinland, Markland, or elsewhere on the American main. On the other hand, any feeble attempt in that direction was almost certain to be at once crushed, or harassed into a state of chronic misery, by the savage aborigines, between whom and the Northmen, as we have seen, hostilities had commenced at the very outset of their intercourse. As another deterring cause, the Icelanders themselves soon became involved in intestine conflicts. As for any other European peoples taking part in such colonization—at the time they would have probably come to be pretty generally informed as to the nature of the Icelanders' discoveries, away to the west, late in the eleventh, or early in the twelfth, century—news was disseminated slowly in those days—that information would naturally pass them by as the idle wind. The thoughts of Europe and Christendom, in those times, did not dwell upon the west; they could not easily be directed tow-

ards the west, or interested in anything which had happened, or which might, could, would, or should happen, in that far west. On the contrary, all eyes were being turned towards the east—to Paynim land; for then it was that the Crusades were preached up and were hurling upon Asia more than all the spare energy, and bravery, and blood, and treasure, of Christian Europe. It is, therefore, extremely doubtful if the Northmen, or others acting under their instructions, ever made any very energetic attempt to establish a permanent colony, or if they ever actually made any notably large temporary settlements, in any part of America south of Greenland. Of all the natural products which they found in the new lands, that which they would most covet—that which they most needed, as it scarcely existed in Iceland and Greenland, was *timber*—to build their ships, their houses, and to form into household furniture. Doubtless, the next most important products, in their estimation, was the rich *peltry* with which the 'New Land' abounded. They cared but little for agriculture; and their desires, fed from that source, were easily satisfied. They were skilful and successful fishermen, of course, and had been for ages; and that is why they really did maintain continuous and flourishing settlements in Greenland, for centuries after Erik the Red first arrived there; and why, too, they planted stations away up at the head of Baffin's Bay. As for wealth, beyond the demands of necessity, they sought that in a widely extended foreign trade, now that they had ceased cruising as Vikings.

We infer then, that to supply themselves with timber and furs, would be the principal object of the Icelanders and Greenlanders, in their voyages to the American main, during the most of their time in which they had intercourse with that country. That some attempts at settlement were made is probable; but it is not probable that they were lasting. But as timber and furs came to be regarded as the principal, if not the sole, object of those voyages, it is obvious that they would eventually cease to extend them beyond Markland, a country which, as it presents itself upon the Atlantic seaboard, seems less eligible, perhaps, as a place of permanent settlement, than Vinland—especially as it was peopled by a race of aborigines at least equally fierce with those whom they had encountered in the latter, if not even more so. We soon find a new cause tending to counteract any primary persistency of the Icelanders in colonization views, if such really had existed. From a time commencing early in the twelfth century, we may observe a deterioration in the character of these people. The better class of them—the highly cultivated and the wealthy—the merchant hero who sailed his own ship, or his own squadron, gradually fell off from such adventurous pursuits; and the shipping and the trade of the country—what then remained of it—drifted into the hands of a comparatively ignorant and unenterprising class. Then the magnates of that whilome happy and most intellectual of republics, got into conflicts with each other, as already noted. First, there were jealousies and factions, then disputes, single combats, open battles, and unrestricted fighting generally; until, at length, Iceland obtained peace and insignificance—by falling back into allegiance to Norway. This was in 1261; and this people were never afterwards the highly cultured, independent, brave Icelanders of old.

To return—we know that Gardar, or Garde, in Greenland, became the see of a bishop, whose episcopate, as we understand, embraced all Greenland, east and west; and that there were built there numerous churches and a stone cathedral of respectable dimensions, the ruins of which may still be seen. We know that, in 1121, Bishop Erik made a visit to Vinland,

which may be supposed to have been included within his diocese. This would indicate the existence of some Norse settlements in Vinland, and probably also in Markland. We find in both countries—now New England and Nova Scotia—what are at least presumable, if not positive, evidences of sites of many of these—perhaps temporary—places of abode, in the *kitchen middens*, which are still found at many points along the Atlantic coast of both countries. That these accumulations, mainly of fish-bones and the remains of shell-fish, did not grow up about the abodes of the smoky-coloured aborigines is certain from the facts that such mounds contain also the broken remains of pottery; and that was an article of manufacture of which the latter knew nothing. We further know that voyages continued to be made—but how often we know not—betweeu Vinland and Markland, on the one hand, and Greenland and Iceland, on the other, down to the autumn of the year 1347, when Edward III, was King of England, and the year after he and the Black Prince won the battle of Crecy. Then we come to a great blank.

There is nothing that looks incredible, or unreasonable, or even mysterious, in any part of this story of the discovery of America by the Northmen, in the tenth century, and of their continued intercourse with that vast country, and of their infinitesimally partial occupation of it during the four succeeding centuries — nothing except the sudden ending of it. That looks mysterious in the extreme. The last allusion we find, in the Iceland annalistic records, to any part of 'the new land,' by name is in the mention of the fact that, in the year 1347—as already intimated—a ship, having a crew of eighteen men, just from Markland, belonging to and bound for Greenland, was, by stress of weather, driven out of her course and into the outer Streamfjord, Iceland, in which vicinity the said ship, with a number of others, remained for the winter.

Judging from what little we know with certainty about it, the final collapse and extinction of Icelandic colonization in the New World was owing, not to any one sole cause, but to several causes. In the first place, Iceland having now long ceased to be an independent nation, its once great and energetic, and enterprising men had become spiritless and, to a great extent, indifferent to the public weal. They had neglected the affairs of the colonies, and allowed them to drift into the hands of a low, ignorant, and incompetent class of men. Hence, from the middle of the thirteenth century, those colonies were in a languishing state. We learn that, whilst thus weak and defenceless, during the episcopate of Alf Bishop of Gardar—the time varies between different informants, from 1349 to 1379—the *Western* Settlement of Greenland (by which we would now understand the *Northern*, or *North-Western*) was, no doubt unexpectedly and without preparation, attacked in force by the Skrœlings. Here this name is, of course, applied to the Eskimos; for the Northmen applied the name of *Skrælings* to all the dark-coloured aborigines of the 'new lands' discovered by them, just as we, of this later age, with much less propriety, call them all *Indians*. In this affair the Skrœlings killed eighteen Greenlanders, took two boys prisoners, sacked the place, and entirely broke up the Western (Northern) settlements (Vestribygd). Eistribygd, or the Eastern (properly Southern) settlement, held a precarious existence for a time longer. When Bishop Hendrich went to the colony, in 1388, he was informed that no ship had arrived there from the Mother Country during the previous year. The last bishop, so far as known, who ever resided in Greenland was Andreas, or Endride, Andreasson. He was appointed in 1406, and is known to have been resident at his episcopal

seat, at Gardar, in 1409. About this time, or very soon after, the settlement appears to have received its final death-blow. The three Scandinavian kingdoms had now become united under the Calmar Union; and Queen Margaret, and afterwards King Erik, in the plenitude of their new wisdom, had forbidden their subjects to trade to Greenland. Of course, the injunction applied as well to the 'new lands' farther west. The wars which, about the same time, were raging in Northern Europe, prevented foreign vessels from visiting the now outcast colony. Little was now wanting to complete its ruin; and that further disaster soon arrived.

We hear of Europe having been, at different periods, swept over by a terrible pestilence, known as the 'black death.' This plague committed tremendous havoc, in the reign of the English Edward III. Again it stalked over Europe in 1405, and subsequently in the reign of the English Henry IV. It is possible that this plague may have crossed over into the Norse settlements beyond the Atlantic; but we have no proof of the fact. We do know that it caused so great a mortality in England that, after its last visitation, great difficulty was experienced in procuring people to carry on the industrial pursuits of the country. To make up for this deficiency of workmen, certain enterprising Englishmen hit upon the cool expedient of sending out ships, and even fleets of ships, to the outlying regions of the realm of Denmark—which now included Sweden, Norway, Iceland, and their dependencies—and there forcibly seizing the inhabitants and carrying them away to England, where they were at once reduced to a state of virtual slavery. We find that this singular species of piracy and slave trade was forbidden, under heavy penalties, in 1429, by the Statute 8th Henry VI., which, it is to be hoped, put an end to the outrage. We infer that Greenland was the scene of one of these raids; because there is extant a brief from Pope Nicholas V., addressed to the Bishops of Skalholt and Dolum, in Iceland, and dated in the year 1448, in which the writer describes and dwells upon the fact that, *thirty years before*—that would be A.D. 1418—the Greenland colony was raided by a fleet of ships and laid waste by fire and sword, and the inhabitants of both sexes carried away into slavery. The Pope does not, indeed, name the English as the perpetrators of these acts; but the fact of their occurrence, taken in connection with the bitter complaints known to have been made by the Danish Sovereign to the English King, and the already-mentioned English Statute of 1429, leaves little room for doubt upon that point.

It is said, in the brief of Pope Nicholas, just referred to, that some few Greenlanders escaped the hands of these invaders, and that some of those carried away prisoners were afterwards allowed to return—probably through the remonstrances of the Danish king—or in some way managed to effect a return. We even find that, in 1433, the Pope (then Eugenius IV.) had appointed a Bishop to preside over this remnant of a flock, in the person of one Bartholomœus. We do not find that he ever visited his diocese. But what became of the very last of that remnant? In all probability, finding themselves cut off from all trade and intercourse with their fellow subjects elsewhere, and unvisited by, and almost unknown to the rest of the world, they voluntarily abandoned their country; or they perished through hardship and want, aided by harrassing assaults of their savage foes. The Eskimos themselves have a tradition, that the very last of the Northmen who remained there were an old patriarch named Igalko, who, with his descendants, dwelt at Igalikofjord. The Eskimos, having determined upon the utter extermination of the Northmen, had made repeated assaults upon old Igaliko, but

were always signally repulsed. At length they hit upon an expedient which enabled them to advance undetected, at midnight, to the very dwellings of the Northmen, and where, at the time, they slept. They then set fire to the dwellings, and the inmates, as they rushed forth, were instantly killed by their Eskimo foes. All thus fell except Igaliko himself and his youngest son, whom the old man caught up in his arms, whilst he made his escape to the mountains. They pursued him, but in vain. He was never seen afterwards.

Thus ends the story of the Northmen in America.

But the result of these discoveries by the Northmen has not been told. Nothing is ever utterly lost, in the Universe. When the last settlement —the last appearances even of a settlement—of the Northmen had disappeared from Vinland, Markland, Helluland, and Greenland; when the last face of anyone belonging to what we call the Caucasian race had vanished from the Western Hemisphere; that is to say, in the year 1477, and in the month of February, there landed at Hvalfjord, on the southern coast of Iceland, a strange man, named Christopher Colon—but whose surname has been latinized and popularized into Columbus. This curious man had, for years past, been haunted and goaded by a certain idea of the globular formation of the earth, and by a restless curiosity to know what corollaries might follow the proof of that fact. So he had come up to see these Icelanders—once, if not now, the boldest, best, and most experienced, and most enterprising seamen in the world—and to hear if they could give him any information in the matter. In a few weeks after his arrival at Hvalfjord, the Bishop of Skalholt would also be there, in the course of his annual visitation to that portion of the diocese. This particular year his visitation would probably be earlier than usual, for the winter of 1477 was one of unprecedented mildness, ice and snow having been almost unknown throughout the island. In Iceland, the most hospitable of countries, a stranger like Colon, intelligent, dignified, eagerly enquiring for information, was sure to be introduced to the Bishop immediately on his arrival. Magnus Eiolfson, who was Bishop of Skalholt, in 1477, was also, and had been ever since 1470—Abbot of the Monastery of Helgafell. That place was the centre of the district from which most of the Icelandic adventurers had, during the previous five hundred years, sailed away to the west; and there were written, and there were still carefully preserved, the oldest documents relating to Greenland, Markland, Vinland, and all the west. This visit of Colon's to Iceland was made only twenty-nine years after the date of the brief of Pope Nicholas V., addressed to the same Bishop of Skalholt, or his immediate predecessor, calling his attention to the spiritual wants of the Christians still remaining in Greenland, and urging him to recommend some one as a Bishop to the then destitute settlement. It is, in the highest degree, probable that in this northern voyage of his, Colon had personal intercourse with seamen who had been in the Greenland trade, and some of whom had even made the more distant voyage to Vinland. In fifteen years after this trip to Iceland, Christopher Colon—or Columbus—set out from Spain, on that eventful voyage which has won for him the repute of Discoverer of a New World.

About the same time that Colon was thus pursuing his researches, there was another eccentric family, living down in Bristol in the west of England, and called Cabot. They—and especially one of them—a youth named Sebastian, were also curious on the subject of geodesy, geography, and maritime discovery. They were engaged in mercantile pursuits, and the town of Bristol had, at that time, large dealings with Iceland—larger

probably than all the rest of the three kingdoms taken together. Indeed its principal trade was with Iceland, and off the coasts of that island was the field of England's principal deep-sea fisheries. These young Cabots had, from their very childhood, opportunities of talking with Icelandic 'old salts,' who had been knocking about through all the Northern Seas, and some—perhaps many—of whom had made voyages to far-away Markland, or Vinland. So it happened eventually that those Cabots got leave from King Henry VII. to spend their money in an exploratory expedition—for that is about what the arrangement with that king amounts to. And so, young Sebastian Cabot—some say the father, John, also, but certainly young Sebastian—sailed away in the year 1497, almost due west, until he discovered, upon St. John's day of that year, and landed upon the coast of Labrador, and therefore on the Continent of America. Columbus did not have the fortune to see any part of that continent until 1498. Cabot afterwards cruised up to about the 63 parallel of latitude, and then down to the coast of Carolina; and he, or others for him, called the whole of this extent of country simply 'the new found land,' just as the Northmen had formerly been in the habit of calling these western countries collectively by the same name (*Nyja fundu land*). Names became strangely applied and misapplied. This expression has become a proper name, and has become localized and limited to the British Island Province of *Newfoundland*, the 'Helluland' of the Norsemen. Conversely, we find the name of *America* originally applied to a part of the coast of Brazil, in compliment to one Americus Vespuccius, its supposed discoverer, now extended to the whole collective continents and islands of the Western Hemisphere.

NOTE.—To those having any acquaintance with the celebrated work of Prof. Rafn, it is scarcely necessary to say, that all the historical part of the foregoing paper which treats of the early voyages of the Norsemen in America, is taken from '*Antiquitates Americanæ, sive Scriptores Septentrionales rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America*,' compiled by the late Prof. Charles Christian Rafn, the eminent Secretary of the Royal Danish Society of Northern Antiquaries.'

THE LOVE-LETTER.

WARMED by her hands and shadowed by her hair,
As close she leaned and poured her heart through thee,
Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
The smooth black stream that makes thy whiteness fair,—
Sweet fluttering sheet, even of her breath aware,—
Oh let thy silent song disclose to me
That soul wherewith her lips and eyes agree
Like married music in Love's answering air.

Fain had I watched her when, at some fond thought,
Her bosom to the writing closelier press'd,
And her breast's secrets peered into her breast;
When, through eyes raised an instant, her soul sought
My soul, and from the sudden confluence caught
The words that made her love the loveliest.

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

SOPHOCLES AS A POET AND TEACHER.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

OF the half-dozen or so of great world-poets, whose works, to use an expression of George Eliot's—the 'centuries have sifted for us'—probably Sophocles is the least known and read. This is not surprising when we remember how few, comparatively, can enjoy a Greek poet in the original, while adequate translations are comparatively recent, and not yet very widely diffused. Sophocles need not, however, be an unknown author to any who have access to the translations of Professor Plumptre. For, while it is impossible really to *reproduce* any poem, and especially a Greek one, in another language, with so great a difference between ancient and modern turns of thought, this translation conveys, perhaps, as faithful a rendering of the spirit and poetry of Sophocles, as it would be possible to put into English. In the meantime, those who have been interested in the story of Antigone, may be interested in hearing something of the poet who has told it, and whom we may justly call the noblest poet of Greece.

Every country seems to have had its 'Augustan Age,' when political power, national status, philosophy, literature and art seem to blossom out at once into their fullest efflorescence. Such an age was the time when Sophocles lived and wrote at Athens. Pericles, Nikias, Alcibiades, Herodotus, Thucydides, Socrates, Phidias, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, were among his contemporaries. Leonidas came just before, and Plato just after. It would seem as if nearly all the great names, except the blind old man of Chios himself, grouped themselves about this wonderful period—a galaxy dazzling enough to any student of classical history and literature. Great events, too, crowded as closely as great names. Sophocles could remember Marathon, and was leader of the Athenian chorus that celebrated the victory of Salamis. It is hardly too much to say that his lifetime witnessed the rise, decline, and fall of Athens, as a Hellenic power. We can scarcely wonder that so stirring a time should have produced the great poets whose names still overshadow so many of their successors, and who have immortalized the floating legends of Heroic Greece. Lovers of Mrs. Browning's poetry will scarcely require to be reminded of the allusion, in her 'Wine of Cyprus,' to Sophocles, and his three great rivals—

> Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous
> How he drove the bolted breath
> Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
> In the gnarlèd oak beneath.
>
> Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
> Who was born to monarch's place
> And who made the whole world loyal,
> Less by kingly power than grace.
>
> Our Euripides, the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears
> And his touches of things common,
> Till they rose to touch the spheres!

Sophocles grew up among just the influences best adapted to develop his genius—a time of great and stirring crisis, followed by an age of brilliancy for Athens, which might well kindle patriotism even in the dullest heart. Colonus, his birthplace—a village about a mile and a half distant from Athens—was not more remarkable for the natural beauty which he has immortalized in 'Œdipus at Colonus,'

than for the revered associations of the *genius loci*. From the sacred grove of the Eumenides, ' where man's foot never treads,' there was the fabled descent to Hades itself. The shrines of Posciden and Prometheus were close at hand. As a boy he was trained in the exercises of mind and body, which developed the physical and intellectual superiority of the Greeks, and twice gained the prize of a garland in competition with his comrades. His Hellenic perfection of form, along with his other qualifications, secured for him, at fourteen, the distinction of being appointed leader of the Chorus at the celebration of the victory of Salamis. Poetry, art, and military glory combined their influence with religion and patriotism, to develop his youthful genius. He must have listened with quickening pulses and a poet's delight in true poetry, to the dramas of his master, Æschylus, which drew fascinated multitudes to the theatre on the great Dionysiac festivals, and were one of the main educating influences of the day. These sublime tragedies must have had no little influence on his own latent dramatic powers, which grew in silence, till at length the young poet, at the age of twenty-seven, produced his first drama —*Triptolemus*—and eclipsed his master. As years passed, he must have watched with keen æsthetic delight the growing glories of the Parthenon crowning the Acropolis, under the magic touch of Phidias—possibly even occasionally suggesting the subject or the treatment of a bas relief. And as he grew older, he may often have lingered under the olives of the *Academeia* to listen to the strange questionings of the great teacher, Socrates, on some of the same dark problems that had ever haunted his own mind, and with whom, despite great difference of temperament, he must have had so much in common.

In those early days of the drama, the tragedian had a great deal more to do than to write his tragedies. He was, besides, not only stage manager and orchestra leader, but chief actor also. He must train the Chorus, provide the masks, decorations, and dresses, and arrange everything for its presentation in a manner fitted to please a most critical audience. Sophocles, however, did not act his own plays, partly because his voice was not strong enough for the great strain required in open-air acting—partly, as Professor Plumptre suggests, because he felt the functions of actor and author to be distinct. He introduced considerable changes into the form of the drama—discarded the trilogical form, by making each tragedy complete in itself, enlarged the number of speakers permissible on the stage at once, to three instead of two, and curtailed the inordinate length of the choral odes, making them at the same time more appropriate to the subject of the action, and more carefully elaborated. The drama, therefore, reached a perfection of form in the hands of Sophocles, which the Titanic but rather chaotic genius of Æschylus could not have given it. The two were indeed very different in their characteristics. Æschylus was an unconscious and sponstaneous genius. As Sophocles himself said, Æschylus did what was right without knowing why he did it, whereas Sophocles patiently worked out his conception with reference to the underlying principles of dramatic art, accomplishing a result which is considered the ideal perfection of the tragic muse.

It is remarkable that, with Sophocles, the period of greatest productiveness and perfection should have been the latter half of his life, to which all his extant tragedies belong. Had he died as young as did Byron, Keats or Shelley, we should have had little left to testify to his commanding genius. But he was only twenty-seven when he gained his great victory over Æschylus, who had reigned supreme as poet-laureate for a generation. The occasion of the contest was one of in-

tense interest, for it was much more than a competition between a junior and a senior poet. As has been well said, 'it was a contest between the new and the old styles of tragic poetry, in which the competitors were the greatest dramatists, with one exception, who ever lived, and the umpires were the first men, in position and education, of a state in which almost every citizen had a nice perception of the beauties of poetry and art.' The time was a politically exciting one. Cimon had just returned from the expedition to Skyros, bringing with him the bones of Thesues, and entered the theatre at the great Dionysiac festival at the moment when the Archon Eponymus was about to elect, by lot, the judges who were to decide the contest in which party feeling ran high. As the Athenian general with his nine colleagues entered, to perform the customary libations to Dionysus, the Archon, by a happy inspiration, fixed on the new comers, and administered to them the oath appointed for the judges in dramatic contests. They decided in favour of the young *débutant*, and Æschylus, mortified by the defeat, left Athens and retired to Sicily, where he died six years later, leaving his rival to reign unchallenged for twenty eight years, till he, in his turn, had to yield to his junior and inferior, Euripides.

It was in the very year before this defeat, that he brought out the finest of his extant dramas, the *Antigone*, which, as has been already said, gained him the crowning distinction of his life, his appointment as one of the ten of whom Pericles was leader, on the expedition against Samos, where he is believed to have come in contact with Herodotus. The exciting period of the Peloponnesian war, seems to have stimulated his poetic activity, and at its close we find him, like the other patriotic literary men of his time, endeavouring to resist the approach of anarchy, and stay the impending ruin by taking refuge in an oligarchy; not from aristocratic predilections, but simply as a last resort. He seems to have assented to the Council of the Four Hundred, while, acknowledging the measure to be an evil one, simply because he saw no better course. *Œdipus at Colonus* was his last tragedy—the subject having a special fitness for a poet who seems himself to have learned wisdom with advancing age—and, it would seem, contains the ripest fruit of his mellowing experiences. It is pathetically associated with the history of a family quarrel which must have very much clouded the happiness of his later life—caused by the jealousy his son and heir entertained of the regard of Sophocles for his grandson, Sophocles the younger. The living poet was even summoned before a court having jurisdiction over family affairs, on the ground that his mind was affected by advancing age. His answer was :—'If I am Sophocles I am not beside myself, and if I am beside myself, I am not Sophocles;' and then to recite the magnificent Choral Ode in which he praises the beauty of his native Colonus—which so impressed the judges that they dismissed the case and rebuked the unfilial plaintiff. As the drama in question was not then finished, it is probable that the scene between Œdipus and his son Polynikes contains traces of this bitter experience of his own of 'a thankless child.' Probably, too, the touching pleadings of Antigone for her brother may have been an echo of the pleadings of his own heart for the forgiveness of his undutiful son :—

He is thy child,
And therefore, O my father, 'tis not right
Though he should prove the basest of the base,
To render ill for ill.

We may be sure that Sophocles forgave his son, though it would seem that his grandson and namesake, the younger Sophocles, was much more congenial to him in every way than any of his own four sons. The drama

of *Œdipus at Colonus*, was brought out by his grandson only after the poet's death, and it has been thought with much apparent probability, that the beautiful lines which describe the death of Œdipus, were either written by Sophocles in a sort of prophetic anticipation of his own decease, or were adopted by his grandson to describe the 'passing' of Sophocles in his ninetieth year. They, at all events, give what we may well believe to have been the appropriate close of the poet's life :

So was it. And 'tis great and wonderful
For neither was it thunderbolt from Zeus
With flashing fire that slew him, nor the blast
Of whirlwind sweeping o'er the sea's dark waves,
But either some one whom the Gods had sent
To guide his steps, or gentleness of mood
Had moved the powers beneath to ope the way
To earth's deep regions painlessly. He died
No death to mourn for—did not leave the world,
Worn out with pain and sickness ; but his end,
If any ever was, was wonderful.

We can still imagine the deep emotion which this passage must have called forth when the last work of Sophocles was represented before an Athenian audience, after the death of the aged poet ; an event which must have caused such a sensation as the death of no modern poet could cause, since Sophocles stood out before the most cultivated public of his day as no poet or teacher can possibly stand out before any public in an age when teachers, through living voice and printed page, are almost as numerous as the taught To the more earnest and religious minds, his loss would find the best parallel in the blank which will be left when Whittier shall follow his illustrious contemporary, Longfellow. To all, his death would be felt to mark the close of a distinct era of literature, of national existence, even of religion. Greece never owned a second Sophocles.

In looking at Sophocles as a poet, we are not more struck by his commanding genius than by his purity, his reverence, his uniform elevation of tone. Few poets, ancient or modern, have left so little that the most fastidious reader could wish altered, and in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may fairly presume that the blamelessness of his verse only reflected the blamelessness of his life. The fact that Aristophanes leaves him untouched by his satire seems to show that he was held in quite an exceptional respect as *sans peur et sans reproche ;* and though one or two not very well authenticated anecdotes seem to indicate that in his youth his nature had a sensuous tendency—the besetting weakness of the Greek—he seems to have completely overcome it in later life, and his extant poems show no trace whatever of any such element. And, as Milton said, that the man who would write a heroic poem must live a heroic life, we may fairly add, that to write pure and noble poetry, he must live a pure and noble life—a truth borne out by our knowledge of the lives of poets generally. He is said to have developed some fondness for money,—not unnatural for a successful poet, keenly susceptible to its manifold uses and powers, as more than one passage shows. Among his 'fragments,' we find the following, which is, probably, as true to-day as when first written :

Riches gain friends, gain honours, further still,
Gain highest sovereignty for those who sit
In low estate. The rich have no men foes ;
And if there be, they still conceal their hate.
A wondrous power has wealth to wind its way
Or on plain ground, or heights that none may tread,
Where one that's poor, although 'twere close at hand,
Would fail to gain the things his heart desires.

He seems to have found out, however, also, that 'the love of money is the

root of all evil,' for in *Antigone* we find Kreon saying :

Nothing in use by man, for power of ill,
Can equal money. This lays cities low,
This drives men forth from quiet hiding place,
This warps and changes minds of worthiest stamp
To turn to deeds of baseness, teaching men
All shifts of cunning, and to know the guilt
Of every impious deed.

As a publicist, Sophocles stands equally opposed to despotism and the spirit which would rashly disregard the claims of law and order in the name of liberty. The existing laws and rulers must be respected, even when they do wrong, and violent resistance to them must at least be deferred till all other means of redress have failed. Athens was a republic, and hated the very name of king, calling him *Tyrannus.* Yet the burden of the teaching of Sophocles is continually, 'Fear God and honour the king,' because his majesty represents the majesty of law. Theseus, the ideal ruler, thus reproaches Kreon :

Thou dost grievous wrong
To me and thine own nature and thy country.
Who coming to a state that loves the right
And without law does nothing, sett'st at naught
The things it most reveres, and at thy will
By deeds of violence, wilt gain thine end.

In the *Antigone* he brings out most distinctly the two extremes to be avoided—that of the harsh despot who overstrains his authority, and that of a rash, though noble, defiance of 'the powers that be.' Kreon says, truly enough :

Anarchy
Is our worst evil, brings our commonwealth
To utter ruin, lays whole houses low
In battle strife, hurls men in shameful fight;
But they who walk uprightly—these shall find
Obedience saves most men.

Hæmon thus remonstrates with Kreon:

That is no state
Which hangs on one man's will,

and, to Kreon's question :

The state, I pray,
Is it not reckoned his who governs it?

the reply is :

Brave rule! Alone, and o'er an empty state!

Further, Hæmon, by two striking similes, forcibly presents the evil consequences that flow from attempting to overstrain authority :

When winter floods the streams,
Thou see'st the trees that bend before the storm
Save their last twigs, while those that will not yield
Perish with root and branch. And when one hauls
Too tight the mainsail sheet and will not slack,
He has to end his voyage with deck o'erturned.

Here, again, we have the responsibility of the ruler strongly brought out :

And yet I blame not him so much as those
Who reign supreme, for all a city hangs,
And all an army, on the men that rule.

In 'Aias,' the contention between Kreon and Antigone is fought over again between Agamemnon and Menelaus on the one side, and Teukros, the brother of Aias, on the other, who is determined to bury the dead Aias (Ajax), in defiance of the tyrannical Atreidæ, who rage and bluster as if they were absolute despots over all their brother chiefs. Odysseus, seeing the folly of their conduct, comes to the rescue, and pleads that they are transgressing a higher law :

Thou woulds't not trample upon him alone,
But on the laws of God. It is not right,
To harm, though thou shoulds't chance to hate him sore
A man of noble nature, lying dead.

And Agamemnon finally yields to the representation, though he says, naïvely and apologetically :

It is no easy task for sovereign prince
To weigh the claims of reverence to the Gods.

A poet-critic lately said that the rank of a poet was to be estimated according to the truth of his 'criticism of life,' a test seriously objected to by another poet. The phrase, 'criticism of life,' is not a happy one, since the spirit of criticism is decidedly antagonistic to the poetic spirit, which is

synthetic and creative. But if Matthew Arnold meant, as he probably did mean, that a poet's claim to immortality was founded, to a great extent, on the way in which he deals with those great moral problems which oppress the heart of humanity in all ages, we believe the test is a true one. True poetry, indeed, cannot be merely didactic or sectarian. It deals not with the theories and dogmas which are the mere outward crust of truth, changing with the intellectual changes of generations. But it speaks out of the heart to the heart; and the poet whose heart is pure and true, will lead mankind to the things that are pure and true, and so establish his best claim on their memory, that of helping them to attain the truest happiness. Take a few examples. There is no doubt that Burns will be longest and most widely known by such poems as 'Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' 'A man's a man for a' that,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'A Cotter's Saturday Night,' and that Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' will find an echo in the memory of mankind long after his more ambitious productions are comparatively forgotten. And Shakespeare himself is, by the multitudes who have not time to study him, more valued for such passages as 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' crystallizing a great truth, than for all his wonderful creative power and dramatic genius. But the truth must be crystallized, fused in the fire of the poet's genius, to find this sure lodgment in the universal heart.

Judged by this test, Sophocles may well be placed at the head of the classical poets. There are, indeed, some points in which, judged by the higher ethical standard that Christianity has established, we find even Sophocles wanting. Truth and sincerity are indeed everywhere exalted in his dramas; and the opposite, even when combined with the skilful diplomacy of an Odysseus—are made odious—a marked improvement on the Homeric poems. In 'Philoctetes,' the ardent and ingenuous Neoptolemus revolts against, and in the end repudiates, the treacherous stratagem to which he is over-persuaded by Odysseus, and the poet evidently speaks his own sentiments in the reprobation of the 'crafty subtle words of guileful mind,' for which that wily schemer was famous. And Tennyson might have written the line,—

> Be sure no lie can ever reach old age.

Yet here and there we see evidence of the close connexion between true morality and true religion, while Sophocles shows us how firmly the idea of right AS RIGHT is rooted in the human heart, and how closely it is associated with the religious instinct, he shows us, too, how the absence of the hope of a future life does act against its fullest development. Here is a passage that might be suggestive to those who hold that the destruction of man's belief in immortality would not affect injuriously the general tone of morality :—

> It is not good to lie, but when the truth,
> Brings to a man destruction terrible,
> He may be pardoned, though his words be
> base.

Of course, the Greeks did not disbelieve in future existence. The very tenacity with which the burial rites were regarded as absolutely indispensable—the horror which their non-performance excited, testified to their belief in that future existence which these rites were believed seriously to affect. But it was a mere existence, passive and colourless, which they associated with the shadowy realm of Hades. Antigone has no bright hope of a future life, no blessed reunion with those she loves to sustain her as she goes to her living tomb ; all that she looks forward to is some vague existence beside them, which she seems to refer to the tomb itself quite as much as to an unknown 'under-world.' There was no 'sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection' to offer to

the desolate mourners at a Grecian tomb. It is hardly then to be wondered at, that, lacking the hope which has nerved so many Christian martyrs to face death rather than sacrifice truth, even a poet of the high moral tone of Sophocles should plead that when the truth must cost the only life worth calling such, a lie is at least pardonable.

Passing from death to marriage, it is curious that not one of Sophocles' extant tragedies turns on the passion of love, so fruitful a theme in modern poetry. The plot of the 'Maidens of Traches,' indeed, turns on the jealousy of Dyancira, on account of Hercules' espousal of Iole, but this scarcely constitutes an exception. But the modern conception of love, in its higher aspects, was entirely foreign to an age when woman was usually regarded as an inferior being, a possession rather than a companion, although Sophocles accords to her a higher place than did his contemporaries. And as true love, according to our conception of it, must be largely blended with reverence for its object, it would have been impossible for a Greek poet to represent it as either a Shakespeare, a Dante, or a Tennyson has done. The few references of Sophocles to the passion of love, treat it rather as a sinister influence; as for instance a fragment beginning—

> A sore disease is this desire of love.

It may well be doubted indeed, whether, without the purifying influence of Christianity, we could ever have had what we now feel to be the only adequate conception of love between man and woman. Certainly the worship of Aphrodite could not give it. As Helen Faucit truly says, 'the ancients knew nothing of the passion of love in its purity, its earnestness, its devotedness, its self-sacrifice. It needed Christianity to teach us this, and a Shakespeare in the drama to illustrate it'.

As little could Sophocles rise to the Christian doctrine of forgiveness. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' is still in his tragedies the stern maxim that excludes the higher precept, 'Love your enemies.' But he could not rise above the spirit of his times, when society was only just settling down into organization and order. In the earlier times in which his tragedies are placed, the avenger of blood was a necessity, and individual vengeance the only sure mode of enforcing justice. Lynch law is a very undesirable kind of law, but it is at least better than no law at all. And the world had first to pass under the yoke of law before it was prepared for the Gospel. So individual retribution is carried in the tragedies of Sophocles to a point which almost revolts us. Clytemnestra, infamous as she is, almost excites our compassion when we see her son and daughter utterly unmoved by the slightest feelings of ruth for the mother, on whom they must avenge their father's murder. And Electra, though she is set before us as a noble character—loyal and faithful to the uttermost, second only to Antigone—becomes really repulsive, and, as it seems to us, unwomanly, when, unmoved by her wretched mother's piteous cry for mercy, she adjures her brother—

> Smite her yet again,
> If thou hast strength for it.

And when she greets him, fresh from the deed of blood, with the unrelenting inquiry—

> And is she dead—vile creature?

we instinctively feel that no great poet of the Christian era would have put such language into the mouth of a heroine for whom he meant to enlist our fullest sympathy. Here and there, indeed, we catch a gleam of something like the teachings of forgiveness, but it is always qualified by some peculiarity of circumstances. When Antigone pleads with her father for her brother, Polynikes, she does so on the ground that 'he is thy child,' and *therefore*—

> 'Tis not right
> Though he should prove the basest of the base,
> To render ill for ill.

When Odysseus pleads with Agamemnon and Menelaus, to withdraw their opposition to the burial of Aias, they find it almost impossible to comprehend his motive or attitude, and he takes pains to explain that though he 'hated, while 't was right to hate,' he maintains that death should end hostilities—

> It is not right
> To harm, though thou should'st chance to hate him sore,
> A man of noble nature, *lying dead*.

Aias, indeed, says, with some cynicism, however—

> I, indeed,
> Have learnt but now that we should hate a foe
> Only so far as one that yet may love,
> And to a friend just so much help may give
> As unto one that will not always stay,
> For with most men is friendship's haven found
> Most treacherous sailing.

And we are reminded elsewhere that—

> To err, indeed,
> Is common unto all, but having erred
> He is no longer reckless or unblest
> Who, having fallen into evil, seeks
> For healing, nor continues still unmoved.

But we look in vain for forgiveness, pure and simple, as we find it urged by Portia in the 'Merchant of Venice.' And, indeed, we could hardly expect the moral beauty of forgiveness of injuries to be very apparent under a religion which attributed to its deities the most bitter and persistent vindictiveness, avenging small personal affronts on whole armies and peoples, not for the sake of punishing *sin*, or leading to repentance by timely chastisement, but simply out of what we familiarly term 'personal spite.' The idea of a God, just to punish because hating sin, yet ready to forgive because loving the sinner, was unknown to the Greek mind. The sublime conception of 'the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty,'—which was proclaimed in Judea two thousand years before, had not yet travelled beyond it.

But putting aside the details of the great question of morality, in which Sophocles could not be expected to rise very far beyond the standard of his age and country, nothing is more characteristic of his tragedies than the earnestness with which the Chorus—representing the poet's own ideal—always seeks to ascertain *what is right* in the circumstances. The distinction between right as *right* and wrong as *wrong* is as great and awful a truth to him as to the philosopher Kant. The mysterious but inevitable connection between sin and retribution, even to 'the third and fourth generation,' is vividly shown by him; while, at the same time, the misfortunes of the sufferers can almost always be traced to some mistake or moral dereliction of the present actors in the drama, to pride and obstinacy on the one side, and rash defiance on the other, or headlong passion, overweening arrogance, or irreverence towards the gods. But not less vividly does he portray the moral effect of contrition on the penitent, and the wonderful transformation of the avenging furies, through repentance and atonement, into the 'gentle powers' of purification and peace. It has been said, and truly, of the modern theatre, that 'silence, patience, moderation, temperance, wisdom, and contrition for guilt are no virtues, the exhibition of which will divert spectators.' But let us not forget that, for a brief period in the history of one nation at least, the drama was made the means of enforcing these very virtues. This is simply a fact—one of the many showing that 'the old order changeth, giving place to new,' and that 'one good custom' will never be allowed to 'corrupt the world.' Sophocles was emphatically a 'preacher of righteousness' to his generation, so far as his limited light could go; and he made the stage his pulpit, in days when the

pulpit did not yet exist. On the susceptible populace of Athens, gathered from time to time in the amphitheatre, his powerful dramatic teachings must have had such an effect as we can hardly estimate in days when the voice of the preacher has of necessity become so familiar to accustomed ears. In an age when impiety, lawlessness, and sensuality were advancing on Athens like a flood, Sophocles' strenuous teachings of reverence, obedience, moderation, must have done much to stem the tide, and, at least, postpone the evil day which too soon followed his death. As nothing was so strongly insisted on throughout his dramas as reverence towards the gods, we may be sure that such recklessly impious acts as the mutilation of *Hermæ* must have met with his strongest condemnation, and, doubtless, elicited some of the homilies on this point in which his works abound.

Looking back from the high vantage ground of Christian teaching, it is at first sight difficult to see how such a mind as that of Sophocles could accept what we now easily and scornfully call the *fables* of Greek mythology. Yet if we try to enter with a little sympathy into the position of Sophocles, with regard to the religion of his country and age, we shall see that it was not to be expected that he should cast aside forms which embodied what had been 'a living faith to millions,' and was a living faith to the most pious of his countrymen then. If even Socrates, in his last moments, could not resist the influence of veneration for the old rites which impelled him to dedicate a cock to Esculapius, still less could Sophocles, who was far more a poet than a philosopher, throw aside the influence of the old poetic myths that were so closely intertwined with his religious life. The symbols and rites of his day, such as they were, were the only expression of the deep-seated religious instinct which binds man to the invisible 'Heavenly Powers,' and lies so much deeper than any forms or symbols—giving the hallowing touch influence of Divine sanction to—

> The old moralities which lent
> To life its sweetness and content,

and enforcing with the same sanction the eternal laws of right on the conscience of the people. Possibly his poetic intuition, while rejecting much that was puerile and unworthy in the Homeric conception of the gods, saw in the religious beliefs of his time

> The imperishable seeds
> Of harvests sown for larger needs.

At all events, Sophocles possessed nothing of the destructive spirit which would scornfully throw away what men revere and live by, while there is nothing to put in its place; and, accordingly, lack of reverence for the gods, profanity of action or speech, is constantly set before us as the fruitful source of evil in human life. That he 'who walketh haughtily' 'deserves an evil fate' is one of his axioms. Whether his spiritual insight may have acted as a converging lens to blend into the pure white light of monotheism the broken rays of polytheism, we cannot know. Probably he himself did not know exactly how far he believed the old myths, or viewed them as poetic impersonations. Zeus, at all events, he regards as the supreme ruler of Olympus, and frequently gives him some of the attributes of the one living and true God. Take, for instance, the following:

> Thy power, O Zeus, what haughtiness of man
> Could ever hold in check?
> Which neither sleep that maketh all things old
> Nor the long months of gods that wax not faint
> Can for a moment seize.
> But still, as Lord supreme
> Through time that grows not old,
> Thou dwellest in thy sheen of radiancy
> On far Olympus height,
> Through all the future and the coming years.

He frequently, throughout his works, refers to 'God' in the singular, and

sometimes also to the eternal laws of right, which he seems to make independent of Zeus himself, while yet he calls them 'the unwritten laws of God,' reminding us of the useless controversies which Christian philosophers and theologians have waged concerning a point which the human intellect is not competent to define. Of these, he says :

Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor justice dwelling with the gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men :
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough—
Coming from mortal man, to set at nought
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live for ever.

And again he says, in words that seem almost like an echo of a Hebrew psalm, written ages before :

O that my fate were fixed
To live in holy purity of speech,
Pure in all deeds whose laws stand firm and high
In heaven's clear ether born,
Of whom Olympus only is the sire
Whom man's frail flesh begat not,
Nor ever shall forgetfulness o'erwhelm,
In them our God is great and grows not old.

There is, iudeed, a fragment extant, quoted by Justin Martyr from Sophocles, which unmistakably proclaims the unity of God ; but it is considered to be of very doubtful authenticity :

In very deed and truth God is but one
Who made the heaven and all the seat of earth,
The exulting sea and all the strength of winds.
But we, poor mortals, wandering in our hearts
Set up poor cheats to soothe our soul's distress,
Carved images of God in wood and stone,
Or forms of well-wrought gold or ivory,
And, offering sacrifice to these with rites
And solemn fasts, we think we worship him.

But whether or not Sophocles was something of a neo-Platonist in advance, or whether he simply accepted the old rites as the only available form of religious expression, it is plain, at all events, that he strongly felt the need of the motive power and the strength and consolation which religion can supply to man. We hear much about Hellenic joyousness, and unconsciousness of evil ; but it is clear enough, from the expression of its inner experience by its truest poets, that Hellenic life was not all physical enjoyment—that it was not always sunshine among its vines and olive groves. On the contrary, Greek tragedy is proverbially the deepest tragedy, and no thought is more frequent in Sophocles than the uncertainty of earthly bliss. He repeatedly warns his hearers to count no man happy before his death, and tells us that

Tis an old saying told of many men,
Thou can'st not judge aright the life of man,
Or whether it be good or bad to him
Before he die.

But the consoling truth that this life is a discipline and education is not only implied in the structure of the dramas, in which the calamities that follow wrong-doing induce humility, self-distrust, submission and patience, but is also put definitely into striking words :--

O children, noblest pair,
Be not so vexed in mood,
With what from God has come
Working for God throughout.
The path ye tread ye need not murmur at.

So Œdipus learns humility and content through the severe lessons of his life, Kreon casts aside his haughty self-will and irreverence towards the Gods, and Philoctetes, leaving his natural grudges and bitterness behind, goes to find healing and fulfil his duty in assisting to accomplish the capture of Troy, impossible without him.

Some noble words of Charles Kingsley's seem to apply so appropriately to Sophocles as a religious teacher that we quote them here, as beautifully expressing a great truth as yet too little appreciated.

'They will find in the Greek, the Persian, and the Hindoo; in the Buddhist and in the Mohammedan Sufi; the same craving after the absolute and the eternal, the same attempt to express in words that union between man and God, which transcends all words. On making that discovery, if they have not already made it, two courses will be open to them. They can either reject the whole of such thoughts as worthless, assuming that anything which Christianity has in common with heathendom must be an adulteration and an interpolation; or when they see such thoughts bubbling up, as it were spontaneously, among men divided utterly from each other by race, age and creed, they can conclude that those thoughts must be a normal product of the human spirit, and that they indicate a healthy craving after some real object; they can rise to a tender and deeper sympathy with the aspirations and mistakes of men who sought in great darkness for a ray of light, and did not seek in vain; and can give fresh glory to the doctrines of the Catholic (Universal) Church, when they see them fulfilling those aspirations and correcting those mistakes; and in this case, as in others, satisfying the desire of all nations, by proclaiming Him by whom all things were made, and in whom all things consist; who is The Light and The Life of men, shining for ever in the darkness, uncomprehended, yet unquenched.'

It would be an interesting speculation to imagine how Sophocles would have received, had he lived some four centuries later, the teachings of the remarkable foreigner. who came to declare to the men of Athens, Him whom they 'ignorantly worshipped.' Would not his keen-spirited insight have recognised the truth, paraphrased by Keble in the words:—

> Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
> Lo here the unknown God of thy unconscious praise.

But however this may be, those who believe with Augustine that the essence of the thing called the Christian religion has always been in the world:—that God has never been 'far from any one of us,' even those who were wandering in the midst of heathenism, that He has never 'left Him self without a witness,' and that 'in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness,' has been 'accepted with Him;' and who also believe that God, in His providential guidance of the nations, has gradually prepared the way for the full development of the Sun of Righteousness, will readily place such teachers as Sophocles, with their grand glimpses of eternal truths, among the 'schoolmasters' to bring the world to—

> Sit at the feet of Christ—
> And feel the heavenly Alchemist
> Transform its very dust to gold.

NON POSSO.

LET me go hence, for that which once has been
No more can be.
Let me go hence, before the changing scene
Has saddened me.

Before the summer roses all are dead,
The green grass slain :
Before the warmth of summer suns has fled,
And life is pain.

The dying flush of happy summer days
Would break my heart;
The glory of sweet sunlit ways
Should see us part.

For roses fade ; the greenest leaves must die
And surely fall :
The warmest suns grow cold ; and winter's sky
Will darken all.

I would not see it die, this happy year,
So fair, so sweet :
I would not see the leafy woods grow sere
Where now we meet.

Let me go hence, and see it in long dreams,
My year of joy.
Let me go hence, nor wait until it seems
A faded toy.

Yet, still, your kisses burn upon my lips,
(Your breast to mine)
They thrill me to the very finger-tips,
The lovers' wine :

Love's passion still is yearning in your eyes :—
What ! leave you so ?
Nay, if I linger on until it dies,
I *cannot* go.

Although I know the change some day must bring
To you and me ;
Although I fear to feel its cruel sting,
Its misery.

How *can* I say farewell ? Ah me ! I stay,
Although I fear.
To-morrow,—sweet heart ! Let us take to-day
To-morrow,—dear.

OTTAWA. FRED'K A. DIXON.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY JOHN HECTOR, TORONTO.

MY father, before emigrating to Canada, lived during the season in London. We were a musical family. My sisters were taught singing and music by the best masters; my brother was a member of the Philharmonic Society. For myself, I was taught to play on the guitar and to use it as an accompaniment to my small, thin voice. In a word, we were all encouraged to cultivate our musical tastes. I was a great frequenter of the Italian Opera House, and my recollection carries me back to the delightful evenings I have spent there.

The first time I heard Madame Pasta was in the opera of *Medea.* Apart from her 'divine' singing, she was, without a doubt, the finest tragic actress of her day. From the scene where she places a hand on the head of each of her sons and breaks forth with the words, 'Miseri Pargholetti,' until the end of the tragedy, her singing and acting were truly most thrilling and magnificent. At least they were so to my mind and to every other 'fanatico por la musica.' I heard her frequently afterwards in *Tancredi* and other operas, but I never was so much enchanted as with her performance of *Medea.* Years passed, and I did not hear her again until she took her final leave of the stage. She sang four selections from different operas—*Medea* among them. Her voice was, of course, much impaired; but even Madame Grisi was heard to exclaim, 'Who, now, can compete with her, although her voice has so failed?'

Pasta had a handsome countenance, expressive and capable of strong emotion at the more thrilling parts of her performances. Her figure was pleasing, and she moved with grace. Her hands might be said to speak.

I first heard Grisi in, I think, 1837, in *La Somnambula.* She was then remarkably handsome, and her figure, although on a large scale, was finely proportioned. She was so handsome that Lord C——, among her many admirers, became rather too *empressé* in his attentions, and had to fight a duel with Signor Grisi. Her voice was charmingly mellifluous. In those days I think she appeared to the best advantage in *La Somnambula;* afterwards her great role was *Norma.* She sang in a number of the operas which were then in vogue, and was ably supported by Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and a host of other fine singers. Among these I remember Madame Schrœder-Devrient. She was a German by birth, married to a Frenchman, and acquired a very high celebrity in Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio,* by her singing and acting.

I was present when Grisi took her final leave of the stage. It was thought injudicious in her to have chosen the role of Donna Anna, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni.* The part is rather that of a girl than of an elderly person. Her voice had been failing for some years, and the exertion of singing and performing through the whole of a long piece was evidently beyond her powers. Mario—who was then, I think, her husband—aided her greatly. No one could surpass him in beauty of voice; and in love scenes he was perfection. I heard him afterwards, with Patti, in *Martha,* a light

opera, partly founded on the air of the 'Last Rose of Summer.'

I heard Jenny Lind sing at concerts, but never in an opera. I have no doubt many of the readers of THE MONTHLY will recollect hearing her at the concerts she gave in Toronto.

I regret much that I never had an opportunity of hearing either Sontag or Malibran. With the exception of these two brilliant stars, I believe I have heard all the best singers of the day.

As to instrumental players—I mean on the violin—I heard Paganini, De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Griesbach and others. Of these Paganini was *facile princeps*. He first appeared at the Opera House in London. Many of its trustees were opposed to its being used for other than operatic performances. Eventually it was announced that he would play a selections of pieces—some of them his own compositions. The house was very crowded, and as he advanced upon the stage he was greeted with loud applause. He made three very low bows—and when he placed the violin to his shoulder he smiled upon it with the greatest satisfaction, as if it had been his fairy or his guardian angel. I think he began by playing the *Carnival de Venice*, which was one of his stock pieces. He was very pale and thin, his black hair parted in the middle, and curling down the back of his head. His face was cadaverous, attributed to having been for many years in an Italian prison, on a charge of some political offence. One could not help noticing the extreme length of his fingers. Altogether he had a weird appearance.

On the second night that I heard him, while he was playing, a roll of music took fire in the orchestra, and made quite a blaze; although he observed it, he continued to play with the same serenity. This reassured the audience and the fire was soon extinguished.

He had the most extraordinary power over the instrument. At one time cajoling it to produce the most delicious notes 'in linked sweetness long drawn out,' at another, as it were, whipping it, until it shrieked and sobbed, and groaned and moaned. In a word, if ever a violin spoke in varied moods, it was the violin of Paganini.

Some few months after the death of the late king, her present Majesty honoured the Opera House with a visit. She had held a Drawing-Room during the day, and the majority of the audience were in court dresses. When she entered her box Madame Grisi sang the first verse of the *National Anthem*. The sight of the audience standing, displaying diamonds, feathers, beautiful dresses, and sparkling orders was quite thrilling. The beauty of some of the women could not be equalled in any other metropolitan city in the world. In one of the boxes, seated side by side, were Lady Seymour—who had won the prize for beauty at the Eglinton Tournament—and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was, in my opinion, far more intellectually beautiful than Lady Seymour. The three 'fair foresters' were also pre-eminently beautiful. The Countess of Blessington was also there—surrounded by notabilities, Comte D'Orsay, Trelawny, and others. The Countess was then handsome, and her figure had not attained the large proportions it afterwards acquired. The Count was certainly one of the handsomest men of his day, and was, as Byron described him, 'un cupidon déchainé.' There was another remarkably handsome man, one of the Stanleys, with a peculiar oval face, who looked for all the world as if he had stepped into life from one of the picture frames of his ancestors in the Knowsley Gallery.

It is to be regretted I think that the standard of music cannot be a little raised among the amateur lady singers of Toronto. Some of them sing ballad songs very pleasingly. Some time since, I heard an attempt made by a lady to sing a passage from the Opera of *Orféo and Eurydice*. If sung

with taste it is one of the most wailing, mournful airs in the whole *répertoire* of music. Orféo is in a most distracted state and begins the air with the words 'Ché faro senza Eurydice,' and then he calls her, again and again—pausing for her answer. The lady sang the air as if it had been a jig — the word 'Eurydice' 'followed fast and followed faster'—so quick and increasing were the 'dirges' of his despair. One felt doubtful whether Orféo or the lady was most to be pitied.

My theatrical reminiscences go as far back as the performances of Edmund Kean in *Richard the Third* and *Macbeth*. I was too young at the time to fully appreciate the beauty of his acting. Yet I must have felt some inspiration from it, as I was for some time after constantly bothering my brothers and sisters to hear me declaim from both plays. Macready's acting always appeared to me to be stiff and artificial. It is true he declaimed well, but one could never lose sight of the fact that it was Macready, not the character before one.

Of all actors who lost their self-consciousness and individuality, I think Fechter was in this respect admirable. Hamlet himself was before the audience, Fechter acted so naturally. Until his time no one had performed the part of the Prince so well. He played some one hundred and fifty nights, and people never seemed tired of hearing him. Young, in his day, performed the part well and gracefully, but his acting was far inferior to Fechter's.

The first Charles Mathews used to give most amusing entertainments. He was always ready to catch the flying follies of the day. For instance, *Charlotte and Werther* had been translated from the German into English, and there was among foolish people quite a craze for everything sentimental. Mathews, in ridicule of this, personated a German cook dressed in a white bib and tucker, with a white nightcap on his head. He read a few passages from the book—the most extravagant and nonsensical he could pick out. Then he clasped his hands, raised his eyes, and exclaimed, 'Oh! Charlotte, Oh! Werther—Oh divine sensibility! Hulloa there, have you skinned those eels?' The answer, 'Yes,' came from Mathews, who was a great ventriloquist. 'Are they all alive?' 'Yes.' Is the water hot — boiling hot?' 'Yes.' 'Then put in the eels at once. Oh Charlotte! Oh Werther, Oh divine sensibility.'

He stood behind rather a high table upon the stage, and it was surprising to see the rapidity with which he changed his dresses.

His son, the late Charles Mathews, was also a talented actor. His acting improved much after his marriage with Madam Vestris, who had been for many years on the stage. She was always a charming actress, full of life and spirit.

I was at the theatre when Fanny Kemble made her *début* as Juliet. When she first came on the stage, she looked dreadfully pale and nervous, and it was not until the applause, which lasted for some time, had ceased, that she partially recovered her self-possession. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, she performed the part—particularly the balcony scene—very finely. Her youth gave her great advantage over her contemporaries who were playing the same part.

While staying at an hotel in New York, I was introduced to Captain Marryat, who had lately arrived from England. A party was formed to go and see Keeley and his wife in some farce. At supper, on our return, Captain Marryat, after praising the acting of the Keeleys, said that he could not help remarking upon the difference between the subordinate actors in the States and those in England. He thought the actors in the States seemed to play with more energy, and strove to do every justice to their

parts. In England, the actors who took second or third-rate parts showed carelessness, and were generally apathetic and listless. He had a great knowledge of plays and of actors, and I think there was a good deal of truth in his observation.

The French actors were also very careful in learning and studying their parts. They acted most conscientiously. A French *troupe* used to visit London during each season. I recollect Mademoiselle Mars was in one of them. She must then have been between sixty and seventy, as she had performed before the first Emperor Napoleon. She continued to take juvenile parts, and acted them with surprising youthfulness. Mademoiselle Ste. Ange was a delightful actress, and there were many finished performers in the *troupe*. It was a great treat to them act Molière's comedies.

If I were not tiring the readers of the MONTHLY, I might add some further sketches, but I feel that it is time to leave off.

EVENING IN JUNE.

BY T. W. S., NEW DURHAM.

THE glow of eve is fading from the west,
  The wind is softly playing through the trees,
The birds and lambs are folded to their rest,
  And flowers sleep, unroused by humming bees.

The blue above grows deeper, deeper still ;
  The rosy west has changed to sober gray ;
More shady grow the hollows, and the hill
  Looms larger as the daylight fades away.

The stars come forth like sparkling diamonds bright,
  Casting their beams through endless realms of space,
And view our lovely world with still delight ;
  While silv'ry lakes reflect the moon's bright face.

Oh ! day is very beautiful in June,
  With waving trees and grass and birds and flowers,
But night seems more harmoniously in tune
  With chords that vibrate in our pensive hours.

LITERATURE CONNECTED WITH THE CANADA PACIFIC RR.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway will be completed, we hope and believe, long before Sir John Macdonald will have an opportunity of looking down on it from over the shining verge of hovering clouds. The building of a railway across the continent has evidently been one of the Prime Minister's most cherished projects, and indeed it is a work which, for magnitude and usefulness, will have distanced all others.

Long prior to the existence of the Dominion of Canada, the germinal idea of a great route across that portion of the continent over which the flag of Canada rules, stirred in the minds of men on whose attention its geographical and physical advantages were forced ; and on the facts connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway the history and literature which gathered round that idea cast an interesting and instructive light. Over this great work, which from rail to rolling-stock will be as much as anything in the world of to-day, the expression and emblem of nineteenth century conditions, the tangible evidence of a new order of things in politics, in society, in mechanics, there comes from the earliest dawn of New World history, a large imperial air, with the scent in it of social and political forces which have disappeared. We are witnessing the progress, the oldest may hope to behold the completion, of an undertaking, which will bring the Pacific, and with the Pacific, China and the East, nearer to the Atlantic and to Europe, than would have been possible by any of the routes, the thought of which for more than two centuries filled men of enthusiastic foresight and constructive imagination with visions of a boundless trade with the East. It is not possible for a cultivated man to think of the day when the traveller shall take his ticket in Halifax to be carried across the Dominion to Victoria, and thence to Hong Kong, without recalling Sebastian Cabot in 1512 in the palace of Ferdinand, planning under the monarch's eye an exploration of the North-West Passage to Asia. The Courts of Henry IV., of Louis XIII., and of Louis XIV. were often occupied with projects for the discovery of a passage through the interior of the continent to the Grand Ocean, with China, of course, as the ultimate objective. These projects were taken up with renewed ardour under the Regency, and the Regent had the refusal of the same plan which afterwards carried Lewis and Clark to the Columbia. The early French explorers were full of the idea of finding a river which should conduct them to the Western Sea. In a very curious tract written in French—The Log-book of Jean Alphonse de Xantoigne, first pilot of Roberval, published in 1542, we read of the Saguenay : 'I believe that this river comes from the China Sea (*mer du Cathay*) for here it issues with a strong current and runs with a terrible tide.' In a history published in 1609, the French possessions in North America were described as bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean. In 1612, Charles de Bourbon, Lieutenant-General in New France, commissioned Champlain to build forts as far in the interior as he could penetrate with the object of

finding a practicable road to China and the East. La Salle conceived the idea of opening a way to China and Japan through the lakes and rivers of Canada, and the village and rapids near Montreal took their name of Lachine from his grand but abortive enterprise. The story of the Verendrye, father and sons, is one of scantily requited efforts which are among the most stirring and touching in the annals of heroism. All their endeavours seemed about to be crowned with success, when on the 1st of January, 1743, the brothers saw the Rocky Mountains rise before them. On the 12th of the same month the Chevalier de la Verendrye prepared to ascend them to contemplate, from their summits' the sea which he knew to be on the other side. He was doomed to disappointment. Dissensions having broken out among the tribes inhabiting that part of the country, he was forced to return without experiencing the joy which the sight of that ocean two centuries earlier had filled the hearts of Cortez and Balboa. On the 22nd July, 1799, Sir Alex. Mackenzie wrote on the Rock which separates the Prairie of the Centre from the Pacific Slope, his name, whence he had come, and the date. The feat was worthy of record. The centenary of that day however will not have arrived when railway cars, with all modern appliances, will wind through one of the passes of those mountains. This great consummation was what many of the modern but worthy successors of previous projections whose names should never be forgotten in Canada, desired to see. But they fell like the advance guard of an army over whose bodies other men march to victory.

Poor and crude as the United States were fifty years ago, as compared with their wealth and advancement to-day, and as England was then, they were yet far ahead of the mother country in their readiness to take in the far reaching consequences of Stephenson's invention. A portion of the New York Central was chartered in 1825; what was not inaptly styled the railway mania struck Massachusetts in 1826, Pennsylvania in 1827, and Maryland and South Carolina in 1828. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway was begun July 4th, 1828.

Amongst us a few minds were conscious of the importance of the new era which was at hand, and we find Mr. Henry Fairbairn writing in 1825 to the newspapers, and proposing a railway system for Canada in connexion with that of the United States. He had some fair idea of the extent of the net work of railways which would one day vein the Republic, and the magnitude of attendant results. If the advantages which were coming into being in the United States were to be successfully contended with, this could only be effected by building similar works here, so as to bring to the Atlantic the agricultural exports of the colonies, and to secure the stream of emigration which otherwise would be rapidly diverted to the United States. We now know the stream of emigration, nor any fair portion of it, was not secured, and in fact many years elapsed, and many battles were fought with ignorance and prejudice before the Intercolonial Railway was built, and Mr. Fairbairn's early suggestions translated into fact.

In 1829 Commissioners were appointed by Sir G. Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor, and the Legislature of Upper Canada, to survey the waters between the Ottawa and Lake Huron in order to test the practicability of effecting a navigable communication between the two.

One of the earliest of those who stated the policy of a part rail and a part water route was a young officer of Engineers, who, some thirty years ago, published a pamphlet entitled 'Canada in 1848.' The pamphlet was written at Bytown, now Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion. No place in the whole country is more calculated to impress its great possibilities

on the mind, and in the amplification of his title, Lieutenant Synge states, that his object is to examine the existing resources of British North America, and to put forth considerations for their further and more perfect development. At this period, famine had brought cold and hunger and misery into thousands of homes in the United Kingdom, and the young officer desired that the British Colonies might be further developed in such a manner as to furnish a practical remedy for the prevailing distress and provide for their defence.

Lieutenant Synge glances with a sigh at the Ashburton Treaty, and with scorn at the general ignorance regarding the question involved in that treaty. To prevent similar occurrences 'a general interest in the immense Empire inhabited by our countrymen is essential.' He pays a splendid testimony to Canadian loyalty, and rebukes those persons who hastily and ignorantly throw doubts on its enduring fibre. He denounces 'spontaneous emigration.' The scheme for accomplishing the varied objects he had in view, he was enabled to state in a sentence: 'the formation of secure, rapid, and complete—that is, independent—communication throughout the country.' He commences with the Halifax and Quebec Railway into which other lines would flow. From Quebec to Montreal a steamboat communication was already established. For the continuation of the trunk line he thought the Ottawa was preferable to the present route, both on military and commercial grounds. 'The moral, political, and commercial effects of a central trunk communication removed from the frontier cannot be easily overrated.' He then proceeds to discuss the alternative of an unbroken water route to the head of Lake Superior, *via* the Ottawa, overcoming the Chaudière and other rapids, or a mixed rail and water route.

Arrived at the head of Lake Superior he looks to the west. The natural facilities for a water communication render that policy very tempting, and in spite of his judgment, he would have decided very unwillingly against it, did not the very unrivalled richness of the land come to his aid, which rendered it certain that besides the active occupation of unobstructed waters, it can command a railway from the mouth of the Kaministiquia to the Lake of the Woods, the line touching at Rainy Lake. For the present, the railroad might terminate at Rainy Lake to be again resumed at the first rapid of the River Winnipeg, whence it would run to Fort Garry. From Lake Winnipeg our author again looks west along the Saskatchewan, from the extreme point rendered accessible by whose waters the passage of the Rocky Mountains would prove a stimulant to endeavour. He adds that the time of accomplishing this would depend on the progress of civilization from the east—and the sagacity of this remark we shall, a few pages later, see exemplified. 'It might have been greatly hastened by a simultaneous settlement from the western coast, but England's ministers have there surrendered all territory of agricultural value.' But he warns statesmen and the public against underrating what remains.

Four years later—in 1852—the same writer meanwhile having become Captain, read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society in which a route, composed in part of rail and in part of water was again advocated, but with more detail, and this time with a firm hold of a line with its western terminus on the Pacific.

'The proposed communication consists of component parts, each of which is in itself complete and independent, opening a new and distinct feature of the country, and forming separately a profitable and reproductive work. Each part is characterized by these distinctive features, and by marks of superiority over competing routes, similar to those which distinguish the

entire proposed inter-oceanic communication. Every part of the chain may, therefore, rely on its intrinsic merits, and is capable of separate execution. That execution would, however, be the most profitable, and for every reason the most desirable, which would most speedily open the country, and effect the communication the whole way to the Pacific!'

In an appendix he compares in respect to advantages for reaching Australia and the East the proposed route with the Indian route of that day, *across* the Isthmus of Suez, not *through* the Suez Canal, with the Central American route across the Isthmus of Panama, with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, and demonstrates the superiority of that through British American territory.

In 1849 Major Robert Carmichael Smith, who, like Lieutenant Synge, had dwelt in the country, published a remarkable letter to his friend, the author of 'The Clockmaker,' for the purpose of bringing before the public a 'British Colonial Railway Communication' between the Atlantic and the Pacific, 'from the magnificent harbour of Halifax in Nova Scotia to the mouth of the Frazer River.' Like all the early projectors, his theme is empire. Would England hesitate with such a power as steam at her command? Would the expenditure of a few millions check the noble work? As an answer to this question he asks what are the expenses of a war? The very length of the railway would be in its favour: he has the authority of the *Quarterly* that the working details of a railway are invariably well executed in proportion to their magnitude. Instead of allowing New Brunswick, Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto to make a number of small railways, he calls on England to assist them by planning and arranging 'one grand route and system of lines throughout the whole country' under a Board of fifteen, of which three would represent England, three the Hudson Bay Company, three Canada, three New Brunswick, and three Nova Scotia. The railway would be built by convict labour, the convicts being guarded by soldiers of six or eight years' service, who, after a certain term would be rewarded by grants of land. Our author's idea of the first step to be taken is most practical.

'We will suppose, in the first place, active, intelligent, and scientific young men to be sent to the Rocky Mountains, to ascertain the best spot at which to cross them, and the best port (if the mouth of the Frazer River will not answer) on the western shore of North America, within, of course, the Hudson's Bay Companies territory, for a great commercial harbour and railway terminus. Then let a grand line of railway be marked out from Halifax to that spot, and let all local towns or districts that have sufficient capital and labour to undertake any part of the line, have the benefit of the profits of the whole line, in proportion to the parts they may finish. No convict labour need interfere with them. But in such districts as are at present so thinly inhabited as to have no working population, and no capital to expend, let the work be commenced by England, by her capital, and her convicts, and let government encourage and facilitate the formation of a great Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company, by obtaining from Parliament a national guarantee for the completion of the work; first, of course, having entered into arrangements with Hudson's Bay Company, and her North American Provinces, for the security of such sums of money as may be advanced by way of loan from Great Britain.'

He quotes largely from the Rev. C. G. McKay, with the view of emphasizing the attractions of the country for settlement, and the necessity for stimulating emigration to Canada, and he goes so far as to say that £200,000,000 ($1,000,000,000) might be well

spent in making a road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Shortly after the appearance of Major Smith's pamphlet, Captain F. A. Wilson, and A. B. Richards, of Lincoln's Inn, published a book written with great grasp and power : 'Britain Redeemed and Canada preserved.' The authors were not railway projectors so much as social reformers and Imperial politicians. England seemed to them enfeebled and sinking under the weight of pauperism and crime. Fully sensible of the Imperial advantages of a railway across the continent, they proposed to make the act of its constitution a blessing to the United Kingdom, by emptying her prisons on to the route, and thus utilizing convicts and preparing them for honest careers. To restore the 'ailing and weakened parent' to health and reassured longevity, all that was necessary was to convert British American provinces into a bridge between Europe and Asia. In the fifth chapter, an eloquent and cogent appeal is made for a Canadian Pacific Railway. If the Whitney scheme was fraught with such prodigious benefit for the American community, why should not a like scheme, carried out on British territory, be still more fruitful for England paramount in both seas?

Early in 1851 Mr. Allan McDonell, of Toronto, one of the boldest and ablest of all those who have occupied themselves with this question, pressed a scheme, thoroughly worked out, on the public and the Legislature. He published a pamphlet entitled : 'A Railroad from Lake Superior to the Pacific : the Shortest, Cheapest and Safest Communication for Europe with all Asia.' He interested one of the most brilliant statesmen of the day (the Honourable Henry Sherwood) in the project, and a company was formed, called the Lake Superior and Pacific Railroad Company. On the 17th of June, Mr. Sherwood obtained leave to bring in a Bill to Incorporate this Company. The Bill was referred to the Standing Committee on Railways and Telegraph Lines, whose chairman was Sir Allan MacNab. A paper, prepared by Mr. McDonell, and in substance the same as his pamphlet, was laid before the Committee. Though Mr. McDonell grows eloquent on the vast wealth and imperial splendours which rise before his imagination in contemplating Indian fleets and Chinese argosies, he does not forget the development of this country and its great possibilities. He wants to keep what he calls the 'ocean diadem' on England's head, but, as will be seen, his practical, yet enthusiastic, mind takes fire at the future of Canada and the 'diadems' she may one day wear.

Mr. McDonell intended, like Lieut. Synge, whose little tract he had read, to utilize our water highways. Our portion of the continent lay directly in the way of the commerce passing between Europe and India. With a ship canal around the falls and the Sault Ste. Marie, 'we have, through our own territories, the most magnificent inland navigation in the world, carrying us one half way across this continent.' By means of a railway to the Pacific from the head of this navigation, a rapid and safe communication would be formed, by which the commerce of the world would undergo an entire change. Mr. McDonell, seeking to alarm England points to the line about to be constructed by Mr. Whitney. England was to commerce what the principle of gravitation was to the material world, that which regulated and upheld all ; but a railroad through the territories of the United States might deprive her of her supremacy. He urges the necessity of immediate action which would result in settling lands capable of sustaining population ; the great West would be penetrated, and the streams of commerce, turned from 'boisterous seas and stormy capes,' would flow peacefully to our shores on the Pacific and through the interior. The principal feature of his plan was that the Gov-

ernment should sell to a chartered company sixty miles wide of the lands from the Lakes to the Pacific at a reduced rate, or at such a rate as should be paid for obtaining its surrender to the Crown by the Indians.

Mr. McDonell's scheme was worked out with great detail, consistency and force; but the Standing Committee rejected his proposal, and reported that the application for a charter was premature. Mr. McDonell foresaw all the evils which would attend building so great a line as a government work. The writer made enquiries about this gentleman, and learned that he was considered an enthusiast in his day. So it ever is. The man who sees farther than his fellows is always misunderstood. Only for the blind conceit of his contemporaries and the generation immediately succeeding, we should have been, in the matter of a trans-continental route, beforehand with the people of the United States, and, instead of five millions, should be counted by ten millions, or by yet larger figures.

The struggles of succeeding projectors are generally known, and to all newspaper readers the history of the Canada Pacific Railway for the last twenty years is as familiar as A. B. C.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY 'GARET NOEL,' TORONTO.

CHILD of the lake, bold river, rolling down
  With changeful current to the distant sea,
Giant stream of a giant country as a sun
  Rising through time in youthful majesty,
Were but its children grand and free as thee,
  As all that bounteous Nature here hath wrought,
Methinks this land a Heaven on earth should be
  The home of liberty, a shrine for thought,
  Wearied by no long past but with young wisdom fraught.

But now the night is past, and with the morn
  Methinks we touch far-fabled fairy land,
For sure such scene is of enchantment born,
  And for a happier race than mortals plann'd,
As the blue Heaven upon a morning bland
  Oft islanded with fleecy clouds is seen,
So from the wave that sleeps on either hand
  Islands smile upward, crowned with foliage green,
  And fair as ere fay-haunted isle of old, I ween.

Here curbs the river aught of turbulence,
  And woos in silence all the summer day,
Till as *we*, deeply loving, yield the sense
  Of self, and image forth a dearer sway;

So in the patient waters sleep alway
  Reflections of the loveliness they prize,
Low wooded isles their various forms display,
  Till looking downward close beneath us lies
  A trembling paradise of mingled earth and skies.

And here, methinks, one might awhile be hidden
  From the sad turmoil of our human race,
And gentler thoughts would come and go unbidden,
  And peace and soft tranquillity have place ;
And years would leave no bitter, scathing trace,
  And friendship be a thing serene and holy,
No trivial dust that passing winds efface,
  A mock to make men grieve at human folly,
  Seeing a gift so pure the slave to interest solely.

Now as a sea-god waken'd from a dream,
  Who upward springs rejoicing to the sun,
And shakes his glittering locks in morning's beam
  Speedeth the river from its idyl on ;
But dark and troublous are its waters grown,
  Swifter they fly, till as a trembling flock
That here and there at danger's touch are strewn,
  They rush in panic outward from the shock,
  Or wrought to madness boldly leap th' opposing rock.

And there is war around us as of men
  Who, dauntless, brave a foe invisible,
And backward driven assault again, again,
  So rush the waters, and the rocks repel
But may not conquer, now with rolling swell
  Of conscious victr'y, and anon with shriek
That seems of mortal pain and fear to tell,
  The waters in white foam around us break
  And still from rock to rock their downward journey take.

Till now we tremble on the last dread steep,
  And lo ! through Heaven the rolling cloud appears,
As Nature, still in harmony would keep,
  Flash follows flash, and thunder greets our ears
As plunging downward the swoll'n river rears
  Its waves in torture from the rocks that lie
As foes beneath it, till our pathway clears,
  And, once more free, the waves spread joyously
  Into a lake whose pleasant shores delight the eye.

And downward rolls to meet another tide
  That through green banks hath found a beauteous way,
As two that love not journeying side by side
  The waters joined their various course display,
Or darkly wrought or emerald in their play,
  And borne by many an island foliage crowned,
A city greets us ere the close of day,
  And where Jacques Cartier wood and wildness found,
  Peace, wealth, and commerce spread their happiest fruits around.

YOUR HOUSE AND MINE: ÆSTHETIC OR NOT ÆSTHETIC?

BY D. FOWLER, EMERALD.

THE above is a question which comes home to us all—to all of us, that is, who are householders. What we want is a comfortable, convenient, cleanly, bright, light, cheerful, healthy house; an every-day, all-day-long, all-the-year-round house; cool in summer, warm in winter; shaded when the sun blazes, open to all his cheering, exhilarating influence when he shines with milder beams; flooded with day-light in the short days. Can all that has been enumerated be possible in one house? It is all possible. Add to it all the good taste and æsthetic beauty that you can, the more the better; but sacrifice to it any of the qualities that have been mentioned, and, depend upon it, all the good taste and æsthetic beauty that ever existed will not compensate you for the loss. Is there any danger of such a loss? I think there is; a loss of light, of day-light. Now, the light of heaven, as we call it, is the greatest and cheapest of all divine blessings. (Not the cheapest, though, when your windows are taxed, as they used to be, and are still, for aught I know, in England; certainly a daring flight of impost.) Light is the source of life, cheerfulness, health; of colour and beauty, of clear complexions and ivory shoulders; of the preservation and prolongation of eyesight; of cleanliness, for, 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' darkness means dirt. How can you tell whether anything is clean or dirty if you have not plenty of light to see it by? How can you make it clean if you have not light enough to see when you have done it? For this reason kitchens, of all places, should be most amply lighted. Not that æsthetic decoration is likely to darken kitchens much, but this is a little bit of advice earnestly given, by the way.

'Well, but,' you will naturally ask, 'what can æsthetic decoration have to do with the darkening of a house?' That is what I am going to try to show. I shall be able, I hope, to give you both sides of the question, and, for that purpose, enter Mr. Cimabue Brown. He needs no introduction; we all know him. He is the archpriest of the æsthetic cult. He has been mercilessly held up to ridicule in *Punch* week after week, and has been made the butt of shrieks of laughter from theatrical audiences. He is popularly supposed to fall into ecstatic veneration of a bit of cracked old china; to worship sunflowers as *they* worship the sun; and to hold peacock's feathers to be the basis of housekeeping. All this has roused Mr. Brown at last. He lately published a paper, called 'Mr. Cimabue Brown on the Defensive.' He shows admirable temper, and takes it all in excellent good part. He writes so cleverly and brightly, and with so genial a humour, that it would be a treat to the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY if I could transplant his defence bodily into the magazine. As it is, I shall have to indulge them with copious extracts. Mr. Brown rides a hobby. Admit that he does. So do most of us, though it be but a donkey sometimes. Mr. Brown has so light a hand and so firm a seat, and has the animal so well under control, that we cannot but admire his horsemanship. I am not able, in the space at my disposal, to follow him through

his whole ride, but must limit myself to that part of it which lies nearest to his own residence which he describes so feelingly, and to yours or mine, which, it must be confessed, he does not spare.

Mr. Brown disclaims the absurdities into which æsthetics have been carried by some extravagant devotees. 'Every great revolution is accompanied by some excesses; the Reformation had its Anabaptists and its Iconoclasts; the Puritan movement had its fifth monarchy men and its naked prophets.' Then he says, 'Don't you know that caricature is, in its own nature, exaggeration, and that neither I am nor any other "æsthete" is one-twentieth part as ridiculous as Mr. Du Maurier makes us out to be? Do you really suppose that any one of us talks the marvellous jargon that Mr. Gilbert puts into our mouths in *Patie ce;* or that we really dress our wives in such ridiculous costumes, or worship lilies, or dedicate our days to the study of the intense? All that is just the playful nonsense of our satirists.' Again, 'in spite of *Patience* and *Punch,* and all the rest of it, the æsthetic revolution is an accomplished fact. It is here, there and everywhere *en évidence* before our eyes. I can't walk from my club up St. James's Street without seeing it staring at me from every shop window in London. I can't go into a friend's house without observing it in every room, from the entrance-hall to the attics. I can't travel about the country without noticing how it pervades every village in England. I can't go to the theatre without finding it put bodily upon the stage. I can't buy a comic paper without running up against it in nonsensical misrepresentation. Say what you like of it, there it is, an unmistakable fact, growing, like Jonah's gourd, before our very eyes, and spreading so wide that it overshadows all the land with its sunflowers and its pomegranate blossoms. And I say to myself, all the time, with some complacency I acknowledge, "All this is the work of our set."'

Mr. Cimabue Brown, you see, is not half-hearted in his advocacy; he has the full courage of his opinions. 'Fifty years ago,' he continues, 'art in England was practically all but unknown. People generally understood that it had something to do with the National Gallery and the Royal Academy; and that it was very expensive; and that, in order to know anything about it, you must be born to the inheritance of an ancestral picture-gallery, and must travel abroad to Rome and Florence. As to the possibility of its having any connection, then or ever, with their own every-day lives, they would as soon have speculated on the possibility of every English child talking classical Latin, and every agricultural labourer spending his spare cash on the purchase of Elzevirs or Bodonis. Art meant pictures and statues; and pictures and statues were *spécialités* for the same class which could afford to keep French cooks, and thorough-bred race-horses, and domestic chaplains, and a score of gamekeepers. For themselves, they were perfectly content to live in ugly houses, with ugly wall papers and ugly furniture; while the interests of literature, science and art were sufficiently considered in three mouldy-looking illustrated books on the drawing-room table, a few coarse lithographs hung upon the wall, and a squeaky piano in the corner, with an arsenic-green satin lining behind the cheap veneered network which overhung the key-board cover.'

Ah, now, then the hobby became restive, and for the moment, the rider's seat was not quite so firm. 'Fifty years ago' may be to Mr. Brown the dark ages before 'he was born or thought of,' but those within whose ken that remote period comes must stand up for their birthright. Clementi, Broadwood, Stoddart and Collard had lived or were living, and certainly did not turn out 'squeaky'

pianos. The age of 'coarse lithographs' had not yet begun, nor that, I think, of the 'arsenic-green.' And, as for 'cheap' veneering, the reign of 'cheap and nasty' has certainly set in since that time. Æsthetic or not æsthetic, cheap and paltry imitations of every kind have advanced *pari passu* with Mr. Cimabue Brown's progress of art, and are, at this very moment, in full swing. This is merely just a hint to Mr. Brown not to allow his hobby too much head; to ride him with a curb; a snaffle will hardly hold him. 'It was in those hopeless and hideous days,' proceeds Mr. Brown, 'that I and my fellow-workers grew up. As young men, we began to feel that this was not all quite right. We were not born to the inheritance of picture-galleries, nor were we dukes or Manchester manufacturers, that we should buy old masters, and give commissions to sculptors for preserving our own amiable features in marble busts. Most of us were decidedly far from rich. But we had an idea that something might be done to make English home-life a little more beautiful, a little more cultivated, and a little more refined than it used to be.' And a most admirable idea, too, my dear Mr. Cimabue Brown; and I trust you will accept my right hand of good fellowship offered in all sincerity upon it. Who would not wish you good speed in an undertaking so harmless, so praiseworthy, so excellent in its promised results?

You further say to us, 'there are a few serious objections, however, sometimes urged against the great contemporary æsthetic movement typified by my unworthy personality, about which objections I should like to say a few words in passing, now that I have got you fairly button-holed in a corner by yourself. The first of them—a very common one—is that we æsthetes are sworn enemies to colour. There never was a greater mistake on this earth. We revel in colour; we perfectly roll in it; we live in the midst of green, and blue, and scarlet and purple all our days. Nobody who has seen the interior of a really good modern æsthetic house could ever afterward seriously commit such a ridiculous blunder as to say that it was "dingy," or "gloomy," or "faded-looking," as a thousand unthinking critics assert unhesitatingly every day. I think I can see the origin of this absurd misconception. Young ladies and gentlemen walking down Oxford Street glance into the windows of a famous red-brick shop, near the lower end of Orchard Street, and see there some ebony cabinets, some Persian blue and white pottery, some yards of dark-green velvet with an inexpressibly faint undertone of peacock-blue. They contrast these sober shades with the staring reds and blues and yellows in the carpets, wall-papers, satin covered chairs, and other noisy upholsteries in various adjacent windows of the old-fashioned sort; and they come to the conclusion that æsthetic people hate colour. They forget that these things are but the ground tones of the whole finished picture, and that in a full-furnished æsthetic house they would find them so interspersed with pictures, pottery, flowers, decorations, and the dresses of women and children, that the entire effect would be one of peculiarly rich, deep and harmonious colouring. As a matter of fact, it is the Philistine house which eschews colour. There white—dead, cold, pale, cheerless white—forms the background and key-note of the total decorative effect. The ceiling is white all over; the wall-paper is white, with a few patches of regularly-disposed gold ornamentation in geometrical squares. The mantelpiece is of white marble; the carpet has a white ground, sprinkled with red and blue roses. The cheap chromolithographs, which do duty for fine art, have broad white margins; and there is no deeper colour to balance and neutralize this chilly general tone. The place of honour over the hearth is filled by a great gilt mirror, which re-

flects the white ceiling. The chairs and sofas are covered in pale blue satin; the vases are in whitish glass; the ornaments are Parian statuettes, alabaster boxes, and white-spar knick-knacks. There is hardly a bit of colour in the whole room, and whatever there is consists of crude masses of unmitigated blue, red and yellow, isolated in great harsh patches, amid the prevailing sea of inhospitable white. The place seems contrived on purpose to repel one by its utter unhomeliness.'

Perhaps the hobby has taken the bit in its teeth now, just a little.

'Now,' triumphantly exclaims Mr. Cimabue Brown, 'just contrast such a room as this with my little drawing-room at Hampstead. Our ceiling is covered with a pretty continuous distempered design; our walls are broken into a high decorative dado of storks and water-plants beneath, and a small upper piercing above, with geometrical interlacing patterns in a contrasting hue. Our floor is polished at the sides, and has two or three different rugs placed about between the chairs and tables. So every bit of the framework of the room is simply full of colour—subdued, pleasant, restful colour for the most part I allow, with unobtrusive patterns which do not solicit or fatigue the eye, but still most unmistakable colour, as different as possible from the poverty-stricken white of utter Philistia. Then we have a few pictures hung upon the upper piecing; a few decorative plates fastened against the wall; a cabinet with Venetian glass and good old Chinese porcelain above the dark-red mantelpiece; and a hearth set above with green and blue Persian tiles. We have chairs and sofas covered with pretty tapestry; we have a few crewel-work anti-macassars (which I myself detest, but endure for Mrs. Cimabue Brown's sake); we have flowers in abundance; and on reception nights we have the dresses and faces of women enlivening the whole scene. If you were to drop in at one of our Wednesday evenings, I'm quite sure you would say you never saw so much colour crowded into a single room in all your life before. Only the colour is not dispersed about indiscriminately in great solitary patches; it is harmonized and subdued, and combined into a single decorative chromatic effect.'

I am here very reluctantly compelled to part company with Mr. Cimabue Brown. There is much more that he says, which is as well said as what I have quoted; but I have endeavoured to do him full justice, and to put his case sufficiently and fairly before the reader. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the prominent æsthetic agitation, of which we now hear and see so much. With a great deal that he says we must all of us entirely agree; but I am certain that the style of decoration which he describes would diminish the daylight in any room in which it was carried into practice. And I am equally convinced that that is a fatal objection. In all ordinary domestic rooms there is no superabundance of light; very frequently there is a deficiency. I have already put in a very strong claim for ample daylight in a house, and have endeavoured to show what inestimable advantages are to be derived from it. In all rooms a large proportion of the light is obtained, not directly, but by refraction; and in this refraction a white ceiling is a most important factor, and of the most advantageous and agreeable kind, the light being refracted from it downward upon any work upon which you may be engaged. Now change this white ceiling for any 'distempered design' and, just in proportion as that design is removed from white, so do you lose the light in your room. The same reasoning applies to the walls; the further they are removed from white the less light the room becomes. So with all surfaces, of whatever description, about the room. But this is not all. There is quality and quality of

colour; there are certain qualities of colour which swallow up the light, and other certain qualities which refract it. Examples of both may be given in a blanket and in a satin dress. Now, what Mr. Cimabue Brown means by 'subdued, pleasant, restful colour,' is that quality of colour which swallows up the light, which is dull, does not shine. If, then, we are to give up what Mr. Brown calls 'dead, cold, pale, cheerless white,' and substitute for it 'subdued, pleasant, restful colour,' it follows, as a matter of course, that we must lose almost, if not quite, all of our refracted light, and our room will be very considerably darkened. I will give a very simple example of what I mean. In a house, which I have the pleasure of frequenting, there is a large folding screen, which the mistress tells me is fashionable, for the exquisite reason that screens of all kinds are common in Japan. Until lately this screen was covered with some pale bright material. I cannot say that I liked the look of it; the effect was poor. Going there again, the other day, I was somewhat surprised to find my usual place at table, near to the screen, much darkened, so that I had some ado to see what was on my plate. After a while I discovered the cause. The screen had been æstheticised. It was now covered with some material of a deep, dark, dull crimson, of æsthetic quality, 'subdued, pleasant, restful colour.' It had a 'decorative dado of storks and water-plants beneath' (only, unfortunately, the water lilies were quite as large as the storks, in true Japanese style), and 'a small upper piercing above with geometrical interlacing patterns in a contrasting hue.' It was precisely in accordance with Mr. Brown's description. It is true that it was greatly improved in appearance, and had become a really handsome, ornamental piece of furniture. Here, then, we have the whole case before us—the screen, as it had been, not beautiful, but useful as a receiver and dispenser of light, or, as it is now, much better to look at, but very decidedly producing an inconvenient loss of daylight. The choice lies between æsthetic beauty and eating your dinner in comfort. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.* Because, consider. Multiply the effect produced by the change in the screen by that of all the objects about the room, beside the walls and the ceiling, and all you have left is a twilight, a sort of a clear-obscure. I cannot agree with Mr. Cimabue Brown that white must of, necessity, be 'dead, cold, pale, cheerless.' There is white and white; there is lime whitewash, and there is pleasant, agreeable, warm white, such as many of the wall-papers are, or used to be, with just a suspicion of gold about them. But I need not dwell upon this in my own person, as it happens that I can adduce on my side the authority of a very distinguished man. Every one has heard of Mr. Millais, R.A., the famous artist. We are told of 'merchant princes,' we might now add painter princes, of whom Mr. Millais is one of the very foremost. He may be classed with Titian, whose brush, as is related, was picked up for him by the Emperor Charles V., with the graceful compliment, 'There are many kings, there is but one Titian;' or with Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who was a great courtly gentleman, and an ambassador between kings; and who, it may be added, was a remarkably handsome man, and had two beautiful wives (one at a time I mean), whose portraits by his own pencil have come down to us. But, great as these men were, it may very well be doubted whether their gains were equal to those of Mr. Millais, who is said to make an annual income of ten or twelve thousand pounds sterling—say from fifty to sixty thousand dollars. We should have nothing to do with Mr. Millais' income, and it would be an impertinence to inquire into it, but what comes to us through the public press may be quoted without

impropriety. In the November number of the *Magazine of Art* for 1881 there is a notice of the prices of two pictures by Mr. Millais, painted within the last few years, namely $17,500 and $19,500 respectively. The dimensions of one of these pictures, as stated in 'Academy Notes,' are five feet by three, and the other would probably be of the same size. The subjects are not elaborate, and the manner of painting has the appearance of being rapid, so that probably the two pictures would not represent half a year's work, and fully bear out the above report. Moreover, the *Illustrated London News* has published an advertisement, to the effect that the price of a forthcoming picture by Mr. Millais, similar, we may infer, to 'Puss in Boots' or 'Cherry Ripe,' for their Christmas number, is to be three thousand guineas—say $15,000. It has also been stated that the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Millais, for which he had only four sittings, shortly before Lord Beaconsfield's death, was purchased by the Right Hon. W. H. Smith for two thousand guineas. Such prices as these, in connection with artistical honours of all kinds may be taken as a sufficient indication of Mr. Millais' high rank as an artist. So that we may accept him as a great authority as to what is really beautiful, and may suppose that no one would be more likely to appreciate the full value of daylight upon which his work so mainly depends. The *Magazine of Art* has been lately publishing articles entitled 'The Homes of our Artists,' and in the number for last May is a description of a palatial residence which Mr. Millais has built for himself in one of the most choice situations in London, with illustrations of the staircase, drawing room, studio, and fountain. The author, Mr. John Oldcastle, writes about it as follows:—'We English, who consider ourselves *par excellence* the people of good sense, are a curious people for extremes. If we get a good thing, we fling ourselves into the passion of it, do it, overdo it, work it to death, rend it, empty it out, and trample it underfoot. So with the needful, welcome and admirable fashion of taste in furniture and wall-papers. It might have spread reasonably and gently over the whole country, and made the entire aspect of English home-life delightful, unvulgarising a domestic nation (which is no small good, because, while people know themselves to be vulgar and vulgarly surrounded, their homely virtues were apt to have a repulsive flavour, and also loftier virtues were felt to be out of place), and serving incalculably the cause of high art by educating the eyes of a whole people in the joys of colour and the laws of form. But the British enthusiast was too strong—and too absurd. His day of frenzy must pass, and art in the house, as a fashion, must pass with with it. Still, the peacock and the lily are not less beautiful because they have been made a ridicule by æsthetic *poseurs*; so will the happy repose of tertiary backgrounds, and the splendid accents of bold yet subtle Oriental colour, and the simplicity of lines and the rightness of ornament. Meanwhile, these good things are somewhat ridiculous—a fact to which we must resign ourselves. Our great satirical draughtsman has laughed at them wittily, and our actors have mimicked them ignorantly, and a very large number of sensible men are sick of the subject. Among those, we suppose, must be placed Mr. Millais, who has built himself an artist's house into which the æstheticism of the day does not enter; no, not by so much as a peacock's fan. Only a few feathers, if we mistake not, in a single vase of Oriental blue-green upon the drawing-room mantelpiece, serve to remind him of the peculiar flash and play of colour which most of us have learned to think so beautiful. Thus the great red house at Palace Gate is, above all things, remarkable for absence of every kind

of affectation. It is scarcely picturesque, though not an impossible house to put into picture. It is stately and prosperous,' &c., &c. Further on, Mr. Oldcastle writes: 'Nearly all the walls are of variegated whites—cream-white, ivory-white, milk-white. Those who are accustomed to this whiteness in a glowing climate, who know that nothing could be more broad and picturesque than the effectiveness of a greenish or creamy-white wall in Italian sunshine and Italian shade, full of golden reflected lights, checkered with the fine shadows of Italian vines, and accentuated by dark Italian objects—a black *chevelure*, a brown face, or a huge indistinguishable old picture—may be incredulous of the beauty of a background of whitewash in England, where the grey lights of London days, and the sunshine at half power, which is the greatest glow we ever receive in the fullest midsummer, would seem to require some surface less dependent upon the colours of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, Mr. Millais' warm white rooms have the great merit of making the most of what light there is for seeing purposes, nor will the eyes which most delight in the distinctively English tones of sage-green find fault with the whiteness here, where the surrounding objects are in no case suggestive of the quaint, tender, and shadowy colours of the last century.'

Here, then, we see how doctors differ. We have before us two great authorities. Mr. Cimabue Brown has studied the subject, and understands what he is talking about. On the other hand, here is a celebrated painter, who knows the nature of half lights and half shadows if ever any man did, for no picture was ever yet painted without both (except, indeed, that of Queen Elizabeth, who commanded that her portrait should be painted without shadow, which, by the bye, was just like her), and he has no idea of introducing them artificially into his house, at the expense of the daylight, which he seeks, as every painter does, to infuse into his colours. We might imagine Rembrandt to have liked a dark house, but then there has been but one Rembrandt, and we are not likely to see another. It is to be particularly observed that our authorities differ as to the 'white,' upon which Mr. Brown is so especially severe—that is, the white ceilings and the white walls, not, be it remarked, a glaring, cold, cheerless white, but a soft creamy white, relieved with just a suspicion of gold. The more white, the more daylight, that is certain; and the more daylight, the more health, the more lilies and roses on the cheeks of beauty. Ladies may choose to sit in a half-darkened room, with their backs to the light, when the mischief has been done, but, in the name of all that is attractive, forestall the mischief, make and retain daylight, sunshine complexions; do for yourselves what nothing but artifice can do for you, when the harm has been done and the day has gone by, for ever. Shut up the most beautiful flower in a dark cellar, and see what becomes of its colour; take it out into the sunshine, and revel in its radiant charms. So it is with feminine beauty. Flowers are, beyond question, the most beautiful things in the world. How do they come into being? In the bright, pure, open air and the broad sunshine, in floods of daylight. So is it with the lilies and roses of humanity. They can only bloom by the same process.

As an essential part of the same subject, I wish to say a word about verandas. Any opposition to them will be met with an outcry, I am vēry well aware. They have so many recommendations, I shall be told. So they have. But they have more than equivalent disadvantages. First and foremost, and above all, they shut out the sunshine in winter. That is inexpiable. At all seasons they give an unfavourable direction to the light entering a room. If a house has any

architectural pretension whatever, a veranda never harmonizes with it; it cannot; it is a mery flimsy excrescence, or an incongrous addition stuck on. Shade must be had in the great heat of summer, you say. Admitted. But there are many kinds of blinds which answer the purpose well enough, and, what is more, accommodate themselves to the time of day. Best of all, however, are shade trees. They are all that can be desired. They can be planted just exactly where they are most wanted. In summer they are highly ornamental, full of natural beauty, which no veranda that was ever designed could reach; and they harmonize perfectly with any building, in any style. In winter they are bare, it is true, but even then not without natural beauty, and entirely innocuous. Then they shade the whole walls, or nearly, and so keep, not certain rooms only, but the whole house cool. Here, as in all else, there must be moderation. The trees must not be too thick nor too near the house. In cities they are often both, and very perniciously so. To be sure, trees take time to grow, and a veranda can be put up at once. But have a little patience; it will not be much tried. While you are eating and sleeping, and going about your business, your trees will be growing into height and breadth and beauty, and into all that you could have best hoped, invaluable for every quality. It need not be said that, in dull weather and in the short days of winter, a veranda darkens a room most seriously, let alone keeping out every gleam of sunshine, at that season worth its weight in gold.

Though not strictly belonging to the subject, may I add a hint which will be found well worth consideration. I learnt it myself from an old Canadian when I was a young one, and others, may, if they will, learn it from me. Opportunity serving, put up a pavilion or a summer-house, in the shade, sufficiently handy to the summer kitchen, large enough for six or eight persons to sit round a table, and take your meals there in the warm season. You will find it delightful, and everybody that comes to your house will like it. You will not have many flies, and it will keep them out of the house, as they will not find their meals spread for them there. It is far better than a tent; I have tried both; *experto crede.* A tent is much hotter and closer. The floor of the summer-house can be swept and washed. The turf under a tent becomes trodden, worn and sour. The summer-house may be of open lattice-work, more or less, according to taste and shelter from wind.

UNSHELTERED LOVE.

LIKE a storm-driven and belated bird
  That beats with aimless wings about the nest,
  Straining against the storm its eager breast,
So is my love, which by no swift-winged word
May enter at her heart, and there be heard
  To sing as birds do, ere they fold in rest
  Their wings still quivering from the last sweet quest,
When with their song and flight the air was stirred.

Oh, if some wind of bitter disbelief,
  Some terrible darkness of estranging doubt,
  Keep it from thee, oh, now, sweet Love, reach out
Thy hand and pluck it from this storm of grief:
  It takes no heed of alien nights and days,
  So in thy heart it finds its resting-place.

—PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

HIS PICTURE.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

I HAD to paint the arching blue;
The golden sunshine of July
Just tinging with an amber hue
The lazy cloudlets flitting by;

I had to paint the velvet lawn
Swift sloping to the river-side,
Wherever from the early dawn,
The shifting shadows wander wide;

I had to paint the house that made
A fitting background to the scene,
As, half in sunlight, half in shade,
It faced us with its white and green;

I had to paint the spreading trees
That told their length upon the grass,
I *could not* paint the whispering breeze
That pushed the boughs aside to pass.

But nought besides could I omit
And make my picture strictly true;
Some call the painting 'queer' and 'quaint,'
Yet those who like it are not few.

But when *I* look at it I see
Nor house, nor river, lawn or sky,
Although the scene comes back to me
Through three-and-twenty years gone by!

For underneath yon flow'ring thorn
Stands all the picture holds for me;
To you 'tis but a graceful form,
Whose equal every day you see;

But when I saw her standing there,
That summer day of long ago,
The dusky masses of her hair
Drawn backward from the brow below;

The star-depths of her hazel eyes,
Illumined with a greeting light,
All shining with a glad surprise,
That put the old reserve to flight;

Whilst trembling lips and flushing cheek
  Gave answer to my yearning love,
Till there was little need to speak
  The secret of our hearts to prove!

Ay! when I saw her standing there—
  The blossoms drooping o'er her head,
The sunlight resting on her hair
  The velvet sward beneath her tread—

I drew my breath in sheer amaze
  That beauty such as this could be,
Forgot the rudeness of my gaze
  And only thought: 'Is this for *me?*'

I clasped the hands outstretched to meet
  The eager, joyous grasp of mine,
'God's blessing be upon thee, Sweet!
  For all my manhood's love is thine!'

Ah, then I saw the crimson tide
  Flush upward from the blushing cheek,
And knew that I had won my bride,
  Though not a word her lips could speak.

I did not wait to hear the 'Yes,'
  For well I knew what it would be,
I prayed again that God would bless
  The treasure He had given me. . . .

The sun sank lower in the west,
  The water caught its latest beam,
And from the ripples on its breast
  Flashed back again the golden gleam;

The stars stole softly to the sky,
  The while the kindly evening breeze
Breathed forth a gentle lullaby,
  To soothe the sighing, sobbing trees.

I cared not that the sun had set,
  That night was dark'ning o'er the lea,
For life had but *one* thought as yet,
  And day and night were one to me!

I only knew that I that day
  Had won my Love to be my *Wife*—
What? Did I wed her do you say?
  God raised her to a *higher* life.

TORONTO AND ITS EARLY THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY GEORGE M. HARRINGTON, TORONTO.

THE following paper is intended to be as close and faithful a review as laborious search can make it of the dramatic and other similar events which occurred in 'York' before the incorporation, and in 'Toronto' since that ceremony made the place a city and Lyon Mackenzie a mayor. It is not within the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant,' nor is it recorded either in print or manuscript, that any place of entertainment (if we except the ordinary taverns) was opened in York until 1820. During that year the ball-room of an hotel, situated on the north side of King Street, near Sherbourne Street, was fitted up as a theatre, and the 'legitimate' was fairly patronized as long as this primitive temple of Thespis remained in existence. The first manager was an enterprising gentleman who had recently arrived from England, and he was succeeded by one or two others before the drop-curtain had fallen on the last scene. It cannot be ascertained how long this theatre continued to exist; but it could only have been for three or four years; and then, perhaps, interruptedly, for as early as 1825 a new theatre was opened at the corner of Market Lane, on the north side, towards the market (St. Lawrence's). As in the previous instance, it was only a ball-room fitted up for the purpose of dramatic representations, the ball-room being an apartment in an hotel, of which a gentleman named Frank was the proprietor. The hotel was an unpretentious white frame-building, in which nothing more intellectual than political debates had previously been held, and the extemporized theatre was approached by a stairway on the outside. Messrs. Archbold, Talbot, and Vaughan were the managers respectively. Mrs. Talbot, wife of the second-mentioned, being a very pretty woman, as well as a fair actress, was exceedingly popular with the young bloods of York at that date. The chief and favourite characters in her *repertoire* were 'Cora,' in *Pizarro*, and 'Little Pickle,' the *title rôle* of a comedy. A son of Mr. Vaughan, a young lad of about eighteen years of age, was drowned in the Don during the term of his father's management. He met his death while on a fishing excursion. The night before the accident occurred, young Vaughan acted the part of 'Roderigo,' in *Othello*, and it was subsequently considered a strange coincidence that the line 'I will incontinently drown myself' should have been put into his mouth only a few hours before his violent withdrawal from the stage in which all are actors. He was personally well liked, and many were grieved that the drama of his life should have ended in a tragedy. The theatre to which attention is now being drawn was a very slight improvement upon its predecessor. The ceiling was low, the stage was small, the 'properties' were very limited in extent, and the orchestra generally consisted of one individual, a Mr. Maxwell, who is thus described in Dr. Scadding's 'Toronto of Old':—'A quiet-mannered man, who wore a shade over his eye, in which there was a defect. He was well-known and esteemed for his homely skill on the violin.' Frequently assemblies were

held here, at which the *élite* of the town, composed of the Governor, his family, other officials connected with the Government, the officers of the garrison and their wives, and the municipal authorities and their families, were present. Three years had passed since the establishment of this place as a theatre, when a terrible incident occurred in connection with it, which afterwards appeared to give an air of ill-repute to it. There are persons yet living in Toronto who can remember the affair. It occurred on a summer night during the year 1828. It appears that a young man, named Charles French, had made himself obnoxious to the more rabid members of a political party under the patronage or influence of the 'Family Compact.' A man named Nolan, who had frequently appeared as a sort of bully in the interests of his party, counted French as a personal enemy, and endeavoured to annoy him or quarrel with him on every occasion that presented itself. On the night in question he met French as the latter was leaving the theatre. It was thought at the time that Nolan was waiting for him until the conclusion of the performance, knowing that he was at the theatre on this evening, but whether this supposition was correct or not was never learned. As French afterwards alleged, at his trial, Nolan addressed to him some insulting epithets, and then raised a weapon of some kind to strike him. French immediately drew a pistol and fatally shot his assailant. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Petitions for a reprieve were extensively circulated and signed ; but they had no effect. The afternoon preceding the day appointed for the execution a meeting of the Executive Council was held to consider the question of reprieve, but the members dispersed without taking action in the matter. Yet the efforts on behalf of the unfortunate young man were not relaxed, and, still hoping for a reprieve, Governor Maitland called a meeting of the Council at midnight, but all attempts to obtain a reprieve were in vain. Young French was hanged on the following day, on the spot which now forms the site of the building occupied by Messrs. Rice Lewis & Son, on the corner of King and Toronto Streets.

From 1830 until 1842 there was no regular place of amusement—that is, no place in which dramatic performances were given for a sufficiently long period to be recognised as and called a theatre. For a short time during 1833 a frame building, situated on King, near Jordan Street, which had been used as a Methodist church, was changed from an altar to God to a temple to Thespis. But it was soon closed up.

Early in the autumn of 1842 a large hall in the North American Hotel, situated on the corner of Front and Scott Streets, was fitted up as a theatre. The stage, scenery and properties were still on a very humble scale, but a considerable advance had been made in providing intellectual entertainment. Messrs. Dean & Forrest were the managers, and the first piece produced by them was *London Assurance.* In the advertisement announcing the performance it was stated that a Miss Clemence would dance *La Cachuca*, and the evening's amusement would conclude with a farce called *Sudden Thoughts.* The box entrance was on Front Street, and the pit and gallery entrance on Scott Street. Admission—box, 3s. 9d. ; pit, 2s. 6d. ; gallery, 1s. 3d. On October 1st of the same year Dean & Forrest's company united with Mr. Braham and Son, and produced the opera of *Guy Mannering*, Mr. Braham, sen., assuming the role of 'Harry Bertram.' A vocal concert followed. The name of Miss Clemence frequently appears in the local press of that time as an exponent of fancy dancing. A lady named Mrs. Noah was the leading attraction at the new theatre, and an editorial note in the Toronto

Herald said that she was 'the best actress Toronto had ever seen'—a rather doubtful compliment, as it conveyed very little information concerning the actress's histrionic abilities. On October 4th she was tendered a benefit, the advertisement reading that Mrs. Noah (late Mrs. McClure) would appear in Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Love Chase*, and in a melodrama entitled *The Lady of the Lake*. About the same time a vocal and instrumental concert was given in the City Hall by Signor Nagel, a pupil of Paganini, and first violinist to the King of Sweden. For two weeks, commencing Saturday, 15th October, a panorama, representing views of the Storming of Seringapatam, the Battle of Trafalgar, and Captains Parry and Hooper's last voyage to the Arctic regions, was on exhibition in a large building erected for the purpose on King, between Bay and York Streets. The entrance was from the Waterloo Buildings, and the price of admission was 2s. 6d. for the front seats, and 1s. 3d. for the back seats—the reserved chair is comparatively a modern innovation. The season closed on October 13th, when a performance was given for the benefit of Mr. Forrest, one of the managers. At the City Hall, on October 25th, Mrs. Gibbs, formerly Miss Graddon, gave what was styled a *Soirée Musicale*. Single tickets were 5s. each, but a gentleman accompanied by *two* ladies was admitted for 10s.

With the new year the house in which theatrical representations were given received a new name, and was thenceforth styled Theatre Royal. On Wednesday evening, 18th January, 1843, was given the first of a series of dramatic entertainments by the officers of the 83rd and Royal Artillery Regiments in aid of local charities. The comedy of *Charles II.* and a farce, *The Irish Lion*, were presented on that occasion, together with 'a variety of singing and dancing,' according to the wording of the advertisements. Under the latter were included an Irish song by Mr. Deering, and a Highland fling in costume by a Miss Fitzjames. The band of the 83rd Regiment formed the orchestra. In commenting upon the performance, a contemporary journal stated that the part of 'Mary' in the farce was taken by Mr. Portal (an officer in the 83rd), and naively adds that 'the ladies were in raptures at *her* acting, and the gentlemen waxed eloquent in praising *her* ankles.' The tickets were placed at 3s. 6d. currency, rather a high figure for a general admission, but possibly raised in view of the charitable object. The officers composing this company afterwards gave occasional performances, under the title of garrison amateurs, and were assisted by two or three ladies, who assumed some of the female characters. Rockwell and Stone's circus appeared in the city on the 17th, 18th and 19th of July, occupying a space of ground between the 'Pavilion' and the Ontario House Hotel, and giving what they called 'a novel, classical, and highly amusing entertainment.' The principal attraction was Mynheer Leyden, the Dutch giant. On August 11th and 15th concerts were given in the City Hall by a Mr. Wallace, who called himself leader of the Anacreontic Society in Dublin, and director of the Italian Opera in Mexico. He met with moderate success, and was followed, on the 6th September, by Signor Begnis, who was assisted by the band of the 93rd Highlanders. That famous ventriloquist and magician, Signor Blitz, gave performances at the City Hall on November 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

After the display of legerdemain, there was a dearth of amusement for some time, and not until the 18th of July, 1844, was a public entertainment given. On that date a foreign nobleman, Baron de Fleur by name, styling himself pianist and inspector-general of military music to the Em-

peror of Russia, gave a vocal and instrumental concert in the City Hall, assisted by several amateur vocalists. There was a large and fashionable attendance, the rank of the principal performer having, doubtless, something to do with the success of the entertainment. The baron, in conjunction with a Mr. Edwin W. Bliss, subsequently started a music academy, at No. 40 Yonge Street; but the partnership did not exist very long, and both gentlemen opened rival establishments. The celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, 'had the honour to announce to the gentry of Toronto'—as per advertisements—a grand concert at the City Hall, on the 23rd July, 1844. On this occasion the band of the 82nd, a regiment recently arrived in the city, made its first appearance in connection with and assisting in public entertainments, but during the two years in which the corps formed portion of the garrison of Toronto, the services of the band were frequently required, and, with the permission of the commanding officer, Colonel Mackay, were as often forthcoming.

Not until the year 1845 was drawing to a close, did the necessity of a regular theatre become so apparent as to lead to the erection of a building purposely constructed for dramatic representations. In the meantime the City Hall, and the Government House on King Street west, were each made the rendezvous of amusement-seeking citizens; and during this period the names of Messrs. Henry Phillips, Frazer, and Sloman, Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Seguin, the Misses Sloman, and Signors Antognini and Sanquiroco figured in the announcements of vocal and instrumental concerts, while prominent among the specialties exhibited were panoramic views of the heavens, a musical box representing a complete band, Swiss Bell Ringing, a menagerie with Herr Driesbach, the lion tamer, and monstrosities of human nature in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Randall, the Scotch giant and giantess, whose combined height was over fourteen feet, and their weight over seven hundred pounds.

On Monday evening, 12th January, 1846, the Lyceum Theatre, situated on the site of the present Royal Opera House, King Street West, was opened by the Toronto Amateur Theatrical Society. The play selected for the occasion was *The School for Scandal*, a piece which, by a strange coincidence, was performed on the opening night of the Grand Opera House some few years ago. In the new theatre there was accommodation for five hundred, and the scale of prices during the early part of its history was, box, 5s.; pit, 2s. 6d. The members of the theatrical society above referred to were styled 'Gentlemen Amateurs,' and they did not confine the display of their abilities to Toronto, but gave occasional performances in Hamilton. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Lennox by name, was tendered a benefit on the evening of the 28th of April, *Rob Roy* forming the *pièce de resistance*, and the farce, *The Review*, concluding the entertainment. In the former the realism of the representation was considerably heightened by the fact that the English troops supposed to appear in the play were actually present in the persons of some members of the 82nd regiment. The city band formed the orchestra. May 8th was a red-letter day in the history of the 'gentlemen amateurs' of Toronto, for on that date an amateur theatrical society from Hamilton gave a very creditable performance at the Lyceum, playing two pieces, *Douglas* and *The Married Rake*. Early in May it was announced through the press that the 18th instant would be 'positively the last night' of the season, when Mr. Mirfield, with a view to the comfort of the audience, would have the house ventilated. But like many other 'last night' announcements since then, this one was a 'snare and a delusion,' for

it was subsequently advertised that the celebrated actress, Mrs. Harrison, being on her way from New York to Montreal, was present in the city, and had been prevailed upon to favour the citizens with a performance for one night only, on the 19th instant. She was assisted by the Mr. Lennox previously referred to, Hotzbue's play of *The Stranger*' being produced. Mrs. Harrison, however, was prevailed upon to remain longer than the term of her announcement, for she appeared on one or two other occasions before finally leaving for Montreal. On June 1st, the Lyceum was first opened under a regular professional management. Mr. Skerrett, who hailed from different theatres in the north of England, grasped the helm of theatrical affairs in Toronto by opening the Lyceum for a short season. His experience as manager, however, was like unto that of many others holding a similar position in Toronto since his time. His expenses were far in advance of his receipts, and the season came to an abrupt close before the date at first appointed. The fault was not his own, for he brought a good dramatic company, in which was included his wife ; but his efforts to provide a high class of dramatic entertainments were not sufficiently appreciated, and he left the city with an unfavourable impression of its inhabitants. During the season he advertised the early appearance of Miss Celeste, a *première danseuse* from Niblo's, New York, but that lady failed to fulfil her engagement, although a considerable sum of money had been advanced to her by the management of the Lyceum. The press frequently appealed to the public to sustain Mr. Skerrett in his enterprise, and on one or two occasions lodges of the Masonic Society visited the theatre in a body, but yet the unfortunate manager lost heavily. The season closed on the evening of June 26th, and after the performance Mr. Skerrett, who appears to have been an eccentric character with a philosophic turn of mind, made a valedictory speech, replete with amusing allusions to his recent financial disasters. He stated that he had settled all claims against him, and in reference to the payment of the members of his compaay for their services he recited a few verses of his own composition. It will be observed that they are written after the manner of Wolfe's poem, ' The Burial of Sir John Moore.'

Not a guinea remained, not a one pound note,
As they to their hotels hurried ;
Nor left me in pity one farewell shot,
In the chest where nothing lay buried.

Few and short were the words they said—
And those not the words of sorrow,
As cheerfully off with their money they fled,
And I not a rap for the morrow.

Slowly and sadly I sat me down,
With my hand on my upper storey (striking forehead),
And I felt as I pressed my only crown,
That cash was better than glory.

Mrs. Skerrett, who, during her short residence in Toronto, had made an enviable reputation as an actress, was called before the curtain at the conclusion of her husband's address. A peculiar feature of the theatrical advertisements during the period referred to was that, in every issue of the papers, special attention was called to the fact that ' the theatre was thoroughly ventilated,' and there was ' no admission behind the scenes.' The next name occurring in the amusement annals of the city is one familiar to many Torontonians during nearly half a century. George Vandenhoff, the celebrated elocutionist, gave readings from Shakespeare at the *Old* City Hall—for now it was so called, as a new one had been erected—on the 10th July, 1846. The price of admission was $1, showing that American monetary terms were now beginning to be used. A few evenings afterwards, July 24th, a concert was given in the Government House, by Leopold de Meyer, a pianist of some repute. For four days during the following month

Howe's circus provided recreation for the residents of the city and vicinity, when Madame Marie Marcarte (a name bearing a suspicious resemblance to the familiar McCarthy) was announced as 'the beautiful and daring equestrienne,' while Dan Rice performed the duties of clown at the entertainment. For over a year following, there was experienced a great dearth of amusements, but the little provided was, with a single exception, confined to theatricals. The Lyceum was reopened, 16th September, by the gentlemen amateurs, when *The Poor Gentleman*, under the synonymous title of *Canadian Virtue*, was the principal piece selected, the performance concluding with the farce called *His Last Legs*. On this occasion the band of the 81st Regiment, by permission of the Colonel, Sir Charles Chichester, formed the orchestra. On the 2nd, 5th, and 6th of the following month, the performances were enlivened and varied by the exhibition of dancing, by a Miss Rosalie Hill; the Polka, then recently introduced, being advertised as a specialty. The Old City Hall was again called into requisition on the 5th November, Mr. Wall, a blind harper, giving a concert under the patronage of the Rev. Dr. McCaul. Several amateur vocalists tendered their services. After a lapse of a month the Lyceum was reopened, December 18th, when the amateur theatrical societies of Hamilton and Toronto united to present a comedy, entitled *King O'Neill*, or the *Irish Brigade*, and a farce, with a title which could bear considerable abbreviation, viz., *Did you ever send your Wife to the Falls?*

With a view, probably, to reimburse himself for losses previously sustained in the city, Mr. Skerrett considerately overlooked his former expensive experience, and returned to the Lyceum in June, 1847, bringing with him, as a kind of loadstone with which to attract back to his pockets the precious metal of which he had been deprived, the eminent tragedian, Mr. J. W. Wallack. A series of Shakespearian plays were then produced, with a result which completely satisfied the enterprising manager.

For two years there was a dearth of dramatic entertainment in Toronto. Managers and proprietors of 'shows' seemed shy of the city, but when the tide returned it was overwhelming. Not until April the 29th, 1850, was the Lyceum again devoted to its legitimate purpose. On the date mentioned, Mr. De Walden, who was previously employed as stage manager by Mr. Skerrett, assumed the position of director, and secured, as his first attraction, an actress of some reputation, named Miss Mary Duff. The pieces presented were styled, according to advertisements, 'petite dramas and elegant comediettas.' The Hill family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles and Miss Rosalie, formed part of the company, and frequently appeared in the Lyceum for a long time afterwards. On May 7th a minstrel *troupe* appeared for the first time in Toronto. The members of the company were styled 'Nightingale Ethiopian Serenaders,' and they performed under the management of a Mr. George Harvey. In contradistinction to the '*black* vocalists,' a company called 'White Serenaders' appeared at the Lyceum for three nights, commencing July 8th. They were accompanied by the famous Christy's Minstrels. But it has been omitted to mention that during De Walden's management the theatre received an addition to its name, and was called the Theatre Royal Lyceum; a month subsequent the first of the trio of words was dropped, and thenceforth the place was known as the Royal Lyceum. Mr. T. P. Besnard, a gentleman who, in former years, had frequently assisted at amateur theatrical performances, was the next manager or lessee of the Royal. He opened the theatre on the 13th July, with the Martinetti Family, in pantomime and incidental ballet. This company remained for a couple of weeks, and

their farewell performance was given under the patronage of the officers of the 71st Highlanders, as that regiment then formed part of the resident garrison. The Royal Lyceum continued under Mr. Besnard's management until the close of the year, but did not remain regularly open. During the period here included, there were several performances held, prominence being given to the names of Mrs. Mossop, Mrs. Kinlock, Mlles. E. & C. Kendall, Mr. Fleming, and the Hill family. There also appeared at the Lyceum Mons. Adrien, the magician; Miss Eliza Brienti, vocalist; a panorama of Edinburgh; and a company of Swiss Bell ringers, who gave their exhibitions in 'native' costume. On the 9th August, a visit was paid to the city by the Mayor and a number of citizens of Buffalo. On this occasion a 'big bill' was presented at the Lyceum, and by permission of Colonel Sir Hew Dalrymple, the band of the 71st was again allowed to act as orchestra. It was during this year that the Temperance Hall is first heard of in connection with public entertainments, for, on November 11th, an Indian concert of vocal music was given in that place, by Mr. Dsyacs Rokwoho and his sisters, Misses Sosanenh and Yogonwiea. It is to be hoped there was more music in the voices than in the names of the dusky vocalists. For the next two years there was again a comparative dearth of amusements, and during that time no person of importance in theatrical life appeared in the city.

Whatever dramatic performances or other entertainments took place during the following year and a half must remain unrecalled to mind at present, for it is found impossible to learn anything about them. The thread is taken up again, however, with the year 1852.

Mrs. Emma Bostwick gave a concert at the Royal Lyceum on August 20, 1852, assisted by Mr. Henry Appy (violinist to the King of Holland); and shortly afterwards a panorama of the World's Fair, then in progress in the Crystal Palace, London, was exhibited by the widely-known showman, Mr. P. T. Barnum.

Messrs. and Miss Frazer, the Scottish vocalists, appeared at the St. Lawrence Hall, May 17, 1853. In April of the same year the management of the Royal Lyceum was taken in hand by Mr. John Nickinson (father of Mrs. Charlotte Morrison, recently of the Grand Opera House). Two months later is first heard the name since very familiar to the residents of Toronto, for on June 13th Mr. C. W. Couldock commenced a week's engagement, during which a Shakespearian play formed the chief attraction at each night's performance. The dancing of the Misses Cook, two young *danseuses* who had recently made their appearance in Toronto, formed a pleasing interlude between drama and farce. On Friday, June 17, Mr. C. W. Couldock received a benefit, on which occasion *Hamlet* was selected for representation, when, 'in order to give proper effect to this sublime creation of the immortal bard of Avon,' no other piece was played. At this time the prices of admission were as follows:—Dress circle, 2s. 6d.; upper box, 1s. 10½d.; pit, 1s. 3d. Sand & Quick's circus, with the late Billy Pastor as clown, gave exhibitions on July 8th and 9th. The enterprising Mr. Nickinson next attempted opera, producing Bellini's *Norma* on the 8th of July with encouraging success. The prices were raised to meet increased expenses, ranging from 7s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. On the same evening St. Lawrence Hall was used by the temperance lecturer, Neal Dow, for the purpose of explaining the system and working of the Maine Liquor Law. The next name occurring is one possessing some slight interest, as its owner has since risen to an advanced position in the line of art she had chosen to follow. In a concert given, under the management

of Mr. Jaell, 15th July, Camilla Urso, then a little girl of ten or twelve years of age, was announced as a special attraction. Her execution on the violin was compared with that of Ole Bull. A peculiar feature in entertainments was advertised in connection with Spalding & Rogers's circus, which was exhibited in the city on the 29th and 30th of July. At the performance every night, in addition to the usual circus attractions, 'a melodrama was acted and comic ballets were danced.' As an evidence of the rapid advance which theatricals were making in Toronto, it is stated that on July 15, on the occasion of a performance under the patronage of the Toronto Yacht Club, a new drop-scene would be used. This addition to the 'properties' was sketched by Mr. W. Armstrong, C.E., and was painted by Mr. Burton. It 'represented the bay as seen from Mr. Widder's gate'—a piece of information doubtless intelligible to Toronto's inhabitants at that date. About this time Mr. Nickinson opened a theatre in Hamilton, which, during the term of its existence, seems to have been properly encouraged. The Lyceum, having been closed for a couple of months, re-opened September 9th, with *London Assurance* and *The Irish Tutor*. This opened the second regular season under Mr. Nickinson's management. The Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, each accompanied by one of their children, paid the city a visit on October 3rd and 4th. They were exhibited in St. Lawrence Hall, and the price of admission was 7½d. After this came a panorama, representing Adam and Eve in Paradise. Ole Bull reappeared November 23rd, giving, perhaps, the first of his since celebrated 'farewell concerts in America.' He was assisted by Signorina Adelina Patti (then termed the musical phenomenon), and Maurice Strakosh, pianist. Mons. Grau was the manager.

The Nickinson sisters, Charlotte and Eliza, made their first professional appearance in April, 1854, and became at once deservedly popular. Of this year there is nothing of much importance to chronicle. The amusements offered to the public were panoramas of the Canadas, of the Eastern War (the Crimean), and of the River Thames, all exhibited in St. Lawrence Hall; a concert by Herr Griebel, Franconi's Hippodrome, Sanford's Burlesque Opera Troupe, Legerdemain, by Macallister, the Wizard; and the Maddern Family of specialists. To judge by Macallister's advertisements he would readily be taken for an arrant humbug. He stated that his wife, by whom he was assisted, was a Parisian lady of noble family; and that he was accompanied by a private secretary, servants, and numerous assistants. The entertainments, which were of the usual gift character, were given in the French and English languages; but it is difficult to surmise what purpose could here be served by this display of linguistic knowledge. Theatrical advertisements during the year 1854 wound up with the legend, 'God save the Queen,' '*Vive l'Empereur des Francais*,' in recognition of the alliance between England and France, whose armies were then ranged side by side in the Crimea.

Having thus closely traced dramatic and other similar events up to the end of the year 1854, it is scarcely necessary to particularize, with day and date, the performances given by artists who subsequently appeared. The period mentioned is a comparatively recent one, and after it theatrical affairs are familiar to the major portion of Toronto's theatre-going public. It will be sufficient, therefore, to recall the names of the prominent professionals who have visited the city from that time to the present, reserving for a detailed recital those events possessing a more than ordinary interest. The season of 1855 was opened at the Royal Ly-

ceum by Madame Rose Devries, who gave a concert from operatic selections; and on Monday, July 2nd, of the same year, the clever author and actor, the late John Brougham, made his first appearance in Toronto, remaining for one week. The *Irish Lion* was the principal piece in his *repertoire.* Early in the spring, a certain strong-minded female, named Miss Lucy Stone, who disclaimed marriage as a necessary rite between the two sexes, gave a series of lectures on 'Woman,' in St. Lawrence Hall. Her advent created no little excitement in the city. However, despite her energetic advocacy of woman's right to an impartial distribution of her affections, the fair lecturer herself was subsequently led to the hymeneal altar, but under protest (?) so it was stated. Mr. D'Arcy McGee also gave a series of lectures in the same hall a short time afterwards. Among the stars engaged by Mr. Nickinson during the season, were Mr. and Miss Caroline Richings, Miss Louisa Howard, and Mr. Henry Farren, Mr. G. K. Dickenson, and Mr. G. S. Lee. The name of W. Davidge occurs Nov. 26, when he appeared at the Royal in *The Poor Gentleman*, and in the *Wandering Minstrel.* He was engaged for a week. Miss Charlotte Nickinson was tendered her first benefit on November 12th. In addition to the Misses Cook already mentioned, the services of Monsieur and Mdme. Bouxary, terpsichorean artists, were secured for the season ending with the spring of 1856. Chief among the other attractions offered during the year 1855, were concerts by Mdlle Theresa Parodi and Mdme. Amalia Patti, and Paul Julien and August Goekel; North's Circus and Myer and Maddigan's Menagerie; and Curran's Ethiopian Opera troop. But the year was destined to close with a painful tragedy, which for a short while was adverse to the interests of theatricals. For the Christmas and New Year's holidays, a spectacular piece called *The Enchanted Isle*, an adaptation of *The Tempest*, had been prepared. Miss Rosa Cook, the younger of the two sisters before referred to, had assumed the *rôle* of a fairy, and was attired therefor in a dress of light muslin. The exposed situation of the stage rendered necessary the presence of a stove at each side, and in passing one of these Miss Cook's skirt caught fire. In an instant she was in a blaze. She gave a cry of terror and rushed towards the second fly. Mr. Petrie, one of the company, who was dressed for the *King*, tore off his heavy cloak and put out the flames. For a moment the manager, Mr. Nickinson, thought it was his youngest daughter, and supposing the flames were stifled raised the cloak. They again burst forth but were immediately extinguished. This happened out of sight of the audience, but those in front became aware of the excitement inside the wings, and raised a cry that the house was on fire. Many rose from their seats and prepared to leave, but Miss Charlotte Nickinson, with great forethought, came forward and explained that there was no danger. This reassured the audience, and those who had prepared to leave resumed their seats. Mr. Nickinson then made his appearance, and after explaining the nature of the accident, stated that the performance would be discontinued. The theatre was speedily cleared. The unfortunate girl was carried to her dressing-room where she received medical attendance. Her dress was completely burnt, and from the first it was evident that her injuries were of a very serious nature. She remained unconscious until her death, which took place at half-past four o'clock the following (Friday) morning. Her father, the leader of the orchestra, was a witness of the accident. The theatre remained closed until New Year's night, and on Thursday evening, January 17, 1856, a benefit was tendered Mr. Thomas Cook as a sort of salve for his daughter's

tragic death. On this occasion, the overture was composed by the beneficiary, the services of the company, including Mr. Nickinson and his daughters, and Mons. and Madame Bouxary, being given gratuitously.

The following are the names of the dramatic 'stars' appearing at the Royal during the year 1856:—J. B. Roberts, Miss Charlotte Wythes, Miss E. Bridges, Mr. Neafie, Mrs. Ann Senter, Miss Georgiana Hodson, J. W. Wallack, Miss Fanny Morant, C. W. Couldock, J. Collins, and Mrs. Melinda Jones. Den Thompson made his first appearance on January 29th of this year, performing in *Paddy Miles' Boy*, and dancing in what was styled *Pas de Matelot.* A young *debutante*, named Miss Avonia Stanhope Jones (the name suggests a reversion of the natural order of events—a patrician beginning with a plebeian ending), appeared at the Lyceum, July 5th, and was favourably spoken of. The well-known song, 'Bobbin Around,' was first introduced about this time. It was made a specialty of by Miss I. Nickinson, who sang it nightly for the diversion of contemporary play-goers. Towards the close of the year it became apparent that an enlargement of the theatre was necessary. The subject was frequently ventilated in the newspapers of the period, and suggested as beneficial to the Lyceum, as the place was but poorly supplied with air. Other attractions presented during the year, other than regular dramatic performances, were Zavistowski's *troupe* of ballet dancers and pantomimists, Pine & Harrison's Opera Company, French Mountaineer (Bearnais) Singers, and Julia Pastrana, the bear-woman, all of which appeared in the St. Lawrence Hall.

Mrs. Macready fulfilled an engagement at the Lyceum, commencing December 15th. Her first appearance was made in the *School for Scandal.* With reference to the performance on December 26th, the term 'boxing night' was used for the first, and we think for the last, time in Toronto.

A few well-known names occur in the year 1857; Messrs. Ben G. Rogers. F. S. Chanfrau, George Holland, and Mdme. Lola Montez, are the principal ones appearing, while the others are Messrs. Archer, Penniston, Bass, James Bennett, Henry Lorraine, McFarlane, Gardiner Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. Paunceforth, Miss Emma Stanley, Miss Woodbury, and Mrs. McMahon. All these personages played 'star' engagements at the Lyceum. Mr. George Holland, whose burial in New York some few years ago occasioned considerable ill-feeling between members of the theatrical profession and the pastor of a certain Church in the American metropolis, gave his first performance in Toronto on July 8th, 1857. Even at that day he was called the 'veteran actor;' and, in fact, he did connect the stage of a former generation with that of the then present day. That celebrated adventuress—perhaps notorious would be a more fitting term — Mdme. Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt, filled a four nights' engagement, commencing July 21st, her *repertoire* consisting of *Lola Montez in Bavaria*, *Charlotte Corday*, and the old standard, *The School for Scandal.*' It was her first visit to Canada, and in a financial point of view, it was eminently successful. The theatre was crowded every night. Of her abilities as an actress, the press spoke favourably, but commented in a desparaging manner upon the play in which Lola figured as the heroine. Describing her appearance, a journal of the time said that she was 'of middle size, with jetty ringlets and full black eyes. A fascinating and earnest expression of countenance, a graceful carriage, a voice low, but rendered very attractive by a foreign accent, and the earnest impulsive manner in which she speaks. Instead of a strongly formed, determined looking woman, she is an effeminate

and handsome creature.' Although originally and pre-eminently a *danseuse*, she gave only one exhibition of her skill while in the city. This course was necessitated by the limited space afforded by the stage. After the conclusion of her last night's performance she addressed the audience in the following terms: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I could not take leave of you without saying a few words. In the first place, I learn that some gentlemen in this city have been at infinite pains to spread a report that I am not the real Lola Montez, of Bavarian history. While returning thanks to those very officious gentlemen for their trouble on my behalf, allow me to say that there are very many persons in the United States—Russians, Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen—who have seen me in Bavaria and other foreign countries, and there are hundreds of Englishmen who can testify that I am the veritable Lola Montez, and none other. On my own behalf, I also assure you that I am, indeed, the same and identical Lola Montez of Bavaria, except that I hope I am much improved since then. Having established my identity, I would thank you for the kind manner in which you have received me during my stay here. To the manager—Mr. Nickinson—I would especially express my indebtedness for the great desire shown by him to make my stay here as pleasant as possible. The theatrical company also deserve my thanks for their consideration and desire to make me comfortable while among them. I am an old stager now, having been on the stage since 1842, and therefore can speak from experience when I say that Mr. Nickinson's company—although most of the members are young—embraces ladies and gentlemen of promising talent. Again, I would thank the audience for their kind reception of me. To the Toronto Press, I have also to say a few words; but it is not to thank its members—excepting one person. Let me say to the Press of Toronto a word of advice. The stage may be made an instrument of much good, and it is the province of the Press to watch over it and encourage it, and I hope that the Press will take down my words and act up to them.' The report then went on to say that 'the intense silence that ensued when Lola commenced to speak of the Press was broken by a burst of applause, as, in conclusion, she bowed, and extending her hand to Captain Nickinson, retired, frequently acknowledging the applause vouchsafed to her.'

Miss Mathilda Heron and Miss Jane Coombs, two well-known names in the annals of the American stage, appear in the announcement of the Royal Lyceum for the year 1858. The great comedian, Charles Matthews, filled a three nights' engagement, commencing July 1st, his bill for each night consisting of *Cool As A Cucumber*, *Patter* vs. *Clatter*, and *Who'll Lend Me Five Shillings?* During the following month he was re-engaged for two weeks, and continued to play to a good business. A new place of amusement, called the City Theatre, was opened on October 30th, in Ontario Hall, Church Street, by Mr. William Petrie, formerly a member of the Lyceum company. It does not appear to have met with sufficient encouragement, for it was closed after a brief existence. Frank Hardenburgh was the chief member of the company.

It has been omitted to state that in the previous year, October 13th, 1857, the scale of prices at the Lyceum was altered, being made to read :—Boxes, $1 ; pit, 2s. 6d. ; upper boxes, 1s. 3d. ; but this queer combination of American and old-country coinage was not permitted to remain long, for in the following week, October 19, the prices were changed to 50c., 37½c., and 25c., for boxes, upper boxes, and pit respectively. During 1858, Mr. Owen Marlowe assumed the management of the Lyceum, having previously married a daughter of the lessee, Mr. John Nickinson.

The last performance of the Amateur Dramatic Company, heretofore mentioned, was given on the evening of March 31st, 1859—the *Hunchback* being the play selected. In the same year, commencing April 30, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Marlowe appear associated in the management of the Lyceum. Mr. Den Thompson was a member of their company. Mr. W. A. and Miss Lyon, James Ponisi, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Miss Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, and Mr. Barry Sullivan, were the stars appearing under their management. The latter gentleman, Barry Sullivan, opened, on July 13th, with *Richelieu*—a Miss Elise de Courcy assuming the role of 'Julie.' Mr. John Nickinson was also engaged in the support. In connection with this engagement, it may be of interest to mention that the subsequent fate of the Royal Lyceum was nearly being anticipated on the night of July 21. A fire broke out in the cellar, near the dressing-rooms, about half an hour after the performance had concluded. Fortunately, it was discovered and put out before much damage had been done, and the theatre was open as usual the next evening. During this year there appeared at the St. Lawrence Hall, Miss Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish vocalist. Sanford's opera troupe, Parodi's opera troupe, and Louise Well's dramatic and equestrian troupe, also appeared at the Lyceum, under the Marlowe management. The celebrated tight-rope performer, Mons. Blondin, gave a series of performances at the theatre, commencing August 7th. The rope was laid across the stage over the pit.

Miss Elise de Courcy, who visited the city in support of Barry Sullivan, announced, October 9th, 1859, that she had engaged the Royal Lyceum for a period of five years. The theatre would be closed for a month to allow of certain improvements being made. It was reopened November 2nd, with new act-drop, enlarged boxes, and new scenery, and the scale of prices ran :—Dress circle, 50c. ; family circle, 37½c., or lady and gentleman, 50c. ; pit, 25c. ; boxes, $5. The season opened with *The Honeymoon* and *Robert Macaire*. It does not appear, however, that Miss de Courcy's enterprise was at all remunerative, for the theatre had passed out of her hands long before the five years had elapsed. Cool Burgess's Chicago Minstrels are heard of for two nights, December 16th and 17th.

The Royal closed again for improvements on January 28th, 1860, and reopened February 6th, with Adah Isaacs Menken, the popular and yet peculiarly unfortunate actress. In the lecture field, as represented by St. Lawrence Hall, appeared Elihu Burrit, March 15th, and Bayard Taylor, March 29th. In order that the people of Toronto might fully understand the versatility of talent with which she was gifted, Madame Lola Montez again appeared in the city, this time in the character of a lecturer, holding forth on the follies of 'Fashion.' In anticipation of the Prince of Wales' visit to the country, the Lyceum was reopened, April 30, under the management of Mr. John Nickinson, and was thenceforth to be known as the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Cooper's opera troupe was the first attraction announced, with Miss Annie Milner as *prima donna*. Mr. Brookhouse Bowler was one of the company. On the evening of May 15, and during the engagement of this troupe, a laughable scene occurred in the middle of the performance. The daily papers found space for lengthy reports concerning it. It appears that a young couple, who were evidently from the country and enjoying their honeymoon, visited the theatre on the evening mentioned and occupied front seats. Apparently not satisfied with even this close proximity to the stage, or otherwise sighing for a quiet corner to themselves, the young man applied for and obtained the use of a private box. Accompanied by his adored one he entered the box, and, pushing aside the curtains, both

sat down in full view of the audience. Desiring not only comfort but luxury, the youth signed to the maiden, and, in response to the motion, she seated herself on his knee and placed her arms lovingly around his neck. Then, with cheeks pressed close together, they settled down to enjoy the music of the opera. The audience fairly screamed with laughter, but the happy pair, in blissful unconsciousness that they were the objects of the audience's mirth, continued to occupy their mutually enjoyable position until expostulated with by the manager. Adelina Patti, in conjunction with Signors Brignoli, Ferri and Junca, gave a concert at St. Lawrence Hall on May 28th, 1860. On the same date the Holman family made their first appearance in Toronto, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, or Lyceum. They went by the name of 'The Holman Juvenile Opera Company,' and its members were the Misses Sallie and Julia and Masters Alfred and Benjamin. They achieved success, being favourably received by both press and public. A criticism in the *Leader*, the morning following their first performance, styled them 'truly remarkable children.' At the St. Lawrence Hall, the celebrated cantatrice, Madame Anna Bishop, gave concerts on September 5th and 6th, assisted by F. Rudolphsen and F. A. Hogan. She was followed by Mr. Sam. Cowell and Miss Effie Germon. John C. Heenan, who was travelling round the country on the strength of the reputation gained by his recent fight with Tom Sayers, gave a sparring exhibition at St. Lawrence Hall, on November 6th.

In the way of entertainments, the year 1861 was opened by a couple of lectures, the first by D'Arcy McGee, January 9th, and the next by 'Grace Greenwood.' No less than three minstrel troupes appeared during this year at the Royal Lyceum—for the theatre had again resumed its old name—viz., Wood's, Duprey & Green's, and Christy's. They introduced into Toronto the famous old negro melody, 'Dixie's Land.' After being closed for a month, the Lyceum opened under a new management—Little & Co.'s—on April 13th, a stock company having been engaged. John Chester, Charles Dillon, Edwin Adams, and Charles Barras played 'star' engagements under the new management, and among attractions offered were leger-de-main by Professor Anderson and the Spanish dancers, Isabel and Juan Ximenes. The Fabri Italian Opera Troupe gave a concert in the Temperance Hall, and to the St. Lawrence Hall came the Holman Troupe in Parlour Opera, McEvoy's Panorama of Ireland, Tom Thumb (Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24), Madame Anna Bishop, and the Wild Men from Borneo. Van Amburgh's circus also visited the city. 'The Royal' again came under new management during the season of '61. James Fleming, was manager at this period, but the exercise of his managerial duties was discontinued at the close of the year. Mr. Allan Halford appeared as a member of the company during this year.

Mr. Henry Linden succeeded Mr. Fleming in the management of the Lyceum, and his first stars were Miss Mary Shaw, *comedienne* and vocalist, and Miss Matilda Hughes, *danseuse*. The engagement between Miss Shaw and Mr. Linden terminated very apruptly, in consequence of a disagreement arising principally from a performance given by gentlemen amateurs of the 30th Regiment. During this year the *Octoroon* enjoyed a run of nearly three months at the Royal. Mr. Siddons gave a series of readings at the St. Lawrence Hall, followed by L. M. Gottschalk, pianist, and Wm. Connolly, the Irish piper. The dramatic events occurring in Toronto during the following twenty years, which would bring us down to the present day, are familiar to, and were probably enjoyed by a majority of its citizens who still reside in the Queen city. Therefore no purpose

would be served by reference to them in this article. The minstrel performances given by the non-commissioned officers of the 16th Regiment are, perhaps, alone worth mention, because these entertainments, given in the old Government House, were not open to the general public. They were generously patronized, however, by the men and officers of the battalion, and by such friends as those they chose to invite.

TO A MAYFLOWER.

BY F. M. RAND, FREDERICTON, N. B.

SWEET herald of the bright, warm spring,
Mid winter's fastnesses a king,
To thee the winds their homage bring.

Half hidden in thy dark green bed,
I see thee raise thy timid head,
Trembling as with tears unshed.

And all unkingly is thy mien,
Thy shrinking in thy robes of green,
Rather a pale fair nun than queen.

An hundred fancies quickly chase
Each other in swift elfin race,
While I lie dreaming of thy face.

A shell from some far southern sea,
A brooklet naiad, I fancy thee,
Uprising dim and mistily.

A rare pink pearl of softest hue,
A summer morn while yet the dew
Lies heavy on the earth born new.

My dream-thoughts see the morning sky,
The faint stars quivering ere they die,
The rose-tinged clouds which swiftly fly.

A village maid with downcast eyes,
In whose pure cheeks the blushes rise,
Whose face lights up with shy surprise.

And last of all, I see in thee
An Angel form whose voice to me,
Whispers of immortality.

FREE THOUGHT AND RESPONSIBLE THOUGHT.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

THE publication of Mr. Mill's book on "Liberty" marked probably the culminating point of the modern worship of free enquiry. Up to that time the demand for intellectual freedom had never been fully satisfied; and the powerful plea put forth by Mr. Mill was therefore enthusiastically welcomed by all forward looking minds as the precise statement of the case which their intellectual position required. The errors of the past, it was then felt, had been largely due to the restrictions imposed on thought; complete liberty of thought was consequently the chief thing necessary for the successful pursuit of truth and the reconstruction, on a sound basis, of philosophy and of human life. Let men but be allowed to think freely, and give free play to their several individualities, and a new and better order of things would speedily arise. This phase of thought, which, as remarked, had its culmination at the date of Mr. Mill's celebrated treatise, shows to-day signs of diminished and perhaps diminishing force. It is rare to find such enthusiasm for the abstract idea of liberty as was common a generation or half a generation ago. What Mr. Mill in his 'Autobiography' represents as having happened to himself, in regard to the high hopes he had entertained of the adoption of 'liberal' ideas in legislation has happened to many since in regard to their fond anticipations of the effects of unchecked freedom of thought. Mr. Mill acknowledged with regret that an extended franchise, free trade, and other radical reforms had not made such a wonderful change in the state of the nation as he and others had counted on; and in like manner many to-day are coming to the conclusion that thought may be very free, so far as the absence of civil or social restraints can make it so, and yet very unproductive. Those who incline to this view of the matter do not deny that freedom of thought is in itself a good thing; they only say that like other good things it is liable: 1. to non use, and, 2. to abuse. Give a man a freedom which he does not care to exercise, and what better is he? Give him a freedom that he is not fit to exercise, and what better is he? Nothing, but possibly the worse. Let us therefore look a little into this matter of free thought and see what there is in it, and what conclusions it is safe to form respecting it.

Thought may be defined sufficiently well for our present purpose, as the activity of the knowing faculty in man. How man knows, how the blending of subject and object is accomplished in the act of knowledge, or what are the true relations of object and subject, are problems with which the highest minds of every age have successively grappled, but the exact solution of which is probably as distant now as ever. Fortunately I do not need to await a solution before adopting such a practical view of the matter as serves the purposes of every-day thought. We place on one side the observing, reflecting, mind; on the other an objective universe in which that mind seeks its aliment. The mind absorbs the universe and ideally re-creates it. Knowledge is the mental reproduction of an external, or assumed external order. When

we are confident in our power to think of things *as they exist* we say we know them. If, however, we look a little closely into the matter, we shall see that the mind progressively makes the order which it seems to discover in the universe. Arrest the thinking faculty at any stage, and what shall we find it doing? Trying to discover the explanation of something, in other words trying so to conceive a new fact as to make it harmonize with an already existing scheme of thought. That is to say, the mind has established a harmony amongst its previous observations; the new fact as it first presents itself threatens to disturb that harmony, and the question then is: is there not some other way of viewing it which will bring it into harmony with what is already known or assumed to be known? The apparent backward movement of the planets was a disturbing fact of this nature in regard to the primitive geocentric theory of the heavens; and as that theory was too firmly rooted to be easily shaken, or rather, as the means for a complete revision of it were lacking, the disturbing fact was reduced to order by the very ingenious theory of epicycles. That theory was not destined to hold good for all time; but it held good at the time, and that is really as much as we can say for any theory we adopt—that it harmonizes with the sum of our existing knowledge. Whether it will harmonize with the knowledge of some future age it would be rash in us to attempt to predict; for the system that seems to us unshakable to-day may, through some extension of our knowledge, have to be as thoroughly reconstructed as have been the ancient views of astronomy. At whatever point, as I have said, the progress of thought may be interrupted, we shall find two things—first, that the mind has already created a certain order of thought for itself; and second, that it is trying to build more and more of the universe into the system so established. Every now and again it has to tear down a large portion of its work, in order to build on a better place and a wider foundation; but still the work goes on—the great work of giving laws to phenomena, and creating ideal unity out of actual diversity.

This is not only the *work* of the mind; it is its life; it is the one law of its being. Mind is only mind in so far as it progressively knows, that is, in so far as it progressively enters into things, and so moulds and masters them, as to be able to *think* them. The mind digests facts, and turns them into a vital current of rational thought. A fact—as some apparently supernatural manifestation—which the mind cannot digest, acts as a poison upon the system, and may result in insanity or death.

Such being the course of thought, a progressive reduction of facts to a rational or thinkable order, we are, perhaps, prepared to understand what are likely to be the most favourable conditions for vigorous and successful thought. One condition certainly will be the common pursuit of truth by a multitude of minds. Instead of thought being, as so many seem to imagine, a purely individual thing, it springs almost wholly from the social nature of man. What a man thinks —if he thinks sincerely—holds good, or should hold good, not for himself alone, but for all men; and in our social intercourse we instinctively presume that the impressions made on us by outward facts are shared by others. But as we all err more or less in the conceptions we form, it is manifest that the most satisfactory progress will be made in thought where there is the freest possible social comparison of views, and where men most frequently remind themselves that thought is not destined to serve merely individual purposes. Thought will make its best advance when men consciously or unconsciously try to think together, and not when the tendency is to think as far apart as possible.

The ideal of many so-called free-thinkers is an independent life of thought for each individual, the cultivation by each of a little area upon which no other man shall have a right to set a foot. Each, as it were, puts up a notice on his lot: 'These are my opinions. Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.' Now, most certainly, I do not believe in trespassing upon a man's intellectual premises against his will; but I am strongly of opinion that, just in so far as a man thinks in this separated spirit, will he think to no purpose, or to worse than no purpose. After all, a man cannot think in this spirit; he may think that he thinks, but he doesn't think. To think, as before explained, is to construct, to build in, to harmonize; and nobody goes to this trouble for the mere sake of self-assertion. The man who has a strong impulse to think, desires to think with others, or at least desires others to think with him; for he knows that whatever is true is true for all, and that whatever is important is important for all. He does not therefore seek to fence himself off from the rest of mankind, but takes up his work as a continuation of what others have done before him. The real work of thought is too full of interest, and brings the labours of others too frequently to mind, to be carried on by one whose main desire is to preserve his property rights. Better far, in a social point of view, the most dogmatic and absolute spirit than the mere worship of *la petite culture* in matters intellectual. It has not been by standing apart from one another, each man with his private thought and purpose, that the greatest triumphs of humanity have been won, but by the effort of all to universalize truth and to merge individual differences in a common intellectual and spiritual life. Thus have all societies been founded and extended, and all enterprises of great pith and moment undertaken and accomplished.

Another important condition for the successful pursuit of truth is the cultivation of right moral dispositions. This is a principle which is quite too much overlooked. It is commonly held, particularly by people of our own argumentative temper, that reason is wholly independent of the moral nature, and is always ready to perform its office of discovering truth. They forget that it is the moral or emotional nature that gives a direction to the operations of reason, just as it does to the practical activities. That reason is not an all-seeing eye, discovering all facts and relations with equal facility, is evident from the very partial manner in which the faculty is exercised by different individuals. The man whose taste is for books will, in a week, acquire more knowledge about books and their authors than another man, whose tastes lie wholly in the direction, say, of practical mechanics, will gain in a whole lifetime. The botanist wonders that any one can talk or walk in the country without seeing what he sees; and yet he may be blind as a bat to the most obvious phenomena of language, even as they occur in his own daily speech. The sportsman has a degree of lore as to guns and their makers, as to the varieties of wild fowl and their several habits and habitats, that strikes with amazement any one who is not of the craft. Every one of these specialists may have had abundant opportunities, so far as the mere passing of certain images before the eye is concerned, to pick up a great variety of knowledge outside of his favourite pursuit; but in point of fact he has not picked it up, for he has not seen what he has not been interested in, or has seen it only to forget straightway what manner of thing it was. Reason only occupies itself with what the perceptive faculties furnish to it; and the perceptive faculties only see what they are told to see, in other words, what the mind has an interest in. In many other ways, however, reason is affected in

its workings, for good or for evil, by desire. The vain man will desire to see the things that will minister to his vanity; the selfish man the things that will minister to his selfishness; the just and social man the things that make for the general welfare; and each will be more or less successful in seeing the things he wishes to see, and avoiding the sight of things that conflict with his desires and purposes. Now the Universe, like Scripture, is not of any private interpretation; and neither the vain man nor the selfish man will obtain a key to it. The order they create will not be a durable order; it will have flaws precisely corresponding to the admixture of impure motive in their speculations. The history even of physical discovery is full of vicissitudes, due not so much to the weakness of the reasoning or perceptive faculties of men, as to erroneous assumptions dictated by personal bias or passion.

This is a truth which might with advantage receive extensive illustration; but as this would transcend the limits within which this paper is necessarily confined, it may be sufficient to quote the testimony of one of the profoundest scientific minds of this or any other century, the late Michael Faraday. In an address delivered by him before the Royal Institution on 'The Education of the Judgment,' we find the following observations:—'Among those points of self-education which take the form of mental discipline, there is one of great importance, and moreover difficult to deal with, because it involves an internal conflict, and equally touches our vanity and our ease. It consists in the tendency to deceive ourselves regarding all we wish for, and the necessity for resistance to these desires. It is impossible for any one who has not been constrained, by the course of his occupation and thoughts, to a habit of continued self-correction, to be aware of the amount of error arising from this tendency. . . . It is my firm persuasion that no man can examine himself in the most common things, having any reference to him personally, or to any person, thought or matter related to him, without being soon made aware of the temptation and the difficulty of opposing it. I could give you many illustrations personal to myself, about atmospheric magnetism, lines of force, attraction, repulsion, unity of power, nature of matter, &c., . . . but it would be unsuitable, and also unnecessary, for each must be conscious of a large field sadly uncultivated in this respect. *I will simply express my strong belief* [the italics are Faraday's own] *that that point of self-education which consists in teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations, until they are proved to be right, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy, but in every department of daily life.*' The first and the last step in the education of the scientific judgment this eminent philosopher declares to be—*humility.* Such testimony as this from a man like Faraday is of infinite value. If in such matters as 'atmospheric magnetism, lines of force, attraction, repulsion, &c.,' he could feel his judgment swayed by influences connected with his own personal desires and preferences, what must have been, and what must be, the case with men destitute of his admirable sobriety of character and conscientious self-restraint?

The truth that Faraday has thus laid down has been expressed with even greater force and in a much more systematic manner by Auguste Comte.' 'Goodness of heart,' says the latter, 'helps forward a theoretical career more than force of character.' Of the great physiologist, Blainville, one of his own disciples, he observed: 'Impulses of too personal a kind enfeebled the ardour and constancy required for Blainville's intellectual task; and the full strength of his mind was never put forth. . . . He saw rivals where he should have seen colleagues,

and sometimes superiors. Always unjust to Broussais, he failed to recognise the transcendent greatness of Bichat. When personal feeling extends so far as this, it hinders the working of general views not less than of generous feelings.' *

The bearing of all this upon the question of Free Thought may, perhaps, begin to be seen. It has been shown that thought in its dynamic aspect consists in a progressively wider interpretation of the universe in which man's lot is cast. This being its task, it is apparent that individual thought cannot properly, or with any advantage, separate itself from the thought of the race. The only true and serviceable thought is the thought that, either now or hereafter, all men may think. A thought, or a mode of thought that is essentially peculiar to an individual—that is, so to speak, the mere expression or outcome of the accidents of his individuality—is of about the same value to himself and the world as would be a wart on the hand or a squint in his eye. The branch, except it abide in the vine, dies; and so the individual man, except he abide in the great vine—humanity. When, therefore, a demand is made for freedom of thought, it becomes a question of much importance whether the freedom claimed is freedom to pursue truth in a social spirit for social ends, or mere freedom to think what one chooses without regard to ends and without any sense of responsibility. In either case the demand should be granted, for no good can come of any attempt to interfere by way of control with men's thinkings, or what they choose to regard as such; but, in the one case, the demand is entitled to all the sympathy that can be given to it: in the latter, it is entitled to just as much as we accord to the desire for any other purely individual indulgence.

The more this distinction is dwelt upon, the more important, I believe, it will be seen to be. Not that it affords the means of discriminating between claims for freedom of thought that ought to be allowed, and claims that ought not to be allowed; for all such claims should be allowed lest the very disallowance should tend to the perversion of thought. The importance of the distinction lies in the use that may be made of it by those who are demanding free thought for themselves. 'What am I going to do with it when I get it?' or, 'Having got it, what am I doing with it?' are questions, as it seems to me, of extreme pertinency. And if the only answer to such questions is to the effect that I am going to think just as I choose, and without any regard to what others may think, all that can be said is that the conclusion is a very poor one. To talk about thinking as one chooses is nonsense and worse; for one cannot *choose* his way of thinking without doing what is distinctly immoral. To choose in such a matter is deliberately to allow the judgment to be swayed by personal feelings and interests. Put these aside, and there is no choice; there is simple obedience to the laws of thought, or to the truth of things in so far as the mind is fitted to apprehend it. The great lesson which 'free-thinkers' have to learn is that all true thought is universal in its character, not individual; and that nobody can be said to be thinking in the right sense of the word unless he is thinking for all, and endeavouring to promote the general harmony of human thought. It is unfortunately too common to find 'free-thinkers' look upon the privilege of free thought as a merely private possession, something for the use of which they owe no account to any one, not even to themselves. They hold it as a kind of charter to contradict every opinion with which they do not immediately agree, and generally to disport themselves in the world of thought with

* See Comte's 'Positive Polity'—English translation— Vol. I., p. 599. Appendix.

the most perfect feeling of irresponsibility. They only realize their intellectual freedom in differing from others not in agreeing with them. This is, no doubt, a not unnatural reaction from the intellectual tyranny of the past; but none the less does it lead to a hurtful dissipation of mental energy as well as to a dangerous weakening of social bonds.

The battle of mental freedom, so far as external control is concerned, may be said to have been fought and won. The Church may scold, and the State, through her magistrates, may sometimes frown; but no man to-day is compelled to profess to believe what he does not believe, nor are any restraints worth mentioning imposed upon the expression of opinion. There is, however, another battle to be fought before the spiritual freedom of mankind can be complete; and that is the battle against anarchy in the guise of liberty. So far as men insist upon thinking what they choose, there is from one point of view anarchy, and from another enslavement—anarchy inasmuch as the very idea of law is set at naught, and enslavement because each man, instead of struggling against the personal influences that pervert opinion, as Faraday has so well shown, resigns himself to them entirely.

We are thus brought round by a road which is perhaps not often travelled, and which many 'advanced thinkers' particularly dislike to travel, to the old truth that true liberty lies in a reasoned subjection to law. How can human powers be carried to their highest? By a knowledge of, and conformity with, the laws of nature. He who rebels is shorn of power and cast forth from Nature's protection. He who rebels against humanity is disowned by humanity, and his life dwindles to the narrow limits of his infinitely narrow self. Free thought is of no value unless it be also *responsible* thought. To think should be regarded, not as a means of self-pleasing, but as a sacred ministry; and we should value our thoughts just in so far as they enable us to understand and sympathise with the great life of the world, just in so far as they quicken our sense of kindred with all mankind. The triumph of thought is not to enable a man to stand aloof from his fellows, superior to what he regards as their prejudices and indifferent to their hopes and fears. The triumph of thought is to seize what an excellent French writer, the late M. Ernest Bersot, calls 'the durable aspect of things.' The triumph of thought for each individual is to enlarge in some small degree the thought of humanity, or even to think over again the great thoughts of humanity with sympathetic insight into their meaning. The latter may seem a humble office, but only to those who know not what it is. There are thousands and millions who daily use, in a sort of symbolic or empirical fashion, the thoughts that the ages have wrought out—just as the mariner uses the 'Nautical Almanacs'—with very little conception of what has gone to form them, or of their true reach and significance. The mind of of humanity is known to none but those who are in a peculiar manner its sons.

The social weakness that comes of excessive individualism in thought is too obvious and notorious to need dwelling on. 'Liberals' (in the theological sense) are constantly heard complaining how difficult it is to secure any joint action among persons of their way of thinking. To organize even Unitarians, has been said by one of themselves, to be very much the same as trying to 'cord stumps;' what it is to organize 'Liberals' let those who have tried it say. If we seek for the cause of the trouble, we shall find it in the erroneous impression that liberty is only realized in difference; and that, as organization and system tend to obliterate differences, they must also be dangerous to liberty. But, when once men in gen-

eral begin to think under a sense of responsibility, they will see that all thinking should tend to unity, and that the crown of thought should be the discovery of a true philosophy of human life. To say that the natural result of free thought is infinite and hopeless divergence, in as many different directions as there are thinkers, is fatally to discredit the thinking faculty. Better far, one would be compelled to say, that thought should not be free, than that there should be no harmony or coherence in men's opinions, but that what is true to one man should be false to every other. It is not so, however. When, by the subjugation of egoism, thought becomes truly free, it will be seen to be not a dispersive but a unifying force; and when men begin to look to it, not for little individual allotments of opinion, but for conclusions of universal validity, the foundations of a true philosophy is to believe it possible. If it be possible, why should we not have it? If it be not possible, then to little purpose have we emancipated ourselves from the philosophies and theologies of the past.

I began this paper by observing that the zeal for free-thought simply for its own sake, seemed to have abated somewhat of late years. If the fact be as I believe, the symptom is not wholly an unfavourable one. A true instinct whispers to mankind that something better than endless wranglings should be the outcome of the exercise of the highest human faculty. The world has had enough of criticism of the past, its institutions and beliefs. Many doctrines and systems have, no doubt, been badly shaken; but, for all that, the great majority of men cling to them still for the practical guidance and help they afford in life. What is wanted now is a philosophy which, while doing justice to the past, will do what the old systems cannot do, rightly interpret the present, and give the keynote of the future harmony of society. When such a philosophy is in a forward state, men may not be found clinging so tenaciously to doctrines which they acknowledge are in many respects far from satisfactory. But such a philosophy will not come from any amount of irresponsible thought directed to no definite ends; it will come as the result of the earnest efforts of many minds, and from the growth of the conviction that thought was given not for individual but for social ends.

TWO SCHOOLS OF MODERN POETRY.

BY THE REV. J. F. STEVENSON, D.D., MONTREAL.

IT has been a commonplace of popular writers to ridicule metaphysics, and to declare the inquiries with which it deals at once beyond human power and barren in result. It is not popular writers alone, however, who have done this; eminent scientific men, and some even of literary culture, have adopted the same tone. They have followed in the track of Bacon, and after him of Locke, both of whom, anxious to recall attention to matters of experience and observation, poured the vials of their anger, without measure, on the deductive modes of thought and verbal criticism to which the thinkers of the Middle Ages were, no doubt, excessively prone. It has been forgotten, however, that Bacon was the herald of a new departure in thought, and that his severity against his predecessors had what we may call a strategic purpose so that it is not to be taken at the foot of the letter. I question greatly whether Bacon in his heart felt half as disrespectful to the great schoolmen as his writings would lead us to suppose. As for Locke, father of clear and trenchant thinking to all modern English-speaking men as he is, there is yet no disrespect to him in raising the question whether, except by hearsay, he really knew anything of the mediæval thinkers at all. The fact is, we are still under the influence of a reaction, and a reaction means a fit of unreasoning excess. The time will come—must come—when the human mind will recover its balance and settle to the point of equilibrium. It will then be felt that if fact is great reason is great also. If reason without fact is barren, fact without reason is blind. All honour to Bacon, to observation, and to induction. But honour also—not a little—to the fathers of the deductive logic, to Aristotle and his illustrious followers!

The fashion is to sneer at metaphysics. Meanwhile, it remains true, that the great questions with which metaphysics deals, such questions as the true idea of existence, the possibility of knowledge, the laws of thought, are of such a character that no man can think consistently for ten minutes without assuming for himself some solution of them, and that according to this solution the entire tone and complexion of his thinking will be governed. Every man has a philosophy, and a metaphysical philosophy too, whether he knows it or not. By a paradox, it may be said, and said truly, that *not* to be metaphysical is to be metaphysical, it is to assume, that is to say, a certain metaphysical theory. So he who refuses philosophy assumes that all existence—the world without and the mind within—is, in its ultimate nature, irrational, that it cannot be reduced to reason or construed to thought. If a man knows that, what a vast knowledge of the nature of being he has attained! No positive construction of the universe—not even that of Hegel himself—more directly assumes an intellectual contact with the *το ὄν*, the ultimate reality. It is amusing to read, in one line of a man's writing, a gibe at metaphysics, and in the next a sweeping theory that covers half-a-dozen positions, the boldness of which would have made Plato, and Aristotle shudder. Such things

occur, and only can occur, in epochs of reaction.

What I wish to illustrate now, however, is not so much the fact that every man who thinks is, whether consciously or not, a metaphysician, as the further fact that his philosophy gives a tone and manner to his views on all subjects of reflection, even to those apparently most remote from philosophical inquiry. We often contrast philosophy with arts, and, perhaps most frequently of all, with poetry. Truly, it may be said, the region of poetry is sacred from the jargon of metaphysics. The wrangling schoolmen will not dare to bring their endless disputes and their breakjaw words into the Temple of the Muses. Yes, but they will though; and, more than that, the Muses cannot utter one word without their help.

A man's philosophy is his view of the Universe. It is his idea of existence reduced, as far as he is able to reduce it, to harmony and consistency. And it is, I suppose, tolerably evident that *some* view of life and of destiny, of society and of progress, of the ultimate power which the world reveals, and of the grounds and nature of human duty, must grow up in the mind of a man who thinks at all. It grows up in the mind of the poet as well as of other men, so that there is no great poet, or even small poet, without his philosophy. Homer based his view of life on the crude guesses of the early Greek mythology. Sophocles, and the other Greek tragedians, assumed the idea of a destiny which controlled gods and men, and grouped their views of man and of the battle of life around that. And so it is now: Shakespeare and Milton, Southey and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley, are philosophers before they are poets, and differ only from the philosopher or system in the fact that they drop their philosophy and take it up again according to their mood. More than that. The quality of a man's poetry or art is influenced by his philosophy. Is the philosophy noble, inspiring, unselfish, does it appeal to the larger and more generous emotions? The poetry will be noble too. Is the philosophy broad and catholic, admitting all the facts and generalising them with clearness and skill? We have a Shakspere or a Goethe, a many-sided man and an all-seeing poet. It is therefore idle, and worse than idle, to tell us, as we are often now told, to dismiss all doubtful questions and sing only of what we see and know. We cannot do it, Our view of these questions comes back and back upon us in spite of ourselves. We are taking sides all the time; and the quality and influence of our poetry are ruled by the side we take.

There are two schools, if I may call them so, in modern English poetry, and a brief contrast between them will illustrate what I say. Tennyson and the two Brownings will serve as examples of one of the schools, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris of the other. Tennyson and the Brownings take one view of life. For them it has a moral meaning and a spiritual result. It is ruled to an end by infinite wisdom and goodness, and its distinct issue is the prevalence of truth and righteousness. The other school leaves all these matters in chaos. It knows nothing about them. It sings, and sweetly too, but it sings only the facts before us and the beauty of the eye and the ear. It has no deity; no life but the present; no moral purpose for the world; no over arching law of unchangeable truth and goodness.

Notice now the results of this difference on the poetry of the two schools respectively. The point of view rules the whole manner of their art. It affects them on every side.

It does so as to the strength of their writing. By strength I mean their power over the emotions. All poetry worthy of the name has that to some degree. It touches the imagination, and the feelings through the

imagination. But it is obvious that the degree of its power over the emotions will depend, in part at least, on the kind or quality of the emotion to which it appeals. Are these superficial, transitory, non-essential, in human life? Are they the emotions of an affluent human nature or the sickly fancies of a mere literary exquisite, cold-blooded and narrow-hearted? In dealing with these last, there is no sphere for strong emotions either in the writer or in his readers. The pose of a figure, the shape of a robe, the colour of a curtain, are themes for play, possibly exquisite play; but we must go deeper into human nature before we can stir the mighty tide of passion, or hear the rolling waters as they break evermore against the barriers of human effort and destiny. It seems to need no argument to show that a literary theory which leaves all the profoundest relations of the life of man untouched *must* involve loss of power over human emotion. If you would touch the human heart by which we live, you must sing of what the human heart cares for. On the whole it cares for a point of view which will give it power in its struggle and a rational hope for this result. If you have anything to say to these—well, you can say it, and we will read what you say, nay, we will praise its melody and rhythm, and give you compliments if you deserve it, on the perfection of your literary form; but you have not touched us in the depths of our hearts. Of course, a skilful singer is never wholly without power over our emotions. There are regions of human feeling, happily, which no perversion in our theory of life can wholly close against him. The love of man for woman is such a region; and yet even here the difference between one who regards such love as an emotional luxury merely, and sees its whole purpose in the gratification of what Rossetti calls 'riotous longing,' and one who finds in it the starting-point and symbol of an infinite and spiritual affection, is simply enormous. Enormous, I mean, as to power. Contrast Tennyson's song, 'Come into the Garden, Maude,' with all its depth of tremulous passion, its grasp on every film of our resonant nature, its subordination of all natural sights and sounds to the master impulse of the hour, contrast this with the sickly artificiality of Rossetti or with what Mr. Huxley calls the 'sensual caterwauling' of Swinburne. Tennyson's love songs are a possession for life. I do not know who is greatly affected by Swinburne's animal excitements over the physical chorus of his immoral beauties, or even by the purely sensuous regrets of Rossetti's 'blessed damozel,' as she looks out over the bars of heaven. No, account for it as you will, the elimination of all spiritual elements from love leaves it poor and starved, a mere appeal to temporary aspects of our being in which the animal is uppermost. The touch of an invisible hand is necessary to the excitement of our deepest passion, the echo of a voice from beyond the outward and visible. I am told that the know-nothing school of thinkers intend, when they have completely removed religion, to put poetry in the vacant place, the more pity that they should begin by depleting poetry of her richest power in the region of the feelings.

I can scarcely doubt that it will be admitted as matter of fact that the power of the newer school of poetry over the emotional is strikingly less than that of the school which it is attempting to supersede. What grand force of feeling there is in Tennyson and the Brownings, both husband and wife! In how wide an orbit their emotions move, an orbit vast in its sweep and transcending little regards. They touch us at a thousand points and kindle our whole nature. Where is the power by which they do it? Not alone in their personal genius, though I think highly of that. But it is their view of life that kindles us. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls poetry a

criticism of life, by no means a complete definition, as I think, though true as far as it goes. If it be correct, very much as to the character of the poetry must depend on the point of view of the critic. And the reason why we are little affected by so much contemporary poetry, while Tennyson and those who follow him sway us at their will, is that the latter class lay their finger on the permanent sources of feeling in man while the others touch those feelings only which are evanescent and transitory.

There is an important contrast, also, between the two schools as to their power of reflective thought. Very much of the best modern poetry has been distinguished for its reflective character. Wordsworth especially, and after him Coleridge and Southey, introduced a method in poetry which has been fruitful of results. It may be true—probably it is—that they carried their reflective mode of writing so far as to clip the wings of their imagination, and to infect their poetry excessively with the pale cast of thought. But their main idea is fruitful because it is perpetually true, and that idea is that Nature is the manifestation of thought, and therefore craves interpretation as well as description. They construe the world as a picture language, and strive to read its riddles to others. Rocks and trees, waters and winds, the infinite depths of the sky, and the 'surgy murmur of the lonely sea' have meaning as well as beauty, a message and a communion for the thoughtful mind and the sensitive heart. Tennyson and the Brownings are of the same faith. They find everywhere signs and tokens, they meet in the world of nature, as they do in that of man, mind and spirit, not wholly alien from their own. It is the surpassing charm of Tennyson that he makes all the world speak to us. From the glow of the sunshine to the flower on the crannied wall, he finds, as Shakspere said the poet ought to do—

> Tongues in trees, books in the murmuring brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

And take notice that this habit of looking for the expression of thought in Nature tends to increase vastly the power of thought in the poet himself. Wordsworth is full of keen, clear thinking. So is Tennyson. Mr. Browning is, in a strictly artistic sense, too full of it. He is one of our profoundest and most abtruse thinkers, as well as a specially imaginative poet. But when we turn to the immoral school the contrast is complete. Music they have, a sad undertone of sweet melancholy, but thought is conspicuous by its absence. In fact they tell us frankly that they have nothing to say. Oscar Wilde begins his volume of poems by a sonnet in which he laments the times on which he has fallen, times which do not know their own mind, and which have no thought to give us. Not long since I read in one of our reviews an essay on the interpretation of Nature, in which it was not difficult to trace the hand of a poet of this school, the whole purpose of which was to show that, as Nature is without mind, and therefore without meaning, the idea of interpreting Nature must be given up, and we must be content with describing her. When we remember the undoubted natural powers of some of these men, of Mr. Swinburne for instance, the utter poverty of thought which marks their writings is something terrible. It seems the very cretinism or idiocy of poetic thinking. The same is true in but a slightly less degree of the other members of the school. Notwithstanding all they can do to write one another up, as unequalled men of genius, their poor rags of thought proclaim their pauperism. The writing up goes on, by the way, furiously. Mr. Swinburne reviews Mr. Rossetti's last book in the *Athenæum*, and tells us that now at last the trumpet of deliverance has sounded, and the poetic Evangel has come. Then Mr. Rossetti

reviews Mr. Swinburne, and we learn that since Shakspere there has been no such dramatic genius as that displayed in this tragedy, and that even Shakspere had better look to his laurels. While it is a matter of our modern time one can find patience for all this, silly though it be; but when it comes to disturbing the bones of Shakspere, one is inclined to take up his own parable and say :—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear.

This is pretty certain, at all events, that it will require a ripe and subtle insight into the human mind, and a delicate dissection of life and character, of which we see few signs at present, to disturb the reign of him

Who in our wonder and astonishment
Hath built himself a living monument,
And so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb might wish to die.

Look at another quality of good poetry, its power to awaken and to stimulate. This is characteristic in a high degree of the best poetic utterances. They are like 'the breezy call of incense breathing morn' to us. They are the very voice of nature in all its freshness and simple beauty, like the hum of bees, the bloom of flowers, the sweet breath of spring, the tinkling of waterfalls. Or if they celebrate human life and endeavour they arouse us to deeds of daring or aspirations after the honourable. Chaucer is the venerable father of our poetry, and of him I can never think but in the words in which he describes the young squire :

Embroided was he as it were a mead,
All full of freshé flowers white and redé,
Singing he was and fluting all the day,
He was as fresh as is the mouth of May.

The same is true of Shakspere and Spenser, and of the illustrious men who gathered about them and followed them. To read their pages is like taking a brisk morning walk. Of Milton, still more would need to be said. There is much, of course, in his great epic which we have laid aside as a mode of thought, but how it thrills our very souls with a sense of dignity and majesty, and carries us above our ordinary selves. In this respect, also, not only Wordsworth and his school, but Tennyson and his, stand in the true succession. So did Byron, after his fashion, and Shelley, whose life as well as his poetry was one long aspiration, as he has himself put it :

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The longing for something afar,
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Indeed, till quite recently, there has been no break in the ideal and, therefore, in the stimulating quality, of our poetry. But it is so no longer. Take the physical school as your guide, and you will believe that the purpose of poetry is either to inflame your animal appetite, or to gratify your taste for bric-à-brac, or to practise felicities of language, or to lull you to sleep in an atmosphere loaded with the perfume of wax lights and faint with the sentiments of amorous songs. One turns away from an hour's reading of it sated and all but nauseated, as from a feast of over-luscious dainties. The man in us is quelled and slackened into quiescence, as though by a dose of opium. It is a perpetual lotus eating to all the higher powers of the soul. Of course, I speak now of tendency; no criticism such as this can be absolutely true. It is fair to say, also, that Mr. Morris is less of an offender in this direction than others of his school. And yet of them all it is true. A gentle languor, a sense of acquiescence in the inevitable, a feeling like that reflected in the words of the intellectual exquisite, 'there's nothing new and nothing true, and it doesn't matter;' this is what we carry away in place of the stern resolve and impulse to resolute endeavour with which Tennyson filled our youth and which Browning and his gifted wife have stimulated our manhood. It is not difficult to find the cause. Poetry

hitherto has been the organ and the the expression of a faith in God, or man, or both. Now it is the organ of an absence of faith, confessed and proclaimed. Its Evangel is—yesterday I was nothing; to morrow, for aught I can tell, I shall be nothing again, and meanwhile I know nothing, except that nothing is to be known. It would be difficult to find inspiration in a creed like that; we need not wonder at its absence.

Good poetry, again, should be sensuous. It should delight in the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the stimulated senses, generally. But it is necessary to keep the sensuous element in firm control, not only for the sake of the higher life, but for its own sake also. As soon as it becomes jaded and overdone, it falls into morbidness. Milton's 'L'Allegro' is sensuous. Shakspere is sensuous in riotous profusion. Tennyson is exquisitely and deliciously sensuous. But none of these great poets are sensual. Even Chaucer is not, though he is sometimes coarse, and occasionally treads on the verge of sensuality. As dogmatism is puppyism grown up (according to *Punch's* celebrated definition), so sensuality is sensuousness run to seed. The senses, if you please, are subordinate. That, I hope, is no new truth; if so, all the great thinkers in the world, from Thales to—well, to your favourite contemporary authority—have been wrong. But in the physical school of poetry the senses, and the appetites that start from sense, are crowned and reign supreme. If you wish to know what I mean, open Mr. Swinburne's vigorous pages in which he glorifies lust and blood in a manner of which, to do them justice, the Romans, even of the later empire, would have been ashamed. Nor is Rossetti much better. He does not indeed, as Mr. Swinburne does, eke out his poverty of thought with revolting blasphemy, and with a bestiality whose very excesses go far to bring about their own cure, but the undertone of his writing is wholly and utterly immoral and unideal. Woman is to him, as she is to Swinburne, simply the object of an appetite as purely animal as hunger or thirst. He is, as he does not disguise, immoral. I ask you to look at this literary phenomenon with some attention. The loss of spiritual faith has already borne this fruit for us in the domain of poetry. Our modern poetry is saying, as there is no light for us, except the dim light of the present, let us throw away moral restraint. Let us float on the tides of appetite and sail before the gale of passion. Away with the 'creeds that refuse to restrain.' Let us gather and crush the grape of enjoyment. Life is short, let it be merry.

I have contended in these pages that the relaxing of the moral bond is the logical result of an unspiritual philosophy; I now call attention to the fact that in the literary representatives of this school, this result is the first and most conspicuous of actual developments, and when I read the, to me, inane folly and degrading self-abandonment of some writers of this school, I am thankful that the fruit has so quickly ripened. For man is not an animal only, he is a rational nature; yes, and a spiritual also. Because he is so, he cannot rest in the life of a beast or a demon. And when such a life is drawn out before him in all its naked deformity, the midnight of his degradation is come, and the revolving sphere is already moving towards the dawn. To quote words which, even here, will not, I hope, be thought inappropriate, 'the Dayspring from on high is near with healing in his wings.'

I may point out another phase of contrast between the poetry of the school of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and that of the physical school. The poetry of belief is, of course, the poetry of hope; that of unbelief is without hope. This is very striking. Our philosophical agnostics, to do them justice, are full of hope at any rate,

of a certain sort. They see an earthly paradise in the future preparing for man. Comte is sure it is coming, George Henry Lewes is eloquent about it. Marian Evans sings of the better days and the nobler natures which will follow when our poor race has passed away—though even in her the undertone of melancholy is distinctly audible when she abandons prose and writes poetry. But the know-nothings of the poetic school are quite hopeless. They have never done telling us of the effeteness of the past and the blackness of the future. The days of manhood are over, they say, and those of puny intellects and flaccid wills are here. They are worse than Pandora; when they have let loose on us all the possible ills of life, they do not leave even hope at the bottom of the box. There is something amusing, I admit, in the partly affected semi-Byronic despair of a young gentleman like Mr. Oscar Wilde; they suggest, in their falsetto tone, that the creed which they express has not penetrated very deeply into the convictions of the apostle of the sunflower and the lily. But it is significant that he has nothing better to give us. Tennyson had. O but we were full of faith and hope in the dear old days when we tore open the new volume and read with flashing eyes and thrilling heart the invocation—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade:
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

There was something to live by in that, and something to work by too. We saw almost as with the outward eye, the one far off divine goal to which the whole creation moves. For my part, I thank Mr. Tennyson, and I do not thank the unbelievers. He made me a richer, better, more hopeful man. I do not find that they do. And on the whole I refuse the new wine, for I say the old is better. And as it is fuller of flavour and strength, more provocative of thought, has greater power of healthy stimulation, is healthily sensuous without being sensual, and gives me a hope of better days for man on earth, and of a larger life to come, 'when beyond these voices there is peace,' I shall, I fancy, continue to quaff the former and richer vintage.

GARIBALDI,

Died at Caprera, June 2nd, 1882.

MEMORIAL VERSES BY A CANADIAN.

Dead at Caprera! So, for love of thee,
All people that are free,
In this supreme hour that has crowned thy fame,
Salute an honoured name.
O Garibaldi! Star of Freedom, risen
From battle-field and prison!
From Rome, where now no priescraft's incense mars
Her Galileo's stars!
From Naples, freed by thee, and chainless still,
Beneath her fire-crowned hill;
For thee, pure Patriot, true Republican,
King's foe and friend of Man;
Not only by Italia's sacred streams
Hast quelled the evil dreams,
The two-fold nightmare foul of priests and kings;
By Tiber's poisoned springs,
And where fair Florence gleams, a flower and star,
On Arno's breast afar;
But that thy brave words said, thy great deeds done,
Have made a nation *one*;
Bade scattered interests, creeds, and races be
United Italy.
So we of the three kindred peoples sprung,
Who speak an English tongue,
Who, loving England, hope one day to see
Our own republic, free,
In union of all creeds and races rise
Beneath Canadian skies;
Would with the flower wreaths on this tomb of thine
One spray of maple twine.

—C. PELHAM MULVANY.

SELECTED.

THE CONDUCT OF ENGLAND TO IRELAND.*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, JAN. 30, 1882.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

IN the long night of Irish history, the single gleam of light, before the rise of the Liberal party in England, is the administration of Cromwell, the truest and grandest of Liberals, though he was compelled by the exigencies of his position and his cause to hold the sword, and held not the sword in vain. In the legislative union of Ireland as well as Scotland with England, he anticipated by a century and a half the work of Pitt, without the corruption to which Pitt was driven, and which has left a lasting stain on the transaction. By the hand of his able and upright son, Henry, he introduced the most enlightened measures of legal and general reform. With the eye of a true statesman he saw that, as he said, Ireland was a blank paper, on which improvements might be tried which prejudice would not suffer to be tried in England. By the Legislative Union he would have put an end to the treatment of Ireland as a foreign nation, and stifled in its birth the diabolical policy of killing Irish manufactures and trade. It is almost agonizing to think what twenty or even ten years more of the Protector might have done. The science of history, if it aspires to prediction, must learn to foresee the appearance of great men and to measure the length of their lives.

In times to come, perhaps, the restoration of the Stuarts will be kept as a national fast. They failed to turn out the Cromwellian landowners in Ireland, who, after some tough wrestling, held their own, and, though aliens to the natives in race, religion, and feeling, were at least residents and improvers of their lands. But the Stuarts repealed the Union, thus making Ireland again a foreign country to England, and giving the signal for that narrow-minded and iniquitous persecution of Irish trade, which is really the most unredeemed part of this evil story, for wrong-doing which arises from political or religious passion may be to some extent redeemed by the comparative grandeur of the motives, as well as by mutual provocation. The one chance for the improvement of Ireland and for the existence of good relations between the two countries was the growth of Irish industry, which has not failed, even at this late hour, to produce its effect, but in its greatest centres has done much to allay political discontent and to weaken the forces of disunion. At the same time, Catholic Ireland, removed by Repeal from the control even of a Cavalier Parliament and governed absolutely under constitutional forms by the viceroys of the Stuarts, became to her utter bane and ruin the privy workshop of Stuart conspiracy, the clandestine recruiting ground and drill-yard of the forces by which, in conjunction with the money and arms of the French despot, the Stuarts hoped to root out Protestantism and liberty in Great Britain. That she was put to this use was her misfortune rather than her fault: yet the historical fact remains. English Protestantism and freedom saw an Irish army in the service of James II., and the Jesuits encamped at their gates; they saw a native Irish Parliament, under the villainous guidance of Tyrconnell, passing sweeping acts of attainder against all men of English

* To bring the publication of this address within reasonable space in THE MONTHLY, the earlier portion of it has been omitted. [ED. *C.M.*]

blood and Protestant religion ; they saw the Irish fighting side by side with the troops of the Bourbon tyrant and his fanatical bishops on the morrow of the Dragonnades and the massacres of the Cevennes. They, and liberty with them, were saved almost by miracle. After their victory, they dealt out a cruel measure of penal repression to the religion which had identified itself with a crusade of reactionary despots against national independence and human freedom. In lands where the Protestants, instead of being victorious, were vanquished by the Catholic powers, their lot was not merely social repression and political disfranchisement ; they were butchered, driven into exile, sent to the galleys, or burned at the stake ; and in their persecution, we may be sure, every Irish priest in those days rejoiced. The blame of all that Ireland suffered in consequence of the attempt of the Stuarts against liberty rests mainly, not on England, but on the Stuarts themselves, on Louis XIV., and on the other Catholics who conspired with them, including the unhappy Catholics of Ireland.

The result, however, was the reduction of the Celtic Irish, during the first half of the eighteenth century, to the condition of helots—religious, political, and social. As the century of Voltaire and Rousseau wore on, religious tolerance, or, to speak more truly, indifference, gained ground ; and the fetters of the Catholics were gradually loosened, the sceptic Chesterfield, as viceroy, taking a leading part in the relaxation. The Anglican Bishops, however, through whom the English Government usually managed the country, struggled, as in England, against every concession, not only to the Roman Catholics, but to the Presbyterians of the North, the sinews of the Protestant interest as well as the most loyal adherents of the British Crown, and thereby sowed the seeds of revolt in Ireland, besides sending across the Atlantic exiles filled with the bitter memory of persecution, and ready to take part in the American Revolution. It is difficult to read with patience the history of Episcopal government when we think what it cost the nation, and what characters for the most part were the Bishops by whom it was exercised. But the religious, or even the political question, it must be repeated, was the smallest item in the sum of evils. The largest items were those connected with the land. The people multiplied with the recklessness which always attends degradation, and which the Catholic religion, if it does not encourage, certainly does nothing to prevent. The country is a grass country, unfitted, much of it, for the growing of grain, and therefore not capable of producing a large amount of food, except in the low and precarious form of the potato. There was no emigration, for the Celt at least, either to Great Britain or to the Colonies, though the Catholic powers made Ireland their recruiting ground, and France especially used up a good many of the young men in her Irish brigade. There were no manufactures or mines, while upon the woollen trade and Irish trade in general the malignant jealousy of English commerce inexorably laid its fell embargo. The result was, what it would have been in a rabbit warren, closely paled in, and visited by occasional droughts, as the counterparts of the periodical failures of the potato. It was a fearful illustration of the Malthusian law operating in its naked severity without any corrective influence. Multitudes perished by famine, while others, upon the brink of famine, lived upon one meal a day of potatoes mixed with seaweed. Swift, in a horribly elaborate piece of pleasantry, proposed that the peasants should kill and eat their own children. But the land, wretched as was the subsistence on it, was the sole livelihood of the people. Therefore they clung to it and fought for it with the tenacity of despair. Hence, Irish agrarianism, with its deadly guerilla warfare, its secret societies, its infernal cruelties, its hideous annals of savagery and crime. The landlords, meanwhile, had become as a class lost to duty and worthless. They were a crew of spendthrift, drunken, duelling profligates, and at the same time incredibly insolent and tyrannical in their behaviour to the poor. Many of them became absentees, and squandered in the pleasure cities of England the rents which middlemen wrung for them out of a famishing peasantry. The middlemen, of course, were as hard as a millstone ; they ground the peasant ruthlessly, not even speaking a kind word to soften extortion ; and thus absenteeism added fresh bitterness and increased horrors to agrarian war.

Agrarian war and nothing else, or hardly anything else, it was, and is, so far as the people were or are concerned,

though the landlords being aliens in race and in religion, the conflict has always had, and still retains, a political and religious tinge. There was a political movement going on at the same time, but this, it is important to mark, was not among the people of the oppressed, but among those of the dominant race. It was an insurrection of the Irish Parliament, a Parliament of ascendency and privilege, against the legislative control of the Parliament of Great Britain, and the administrative control of the British Crown. It was begun by the spleen of Swift, who hated Ireland and despised her people with all his cankered heart, but wanted to spite the Government, which had refused to make an obscene atheist a bishop. A colour of patriotism was given to the movement by the insane trade policy which, under the pressure of the British merchants, the Parliament of Great Britain persisted in maintaining, by the abuses of the Irish pension list, and the general mismanagement of Irish affairs. But its main object was that of a selfish and corrupt oligarchy, which wanted to have all the power and all the plunder in its own hands. If the political disabilities of the Catholics were relaxed, it was not because privilege had become liberal or national, but because, severed from England and placed in antagonism to her, it found itself too weak to stand alone. The Castle in its worst hour could not be more ready to give bribes than the Patriot leaders of the Parliament with few exceptions were to take them. Patriotism, with most of these men, was simply an instrument for squeezing patronage out of the Government. They had amongst them, it is true, a large measure of that eloquence, of which the condition, besides a lively imagination and a copious flow of words, is freedom from the restraint of good sense, veracity, and self-respect. Grattan was the best of them, and Grattan talked much brilliant nonsense. Their debates were orgies of declamation, stimulated by the wine which they drank in oceans, breaking out into the most outrageous personalities, and often ending in duels. Everybody got drunk, everybody was in debt, even the highest functionary of the law was a duellist. It is easy to sympathise with the wistful look which the aspiring youth of Ireland casts at the empty Parliament House on College Green, but it would not be easy to sympathise with any desire to people those Halls again with the ranting and canting place-hunters of the Irish Parliament before the Union.

The American Revolution, and the achievement of American Independence, aided like everything else that tended to disruption by the folly of the British Parliament, the corruption of an aristocratic Government, and the interested bigotry of the hierarchy, brought the nationalist movement in Ireland to a head. The patriots took arms, formed themselves into a national militia, under the name of Volunteers, and by their menacing attitude extorted from England, depressed by defeat in the American war, the concession of legislative independence. For twenty years Ireland had a Parliament of her own, free to legislate at its will, and checked only in an indirect and clandestine way by Castle management, and the influence of Government in elections. The net upshot of the experiment was not the reign of glory and felicity seen by the enraptured eye of Grattan, but the rebellion of 1798.

The rebellion of 1798 began not among the peasantry of the Celtic and Catholic provinces, but among the rationalists and free-thinkers of the North, who sympathised with the French Revolution. The Catholic priesthood of Ireland were as far as possible from sympathising with the French Revolution, which, in their eyes, was atheist. The peasants were as little free-thinking as those of La Vendée, and there was not in them enough of political life to move them to a political revolution. But the political agitation in the North set the agrarian agitation in the rest of the island blazing. Then all the elements of discord and devilry, the hatred of race and the hatred of religion, as well as the sleepless hostility between rack-renter and rack-rented, burst forth, much as they had in 1641, and there followed about as hideous a reign of all that is worst in man, and one about as unredeemed either by great objects or great figures, as any in the annals of evil. The Orange gentry and yeomanry, including, no doubt, many a patriot Volunteer, went about over large districts, flogging, picketing, pitch-capping, and half-hanging the ever detested Catholic and Celt. It is useless for any heroic advocate of flogging and pitch-capping to attempt to shake the testimony of such witnesses as Sir Ralph Abercromby

and Lord Cornwallis about the conduct of these men. Nor did the savage peasantry fail when they rose to perpetrate the nameless atrocities of galley slaves who have broken their chains. All this took place, be it observed, not under the Union, but in an Ireland which was enjoying legislative independence; and though, thanks to a Liberal policy, the antagonisms which produced that sanguinary chaos have been mitigated, they are not yet extinct. If Hoche had succeeded in landing, as, but for the merest accidents of weather, he certainly would, Ireland might have tried for a few years the fraternity of French liberators; and that experience also might have been instructive.

This was the end of the independent nationality of Ireland. A Parliament of the two races which had been butchering and torturing each other with worse than savage fury, a Parliament of the half-hangers and the half-hanged, of the pitch-cappers and the pitch-capped, would have been such a political combination as the world had never known. A far less sagacious eye than that of Pitt would have seen the necessity of the Union. Pitt is commonly taken to have been a very strong man. A man of high bearing he was, and in a certain sense courageous, but it may be doubted whether he was very strong. Had he been, he would probably have carried out the Union as Cromwell did in a straightforward way, as a measure of plain necessity; he would not have descended to corruption in order to purchase the votes of a more than venal oligarchy, which, had it been handled with determination, would not have dared, isolated and hated as it was, to lift a finger against the Government. To corruption of the very vilest kind, prostituting honours as well as misapplying public money, Pitt did descend, and it is instructive to remember that not a few titles styled of nobility had their origin in a transaction worse than any ordinary swindling.*

Not only with corruption was the Union tainted but with breach of public faith. The fact is past dispute that Pitt held out to the Catholics hopes amounting morally to a promise of emancipation. He wished to redeem his pledge. Had he been allowed to do so then, in the accepted hour, and with the grace of unforced concession, from what a train of calamities might the Empire have been saved! George III. forbade, and Pitt lacked resolution to overrule the Royal will; in truth, the fatal flaw in his own constitutional title to the Premiership, into which he had been thrust by Royal intrigue, was enough to paralyse him in any conflict with the King. It was not the fault of poor old George III. that he, with an intellect scarcely equal to the lowest office, was called upon to fill the highest. But when we consider what the nation paid for his unfitness—when we put together the results of the war with the American Colonies, that with the French Republic, the postponement of justice to the Catholics of Ireland, and the obstruction for half a century of all reforms—we shall keenly realise the benefits of personal Government and feel duly grateful to those who have just been trying to revive it.

No moral validity can belong to a compact effected by such means as were employed to carry the Union. So much must be frankly conceded to those who demand its abrogation. The Union stands now, not on that tainted agreement, but on the proof, historical and political, of its necessity; on its eighty years of prescription; on its beneficial consequences to both countries; on the evils and dangers to both which would be entailed by its repeal. The Act of Union is an old parchment, which anybody is free to tear in pieces. The Union is a vital object, to be upheld and

* Of the character of Irish politicians before the Union, and of those with whom Pitt had to deal, an illustration is given by Mr. Massey, in his 'History of England,' from a confidential report made to Pitt by the Irish Government on the state of parties and interests in the Irish House of Commons.

H. H., son in law to Lord A., and brought into Parliament by him. Studies the law; wishes to be a Commissioner of barracks or in some similar place. Would go into orders and take a living.

H. D., brother to Lord C. Applied for office; but, as no specific promise could be made, has lately voted in opposition. Easy to be had if thought expedient. A silent, gloomy man.

L. M., refuses to accept £500 per annum; states very high pretensions from his skill in House of Commons management; expects £1,000 per annum. N.B.—Be careful of him.

T. N., has been in the army and is now on half-pay, wishes a troop of dragoons on full pay. States his pretensions to be fifteen years' service in Parliament. N.B.—Would prefer office to military promotion; but already has and has long had a pension. Character, especially on the side of truth, not favourable.

R. P., independent but well disposed to Government. His four sisters have pensions, and his object is a living for his brother.

T. P., brother to Lord L., and brought in by him; a captain in the navy, wishes for some sinecure employment.

defended to the uttermost by those who are sincerely convinced of its value.

The story has been traced down to the time of the Union. So far it is a dark story—about as dark a story as any in human annals. But let us once more remind ourselves that if Ireland had been left to herself, with her own turbulent chiefs and brawling clans; with her impulsive excitable, and, when excited, fearfully savage people; with her economical disadvantages; with the perils of her geographical relation to a more powerful neighbour; amidst the fierce eddies of European politics and the religious wars of the Reformation; there might have been a story not less dark. To usurp an Irish privilege, Tara's Halls, which never existed, might have seen tragedies of their own. England, too, during those six centuries, had her tides of calamity. We cannot annul the past; nor is the present responsible for it. No living Englishman, no father or grandfather—we might also say no great-grandfather—of any living Englishman had anything more to do with the enactment of the penal laws, or with the imposition of restrictions on Irish trade, than any living Irishman or his father or grandfather had with the massacre of 1641 or the attempt of James II. on the life of liberty. England has stood long enough in sackcloth and ashes before every rhetorical avenger of bygone wrongs. I take my stand on the utmost verge of living responsibility, at the period when, the struggle with Napoleon being over, and the force of reaction being spent, the English people themselves began to recover their liberties and to exercise some control over their own affairs. I ask what, since that period, has been the behaviour of England to Ireland. Fifteen or twenty years ago I was the guest of Guizot at Val Richer, where, withdrawn in the evening of his stormy day from political strife to historical studies and to the domestic happiness of which there was no lovelier picture than the old statesman's home, he looked calmly forth upon a world in the turmoil of revolution. He was a good friend to England, but no Anglomaniac. The disputes about Tahiti and the Spanish marriages must have left their trace; and though a Protestant he was so much more a Conservative statesman than a sectarian as to be inclined to support the temporal power of the Pope. We talked of Ireland, and M. Guizot said: 'The conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been admirable.' I reminded him that there was still one capital grievance to be redressed; that the State Church of the minority must go; with that reservation, I said that I, as an Englishman, could, with a clear conscience, accept the compliment. 'Yes,' he replied, 'the State Church of the minority must go, but otherwise, I repeat what I said; the conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been admirable.' On one side is the hyperbolic fury of the Irish orator, with that gift of foaming rhetoric which is one of the curses of his country, denouncing the unparalleled, the indescribable, the inconceivable tyranny of the Government which has just passed the Land Act; on the other side is the deliberate and emphatic judgment of the impartial statesman. I say that the facts of history are on the side of the statesman.

When, after its long depression, the popular party in this country raised its head what was the first measure which it carried? It was Catholic Emancipation, a reform which enured mainly to the benefit of Ireland. Ostensibly Catholic Emancipation was the work of Tories, but it was forced upon them by the Liberal movement, at the head of which, in his latter days, was Canning. This was before the reform of Parliament, before the electoral liberties of Englishmen had been restored to them, when Liberalism had just awakened and begun to make its influence felt. Of Parliamentary Reform, of Municipal Reform, all the substantial benefits were extended to Ireland; and to signalise the political equality which had been established, Irish votes in the House of Commons long kept in power a Government against which there was a majority in Great Britain. The Tithe Commutation Act was again pre-eminently an Irish Reform: in Ireland alone the cruel scandal of tithes collected with the bayonet had been seen. There are two great questions on which improvement in Ireland has greatly outstripped improvements in the other two kingdoms, religious equality and public education. Ecclesiastical privilege in Ireland has been abolished, while in England and Scotland it still exists. Long before England, at least, had given herself any-

thing like a system of public education, she had given one to Ireland, and was maintaining it, not out of local rates, but out of the national purse. If an Irish Catholic asserts that, in the matter of popular education, the Union has kept his country back, I would ask him to compare her state, in this respect, with that of Spain, Portugal, the South of Italy, or any other country which has been under the control of the Catholic clergy, and to tell us the result of the comparison. There are nations in Europe which, though by profession Catholic, are really free-thinking, and ruled by Governments emancipated from the influence of the priesthood : these I put out of the question ; but I say that among communities really Catholic, and subject to priestly rule, there has not been one which in regard to political and religious liberty, or in regard to popular education, would bear comparison with Ireland. In effecting these reforms, the English people, represented by the Liberal party, has had to struggle against the obstructive force of Tory reaction, with which Irish spleen and impatience are now, not for the first time, in alliance. It has had also to struggle against the character and the conduct of the Irish representation in the House of Commons. For more than one session the Galway contract was enough to cast a spell over the Irish members, and prevent them from co-operating with British Liberals in any efforts to do justice to their country. Had Irishmen been Scotchmen, disestablishment would not have been put off till 1869.

Have Irishmen for the last half-century had any real ground for complaint on the score of national equality ? Have not the civil, the military, the naval services been as open to them as to natives of the other kingdoms ? Have they not found the way clear to high command and to high honour ? Is not the Indian Civil Service full of Irishmen, while their kinsmen are yelling with joy over everything that threatens destruction to the Indian Empire ? Is any social circle closed against Irish merit and distinction ? Have any commercial restrictions been retained on Irish trade ? Have not the markets of England, beyond comparison been the best in the world, long since been thrown perfectly open both to the Irish seller and the Irish buyer ? There are Irishmen who will tell you that it is British jealousy of Irish trade that keeps the rock at the entrance of Cork Harbour. In fiscal arrangements, has any wrong been wilfully done to Ireland ? Has she not, on the contrary, been allowed to plead the past as a title to fiscal consideration in more than one case ? Has she not her full proportion of representatives for her population ? If there is anything still amiss in regard to her franchise, are not English Liberals perfectly willing to set it right ? Home Rule is a separate question. Apart from that, where is the Irish grievance, political, ecclesiastical, social, or fiscal, which the English people have not redressed or shown themselves ready, nay, eager, to redress ?

When Ireland was visited by famine, was there any backwardness in coming to her relief ? Abuse was heaped on England by Irish animosity, of course, on that as on all occasions, but it was merited neither by parsimony nor by coldness. Not only was the public purse opened, but private associations were formed in England, and embassies of succour were sent. Mr. Sullivan, the Home Ruler, says in his 'New Ireland': 'Foremost in this blessed work were the Society of Friends, the English members of that body co-operating with the Central Committee in Dublin. Amongst the most active and fearless of their representatives was a young Yorkshire Quaker, whose name, I doubt not, is still warmly remembered by Connemara peasants. He drove from village to village, he walked bog and moor, rowed the lake and climbed the mountain, fought death, as it were, hand to hand in brave resolution to save the people. His correspondence from the scene of his labours would constitute in itself a graphic memorial of the Irish famine. That young Yorkshire Quaker of 1847 was destined, a quarter of a century later, to be known to the Empire as a Minister of the Crown—the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.' This is Buckshot Forster, who, for upholding law against plunder and conspiracy, receives daily threats of assassination, besides abuse which would be exaggerated if it were applied to Nero.

No Irishman, who has undertaken a good work in Ireland, has had reason to say that English hearts were of stone ; nor has religion any more than race stood in the way. The Irish Catholic

Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, met with a support equally enthusiastic on both sides of St. George's Channel; and in his last illness, as we are told by the writer just quoted, he found more solace and relief under the tender care and affectionate attentions of Protestant friends in Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, than amidst the balmy breezes, the vineyards, and the orange groves of Madeira.

Then as to the Land Question. Irishmen speak as if English malice had imposed landlordism in Ireland. Are there no landlords in England? In Ireland, before the days of landlords proper, were there not tyrannical and coshering chiefs, who with their tails of marauding followers preyed without limit upon the people? I do not want to understate the evils which have arisen in both countries from the retention of primogeniture and entail. The case has been worse in Ireland than in England, because the feudal system was more alien and still more unsuited economically to that country than to this, and because, by the aggregation of landed property, and especially by the union of Irish with English estates in the hands of the great families, absenteeism has been engendered and increased. Absenteeism is a great evil. It is perfectly true that some of the best managed estates are those of absentees; but good management does not make up for the want of a rural chief, least of all among a peasantry so personal in their feelings and attachments as the Irish. We ought to have got rid of primogeniture and entail; this was the first and most obvious thing to be done, before entering on that most questionable and perilous kind of legislation which threatens the foundations of commercial society, by interfering retrospectively with contracts. It is almost laughable to see a feudal rule of succession existing by the side of agrarian legislation about as drastic as any since the time of the Gracchi. The responsibility for this does not rest on the English people; it rests on territorial aristocracy, the yoke of which the Irish people, instead of helping the English people to break, are now doing their best to rivet on both nations. But what has the general course of land legislation been? Has it not, if landlordism is an evil, been far more beneficial to Ireland than to England? First, there was the Encumbered Estates Act, which relieved Ireland of a spendthrift and indebted proprietary, unable to do its duty to the people, and at the same time disentailed and threw into a free market a vast amount of land, the mass of which was bought by Irishmen. A cry was raised that the ledger principle was being introduced, instead of the personal and more kindly relation between landlord and tenant. No legislator can secure to any country the benefits of two opposite systems at once; but Mr. Sullivan, while he does not deny the hardships sometimes incident to strictness, emphatically declares that the establishment of the stricter system has been socially, as well as economically, one of the most valuable of reforms. 'It is not conducive,' he says, 'to a manly independence that the occupier should be permanently behindhand with his rent, that is to say, beholden to the favour and sufferance of his lord. Much of the subjection and slavishness of peasant life in the old Ireland grew out of this habitual arrear, and one must honestly rejoice if it be changed in the new.' A few years ago came the Irish Land Act, setting aside the ledger principle and the ordinary principles of commerce, to give the Irish tenant a security of tenure and a property in his own improvements, which the English tenant does not yet possess. And now we have another Land Act, not only giving security of tenure and compensation for improvements, but cancelling existing contracts in every case where they are disadvantageous to the tenant. In America such a measure could not have been passed, because there is an article of the Constitution forbidding absolutely any legislation which would break a contract.

It is, in truth, not easy to defend the Second Land Bill on any grounds but those of the very roughest expediency, since any historical claims in the nature of status arising out of the history of the tenures had been settled by the former Land Act, which placed everything distinctly on the ground of contract, and under which capital had been largely invested in Irish land with the direct and explicit sanction of the State. Great risk has been run for the benefit of the Irish peasantry of letting in agrarianism and confiscation with a flood. Those who are not socialists could hardly have been reconciled to such a course had it not been for the failure of the Irish land-

owners as a class to perform the duties which the holders of every kind of property must perform, to render it capable of being protected by the State. With regard, then, to the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland, the Imperial Legislature has gone as far as any legislature retaining a shadow of respect for property could go. There are some who would have it abolish landownership altogether, on the ground that the land was the gift of the Creator to humanity at large, which no man ought to be permitted to appropriate, a doctrine which would render it incumbent on the Irish farmer at once to share his farm with the labourer, to whom, at present, he is, at least, as much of a lord as the land owner is to him. But it is time to call attention to the fact that neither the relation between landlord and tenant, nor anything with which a legislature, even if it were composed of Land Leaguers, could deal, is the main root of the evil. The main root of the evil is the rapid multiplication of the people on a land of which a small portion only is fit for growing wheat, especially in the face of present competition, of which a large portion is hardly fit for growing grain of any kind, and the resources of which, in the shape of minerals and coal, whatever their extent (and as regards coal, I expect exaggerated estimates have by some been formed), have, at all events, not yet been developed. This it is that puts up the rents, because the people, multiplying beyond measure, bid against each other desperately for the land, and undertake to pay more than they can possibly make. The Irish peasants have rack-rented themselves. Kill off every landlord, in a few years the suffering will be worse than ever, because the rent is something to come and go on, and a landlord, if he is worth anything, acts as a sort of provident fund in bad times. If the Irish had been left to themselves, and there had been no outlet for them, the result would have been what has been already described. They would have perished like rabbits in a confined warren. Refuge has been found for more than two millions of them in England and her colonies, for three times that number, at least, in colonies originally founded by England. If, then, emigrants, who are always complaining that England has robbed them of their country, had been pent up in their country, what would have been their fate? The study of Irish history must lead us to feel great respect for the Catholic clergy, who, through centuries of darkness and distress, were the guides, comforters, and teachers of their people, and have unquestionably been successful in upholding the family, and those laws of morality on which it rests. But the time has come when they must teach their flocks thrift and prudence. Far be it from me to advocate the unnatural restrictions placed on the growth of population in France, and perhaps elsewhere. To be fruitful, multiply, and people the earth is the law of nature and of moral health. But there is a mean between French repression and a hovel swarming with the children of a premature marriage, for whom there is no bread. Peasant proprietorship is a powerful incentive to prudence, if we could only feel sure that a grass country like Ireland is fitted for small farms. Parliaments, at all events, are powerless in the case; a Parliament on College Green would do no more than a Parliament at Westminster. The only possible effect of a repeal of the Union would be partly to close the English labour-market against Irish emigrants. The agrarian difficulties of Ireland would have had their counterpart in the Highlands, when population ceased to be kept down by clan wars, if the Highlands had not been depleted by emigration, and at the same time trained to thrift by Protestantism and its schools. They would have had their counterpart in Wales, if Wales had not been saved by the same agencies, and at the same time by her coal, copper, and iron works.

Roman Catholic countries have their characteristics. In things spiritual, it may be, they are foremost; in things economical they are not. Ireland is Roman Catholic. Irish Roman Catholicism, as has been said, is one of the accidents of history, but it is not the fault of the English Government.

Let Ireland go—that is what I have heard uttered or half-uttered in several quarters during the last six months! Is the voice that of a moral misgiving as to the righteousness of holding Ireland in the Union apparently against her will? If it is, I heartily respect it. Is it the voice of despondency or disgust? If it is, I do not respect it, at least I submit that it ought not to be heard. I am Anti-Imperialist to the core. I would

not let India go, because she would now be left to anarchy, but I wish she had never been ours. I would let all military dependencies go which are not really necessary for the protection of our trade. Rather than have everlasting enmity with Spain, I would consider at least whether Gibraltar might not be exchanged for Ceuta. On all adult colonies I would bestow nationality instead of keeping them in a state of dependency, which is enfeebling, debasing, and corrupting to them, while it brings to the mother country no real power, no commercial privilege, no benefit whatever. I am Anti-Imperialist, I repeat, to the core, and firmly convinced that political Unions not dictated by nature are condemned by true wisdom, and can be sources of nothing but discord, unhappiness, and weakness. To let Ireland go in peace, after what has happened, would be difficult. It is one thing never to have been married, another to be divorced. For some time at all events, the relation would be one not of mere independence, but of enmity. Still, if we do not feel sure that it is good for Ireland to be in the Union, and if she wants to be released, in Heaven's name let her go. I will drop the first condition, and say, even though you do feel sure that it is good for Ireland to be in the Union, if the deliberate wish of the whole or anything like the whole of her people is separation, separated let her be.

But first let us be well advised as to the fact. The disunionists say that their voice is the voice of the Irish people. That it is not the voice of the whole Irish people is certain. Ulster is for the Union; and though the nationalists choose to leave her out of sight, they would find when they came to deal with her that she counted for a good deal. Even in the three Celtic and Catholic provinces there is a Unionist element, strong when reckoned by weight, though not when reckoned by tale, stronger perhaps even when reckoned by tale at a period of social terrorism, of which the Irish are sadly susceptible, than may appear. There is, it may safely be said, a far larger Union party in Ireland than there was in the Southern States when the Americans took arms to put down secession. Great Britain owes a duty to the Irish Unionists, and if separation took place, and they were oppressed by the majority in Ireland, she would have to intervene, with arms if necessary, for their protection.

The political movement wears just now an appearance of strength, because it has connected itself with the agrarian movement. The agrarian movement, appealing not merely to the sentiments or passions of the peasantry, but to their pockets and their bellies, has always been really strong. It has always been going on with more or less violence, taking the form of a low, smouldering civil war between classes waged on the part of the peasantry by means of secret societies, and marked by outrage not only of the fiercest and most bloody, but of the most hideous and fiendish kind—of the kind that ranks the perpetrators with the Red Indian. It has continued to rage, notwithstanding all the measures of improvement, political or religious, the authors of which have been disappointed by the results, because they did not see that the central evil had not been touched. It has generated among the peasantry a perverse morality, which not only condones but applauds agrarian crime, and baffles justice by silencing witnesses and making the juryman an accomplice. Its intensity is also proved by the mutual fidelity which it produces among the conspirators, whereas of the political Fenians it has been said that where three of them meet there is a spy. Nothing in the annals of class war exceeds the history of the agrarian war in Ireland. It has been the parent of a black heroism and a lurid romance. Among the papers of Sir Robert Peel, about the date when he was wavering on the Catholic question, I found a story of agrarian murder which may well have impressed his mind. Whiteboys came to the house of a middleman or a tithe proctor at night. The man was in a room on the ground floor. In a room above were his wife and their little girl. The woman heard the Whiteboys enter, and said to the little girl, 'Child, these men have come to kill your father, and when they have killed him, they will come up here and kill me. I will put you in that closet where there is a hole in the door, through which you can look, and I will stir up the fire that there may be light for you to see. Keep quiet, do not say a word, but look well at the men and swear to them when you see them in court.' The Whiteboys having killed the man came

up and killed the woman ; the little girl looked on in silence through the hole in the closet door, swore to the murderers in court, and they were hanged upon her evidence.

The agrarian movement, I repeat, is, and always has been, strong. Would that we were certainly at the end of it yet, that there was no likelihood of another struggle for whatever may remain of the rent, which, as the proprietor will be more than ever a stranger, will, I fear, be regarded by the farmers more than ever as a tax paid to aliens. But the political movement since Catholic Emancipation, at all events, has not been strong, and has always, at bottom, been losing force, as the political grievances were successively removed, though its apparent activity and its liveliness have been increased by the spread of popular education, by the development of the popular press, by the revolutionary agitation in Europe, and by the other circumstances, including telegraphic communication, which have stimulated excitement, kindled demagogic ambition, and rendered the atmosphere more electric in the political world at large. O'Connell, triumphant on the question of Catholic Emancipation, failed ignominiously when he took up Repeal. The rising under Smith O'Brien in 1848 ended farcically, though all the spirits of revolution were abroad. That in 1867 ended more farcically still. Some of the leaders on those occasions, such as D'Arcy McGee and Gavan Duffy, afterwards became loyal citizens of the empire. In the political part of the present agitation there is not an ounce of military force. Nothing can make it formidable but our own party divisions, which cut the sinews of Government, and the hybrid character of our institutions, which in conflict with a public peril put forth neither the force of a real monarchy nor the force of a republic. One hour of the Commonwealth would bring this conflict to an end. Great causes produce great men ; the only approach to a great man ever produced by the political movement in Ireland is O'Connell, in whom, after all, there was a sinister element of falsehood. The men of 1848, though they had among them talent as well as genuine enthusiasm, were by no means great in themselves. Yet they were great in comparison with their successors. Dynamite, vitriol, infernal machines, together with slanderous and almost delirious abuse poured upon the whole English people, as well as upon ministers and members of Parliament, who have just been devoting their whole energies to the good of Ireland, are not signs of strength but of irritated weakness. Instead of extorting concession they ought to confirm the community in its determination not to yield. Let us give ear to any demand, however unwelcome, which is urged in the accents of reason ; but not to malignity in a state of frenzy. Malignity in a state of frenzy knows no more what is for its own good than it knows what is for ours. The political movement in fact would probably have died, had it not been for the rise of Fenianism in the United States. It is from the United States, not from Ireland herself, that almost the whole of the money for rebellion is drawn. We cannot help admiring the love with which the heart of the Irish emigrant glows for his mother country ; unselfish sentiment does honour to a race even though it may be misguided. But observation and inquiry have satisfied me that the Irish character in America, as well as at home, while strong in affection is weak in independence, and that many of these people subscribe to Fenianism under pressure, and, if they were left to themselves, would be glad to keep their hard earned money in their pockets. They pay under threat of social Boycotting. That among the leaders there are sincere enthusiasts need not be denied , but there are also men who live by the trade, and who get up sensations to keep the money flowing. I have little doubt that much of the dynamite and infernal machine diablerie is devised with this object. Twice the American Fenians have invaded Canada. The first time they came with some old soldiers of the Civil War, and gained a slight advantage in a skirmish with a raw volunteer regiment, but on the approach of regulars they at once recrossed the line. The second time they came with a lot of loafers, whom they had hired at a dollar a day, and retired in a great hurry before the Canadian Militia could get near them. Both enterprises were crazy in their conception, and the second at all events was comic in its result. Some of the money is subscribed by low American politicians, buying the Irish vote, to whose electoral exigencies we are hardly bound to sacrifice our Union. From this quar-

ter probably come the largest nominal subscriptions, though I am credibly assured that they are not always more than nominal. Among the native Americans generally, I say with confidence, that there is not the slightest sympathy with Fenianism. From them, Mr. Parnell, when he visited the States, called forth no response. Secession has greatly modified the traditional sentiment of the Americans on the subject of rebellion, and taught them to confine their sympathy to insurrections which are justified by hopeless wrong. They know that so far from being an obdurate tyrant the Parliament of Great Britain is doing all in its power for Ireland. Nor do they owe any political gratitude to the Irish, who, while their labour has been inestimable and indispensable, have in politics been always by their unlucky star ranged on the wrong side, have formed the rank and file of corruption, and worst of all, the main support of Slavery. Citizens of New York have not yet forgotten the Irish rising in the midst of the Civil War, and the savage atrocities which were then committed on hapless negroes in their streets, any more than the Irish have forgotten the stern severity with which when the community had gathered its forces the insurrection was put down. The people of the United States allow the Fenians to talk; they allow everybody to talk; perfect freedom of meeting and of speech is their settled principle; they will not adopt at the instance of a foreign Government repressive measures which they never adopt for themselves. But depend upon it, if Fenianism attempts to break the law of the Republic, the law will be enforced with a firm hand and with the cordial approbation of the people. If you ever see anything quoted from New York journals which seems to contradict what I have said, remember that New York journals have Irish subscribers, and that discretion, sometimes the better part of valour in war, may also be sometimes the better part of independence in the press.

Who does not now rejoice that we have kept peace and amity with America? Who wishes now that the councils of Toryism and the Southern Club had prevailed? What would be our position with Ireland in a flame, if the Americans, instead of being, as they are, full of kind feeling towards the old country, were burning with unappeased resentment, eager to pour money into Fenian coffers, and ready to connive at Fenian enterprises? I understand why a Tory wishes to estrange us from the Republic, though he is much mistaken if he thinks that American Republicans are propagandists, and shrinks from close relations with them on that account: they are, I should say, if anything, too little propagandist, and too well content that they should have what they deem the paragon of Constitutions to themselves. But how can there be a difference of opinion among Liberals as to the relations which ought to exist between the Old England and the New? Is not the foundation of the New England the grandest of all the achievements of the Old? Are not our American kinsmen propagating over that Continent, to the honour and glory of their mother country, not her race and language only, but her political character, her leading institutions, her modes of thought? The last evil memories of the old quarrel between the two branches of our race are now in the grave of the past; their knell was the sound of the cannon saluting the British flag at Yorktown. The two Englands are in heart one again, and they are being daily drawn closer to each other by commerce, by literature, by social intercourse, by all the agencies which are rapidly bridging over the Atlantic. I was in the United States in the midst of the late civil war, and incensed as the people were and had good cause for being, by the depredations of the *Alabama*, and still more by the language of British journals, I could even then see love of the old country at the bottom of their hearts. They felt unkindness from her, as they would have felt it from no other nation. With other countries you may have diplomatic connections, more or less cordial, more or less stable, which, formed by interest, will by the first divergence of interests be dissolved. With the Americans you can have friendship, and, trust me, hearty friendship, friendship which will prove its value, not only in your prosperous hour, but at your need. They are said to be ruled by the dollar. Commerce is the game of life, which they play with eagerness, often with more eagerness than they ought; but, unless I greatly misread them, no people on earth are more governed by sentiment than they are. If their sentiment in-

cludes national pride, so does ours, and interference with them on their own Continent—the Continent of which they are and must be the tutelary power—offends them, as similar interference by them in our proper sphere of action would offend us. They have no business to be meddling here, and Great Britain has no business to be meddling there. Her political meddlings with America from first to last are a record of disaster. Seize then the advantage offered in a propitious hour. Grasp frankly and firmly the hand of the English Republic, the child and the representative of your own glorious though shortlived Commonwealth. Instead of viewing her high fortunes with a jealous eye, and weakly trying to mar them, accept them, accept her power and her greatness as your own. Do this decisively and do it now. Halt not between two policies, one of friendship, the other of antagonism, missing the fruits of both. Abandon the vain project of building up on the American Continent an anti-American Empire. Nature has put her ban upon it; it will surely prove abortive; it will bring knighthoods and perhaps gain to a few colonial politicians; to the British people both here and in North America it will bring nothing but evil. Once for all have done with it, and with all the waste that it entails. Take in place of it a real and lasting accession of strength, a support which will not fail. In this world of rivalry, intrigue, treachery among nations and Governments, secure to England, as now you may, one hearty and true ally.

In saying that the political movement is weak, I do not mean to deny that there is widespread disaffection in Ireland, or to say that the disaffection is not dangerous; it undoubtedly adds venom to the agrarian agitation. It has produced a national literature of Fenianism, in which all the heroes of history, oratory, and poetry are rebels, and which forms one of the worst features of the situation. Had royalty in times past done its gracious duty by spending part of the year in Ireland, the state of feeling among the people would have been far less bad. This is an uncourtly remark, but it is true; its truth has been affirmed by every Irish friend of the Union without exception to whom I have spoken on the subject, and most emphatically by those who understood Ireland best. The political attachments of the Irishman are still personal: he has not yet been trained either in his own country or in the United States to the love of principles and institutions: his instincts are still those of the clansman whose heart craves for a chief. Royalty might have been his chief: but thrice only, and for a very short time on each occasion, have the Irish people seen their Sovereign since the Battle of the Boyne. Queen Victoria has been in Ireland three times. The void left in Irish sentiment has been filled, as it was sure to be, by other idols. Yet when Royalty did come it was received with an enthusiasm which ought to have made the path of duty pleasant; and certainly the Phœnix Park is not the most repulsive place of exile. Excuses may be framed for the neglect of Ireland by British sovereigns, but there is a strong feeling among the people of England that the duties of the highest place, like the duties of other places, ought to be done. Of course nobody advises Royalty now to visit Ireland—the motive would be apparent: it is too late. We must be thankful for the good that has been done by the displays of Royal courtesy and sympathy in the case of the United States.

It has unhappily been necessary to employ what is called coercion. All Liberals deplore it; but the name is misplaced. Coercion, in reality, it is not; it is the removal of coercion; it is the removal of the coercion exercised by a terrorist organisation, inflicting at its lawless will penalties compared with which a short imprisonment is trifling, for the purpose of preventing debtors from paying just debts, which they were able to pay, and the whole people from availing themselves of the boon which was proffered them by Parliament, and of which they did, by tens of thousands, eagerly avail themselves as soon as the obstruction was removed. To get justice done to the Irish people on the land question was not the object of the leaders; their object was to prevent justice from being done; they wanted to keep agrarian discontent alive, in order that it might furnish fuel to the fire of political revolution. They were seeking what could be attained only through civil war; they were acting in open alliance with the avowed enemies of the country in America; and from those enemies, I repeat, not from Ireland itself, their

fund was mainly derived. If ever the community was warranted in taking measures of self-defence, it was warranted in this case. After all, nothing has been done beyond the temporary withdrawal of the leading conspirators from the scene, if indeed they can be said to have been withdrawn from the scene, while they are left, as unfortunately they are, in the heart of the agitation, instead of being taken out of the island. This was no very extreme or atrocious measure when society was openly threatened with civil war. It is needless to say that the Government has done nothing unconstitutional; it has used the powers which it was constitutionally authorised and enjoined by Parliament to use in the emergency which Parliament undoubtedly had in view. So long as the executive simply obeys the Legislature, its action is in accordance with the Constitution. The arrests are called a scandal to Liberalism; a grief and a deep grief to Liberalism they are, a scandal they are not. A Government is not bound to allow itself to be overturned because it is founded on freedom and justice. The Americans did not think that the popular character of their institutions was any reason why they should shrink from upholding them against rebellion. There is, and probably will, for some time to come, be work for robust Liberalism in this unsettled world. The policeman cannot yet throw down his truncheon. If people will not of themselves respect the laws which the community makes, they must be compelled to respect them. The use of force will involve no breach of principle so long as the sole object is to make citizens obey the law, and so long as discussion of the law, with a view to its constitutional amendment, remains free. The second of these conditions, as well as the first, has been observed in the present case. There has been no interference with freedom of discussion, or even with constitutional agitation. Nothing has been put down except incitements to breaches of the law, to violence, and to rebellion. The Act of Union is like any other Act of Parliament; it must stand upon its merits, and if it is proved to be pernicious, it must fall. People ought to be and are at liberty to argue or agitate peacefully in favour of its repeal or alteration; but they are not, nor while civil Government exists will they be, at liberty to levy civil war. An attempt to levy civil war may be justifiable and meritorious in case of misgovernment, for which there is no other remedy; but those who make the attempt must be prepared for resistance on the part of the Government and those who think that the Government is worthy of being upheld. If the Ministry and the friends of the Union were capable of the fiendish Machiavellism with which they are charged by Irish passion, instead of doing all in their power to prevent an outbreak, they would allow it to take place; for nothing can be more certain than that an appearance of the League in the field, such as would warrant the Government in using troops against it, would immediately be followed by its final overthrow. At one moment it seemed as if suspension of trial by jury would be necessary in agrarian cases. If it ever is necessary, there will be no breach of principle in resorting to it, provided that a fair tribunal, such as a commission of Assize composed of men of character and station with a judge as president, not martial law, is instituted in its place. The object of trial by jury is to protect life and property; if it ceases to do this, its usefulness and its sacredness for the time are gone. It is in fact already suspended when conviction becomes impossible, and when robbery and murder stalk with impunity through the land.

Fenianism, on the present occasion, besides terrorism and Boycotting, and agrarian murder, and maiming of cattle, and infernal machines, and carding, has found another and, it must be owned, powerful engine of annoyance, Parliamentary Obstruction. That, too, will have to be put down, and put down with a firm hand, whatever alteration of forms or abridgment of liberty of speech the process may involve. This is not the cause of Great Britain alone. Obstruction threatens the integrity, nay, the existence of Parliamentary institutions, in all countries. How is the machine to act anywhere if a small minority like the Parnellites are always to have the power of stopping the wheels? The privilege of speech is given for the furtherance of deliberation; it is forfeited by those who abuse it, and avow their intention of abusing it, for the hindrance of deliberation. It is better, no doubt, always to strike the guilty than to curtail general liberties; but few will de-

plore a certain reduction of that redundancy of speech which is swamping the national councils. Some would be glad if the minute-glass could be added to the Clôture. There seems reason to fear that in the impending conflict Revolution, using obstruction as its engine, may receive the covert aid of Reaction. The Party system is on its trial. If faction prevails, so far as to make the professed upholders of order, at a moment of great public peril, league themselves with disunion against union, with rebellion against national government, with the subverters against the defenders of the dignity and life of the House of Commons, the death-warrant of the system is signed. The Conservatives have, during the last thirty years, been undergoing a training which was not likely to increase their loyalty to Parliamentary institutions, but the training has not been shared by the English people. An attempt of the Tory party to weaken and embarrass Government on this occasion would be more than unpatriotic, when we consider that the Tory party is that of the landlords, and when we also consider what a desperate client Irish landlordism is, and how it has deserted its own cause. Prompt and united action on the part of the landlords at the outset might, as the best judges say, have dissipated the storm. But they threw themselves helplessly on the Government. They seemed to think only of their hunting, like the doomed King of France on the eve of the Revolution.

No Irishman who listens to his reason, and not to his resentment, can doubt that the same hands which have given Disestablishment and the Land Act are ready to give any feasible and rational measure of Home Rule. Those who hold, as I do, that central institutions ought to be based on local institutions, and that a large measure of legislative power on local questions ought to be given to local councils, subject always to the supreme authority of the great council of the nation, would be ready to go considerable lengths in that direction. No doubt there are many Irish matters, as well as many Scotch matters, which might well be dealt with in the country to which they belong. There is no use in dragging everything to Westminster. I would go so far as to place public education among local questions, ridding the central parliament thereby of the religious difficulties which that subject involves. If Munster and Connaught did not decide right at first, perhaps they would in the end, and they would then be satisfied with the decision. But legislative union on national questions must be preserved. Of all the plans proposed, the worst is that of two independent legislatures under the same crown. Under the constitutional system the legislature is the government; two legislatures would be two governments, which might, and in the temper in which they would set out almost certainly would, take different courses on all subjects, including peace and war. The crown, instead of a golden link, as some of the Home Rulers have called it, would be a dog collar, coupling two unwilling partners, and it would give way under the first serious strain. Taxation, as well as supreme legislation, for any but strictly local objects, must be left in the national parliament because everything follows the power of the purse.

What would Ireland, separated from England and Scotland, be? Who can give anything like a definite answer to that question? No Home Ruler whose writings or speeches I have ever seen. We can understand a patriot being willing to encounter the evils of civil war and revolution, if he deems the government intolerable, and if he also sees his way to something better beyond. But who can wish to rush through civil war to chaos? What would be the form of government? What object on the morrow of the revolution could the victors present to the allegiance of the Irish people? No such thing as a national government of Ireland ever existed. Before the Norman invasion, there was perhaps a tendency to unification, but there was nothing more. There is no royal house, there is no name dear to the hearts of the people. The Fenians perhaps aim at an Irish Republic, but the mass of the peasantry in the three Celtic and Catholic provinces is unripe for Republican institutions, and would probably feel no attachment to them. A series of ephemeral dictators, pulled down in rapid succession by the jealousy of rivals, would most likely be the outcome of that experiment. But the Fenians as revolutionists and freethinkers would find themselves opposed at the outset by the priesthood and all whom the priesthood leads. Both sections would have an antagonist in Pro-

testant Ulster, who has more than once shown herself, with her Scottish force, physical and moral, able to cope with the rest of the island. If Ulster were hard pressed in the struggle, she would stretch her hands to Scotland and England for aid, which would as certainly be given. Irish disunionists hardly realize the fact that, after the separation, England would have both legally and practically all the freedom of action pertaining to a foreign power. Fear of the Irish vote would fetter her leaders no more. She would be at liberty if she was provoked to close or restrict her markets for Irish products and for Irish labour. She would be at liberty to set limits to Irish immigration, and thus to relieve herself of the political danger to which she is in increasing measure exposed from the formation of great Irish settlements in this country. She would be at liberty to press any demands she pleased, and, if they were rejected, to enforce them with her arms. In truth, of the inducements to separation not the least are upon her side. There are some who say, half in earnest, let Ireland go, leave her to her own anarchic force, let her try what independence is, let her pass through a few years of embroilment and confusion : she will then be glad to return to the Union, and satisfied to remain quietly in it for the future. The policy would be cruel, but it is not certain that it would be unwise.

Ireland has a distinct boundary, but she can hardly be said to have any other element of a separate nationality. English is already the language of almost all, and will soon be that of all, her people. In race, religion, political character, there is as little unity as there can well be among any population shut in by the same seas. In respect of language, at any rate, Wales is more a country by itself than Ireland, and the Welsh Princes belong to a less remote period of history than the Irish Kings. The very leader of the Nationalists on this occasion is English in name and blood.

Be not weary of well-doing. Remember, in half a century of popular government, how much has been effected, what a mountain of abuses, restrictions, monopolies, wrongs, and absurdities has been cleared away. In face of what difficulties has this been achieved ! what prophecies of ruin have all along been uttered by reaction or timidity, and how one after another have those prophecies been belied ! In the case of England and Scotland, the fruits of a Liberal policy are visible in a wealthier, a happier, a better, a more united, and a more loyal people. In the case of Ireland they are not yet so clearly visible ; yet they are there. The Ireland of 1882, though not what we should wish her to be, is a very different Ireland from that of the last century or of the first quarter of the present. Catholic exclusion, the penal code, the State Church of the minority are gone ; in their place reign elective government, religious liberty, equality before the law. A system of public education, founded on perfect toleration of all creeds, and inferior perhaps to none in excellence, has been established. The Land Law has been reformed and again reformed on principles of exceptional liberality to the tenant. Wealth has increased, notwithstanding all the hindrances put in the way of its growth by turbulence ; the deposits both in the savings' banks and in the ordinary banks bear witness to the fact. Pauperism has greatly declined. Outrage, on the average, has declined also, though we happen just now to be in a crisis of it. Under the happy influence of equal justice, religious rancour has notably abated ; the change has been most remarkable in this respect since I first saw Ireland. Influential classes, which injustice in former days put on the side of revolution, are now at heart ranged on the side of order and the Union, though social terrorism may prevent them from giving it their open support. The garrison of Ascendency, political, ecclesiastical, and territorial, has step by step been disbanded ; an operation fraught with danger, because those who are deprived of privilege are always prone in their wrath to swell the ranks of disaffection, which yet has been accomplished with success. If the results of political, religious, and educational reform seem disappointing, it is, as I have said before, because the main question is not the franchise, or the Church, or the public school, but the land. With that question a Liberal Parliament and a Liberal Government are now struggling ; while its inherent difficulties are increased by Tory reaction on the one side and by Fenian revolution on the other. Of all the tasks imposed by the accumulated errors and wrongs of ages,

this was the most arduous and the most perilous. Yet hope begins to dawn upon the effort. Only let the nation stand firmly against Tory and Fenian alike, and against both united, if they mean to conspire, in support of the leaders whom it has chosen, and to whose hands it has committed this momentous work. If separation even now were to take place, what has been done would not have been done in vain. Ireland would go forth an honour to England, not a scandal and a reproach, as she would have been if their connection had been severed sixty years ago. If any one doubts it, I challenge him once more to compare the state of Ireland with that of any other Roman Catholic country in the world. But of separation let there be no thought; none at least till Parliament has done its utmost with the Land Question and failed. Let us hope, as it is reasonable to hope, that where so much has been accomplished, the last and crowning enterprise will not miscarry. Settle the Land Question, and that which alone lends strength to political discontent, to conspiracy, to disunion, will be gone. Passion will not subside in an hour, but it will subside, and good feeling will take its place. The day may come when there will be no more talk of England and Scotland governing Ireland well or ill, because Ireland, in partnership with England and Scotland, will be governing herself, and contributing her share to the common greatness and the common progress: when the Union will be ratified not only by necessity, but by free conviction and good will; when the march of wealth and prosperity will no more be arrested by discord, but the resources of the Island will be developed in peace, and the villas of opulence perhaps will stud the lovely shores, where now the assassin prowls and property cannot sleep secure; when the long series of Liberal triumphs will be crowned by the sight of an Ireland no longer distracted, disaffected, and reproachful, no longer brooding over the wrongs and sufferings of the past, but resting peacefully, happily, and in unforced union at her consort's side. The life of a nation is long, and though by us this consummation may not be witnessed, it may be witnessed by our children.

LOTUS.

WHEREFORE awake so long,
Wide-eyed, laden with care?
Not all battle is life,
But a little respite and peace
May fold us round as a fleece
Soft-woven for all men's wear.
Sleep then, mindless of strife;
Slumber, dreamless of wrong;—
Hearken my slumber song,
Falling asleep.

Drowsily all noon long
The warm wind rustles the grass
Hushedly, lulling thy brain,
Burthened with murmur of bees,
And numberless whispers, and ease;
Dream-clouds gather and pass,
Of painless remembrance of pain;
Havened from rumour of wrong,
Dreams are thy slumber-song,
Fallen asleep.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A., CHATHAM, N.B.

ROUND THE TABLE.

REVERENCE.

IS the faculty of Reverence dying out altogether? and if not, what *will* the next few generations reverence? I start with the postulate that, unless the man of the future is to be an egotistical prig, he will always see something beyond his powers of attainment for which he will be filled with veneration and which he will, in the true spirit of the word, worship. What will that be? Now I imagine it must be conceded that the customary forms of reverence are very generally falling into disuse, and that already the inhabitants of the North American Continent may claim to be about the most irreverent people that ever lived on the face of the earth. I do not merely, or even briefly, allude to Chicago newspapers, with their theological and biblical *facetiæ*, headed 'Sunday Salad,'—nor to the chaste views of a Guiteau on the (apparently to him) kindred subjects of inspiration and insanity,—neither will I lay stress on the buffooneries of an Ingersoll,--all of which are merely casually-prominent instances of the underlying faculty for profanity which displays itself in almost every grade of American Society.

But I do wish to point out the essentially similar spirit in which the (*soi disant*) religious classes treat all holy topics. '*Rien n'est sacré pour un*—revivalist.' To omit hackneyed instances drawn from the jocular moods of Talmage or the flowery moments of a Beecher's eloquence, I remember a religious itinerant lecturer (lying at the time under a charge of immoral conduct) telegraphing to a meeting which he was to address, that they should fill up the time untll his accidentally-delayed arrival by singing 'Hold the Fort, for *I* am coming!' It was probably reserved for those in outer darkness (such as myself) to detect any blasphemous tendency in that *Ego*. Again, I have heard Methodist delegates relate the most excruciatingly funny anecdotes, turning on incidents in pulpit or Sunday school and on the deepest mysteries of the Christian faith; some, indeed, so comic that I have regretted ever since not being a class-leader so that I could add to my reputation for humour by relating them to my friends. But what shall we say to the following item, copied from the New York *Times*?—premising that Mr. Pentecost appears to be a highly popular trainer of Sunday-school teachers. He relates that he 'once met a lady with a clouded brow and anxious look. He asked her what was the trouble . . . "Six different cooks in five days, Mr. Pentecost!" "Why do you not go to Jesus with your troubles?" he asked. . . The next time they met she told him she had followed his advice and that almost immediately just the person she wanted had come to her for employment —*the best cook she had ever had.*'

What is this but to turn the Deity into a high-class Registry office for servants? Could a more degraded notion of the function of prayer be conceived by a pagan, requesting his block-god to appease the cravings of an insatiable belly? Could not Mr. Pentecost have hinted that the lady's prayers might have been directed towards obtaining a command over her appetites or the temper which (not improbably) had *something* to do with the exodus of the six infuriated cooks? What sort of defenders of Christian reverence against the attacks of Agnostics and Infidels, can be expected from such training as this?

I have left myself no room to answer the question I put at the commencement of this note. But I may briefly indicate my opinion that it is from the side of scientific research that we can alone await any revival of the true reverential spirit. Our veneration will be rekindled as, one by one, the secrets of Nature unfold themselves;—as we grasp truth after truth, the Eternal Procession of Law, of which these ever-widening circles of discovery form so infinitesimal a portion, will grow upon our imaginations with a dominating power, and our respect and reverence will at once attach themselves to the Central Thought which inspires the universe and to these lum-

inous minds that unravel its mysteries for our comprehension.

F. R.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

With permission, and in all due courtesy, I hope, to the writer of the scholarly and highly interesting article in the last number of this magazine, I will make a few and slight remarks on the play.

First, of the character of Juliet, the central point of the piece. Shakespeare's rule is 'to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,' that is the object of scorn, evil of any kind. We are told that 'for the fates of the two lovers we have poetic justification in the deception practised by the one, and in the imprudent haste of the other.' The deception is of course Juliet's, and towards her father and mother; deception in her clandestine marriage; in her admitting by stealth into her father's house his hereditary enemy with hands red with the blood of her father's cherished kinsman; in her flying to Friar Laurence for counsel under pretence of shrift; in her profession, on her return, that she 'repents the sin of disobedient opposition and beseeches pardon,' with the potion in her pocket; and in the supreme deception of all, the taking on herself all the appearances of death. The 'imprudent haste' must be meant for Romeo's. But the haste is not his but Juliet's. It is she and not he who proposes immediate marriage, and says, ''tis twenty years till then.' The whole blame then lies with Juliet, deception and haste both. So that her fate was doubly deserved. With submission, Juliet was no child. Lady Capulet tells us that 'younger ladies of esteem are made already mothers' and that she herself was Juliet's mother, at Juliet's age. She is, in fact, a full blown, passionate, resolute woman, from the first; she shows not a trace of childishness. The play is said truly to be 'steeped in passion;' Juliet is 'thrilled through and through with passion,' sensual passion, past doubt. That Mrs. Jameson should call Juliet's soliloquy a 'Hymn to Night' calls up wonderment not unmixed with merriment. It is an invocation to Night for the opportunities which darkness offers. I should only have to reproduce it here, in full, but upon that I cannot venture. Read the four lines of Brooke at the end of the article. We are asked, 'what more can be required?' What more indeed? Later in the play, Juliet's character takes on new qualities. She exhibits wonderful intrepidity in swallowing the draught, beset, as she is, with horrible visions. For a young girl—woman all the same—it is a frightful ordeal. Her suicide is heroic, if heroism it is. It is truly tragic, and proves the physical courage which such an act demands. And this, at least, is purified from all passionate dross: there can be no passion towards the dead. Nor could there be greater fidelity, of its kind, to the memory of her love. Shakespeare, I think, can hardly be acquitted of a strange inconsistency in making Juliet speak of a 'maiden blush bepainting her cheek' of being 'too quickly won,' and of 'this bud of love' which 'by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet,' and in almost the same moment urging, yes, urging—an instant marriage. There is also inconsistency in Mercutio's character. He has two very diverse styles of speaking, one which gives birth to the fine Queen Mab speech, and to what follows, which is even grave; the other, which revels in the antic and fantastic manner by which he is not known, appearing only towards the close of his stage-career.

Nothing could well be finer than the speech with which Friar Laurence introduces himself; it is *sui generis*. He is sonorous throughout, and of an imposing presence, and the Prince 'has still known him for a holy man,' but, he is, in fact, a mischievous and fatal schemer. He should surely have been unfrocked for performing such a marriage, and he is wholly answerable for its shocking results and for the catastrophe. No such highly critical and desperate stratagem as that of the potion was necessary. Forty-five hours, or thereabouts, were to pass between Juliet's interview with him, and the time fixed for the marriage with Paris. Romeo, summoned in all haste, could have been in Verona in six hours; from Mantua where he was, the distance is only twenty five miles. The friar himself speaks of his intention to conceal Juliet in his cell. Why not do so at once? Or she could have returned home and allaying all suspicion (as in-

deed she did by false pretences) could have escaped with Romeo under cover of night. But we were to have the seeming death, the vault, the dagger and the bowl, and we have got them. Alas, for the Juliets who rely upon the Friar Laurences!

There is also a confusion of days and hours. Juliet was to drink the potion on Wednesday night, but the marriage is hastened by Capulet's impetuosity, and she does, in reality, take the draught on Tuesday night. This would throw the whole of the friar's machinery out of gear, and Juliet would wake twenty-four hours before he would come to the vault, as he tells us himself 'at the prefixed hour.'

What wonder if we are dazzled by the exquisite beauties which Shakespeare flashes in our eyes? What wonder if we are blind to what is naked enough to the eye which probes beneath the surface? What is the conventional, traditional, stage Juliet, and what is the real one? What is filial piety? Pshaw! Was she not the 'true and faithful Juliet,' to whom 'a statue of pure gold' should be raised?

D. F.

A FRAGMENT.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

A YELLOW moon shines
On the inturned breast of Nuphar,
She the golden river-lily;
On the wedding-ring of the bride
Glowing with love, adoring in happy pride;
On the hair above the brows of innocent childhood;
On the rustling corn far away in a meadow;
On the gleaming coin which fell in the shadow;
On the cloth of gold of a king;
On the tender midnight blossoming
Of briar-bud and rose.

A wan white moon shines
On a lily they took from the river
Larger and whiter than all the rest,
Trampled and soiled is its delicate breast;
On the satin and snowy robe
She will wear on the morrow,
Who will loathe to be called a wife,
What sorrow is like to her sorrow?
On the stiffening, straggling gray-white locks
Of the old man murdered;
On the pale ones who long for bread;
On the silver snake round the arm of a woman
Who longs in her soul to be dead;
On the shroud of a young new mother and babe;
On the shedding of blossoms and tears
O'er the mound and the marble.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life my boy—
Go while it is called to-day ;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before ;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where two worlds meet :
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy
And duty, too, assigned :
Step into the front with a cheerful face ;
Be quick or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again ;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men ;
Work for the plough, plane, spindle and pen ;
Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within ;
And spirits of evil with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth ;
Put on the helmet, and breastplate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod ;
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Do you understand the difference between a *current* and an *undulation?* Suppose two boys had a long, slender iron tube, such as a gas pipe ; and while one boy stood at one end and held a whistle in the tube, the other should stand at the other end and blow through strongly enough to sound the whistle. This would be an instance of a 'current.' The air already in the tube would move along as the boy blew, and pass through the whistle ; and at last some of the very air from his mouth would reach the whistle and make the sound. Speaking-tubes in houses are fitted with whistles which are sounded in this way. But suppose the boy at one end struck the tube with a stone or hammer and the boy at the other end listened and heard the sound of the blow travelling along the iron. This would be an instance of 'undulation.' The particles of the iron would not move along the tube, but they would send the sound from one to another. When a person talks through a speaking-tube the sound goes by undulations. Wise men now say that they do not think that there is really any current in electricity ; its wonders are performed by undulations, or in some other mysterious way ; but they often call it a 'fluid' and a 'current.'

When this 'current' flows along a wire which is long enough to conduct it freely, all is dark and still. You cannot tell, by looking or listening, whether or not it is running. But if there is a break in the wire, yet the two ends are very close together, and are fitted with two charcoal points, the wave in leaping the gap will heat the charcoal points until they glow with brilliant light. Or if the force is caused to flow, at the break in the wire, through a sort of bridge formed of a thin strip of carbon or platinum wire, or some substance which will not allow it to flow freely, it will heat this little bridge to shine and glow like red hot iron.

Thus, there are two ways of making a lamp to be supplied by electricity instead of oil. One way is to make two points from the very best, hardest, purest carbon, and conduct the electricity through these, placing them close to-

gether, and letting the electricity leap from one to the other. But there is no carbon so hard that it will not slowly burn up in such a fierce heat as that electricity produces. Therefore you must have some sort of clockwork machinery or other device which will push the points toward each other as fast as they are consumed. A lamp of this kind is called an 'arc' lamp. The objection to it is that the points will joggle a little while they are burning away and the clockwork is bringing them nearer; or a little more will burn off at one instant than at another; and every time there is the least irregularity, the blaze flickers. The other way is to provide a little bridge to conduct the undulations across the gap; this is called the 'incandescent' kind of lamp. But how shall this bridge be saved from burning up? By enclosing in it a glass globe, and pumping all the air out of the globe by an airpump. The bridge can not be burned if there is no air around it, if it is in a vacuum. Oxygen from the air, or some other source, is necessary to a fire. the objection to this way is that the apparatus is rather complex and costly. Arc lamps generally have a glass globe around them, but it is only to protect them and to keep sparks from falling about. It is not a hermetically-sealed exhausted globe. The globe of an incandescent lamp is small and is perfectly air-tight.

The lamps seen in city streets and parks and in large halls and stores, and which flicker somewhat, are arc lamps. Incandescent lamps are much smaller; they resemble gas-burners sealed up in little glass bulbs, and they are better for parlours and chambers.

A SHETLAND SKIPPER.

A LONG time ago, when I was quite a little boy, I remember riding with my father on one of his medical visits to his many patients in our native island. We stopped at the door of a miserable cabin, through the gaping rifts of which the fierce north wind blew keenly upon the poor sufferer within. The cottage had only one room; and, as we were about to raise the latch and enter, we heard the voice of the Free Church minister, who was praying by the bedside of a dying man. We waited until the office was over, and then my father went into the cabin. A gray and weather-beaten face looked up and brightened a little, in greeting the friend whose coming had so often relieved the agony of a long illness.

'It will sune be ower, noo, doctor,' he said. 'I feel nae pain, and I ken what's coming.' He stopped, and his eyes wandered to where his four boys sat round the dim peat fire, where sat, too, the weeping wife and mother, so soon to be a widow.

My father beckoned to the eldest boy, who came to the bedside, trying hard to restrain the sobs that would burst out, notwithstanding all his efforts. No words were spoken as the father's wasted, trembling fingers clasped the sunburnt hand of his eldest son. No words, but there was a world of anxious, pleading love in the poor wan face. At last, the father said,—

'Tak' care o' mither, Davie, my boy: she'll sune hae naebody but thee to depend upon.'

'I will, fayther,' was the sobbing answer.

'And mind be gude ta the bairns, puir things.'

Again, the earnest heartfelt reply, and then my father led the lad away from the bedside. He seemed now, for the first time, to remember that I was present; and, thinking no doubt that the scene was not one for me to witness, he sent me away to a neighbouring cottage, there to await his coming. In about an hour, he rejoined me with our ponies; and I could read easily enough, in his grave face and glistening eyes, that the long struggle was ended, and that poor Willie Anderson at last released from his sufferings. We rode silently homeward, and there was none of that merry, pleasant talk that so often enlivened our long rides over the rugged hills and dreary moorland.

And now, those four poor boys were fatherless, and had to earn their own support, as well as that of their widowed mother. The neighbours were kind and friendly, as natives of those islands always are; but a succession of bad seasons had left most of them with little enough for their own families, and the assistance they could afford to others was very small. The boys would have been glad to work, but there was no work for them to do, and therefore no wages to be earned. Stout, manly little fellows they were, all four of them in-

ured to a rough life from infancy, the eldest just fifteen, the youngest nearly ten. The other two were twins, and, when their father died, were rather more than thirteen years old.

Davie, the eldest lad, who rightly considered himself the chief prop and pillar of his house, had many an anxious hour in thinking how he was to provide food and clothing for his hungry, growing brothers, and for his invalid mother. At the very door of his little cabin lay stretched the ever-bountiful sea, and to it the fisherman's boy turned as to a never-grudging mother. Davie was still too young for the deep-sea fishing, but he thought that, if he could get a boat, some good might be done nearer home. His three younger brothers would form his crew, and there was some of his father's fishing-lines remaining, which would furnish at least a portion of their equipment. But to get a boat was the great difficulty. There were none to be had on hire, and the fisher-folk around the place who owned skiffs had need of them for their own purposes. Davie could often get a seat in some of his neighbours' boats, but, as he was only a youngster, his share was a small one. Moreover, he knew that, while he was away at sea, his three brothers were at home, idle, and probably in mischief. He felt that he must have them with him, or stay at home.

There was a small boat that had long been lying in the factor's yard, supposed to be now unfit for farther service. Davie cast his longing eyes upon this weather-worn craft, and thought that, if he were allowed to try, and could get hold of some sheet-tin, old canvas, tar, and a lot of "scrupper" nails, he might possibly be able to make the old boat so far seaworthy as to answer his purpose. She would never be anything but leaky, of course; but, if she could be got to float at all, a little extra bailing would be of small account. So he took heart and spoke to his kind landlord, obtaining a ready assent to his plan. More than that, the factor gave him all the repairing materials that were required, out of his own stores, and lent him the tools needed for his operations. Such welcome help gave much encouragement to the young boat-builder, and to work he went with all his heart and both his hands. Many a patch was put on the sun-riven planks of the old boat. Canvas and sheet-tin were nailed over the worst places, and smaller cracks were carefully caulked. Finally, a plentiful coat of tar was daubed outside and inside; and, when the pitch was well dried, the boat looked fit once more to float in salt water. The factor, pleased with Davie's energy and perseverance, made him a present of some old oars, which he contrived to reshape and cut down to a proper size for his juvenile crew. At last, the boat was re-launched, and Davie was probably as proud of his crazy craft as ever Nelson was of the *Victory*. She only needed to be baled out once in every half-hour, and Davie would far rather have submitted to one of his 'men' being kept constantly 'at the pumps,' than have been without his boat. So to sea went those brave lads, never doubting that fortune would favour them. Davie already knew some of the rocky spots where big gray cod did love to congregate, and, when the 'keelings' were from home, he sought them in other places. The sea was as wide for him as for others, and no fishery boards or trespass laws hindered him from going where he listed and fishing where he had a mind. The boys were wonderfully lucky, but not more so perhaps than their industry and perseverance deserved.

Davie was as thrifty as he was industrious, and soon began to accumulate a tiny fund, even after buying many little comforts for his sick mother. He began to grow discontented with the crazy tub which he had cobbled with such exceeding care, and thought that, if he had a taut, sound little boat, he could easily venture further out to sea, and visit better fishing-grounds. At length after a year of patient, hard work in their old boat, the boys were able to go to their friend, the factor, with their little store, and ask him to help them in purchasing a better ship. Davie had thirty-five shillings in the common purse, and a like sum advanced by the factor enabled him to buy a stout little boat, not new, but sound and seaworthy. She was only a very little larger than their old skiff, but she was water-tight and staunch; so the youthful fishers had no fear in venturing as far out to sea as other seamen would have done in a boat of similar dimensions. Luck followed the boys in their craft; and, in a very little time, they were able to purchase a mast and rigging and a sail about the size of a large table-cloth. This was a

proceeding of which older and more experienced mariners were inclined to disapprove; but it was soon seen that Davie could handle his boat when under sail with no little skill, while his brother Willie, one of the twins, proved himself equally adept in managing the halyards. The boys prospered greatly in this new venture; and, in a few months' time, they had paid for their boat, and she was all their own.

One day in the late autumn, all the boats had been out to sea, and the Anderson boys had of course gone with the rest. The morning had been fine; but, as the day advanced, the wind rose, and soon blew half a gale from N.N.E. One by one, the boats came back, the crew of the last to arrive having a hard pull before reaching shore, and none of the fishermen noticed that Davie and his brothers were missing from their number. The wind was blowing dead out the wick or bay; and harder and harder it blew as the evening shadows fell upon the dark and angry water. A solitary, sable-clad figure was standing upon the rocky beach, and a pair of wistful eyes were gazing out to sea, looking in vain for the little skiff that should have been the first to come to land on such a stormy day. But still the boat came not: and the widowed mother turned from the seashore, and sought the house of the friendly factor. He was in his office, busy with his books, and looked up as a timid voice spoke to him across the counter:—

'If ye plase, sir, my boys are no come hame, and the weather is ill for them to be upo' the sea.'

'Your boys at the sea, and not home yet!' cried the factor in astonishment.

'Aye, sir, it's ower true; and I'm sair feared that without help, they'll no be able to win the shore in sic a night.'

Out ran the kind-hearted factor, staying only to take his telescope with him; and on the beach he found a knot of neighbours gathered, for the word had now gone round that the Anderson boys had not returned. They were gazing intently out to sea; and as the factor joined them, an old skipper said,—

'The boys can never row the wick in sic weather as this: see the spindrift is flying ower the watter.'

'I kenna weel whaur the bairns can hae gane,' said another fisherman. 'They were na onywhere near us.'

'Na,' replied the first speaker. 'Davie tauld me that he was going to try the frammer scurs this mornin', and I advised him no, for I thought it wad blaw before night. But see! What's yon out by the Niv? Surely, it's a boat and it maun be them!'

'Aye, there's nae doubt, yon's a boat!' cried a second skipper. 'Try if ye can mak her oot wi' the glass, Mr. S——.'

'It's they, sure enough,' said the factor, after a moment's glance through his telescope. 'But what *can* they be thinking of in rowing up under the cliffs out yonder?'

'They're trying to get under the lee o' the banks,' replied the old skipper. 'Puir bairns, they kenna weel whaur they're going! The tide will sweep them round the point, if they come onywhere near hand.'

'It will, indeed,' said the factor, shutting up his glass in agony of apprehension. 'The boys must have thought that we couldn't see, and had forgotten them, as—may God forgive us all—we have too long done.'

'Lads,' cried a stout, bold-faced skipper who had not before spoken, 'we mauna see the widow's bairns drooned before our very een. Wha's wi' me ta gang out yonder and save them? My boat is lying low on the beach; and under the double reefs, we'll rin out the wick in twa or three minutes.'

There was a score of ready responses to this appeal, and the men ran down the beach to where the boat was lying. A minute more and she was afloat, while willing hands threw in the ballast, and carried down the mast and sail.

'Haste ye! Haste ye, my lads!' cried the skipper; and the boat was already pushing off from the shore, when a cry from the higher ground above the beach arrested them.

'Stop there! The bairns are making sail! Stop Bob! It's nae use now.'

It was indeed true. The boys had pulled well up under the cliff, and had then quickly raised their mast, set their close-reefed sail, and were now speeding away across the stormy wick. There was little need of conjecture as to their object. Every one of the skilled seamen who were standing on the beach knew that the boy skipper was doing what each one of them would have done in a like case, in their far larger and better-appointed boats. And they knew

too, that what might have been to them a matter of choice was one of stern necessity to the poor little boys.

It was evident that Davie, despairing of help from the shore, had striven to pull up under the shelter of the cliffs as far to windward as the feeble strength of his brothers would allow. He had then made sail on his boat to run across the wick, and seek safety in the sheltered harbour of Balta Sound. It was his only chance, and he had seized it with accustomed boldness and decision. If they were driven to leeward, and failed to fetch the narrow entrance called the North Sound, no earthly help could save them from instant death; while between them and the haven of safety there were still two miles or more of tempestuous sea. Few words were spoken by the anxious watchers on the beach as they watched the little skiff go flying on her way. The practised eyes of those veteran fishers could tell them, even at so great a distance, that Davie was fighting out his hard battle for his life right manfully and well. A single mistake or moment's panic, and four young lives would be quenched forever in the angry waves; but the young skipper had come of a race that knows no fear of mother Ocean, even in her wildest moods, and he threw no single chance away. Again and again, often twice and thrice in a minute, he was seen to run his boat's head to windward, and shake his close-reefed sail in the teeth of the fierce north-easter, as black squalls swept down from the heights of Saxavord, driving the spindrift flying in clouds before them. Then, as the gusts blew over, the helm was put up, and a course steered for the sheltering sound. Every movement was eagerly watched on the beach, where the number of spectators was constantly increasing. The men stood in a group together, marking with stern and quiet approval the daring courage of the fatherless lads; while the women were wringing their hands and weeping silently, as they witnessed what to them appeared a hopeless effort. Not a word was said until the little boat had gained fully half her way across the wick, still beating on like a weary bird, seeking some friendly shelter. Then, the old skipper spoke:—

'The bairn has got his faythers cast wi' the helm; and he'll do it right enough noo, if sheet and tack haud gude. I think ye said his rigging was new, Mr. S——?'

'Yes, yes,' replied the factor, 'new less than a week ago. His old tackle was so worn that I made him take a fresh outfit. Thank God for it!'

On sped the little boat over the fast-darkening water; and, as she neared the land, she was almost hid from sight by the breaking waves. A few cable-lengths further, and they would be safe, when a fierce blast swept down from the high cliffs above, and the skiff disappeared in a mist of rain and spray. It was a moment of agonizing doubt and dread, and every breath was tightly held; but the squall blew quickly over, and the boat was seen again in the very entrance of the sound. A minute more and she shot into smooth water under the rocks, and disappeared behind the sheltering point. An English crowd would have cheered, but the children of the Norsemen are quiet and undemonstrative folk. They turned from the seashore and sought their several homes, in silence, but with glad and thankful hearts.

I had been riding 'north the hill,' that day and was hurrying homeward, when I heard from a passing fisherman that the Anderson boys were missing. I rode down to the beach, and witnessed with others their sore peril and gallant escape. When we knew that they were safe, I went on my way through the fast-fading light taking a rocky path that led homeward by the seashore. I had climbed the rugged road, and was urging my pony to his speed on the smoother ground that slopes toward Balta Sound, when I saw a little figure come trotting up the hill as fast as his small, bare feet would carry him. His shoes were flung over his back, his ragged sou'-wester was in his hand, and he seemed in hottest haste. When we met, I recognized Magnie Anderson, the youngest of the four boys; and as he was hurrying past with a shy salute, I stopped him to enquire where his brothers were,

'They're coming behint wi' the fish, sir,' he replied. 'We had ill weather at the sea, and Davie thocht mither wad be feared, so he telld me ta rin on and tell her we were saf.'

That day's adventure was the making of Davie and his brothers. The next morning, the skipper who had been first to volunteer a rescue sought the factor's counting-house, and begged that Davie

might be enrolled among his crew for next season's fishing.

'He's only a boy, it's true,' he said, 'but he showed us yestereen that he could do a man's work, and he's weel worth a man's wage.'

So Davie went with his friend to the 'haaf,' or deep-sea fishing, in the following spring; and, before he was twenty-one, he was himself skipper of a boat, and one of the most successful fishermen in the North Isles. One of the twins got a berth in the *Lady Saltoun* a trading packet sailing from the port of Lerwick; and the other shipped as a half-share hand, on a smack engaged in the Faroe fishing. Both rose rapidly, and were master-mariners when I last heard of them. Magnie stayed at home with his mother in the snug little cottage which Davie's industry enabled them to take; and, in course of time, he, too, went to the haaf fishing, seeking, like his brothers, his bread upon those waters which hardy Norsemen in all ages have regarded as their own heritage.

POMP'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF ONE MEMBER.

BY REV. EDWARD A RAND.

'What de parson say am bery true, and bery important.'

'Well, what did he say, Julius? Here eber since you came home from meetin' I've been wantin' fur to hear, and all ye say am, "It's bery true and bery 'portant."'

'Jest so, Libsby' (Elizabeth was Julius' wife). 'Well, he said "we all needed fur to jine de temp'rance army. Hab a home in some orgen'zation," he said, and he said "we hab tree here. Dat might seem nuff, but I hab anuder to propose."'

'Anuder,' exclaimed Libsby, with eyes open and hands up. 'A new one wid all dose we hab?'

'Yes, Libsby, dat's what he said, and he was bery sensible.' Then Julius stopped as if to enjoy a season of meditation.

Libsby stole behind Julius and began to examine the back of his head, then the right side, at last circling him altogether.

'What am de matter, Libsby?'

'Why, I've been waitin' fur to hear bout what de parson said, and you got no furder den dat new fing, and I want to see if dere ain't a crack in your head, and all yer eber knowed, if it hab run out.'

'Yah, yah, Libsby! Dat's a good one. Well, de parson said he would prerpose a temp'rance society ob one. He wanted a heap ob temp'rance societies ob one—jest one in it, you know, and dat one feeling as if de whole weight ob de cause came upon his back. Den he said dere would be no strife 'bout de offices, fur one would fill 'em, and no fuss 'bout which one would do de work, fur one would 'tend to it. Dat's what he said, Pomp?' and Julius appealed to a young coloured companion.

'Yes, it was dat he said.'

'Well,' said Libsby, 'I'se gwine fur to jine de new temp'rance society ob one. I nebber did hab an office, and now I can hab 'em all. And you'll jine, Pomp?'

Yes, Pomp said he would join. Pomp was the son of a neighbour, and he happened to be calling on Julius and Elizabeth. Poor fellow, if any one knew that something needed to be done for temperance, it was he. There was Pomp's father, Abram, a kindly-natured man when sober, but rum was a whip starting up all the mad, cursed elements in his nature. Julius now went on ''lustratin'' what was meant by a temperance society of one.

'Is dere a poor inebrate anyway roun'? Begin right off and haul him out of de gutter yerself. Here's a man sellin' liquor. Go and talk to him yerself. Here are tracts to be distrib'ted; hand dem roun' yerself. Dere's prayin' to be done. "Creak the hinges ob yer own knees," said de parson. O de parson was powful to-night. He jes' waked up and trabbeled right straight along.'

Pomp soon went to his miserable, unhappy home. Mother dead, sister dead, he wondered if they thought of him away up where the stars were shining like bright eyes of faces that had veiled the remainder of their loveliness, and were looking down. Were they the peaceful, loving eyes of mother and sister? If not, did the dead ones know? Yes, Pomp, they know. They think of you, pity you, and love you.

So Pomp trudged on. His thoughts then came back to earth and he began to think of the parson's words at the meeting that night. 'A temp'rance society ob one to act as if de whole cause

was on de back ob de individual. Yes, that was it, as if de whole cause was on de back. I jine that society now,' was Pomp's fervent assertion.

The next day Pomp's father surprised him by saying that he was going to work. He had obtained a job at 'the corner,' and was going there at once.

'I will come back in time for supper, Pomp,' said Abram.

But he did not come. 'Where am he?' was Pomp's inquiry, as the sun set in one sky, and in the opposite appeared the moon, a round, yellow pumpkin rolling along the slope of the eastern hills.

'No oder way,' said Pomp sorrowfully, 'no oder way dan to hunt my poor old fader up. I must go myself; I b'long to de temp'rance society ob one.'

It was a sad walk to the 'corner.' Did those above look down that night and see Pomp hurrying along the lonely road? Just as he came in sight of the old grocery at the 'corner,' there by the light of the big lantern at the door, he saw his father staggering on the threshold. Pomp sprang for him. Some one inside the door slowly opened it to let Abram in. This obliging door-keeper was an old white soaker, Mose Atherton. Pomp saw him at once, and pushed forward, but Mose shoved him back. He raised his clenched fist also, and aimed a furious blow at Pomp, but the boy was agile as a monkey. and quickly slipped aside. The fist that Mose had raised came with terrible force against the side of the door, bruising his knuckles and setting him to howling. Pomp now saw his opportunity to make another effort. These words were ringing in his ears: 'A temp'rance society ob one, de whole weight ob de cause on de back.' Abram stooped just then, and Pomp, carrying out an idea that flashed into his mind, gave a leap, and planted 'de whole weight ob de cause' on Abram's back. Abram made one more drunken lunge, and into the store he went, load and all, at the same time running heavily against Mose Atherton and tipping him over. Mose was wrathful enough to slice Pomp up, but Pomp's father was large and stalwart, while Mose was of smaller build, and not quite certain whether Abram would take his side.

'Fader,' whispered Pomp, dropping from Abram's back, 'dis no place for ye—les go.'

'He has jest insulted me, Abram. I demand satisfaction,' was the angry howl of Mose.

Abram was now realizing the condition of things, and a brutal, half drunken madness flashed out of his eyes.

'Come home! Come home!' cried Pomp, and the tears began to run down the poor black boy's cheeks.

'What's dat?' asked Abram suddenly, noticing an object on the floor. Pomp looked down. He saw a photograph that in the confusion of the moment had fallen out of his pocket—it was a picture of the little sister, that had been poorly taken by some travelling artist, and was now only a dirty, begrimed relic.

What was it that moved Pomp to talk as he did, when he had picked it up, and what moved Abram to listen?

'See heer, don't you 'member, don't you know when she died you said you would drink no more? Don't you know fader, you stood and cried when we put de forget-me-nots into her dead hands, den you said once more you was gwine never fur to drink! Don't you 'member?' pleaded Pomp, holding up the dirty little picture, 'Don't you 'member?'

O, who is it that comes and stands by us in such critical moments, speaking and moving through us? Was not God talking through a poor boy's tears that night?

Abram was crying. Pomp led him gently out of the store, Mose Atherton offering no resistance.

When they reached home Abram asked, 'Where's dat pledge?'

'I haven't any, fader.'

'Where's dat pledge?'

'I haven't any.'

Abram still called for it. Could he mean the picture?

'Yes,' he said, sobbing.

'But dere's no pledge on dis.'

'Write one.'

Could Pomp? But then, was not he the temperance society, officers and all, and was not he the secretary? Pomp scrawled upon the back of the picture, 'I promis' not fur to drink.' Underneath went a name: 'Abram.' Beneath that went another: 'Pomp.'

'Dat will 'courage him,' said the secretary.

Abram wanted something else. He began to look up reverently.

'Want a prayer, fader?'

'Yes, Pomp, jest say a prayer.'

How could he, before his father? But, then, was he not chaplain as well as secretary of the society! So he knelt and begged God to keep his poor father.

I can easily imagine, that night, that behind the golden stars there was a greater joy than ever.

So much for a 'temperance society ob one.'—*Church and Home.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

A New Chapter added to Political Economy of a pamphlet by Mr. T. GALBRAITH, Port Hope. Hunter, Rose & Co., publishers, Toronto.

The author contends that no writer on political economy has ever defined or fully explained the uses of the fixed capital; so that as regards Canada defective bank legislation deprives industries of at least a hundred million dollars capital. It is proposed to recover this capital by the establishment of a bank that will discount a mortgage as existing banks discount promissory notes--by an issue. A mortgage, being capital to the extent that it is security, furnishes at hand the means to do the business. Let A. and B. be owners of unencumbered property of equal value. A., the manufacturer, bargains for a cash account with the bank for say $10,000. B., having retired from business and not requiring to raise money on his property, may, if he chooses, purchase stock of the bank for $10,000, which pays a good dividend. The bank buys A.'s mortgage with its issue, and B.'s mortgage with its stock at par—the capital of B.'s mortgage is used to discount such mortgages as that of A. Balances with existing banks would daily be settled in gold.

The loan societies have imported nearly forty million dollars which have been used in discounting mortgages; that much money should have given more than a hundred million dollars of accommodation to Canadian industries. The author contends that a bank of the character he proposes would supersede altogether high tariff legislation and more effectually protect domestic industries, by reducing the rate of interest at least one-half.

Dorothy, a Story in Elegiac Verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Our readers will remember Arthur Hugh Clough's quasi-epic hexameter poem, 'The Bothie of Tobernavuolich.' It, and the more varied and lighter poem 'Amours de Voyage,' have a certain charm wanting to most other quasi-epic, serio-comic poems. There is much depth and suggestiveness of thought in both; long passages of pithy, vigorous verse recur to one's memory, there is often a really bright realistic force of description of Highland scenery and manners. Matthew Arnold has said in his 'Essays on Criticism,' that the former of the above named poems by Clough is the nearest approach to the Homeric measure in English verse. Yet, except with a few scholars or thinkers, Clough's poems have never attained even a hearing from the public.

Now, 'Dorothy' (who is also called Dolly in the poem) seems to us wanting in almost all the qualities above named as belonging to the poetry of Clough. The *motif* of 'Dorothy' is to protest against the conventional and artificial woman. Dorothy is a farmer's servant; we are introduced to her doing duty as a ploughman; every minute detail of the coarseness of complexion, the roughness of skin, the masculine muscularity of the limbs, even to the coarse stockings and shoes studded with nails 'like a horse shoe;' which would result from

this, to our ideas, rough, repulsive and unfeminine occupation, is described. There may be such 'plough-women,' just as there are in Lancashire female drudges who crawl on all fours in coal galleries, and here in Toronto girls old enough to know better, who infest dissecting rooms and attend anatomical demonstrations. But we hold the unsexed woman, in any and all of these cases, at least no fit subject for poetry.

Some of us cherish the hope that, in the course of human progress, the conditions of woman's work, whether as servant or factory girl, will be so much altered that all shall hold equal social standing with their mistresses,that then, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, the young lady of the household and the young lady who condescends to preside in the kitchen, shall play duetts at the same grand-piano. But this, like all great changes, must happen by slow process of evolution, to which, as in all cases, a liberal allowance of hundreds of thousands of years is essential. Change does not come by catastrophe, as the older geologists vainly said, and what change can be more catastrophic than to introduce into cultivated society, and a first class marriage, with full approbation of the fortunate bridegroom's relatives, a coarse, strapping wench with rough red arms, 'legs like a ploughboy,' and shoes like a horse ?

The poetical form into which 'Dorothy' is thrown does not make up for the failure of the heroine to interest us. There are some good passages and smooth lines,but the general effect of the the alternate hexameter and pentameter seems to us infinitely more monotonous, heavy in its movement, and unsuited to our language than even the hexameter alone. Still to those who *can* follow the flow of the poem, the story will be interesting ; it is told with some narrative and poetic power, and we hope that when the author comes before the public again, it will be with a heroine less like a ploughman, and in a metre less like a clog-dance.

Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life, 1795-1835. By James Anthony Froude, M. A., with portrait and illustrations. Two vols. in one. New York : Harper & Brothers, 1882.

We are persuaded that this delightful book will prove the most valuable biography since Boswell's *opus magnum.* Unlike Boswell, Mr. Froude has studiously kept himself out of view. His part of the book is indeed admirably done, it gives a connecting framework to the letters of Carlyle and his friends, which, with many precious extracts from Carlyle's diary, tell the story for themselves. As in our beloved Boswell, there is abundant *causerie,* chitchat and anecdote,with vivid portraiture of men and women, great and small, and the central figure of each biography is prejudiced, impatient of contradiction and impediment, earnest, pious, and generous hearted, he yet forms judgments very often which true from one point of view, require large allowance and supplement.

We are mistaken if the letters in these volumes do not very greatly increase the world's estimate of Thomas Carlyle. Those to all the members of his own family show the largest-hearted affection ; they tell, in simple, unstudied form, with now and then a flash of the spirit inseparable from all that Carlyle wrote, the story of that great and noble, yet humble life.

Carlyle has been assailed on two points on which much light is thrown in Mr. Froude's work : his treatment of his wife, and his religious views. As to the first the outcry has come to a great extent from 'the shrieking sisterhood' and their sympathizers, who feel aggrieved at the keen sarcasm with which the Seer of Chelsea treated their claims to suffrage. Carlyle did *not* knowingly neglect his wife, whom he loved, as few men love, from the beginning to the end of their married life. Her ill health from the solitary life at Craigenputtoch was the result of inevitable circumstances. How many a labourer's wife, how many a poor clerk's wife, has to bear more solitude, infinitely more hard work, her health suffering in consequence ? And would Carlyle's wife have chosen to have her husband at her apron strings, or toiling on the farm, to the world's loss of all that he has given it ? There is much weak and puling sentimentality in this cry about Carlyle's 'neglect :' it has been able to make use of what perhaps had better not have been made public, the morbid self-accusations after his wife's death of Carlyle himself. On the other point, Carlyle's religion, a most satisfactory

account is given in these volumes. A firm believer in God, in Providence, in prayer, and human responsibility, venerating the true spirit of Christianity and the Bible, Carlyle rejected what only the out-worn theory of verbal inspiration requires any one to believe, and the priestly and ecclesiastical reaction, 'the spectral nightmares of Puseyism,' were of course abhorrent to his soul. No better book than this can be recommended, of all that have come under our notice of late years, for the earnest and thoughtful study of man and woman.

An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on an Historical Basis, by the Rev. WALTER SKEAT, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

As an aid of the highest character to the scientific study of English Etymology, the student of the language will find no work so valuable as this new 'Etymological Dictionary' of Prof. Skeat, of Cambridge. In a late number we made the announcement that a cheap popular edition of the work, which has just been completed, had appeared. This is now before us, and as a work of reference on the history of the language, and an exhaustive treatise on the derivation of the words composing our English tongue, there is no book we should with more insistence urge our readers to supply themselves with than this erudite lexicon of Prof. Skeat. With the modesty of a true scholar its author offers his work as a preliminary and provisional text-book in a field which the great work projected by the English Philological Society may be expected more amply and authoritatively to occupy. But his work, we feel confident, will serve more than a tentative purpose, for its author has a world-wide reputation as a Comparative Philologist, and his lexicon is the fruit of so many years of learned and laborious toil that neither is likely to be seriously displaced by projects that may subsequently appear of a more ambitious character. However this may be, the present value of Prof. Skeat's work can scarcely be over-estimated, for it brings before the student a greater store of learning in regard to the origin, history, and development of the language than is anywhere else accessible, and that at a price which has an infinitesimal relation to the years of labour spent upon it. The work, it is proper to say, is not a pronouncing or even a defining lexicon, save, in regard to the latter, as it is necessary to identify the word and show its parts of speech. The dictionary is essentially an Etymological one, and, though mainly illustrative of the English language, yet the author, by pursuing the comparative method of inquiry and exhibiting the relation of English to cognate tongues, has thrown a flood of light upon Latin and Greek, as well as upon the more important related words in the various Scandinavian and Teutonic languages. The author's explanations of the difficulties he met with in the investigation of his subject will be interesting to many students of the lexicon. The most of these seem to have arisen from what Prof. Skeat speaks of as the outrageous carelessness of early writers in spelling Anglo-Saxon, and from the fancifulness and guess-work of modern sciolists in attempting to trace the origin and derivation of words. The disregard of the vowel sounds and the principles of phonetics, it is shown, have been a fruitful cause of these blunders on the part of pre-scientific Etymologists. Prof. Skeat's scholarship and his marvellous industry save him, of course, from the mistakes which these lexicographers fell into; and no feature will be more marked in a study of this author's lexicon than the pains he has taken to verify his quotations and to test accuracy whenever he cites old forms or foreign words from which any English word is derived or with which it is connected. The labour he has given to this hunting up and verifying the earliest form and use, in chronological periods, of every word under review in the volume, will strike every one who examines it; and the work should therefore prove a helpful and interesting study to every enthusiastic student of philology. Besides the contents of the lexicon proper, the compiler has added many appendices of great value, such as those that contain lists of Aryan roots, of sound-shiftings, of homonyms, of doublets, prefixes, suffixes, etc. But we cannot at present take up more space with an account of this exceedingly valuable work of Prof. Skeat. It should, however, be in the library of every student of the language.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Do you know of St. Giles-on-the-Green,
Which the moon gilds with bright silver sheen,
Where the clock from the towers
Chimes gladly the hours
For matins, or vespers at e'en?

Do you know of its turreted towers,
That peep from their green shaded bowers,
And the ivy that climbs
To the belfry, that chimes
The come and the go of the hours?

Did you never once feel the desire
To kneel in the transept or choir,
Or sit still and gaze
At the sun's dying rays
That gild the gray cross on its spire?

We will go when the bright silver sheen
Of the moonbeams shines softly at e'en,
Through the gloom we will steal
At the altar we'll kneel,
And we'll pray at St. Giles-on-the-Green.

B. W. Roger-Tayler.

King's College,
Windsor, N. S.

I wish to communicate a good story of the late Lord Lynedoch. The old man loved a good Scotch evening, and used to get his parish minister to sit up with him drinking toddy. One Saturday night they sat till very late. The clergyman, thinking of his next day's labours, attempted several times to depart but was always restrained by the importunities of Lord Lynedoch and his repeated 'Anither glass, and *then*—minister,' spoken with the good old accent. Next day the minister grimly set the great hour-glass of the pulpit conspicuously before him, *while* His Lordship, without noticing, went off to sleep and woke at the usual time for departure; what was his surprise, however, when the preacher with an almost imperceptible twinkle under his brows said gravely and slowly, at the same time turning the hour-glass upside down: '*Anither glass, and then— my laird.'—W. D. L.*

First boy in the class stand up, 'What is the emblem of England, Ireland, and Scotland? 'The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, sir.' Correct. Second boy stand up—'Who would fight for the Rose?' 'An Englishman, sir.' Correct. Third boy, stand up—'Who would fight for the Shamrock?' 'An Irishman, sir.' Correct. Next boy—'Who would fight for the Thistle?' *Bouldie M'Craw's Cuddie, sir.'*

Scene—A tailor's shop. Customer: 'Mun, George, ye've made this waistcoat o' mine far ower wide.' Tailor: 'Weel, Tammas, efter the dinner I saw ye tak' tither day I thocht ye wud sin require it a'.'

Another poet comes forward and says, 'And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss.' Some evening her father will come in, and the poet will hear the click of a scorching kick, but he will fail to record the fact in verse.

A woman accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it was a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

There is a tradition in Dunlop parish, in Ayrshire, that one morning long ago, in the gray dawn, a man of the name of Brown was walking over Dunlop Hill when he was surprised to see the deil in the form of a headless horse galloping round him. Instantly he fell on his knees and prayed fervently, when Nick, uttering an unearthly 'nicher,' which made the ground tremble, vanished in a 'flaucht o' fire.'

A Highlandman residing in Glasgow was called upon by an acquaintance who had been a short time in England, and who had returned to Glasgow in search of employment. The Highlander referred to gave his old friend a warm welcome, and in order to show how willing he was to give him sleeping accommodation said—'Yes, Mr. Macpherson, I wid poot mysel' far more aboot for you than I wid for any of my own relashiuns; and mind you this (he added), I'm just one of those men who wid poot mysel' aboot *for no mortal man whateffer!'*

'Are you dry, Pat?' was a question asked under the broiling sun in the Royal Show Yard at Derby last month: 'are ye dry?' 'Dry's not the word; shake me, and ye'll see the dust comin' out o' me mouth.'

Conversation is a serious thing with some people. One of this kind on board a train was asked a very simple question by a fellow-passenger. She made a deprecating gesture, and replied, 'Excuse me, sir, but I am only going to the next station, and it's not worth while to begin a conversation.'

A Good Substitute.—Scene—Church door--Antient(to enquiring parishioner): 'Wis't the beadle ye were waitin' to see?' Enquiring Parishioneer: 'Aye, it wis jist him I wanted.' Antient: 'Man, he's away for his holidays the noo, but the minister has promised to dae his wark for him the time he's aff.'

'Mother,' said a fair-haired urchin, 'I don't want to go to Sunday-school; I want to go fishin'.' 'But the fish won't bite on Sunday, my son. They're good, and go to their Sunday-School.' 'Well,' responded the probable future president, 'I'll risk it anyway; may be there's some that's like me.'

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said, 'Come come, my dears, that kind of accomplishment will not help you to get husbands.' 'I know it, uncle,' responded one of the girls as she gave a lunge; 'but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have 'em.'

Some years ago a clergymen, walking in the churchyard at Alloway, remarked to the grave-digger, who was in the act of making a grave:—'Yours is an unpleasant avocation; no doubt your heart is often sore when you are engaged in it.' The sexton looked up and pawkily replied, 'Ou, ay, sir, it's unco sair wark, and wee pay.'

Let us do our duty in our shop or in our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in the great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

A young man recently called at a little domicile in Vicksburg. A small boy and a big yellow dog were snuggled on the doorstep, and the young man asked, 'Will the dog bite?' 'Well,' said the boy, 'it's owin to certain things ef he do or not. Ef yer want to colleck sewing-machine money, he's fierce as a tiger, but ef yer got anything to give us, he's harmless as a kitten—ain't yer, Towser?'

An important divine was preaching a sermon of scraps to a congregation of country people. At the end of each paragraph an old man in the audience would quietly remark, 'That's Boston,or that's Rutherford, or that's Doddridge, or that's Baxter,' as the case might be. At last the minister lost his patience, and cried, 'Tak' the fule body out!' 'Ay, that's his ain i the hinner en' ony way,' said the old man, and withdrew.

A worthy curate in a country town recently welcomed home a younger sister, who was to act as his housekeeper. She had come fresh from the polite society of a genteel watering-place. Her first meal in his house was of 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates.' The good man proceeded, as usual, to say the simple 'grace before meat,' and was startled, if not edified, by his sister's remark: 'Don't do that any more, John; it's not fashionable at tea-time.'

Some years ago, when a new railroad was opening in the Highlands, a Highlander heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into an adjacent park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbours asked him how he liked his drive. 'Oh,' replied Donald, 'I liked it fine: but they have an awfu' nasty quick way in puttin' ane oot.'

A person once asked John Prentice, the grave-digger, if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread. 'Dear sake, sir,' he answered, 'the Lord's prayer tells us that, ye ken.' 'Ay, but,' said the querist, 'do you think you can do that consistently with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbours?' 'Dear sake, sirs,' cried John, rather puzzled, 'ye ken folk maun be buried!" This was quite natural, and very conclusive.

A man cannot smoke his cigar too short unless he smokes it too long.

How is it that the dresses ladies want to wear out are mostly worn in-doors?

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him that his name was in yesterday's paper.

How solemn is the thought that the morning of each day presents me with a blank leaf, which I have to fill up for eternity.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

Why is paper money more valuable than coin? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it in-creases.

A robust countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, 'It is so long since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face.'

One of the recent electoral jokes at Edinburgh was the publication of a little volume on the political achievements of a noble candidate. The reader, on opening it, found that the pages were blank.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he replied, 'If it hadn't been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?'

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a young woman in fur-lined silk cloak to walk around without letting it fly open just a little to show that the fur is more than mere border.

A farmer who was boasting of his 'respect for man — for man pure and simple,' was nonplussed by his wife's saying, 'And yet you always count your cattle by the head, while your hired servants are only your hands.'

A little fellow lately asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. 'Well,' was his shrewd response, 'you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go.'

The man who paves his own way to fame has frequently to walk over a rough and rugged road.

The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.

'Mother, send me for the doctor.' 'Why, my son?' 'Cause that man in the parlour is going to die—he said he would if sister Jane would not marry him—and sister Jane said she would not.'

The fancy portrait in *Punch* is that of the Duke of Hamilton, to which the lines are appended:—

'I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute—
Though that isn't quite what they say
In the parts about Arran and Bute.'

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. 'If that is all,' said Crispin, 'put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away.'

All in her eye—Peggy Johnston (bargaining with peddlar for a pair o' specs): 'Na, na, they'll nae dae.' Peddlar (after half-a-dozen have proved unsuccessful, hands her a pair without glasses in them): 'Try thae, my woman.' Peggy: 'Noo ye've fitted me. Thae's the best specs ever I had on.'

Economical—Scene—Highlands. Ten miles from a post office. Betty (who has been visiting a sick relative), to nurse: 'Weel, ye'll write me in a week or so, an' lat me ken if she's getting ony better.' Nurse: 'A will dae that; an' as A hae plenty o' time A'll jist gang an' dae't e'en noo, for it's mony a time a week ere we get a chance o' onybody gain' to the post-office here.'

Fact, of Course.—Scene—Cottage garden, Sunday morning; the tenant is busily employed in securing a swarm of bees just hived from his neighbour's garden—the Free Kirk minister's. Enter Minister (excitedly): 'These are my bees.' Tenant: 'You are welcome to take them.' Minister: 'It's a pity that bees should hive on Sunday. Very annoying indeed.' Tenant: 'You see, sir, they are Auld Kirk bees, sir, an' Auld Kirk bees always hive when ready, be it Sunday or Saturday. If you want bees no tae hive on Sundays, you should try some Free Kirk yins.'

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE publishers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, in making the announcement that they intend for a time to suspend the publication, do not relinquish the hope that the magazine will yet take a permanent, as it has taken a prominent, place in the literature of Canada. The experiment of establishing and maintaining a periodical of such pretensions as THE CANADIAN MONTHLY in our inchoate state as a nation, and in the face of the active and ever-increasing competition of English and American serial publications, it will be readily admitted, was a hazardous and courageous one. That at no time has the publication been a profitable one, but, on the contrary, that the maintenance of the magazine has demanded a large and continuous outlay which, in our limited field of sale and the indifference of our people to higher literature, has met with no adequate return, those, at least, who have had any experience of publishing ventures in Canada will not be surprised to learn. In view of this circumstance, though it may fairly be claimed that the magazine has been sustained long enough to test the support its promoters naturally expected it would receive, the public ought not to be surprised should its owners now grow weary of maintaining the publication, or its editor lose heart in the task of conducting it, while the support is withheld which its character, its record, and its aims should more largely have won for it.

To reproach the public for its want of appreciation, we need hardly say, is no wish of either publishers or conductor. The public has its preferences, and has a right to them, and if it gives little heed to native projects in higher literature, or finds more attraction in those that have their source abroad, Canadian publishers must accept the situation and await the development of a national spirit more favourable to culture and intellectual advancement. Till we reach the self-containedness and self-dependence which it is to be hoped the country will one day attain, Canadian literary enterprise will have little to encourage it. Those who have aided, and are aiding, the approach of a better time for Canadian letters, if we accept Dr. Johnson's dictum that 'the chief glory of a people arises from its authors,' deserve the thanks of every true friend of Canada. They must be largely supplemented, however, and receive more encouragement from the press and from our public men, before they can hope to infect the people with that ardent interest in intellectual growth which is the true mark of national greatness and the best quickener of national life. Without the stimulus of patriotism all enterprises of a purely literary character must languish, and Canadian talent be drafted off to more remunerative spheres.

In the midst of the present political excitements, few, it may be, will heed or concern themselves with this announcement; but a day, we hope, will come when 'the political game' will not absorb every thought of the nation and when literature will hold up its head in honour. Till then the higher thought of the country must find such channels of utterance as public caprice or indifference graciously open to it, and Monthly Reviews must uncomplainingly suffer eclipse.

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